

Chapter One

I was in my den with a reporter on the evening of Oct. 20, 1989. We were having an interview.

My telephone rang. I looked over at it on my desk. My wife Kathy was upstairs. She knew I was busy. She picked up the call from the extension. I went right back to what I was telling the reporter.

"As long as you keep your nose clean and play the system's game, they don't hassle you very much," I said. "You can go around saying you're as free as a bird. But once you start challenging the system, as I do, then you find out just how crooked and un-democratic things really are."

The way I see things, the system invented Tom Metzger. It started way back in the early 1960s, when I was working on the presidential campaigns of Barry Goldwater and George Wallace, and on the gubernatorial campaign of Ronald Reagan. I learned then how the big boys played the game -- nice and dirty. As a result, I've dedicated my life to fighting corruption, dishonesty, and thievery in our government and in our society. Unlike most Americans, whom I call an apathetic flock of zombies, I decided to do something about the problems that face this once great nation. And, as odd as it may sound to the average person, I did it through the John Birch Society, the anti-tax movement, and the Ku Klux Klan. I do it now through the White Aryan Resistance.

The problem is, now that the system has totally constructed me, the feds, the fat-cat capitalists, and the big-money politicians don't like what they see. They hate me, and they hate what I stand for. I went from being a right-wing conservative, campaigning for Goldwater, Wallace, and Reagan, to a full-blown, anti-system person. And this person says it's time that some things were changed.

I told the reporter, "My desire and energy to take on the status quo comes directly from a sense of being inquisitive. In fact, as a boy growing up, when I was told that I could not or should not do something, that was precisely what I wanted to do. Most kids stop being that way after they get a little older. They get *snivel*-ized, as I call it. But I never stopped. I've always challenged authority. When I see something that doesn't make sense or doesn't seem right, I challenge it. And the big boys don't like that."

My wife's voice came over the intercom.

"Tom," she said, "you better come up here a moment." I excused myself and

left the den. I returned a few minutes later and settled back into my chair.

"We've got problems," I told the reporter. "The uncle of that Ethiopian kid who was killed in Portland in late 1988 has filed a civil suit against us."

It was 1:30 a.m. on Nov. 13, 1988, when three young men used a baseball bat to assault Mulugeta Seraw, a 27-year-old black Ethiopian immigrant, outside Seraw's Portland apartment. Two of Seraw's Ethiopian friends had been dropping Seraw off after a party. They were injured in the attack, too.

One week after the assault, Portland police arrested three male members of a Portland skinhead gang called East Side White Pride. Charged with murder were Kyle Hayden Brewster, 19, Kenneth Murray Mieske, 23, and Steven Rodney Strasser, 20. Prior to the killing, I did not know any of them personally.

Brewster pleaded guilty to killing Seraw. He was sentenced to twenty years in state prison and will serve at least ten years before he is considered for parole.

Mieske also pleaded guilty to the murder charge. Mieske had previous felony convictions, for petty theft and attempted possession of cocaine. He received life imprisonment. He has twenty years to serve before being considered for parole.

Strasser, too, pleaded guilty but to a lesser charge of second-degree assault. He was sentenced to nine to twenty years in state prison. The three men currently are incarcerated in prisons throughout Oregon.

On behalf of Engedaw Berhanu, the victim's uncle, the Southern Poverty Law Center and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith filed the civil suit against us. They named me, my 24-year-old son John, WAR, WAR's Aryan Youth Movement, Ken Mieske, and Kyle Brewster as defendants. The third skinhead, Steven Strasser, was not named as a defendant in the suit. This told me immediately that Strasser had agreed to offer information to Dees and possibly to testify against us. The plaintiffs sought \$10 million in punitive damages.

The suit claimed that we had contributed to the death of Seraw through a little-used cause of action called vicarious liability. The suit claimed that we were responsible for Seraw's death, much as an employer would be responsible for the actions of his employees.

The suit alleged that WAR had sent skinheads David Mazzella, Michael Barrett, and Michael Gagnon to Portland to recruit East Side White Pride skinheads into WAR's Aryan Youth Movement. The suit claimed that hours before Seraw was killed, Mazzella and Barrett spoke during a meeting to Brewster, Mieske, Strasser, and other members of ESWP, inciting them to violence.

I told the reporter that the allegations were ludicrous. "I might have told them to go hang a few politicians, but I would not direct anybody to inflict harm on someone else. This suit is simply the type of thing that the Southern Poverty Law Center does to harass people and to bankrupt them." As I have said numerous times, we had no knowledge of the killing until after it occurred.

The suit was filed in federal court in Oregon. Six weeks passed before I was served officially with the initial case documents. The papers arrived regular mail, in a mangled manila envelope. I opened the package. Allegations spilled forth.

The suit alleged an association between my son John and skinhead David Mazzella, former vice president of Aryan Youth Movement. But the Aryan Youth Movement had been disbanded and was not an active entity at the time of Seraw's murder. Neither Mazzella nor Barrett was in no way tied to me, John, or WAR.

One month before Seraw's death, in October 1988, Mazzella did move from Los Angeles to Portland, to recruit and organize local skinheads. He was also there to try to heal a split between two skinhead groups, ESWP and Preservation of the White American Race, or POWAR.

Shortly before Mazzella arrived, John sent a letter to the East Side White Pride skinheads, telling them to expect Mazzella. The letter said, in part, "You'll get a feel for how we work when you meet Dave Mazzella and Mike Gagnon.... We work with any pro-white, anti-drug white group as long as they do not talk. Racial regards, John Metzger."

Mazzella stayed in an apartment with Steven Strasser in the southeast part of the city. Mazzella was also in contact with Ken Mieske. As time passed, Mazzella was unable to heal the split between the two groups. He was able, however, to put the ESWP to work. They distributed literature, pasted white-separatist posters around the city, and held one or more loosely organized skinhead meetings.

Days after the murder, Portland police arrested Mazzella on an outstanding warrant. The warrant had been issued in California for a previous assault charge. Under questioning by the police, Mazzella named the three skinheads as suspects in Seraw's murder. He also said that he had been sent to Portland to recruit area skinheads for WAR.

Sometime after his arrest, Ken Mieske called me, collect. I did not know who he was.

"Operator," I asked, "Ken *who*?"

Mieske shouted, "I'm the guy who killed the Ethiopian!"

"Oh," I said. "I'll talk to him."

I asked Mieske if he had an attorney, if the police had interrogated him, and if he understood his rights. I ask those questions of anyone who calls me when they are in trouble with the law. That was the gist of our conversation.

For six months after the arrests, Mazzella disappeared, living in various parts of Oregon and California. In May 1989, he called the Los Angeles office of the Anti-Defamation League. He told the ADL everything he knew of the murder. The ADL, in turn, contacted Morris Dees, founding director of the Southern Poverty Law Center, an allegedly nonprofit group that rallies for minorities' civil rights. Dees came to California to interview Mazzella, and Mazzella did his best to hang it all on

us. The case against WAR was on.

I have known hundreds of people like Mazzella and Barrett since I became involved in the white-racist movement. Like skyrockets, they burn brightly for a while, and then they fall to earth. Most political groups have a fairly rapid turnover of people. They come and they go. History, however, is made by the true believers, by the fanatics. History is carved by people who live on the fringe of madness and insanity.

Sitting in my den the night I learned of the suit, talking with the reporter, our conversation was interrupted again when a reporter from the *Portland Oregonian* called. When the *Oregonian* reporter asked me if I had heard of the suit filed against me, I said I had. When she asked what I thought of it, I said, "Well, I think they've got the tiger by the tail."

The story broke nationwide the next morning.

The media was relentless. Coverage about the suit began a month and a half before I was even served with papers. *Los Angeles Times Magazine* on Dec. 3, 1989, began an article on Dees with this sentence: "When Morris Dees was 4, his daddy gave him his only whipping...for speaking with disrespect to a black man." The article quoted me once, saying, "There is absolutely no basis for this suit. I don't have agents. We are not into telling anybody to go out on the streets and get anybody and beat on them. Anybody who says that my son or I have said that is lying." I added, "Morris Dees is a clever fellow, and he's had some success in disbanding various Klan groups. We don't take this lightly. But I am not exactly a pushover, either."

Dees is known to search the nation for a certain civil-rights violation in which he can file suit on behalf of the victim's family, collect damages from the white-supremacist group, and shut the group down. In my opinion, however, Dees's motivations have always been financial. Three weeks after filing suit against us, he mailed out his second nationwide fund appeal.

What Dees does is simple. He moves in on the survivors, tells them what a wonderful guy he is, and says he's ready to go to battle for them. Once he has their approval, he sends out appeals to the public for donations to his cause. He did this, too, for Sen. George McGovern during McGovern's 1972 presidential bid. Dees and his Southern Poverty Law Center pull in millions of dollars every year, all through so-called civil rights fund appeals. He's very good at it. His estimated worth is more than \$30 million.

Several federal judges, however, have admonished Dees for his practices. In 1987, during one mailing, attorneys for *The New York Times* charged that the Southern Poverty Law Center had edited a *Times* story to the point of changing its meaning. The center reproduced the story, using a similar *Times* font and layout, and made the article appear to be an actual clipping from the internationally

respected publication, with prominent mention of Dees.

Since 1970, with that and other such mailings, Dees and associates have solicited money from about six hundred thousand Americans. *The Progressive*, an investigative journal, reported in July 1988 that most of those donations were coming from wealthy Jewish contributors along the east and west coasts.

According to *The Progressive*, the annual income of Dees and his nonprofit Southern Poverty Law Center is \$6 million. Every year, half of its income is spent fighting groups like WAR and the Klan.

One of the center's latest disbursements came Nov. 3, 1989, when Dees dedicated a memorial to tribute those who died in the civil-rights struggle. The location of that memorial is right in front of the center's downtown Montgomery office building. The center spent \$700,000 on it, then mailed yet another donation request, all in the wake of national media exposure generated by the suit filed against us.

Financially, the center's largest victory came in 1987, when a jury awarded \$7 million in damages to Dees's client, the late Beulah Mae Donald. The ruling went against the United Klans of America for its participation in the 1981 hanging of Donald's 19-year-old son, Michael.

One week after that ruling, Dees was in court again suing the Klan, charging them with violating the freedom of expression of a group of Martin Luther King birthday marchers, in Forsythe County, Georgia. Dees won that suit, too, earning another \$950,400 for his clients. According to *The Progressive*, it was during that second trial that one Dees associate said beating the Klan in court "is like shooting fish in a barrel."

I agree. Klan groups have lost to Dees mainly because of incompetence, and the fact that they failed to appeal the decisions. I was determined to fight Dees and the others to the bitter end. Dees's case against me would determine the character of the white-separatist movement for the next decade, and probably well into the next century.

No matter what we were up against, we dug in and prepared for a long, drawn-out battle. Maybe we should have dug a little deeper.

Late on the night of Jan. 7, someone used a high-powered crossbow to shoot an arrow through the second-story window of my house.

Was it somehow related to the case filed against us?

I do not know. All I know is that a hunting arrow sped through the window and an adjacent Venetian blind, passing within five feet of my wife Kathy and two of our children. The arrow imbedded itself three inches into the wood-paneled wall.

A note attached to the arrow read, "This is L from Louisiana. I have arrived. You will answer."

I was seated downstairs at about 9:30 p.m. with John and WAR associate

Wyatt Kaldenberg when we heard a noise upstairs.

Kathy called downstairs to me, describing what had happened. We grabbed some handguns, ran out into the front yard, and searched the neighboring streets. We saw nothing suspicious.

Half an hour before the arrow came through the window, I had received an unusual phone call. Speaking clearly and calmly, a man identified himself as "L from Louisiana." He said, "I'm going to make a hit on you, Metzger."

I told him, "Get in line."

I receive so many death threats that if I don't receive at least ten each month, I think maybe I'm doing something wrong. I received twenty death threats alone during the October 1990 trial in Portland.

"L" said he would call back at 10 a.m. Sunday, but no call came through.

We had fun with the arrow. Kathy took a picture of me sitting under it, with a pear on my head. I said if "L" called back, I'd tell him, "Hello, Robin Hood? You missed." I keep the arrow there in the wall. It gives me a good place to dry my socks.

Six days later, acting as my own attorney, I filed a motion to have the case against me dismissed. I also contacted the Portland chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union and requested legal assistance.

Stevie Remington, executive director of the Oregon ACLU, said she would not represent me. She did say she might file a "friend of the court" brief on my behalf, allowing the ACLU access to all court proceedings and documents and to monitor the situation.

Later, Remington told the press that support for the ACLU decreased nationwide when it once agreed to represent a group of Nazis in Skokie, Illinois, a predominantly Jewish area. "We could take a hit again, just like Skokie," Remington said. "But that shouldn't deter us. Our client is the First Amendment, not Mr. Metzger."

My concern was with the First Amendment, too. As I have said a thousand times, when they take away my First Amendment rights to free speech and assembly, they will take away yours next.

I have told people over and over again that as long as I had freedom to assemble and to publish and get our views out, things would remain relatively calm. But I cannot guarantee what will happen if those things were taken away.

On the morning of Jan. 24, 1990, my son John and I arrived at the office of James McElroy. We were to be deposed by Dees in regard to the case. WAR aide Wyatt Kaldenberg was with us.

We walked into the conference room. Dees was seated to the left of the head of the table. I took a seat opposite him. He had three assistants with him.

Dees spoke briefly with me about issues regarding the case. He made a few comments to the court reporter seated at a small table across from us. And then he

started right in with the questions.

"For the record," Dees said, "will you state your name?"

"Thomas L. Metzger."

"And your address?"

"308 Sunbeam Lane, Fallbrook, California."

Dees straightened himself, then leaned forward and asked, "Are you the person who filed a motion to dismiss this federal case?"

"I invoke the Fifth Amendment."

I continued invoking the Fifth throughout the deposition. Dees would ask a question, and I would invoke the Fifth. After several answers like that, Dees became so flustered that he nearly fell over a chair, trying to speak to his aides.

Next came John's turn to be deposed. Instead of subjecting himself to any questioning, John simply tossed a business card on the table. He told Dees that he had filed for bankruptcy in federal court that morning.

"The case number's on the card," John said. "I suggest you obtain those records."

Kaldenberg stood. He handed Dees a manila envelope and said, "Mr. Dees, you have been served. You will be deposed by Tom Metzger in the near future."

Dees sat there, stunned.

Inside the package was my counter suit, naming Dees and Engedaw Berhanu as defendants. The suit accused Dees of harassing me solely for the purpose of raising funds for his organization. I was seeking \$10 million in punitive and compensatory damages; for legal fees, lost time, losses from my work as a television repairman, and punitive damages for maliciousness and hostility.

We left the attorney's office and enjoyed sandwiches and beer at a nearby deli. We had won the battle. But the war still loomed on the horizon.

Four days after Dees tried to depose us, I flew to Portland to retain copies of the court documents that had been filed against us. I wanted to gather as much information about the case as I could.

Two nights after I arrived, Portland police arrived in force outside the apartment building of a Portland skinhead. The apartment manager tried to refuse the police's entry into the building because they lacked a search warrant. But the cops muscled their way in, found the skinhead, and proceeded to interrogate him as to my whereabouts. They arrested the apartment manager, a black man, for obstruction of justice.

I left Portland on Feb. 1. The next day, the pregnant daughter of the friend with whom I stayed while in Portland was run off the road by two unidentified men. One hour later, my associate received a phone call. He was warned, "If you keep working with Metzger, next time it's for real."

Days later, police called Jim Redden, a reporter for Portland's *Willamette*

Week newspaper, and asked him questions about me. I had given Redden an exclusive interview regarding my business there. Things were starting to heat up.

On Feb. 7, Dees issued a subpoena for three years' worth of my banking and telephone records. I filed a motion to quash the subpoena request and appeared Feb. 26 in Vista Superior Court to hear a judge's determination. Before the court session began, I sat outside the courtroom and discussed the case with Kaldenberg and a reporter.

"Between Dees, his crew, the ADL, and everybody else, I've got twenty-five attorneys working against me right now," I said. "I'd like to have representation myself, but I'm caught between a rock and a hard place. Some attorneys want to represent me, but when they find out I don't have any money, they drop me like a hot potato.

"I took a call from an attorney last night. He said, 'All I am is a hired gun. If you've got the money, I'll represent you.' When I told him there were too many Jewish attorneys around to do me much good, he said, 'I know Jewish attorneys who would represent Hitler if the money was right. Get the money, and everything else will fall into place.' If nothing else, I appreciated his honesty."

Dees's intent in looking at my phone records was to determine the people with whom I was in contact in Portland. I wasn't denying that I had spoken to anyone in Portland. But I did disagree that Dees would get access to everyone's number, and not just the defendants in the case, like Mieske and the others. They wanted my banking records, too, which I thought was dangerous. Once Dees had it, the ADL and every other Jewish group would have them, too. That would have a chilling effect on anyone who was politically involved.

The judge, however, dismissed my motion to quash the subpoena. Personally, I thought the issue was far too complicated for him; he was in over his head. But I was forced to release the records.

On March 9, I flew again to Portland to take the deposition of plaintiff Engedaw Berhanu, the uncle of the slain Ethiopian. I also wanted to serve our lawsuit against Berhanu, as we had done to Dees.

Days before I arrived there, Portland's *Alliance* newspaper, published for a homosexual readership, printed a four-page attack on me. The paper reported that my associate Sylvester Hendricks, a blind, black talk-show host on Portland's radio station KKEY, was prepared to help me serve papers against Berhanu.

It was true. I had asked Hendricks if he would do that for me. Hendricks had me on his show three times, twice by telephone and once in person. Hendricks each time had been very fair toward my point of view. He had actually agreed with many of my points. One thing that his opposition found totally unacceptable was that Hendricks was very critical of Jews and of Jewish power. I thought there would be nothing darker, nothing more like guerrilla theater, than having Hendricks serve

papers to Berhanu in the case against me.

As a result of the *Alliance* article, the KKEY station was vandalized and ransacked. Whoever did it also damaged the Braille printer that Hendricks used to do his show. They tried to make it appear that WAR associates had done it; swastikas were spray-painted throughout the interior of the station. It was such a poor cover-up that even the police recognized WAR had not been involved.

The minute I arrived in Portland, the press was on me. They asked me continuous questions, and they kept trying to find out where I would be staying. I was staying with a friend, but I wasn't going to tell them that. I said, "I'll be at the Hilton, boys." And they went over and staked out the Hilton. I think people in Portland are not too hip.

I went to the office of Dees's co-counsel, Elden Rosenthal, an attorney for the Anti-Defamation League, to depose Berhanu. Surrounded by six attorneys from the Southern Poverty Law Center and the ADL, I attempted to question Berhanu. He did not answer any of my questions.

"My lawyers are handling this," he said, again and again.

At one point I asked him, "Do you realize you're being used to raise big money for these people? Do you realize you're not going to see any of it?"

"My lawyers are handling this."

I asked, "Why would you sue civilly two men who have been convicted of a crime and are doing ten to thirty years in prison? Why would you sue somebody who doesn't have any money?"

Berhanu answered, "Because they killed my nephew."

"Yes," I said. "But that's the criminal trial. That's over. Why would you sue them civilly?"

"Because they killed my nephew."

Obviously, they were suing Mieske and Brewster because they could not get to me, John, and WAR without going through the criminal defendants first.

The deposition lasted two hours. I gained virtually nothing from it.

When I finished my questioning, I stepped out into the hallway. Sylvester Hendricks was waiting for me. I led him into the room. We stood in front of Berhanu, and Hendricks said, "Mr. Berhanu, you have been served."

The opposition lawyers did not know what to think. Rosenthal, Dees's co-counsel in the case, later said, "In all my years of practice, I've never seen a blind process server." This occurred, of course, before Multnomah County Judge Ancer Haggerty dismissed my countersuit.

I left the office. I called all the local media, except the *Oregonian*, figuring it was useless to speak with them. They had published nothing but misleading articles about the case since it started. I told everyone to meet me at KKEY.

Television, print, and other media personnel showed up. I came walking

across the street toward them, wearing my bullet-proof vest on the outside of my shirt. There had been a number of threats on my life, and I wanted them to know it. I knocked on the door, and Hendricks came out. We held a press conference on the sidewalk.

I said there were no real civil libertarians in Portland. I said the city had legally lynched the skinheads. I said that Hendricks had been attacked and brutalized simply because he had been honorable with me during his radio talk shows.

I handed Hendricks a check for \$150, to help pay for the replacement of his Braille printer. Hendricks gave me a hug. I turned to the cameras, said, "We're going to lunch," and we left. The three local television channels showed me doing that, three times that night; the hateful white separatist and the blind black man, hugging each other and then walking across the street, on their way to lunch.

The next day, I appeared before local Superior Court Judge Gerald Pullen to argue my motion to have the suit dismissed.

Before the hearing started, Pullen made it clear that he had been appointed, and not elected, to the bench. He asked me if I thought that was okay. "We'll find out," I said.

The hearing began. Pullen asked why I wanted the suit dismissed. I said, "Because I don't have any money."

"You had \$150 yesterday," he said.

We all laughed at that. Even the judge had seen the news reports. Pullen denied my motion, which I figured would happen.

I continued working with the press. The next morning I was listening to one of the radio talk shows. The host was a very pushy Jewish woman. I picked up the phone and called her. She was shocked that it was actually me. She tried to shout me down. "Whatever happens to you is good," she said.

Seven people called her immediately. "You didn't treat him fairly," one said. "How can we know what he thinks when you drown him out and don't let him speak?" The other callers admonished her similarly. That amazed me.

One month later, on April 4, I was at San Diego Superior Court to hear the ruling on a motion I filed to have the suit dismissed, or to have the action stayed because of an inconvenient forum, namely, Portland.

As I stood before Judge Philip Sharp, I said, "Your honor, this is not a civil tort. This is a political tort."

"I know that," he snapped.

"How do you know that?"

"I read it in the newspapers."

I said, "Oh? Do you get all your information from newspapers?"

By the look on his face, I knew I had really zinged him. He had nothing to

say. He just dismissed both my motions.

After the hearing, I pulled aside attorney James McElroy, Dees's hired representative in San Diego.

"McElroy," I said, "you seem like a clean-cut, squared-away guy. Between me and you, how did you ever get involved with a slime ball like Dees?"

"Tom," he said, "you've got to understand. Morris is an honorable man. I don't think you know him too well."

"No," I said. "I don't think *you* know him too well."

Two months later, on April 9, John and I flew back to Portland to hear Judge Ancer Haggerty rule on my countersuit.

We were sitting outside the courtroom when a young man walked up to us. He was about sixteen years old, short, and skinny. Although he was dressed like a skinhead and had his hair cut short, he wasn't a skin. He was a member of Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice, the SHARP skins.

The kid looked at us and said, "I just wanted to tell you that me and the SHARPs are going to kill all the skinheads in Portland."

John and I looked at each other. Then we started laughing. "Okay, kid," I said. "Good luck. See you later."

Inside the courtroom, I stood before Haggerty and told him that the Southern Poverty Law Center had committed itself in print to destroy me. I criticized the nationwide media blitz aimed at raising massive amounts of money for Dees, with wild attacks aimed at me and my group. I said, "I've probably been damaged as much as anyone could be."

Haggerty dismissed my suit on grounds that it was "not a valid claim." He ordered the trial to begin on Oct. 8.

We left the courtroom. I was walking out of there like James Cagney when a crowd of protesters converged upon us, chanting, "Ban the Nazis! Ban the Klan! No more Metzgers in our land!"

A television reporter stopped me and started asking questions. With the camera in my face, I said I was proud of my enemies. I said they had put on a good case that day.

Meanwhile, the chanting continued. We finished the interview, and as I walked toward the door that led outside, I turned around and did a little two-step jig in time with their chanting. The press wrote it up.

Things like that totally blow my enemies away. I've found that the best way to screw up my enemies is to be perceived as the devil, but in person be an angel. That throws my enemies all out of whack. They don't know what to expect.

Outside, we were on our way to the car when one of the protesters shouted, "This isn't your country. It belongs to the Indians."

"Fine," I said. "Give them yours."

He shut up. I think I have more of a sense of humor sometimes than these people who hate me.

Two days later we drove to Salem, Oregon, to take the depositions of the other two defendants, Ken Mieske and Kyle Brewster.

We arrived at the Oregon Correctional Institute. It was a nice-looking place, with manicured lawns and trimmed bushes and shrubs. We met Mieske in a visiting room. Dees and some of his associates were there, too. Brewster would be deposed the following day.

Mieske was in high spirits. He had been lifting weights and was in good physical shape. He had grown his hair clear to his shoulders.

Before we began the deposition, Dees turned to me and whispered, "Celebrating the hmmmmm last night?"

I had not understood what he said. I said, "Pardon me?"

He said, "Celebrating the hmmmmm last night?"

"I didn't hear you again."

He said, louder, "Celebrating the Seder last night?"

Dees was making a reference toward Seder, the Jewish feast that commemorates the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. Seder is celebrated usually on the first day of Passover.

We were trying to depose a defendant in a \$10 million lawsuit, and Dees was joking around, implying that I had celebrated a Jewish holiday. Technically, he had made an anti-Semitic remark. Dees's Jewish co-counsel, Elden Rosenthal, was seated two chairs away. From the look on Rosenthal's face, he didn't take it too well. I think Dees's mouth sometimes gets ahead of his brain.

In fact, as the deposition went on, I could tell by the looks on the other attorneys' faces that they didn't think too highly of Dees. Dees wants to be in control; he doesn't let any of his people do anything. Rosenthal is a big-time attorney in Portland, and Dees was treating him like a pup.

Rosenthal finally scooted back in his chair, away from the table. Soon, he was next to the door. I could tell he wanted out of the room. I could see the disgust on his face. He was sick of the whole thing. He knew Dees's case was nothing more than hot air and emotion.

At one point in the deposition, Mieske leaned over and whispered something in my ear.

"For the record!" Dees shouted. "For the record!"

Dees had made other such outbursts during depositions in Portland and San Diego, too.

"For the record!" he shouted.

I asked Dees, "You want to know what he said?"

"Yes!" he said. "For the record!"

I looked at Mieske.

Mieske said, "I told him I'd like to do you bastards just like you're doing me."

Everyone laughed, even the stenographer. Dees turned red.

The next day we deposed Kyle Brewster. Before the deposition began, Brewster and I discussed in private the immunity from prosecution of civil rights violation charges that the government had offered him to testify in the case.

"The immunity the feds give you isn't worth the paper it's written on," I said. "If you don't believe that, ask the Indians. Ask them what their treaties were worth. Ask them how trustworthy the government is."

Brewster took the advice. He invoked the Fifth Amendment. He did a good job.

When the deposition was over, we took photos of Brewster and said our good-byes. We walked out of there with three of the attorneys and the stenographer. I was walking slowly behind the others.

A man approached me from the side. He turned out to be one of the prison's administrators.

"I really like what you guys are doing in California," he said, glancing at my suit.

"Oh, thank you."

"You run a real good academy down there."

"Yes," I said. "We try to run a tight ship."

"It's terrific."

We shook hands. He walked away. He thought I was a cop.

No matter who or what they think I am, I always try to be courteous to people. In fact, the only hand I will not shake is Dees's. He has tried several times, but I will not shake it. I consider Dees to epitomize the lowest level a white man can sink. I have no respect for him.

By the time we returned to San Diego, I had a pretty good feeling who had really killed Mulugeta Seraw.

It was not Ken Mieske. It was Steven Strasser.

Mieske told me that when the fight got going, Seraw had attacked Kyle Brewster from behind. Seraw was choking Brewster pretty well and was not letting go.

Mieske at that point reportedly hit Seraw with a baseball bat on the backside of his head. In an autopsy photo, the wound is shown at the very top of Seraw's head. Unless Mieske was three feet taller than Seraw, there was no way he could have made contact directly on top of Seraw's head, if Seraw was standing when Mieske hit him.

After Mieske hit him, Seraw dropped to the ground. Strasser at that point began kicking Seraw, with steel-toe boots. People have said the bat cracked from the

impact of hitting Seraw's head, but there is nothing to say that the bat was not cracked before the fight. And just because someone is hit with a baseball bat does not mean that is what killed him.

I am not an expert in forensics. I never saw Seraw's body. But to me, it is obvious that Strasser killed Seraw. I think steel-toe boots can have a very strong and concentrated impact upon a person's head, maybe more so than a baseball bat.

And because Strasser was not named as a defendant in the case or called by Dees for deposition, I felt sure that Strasser was working for Dees. Mieske, in addition, has said Strasser lied to police about his own role in the brawl.

As spring turned to summer, all I really wanted was to get into the courtroom. I knew that Dees and company would try their best to put on a fancy show. I knew that I would just stick to the facts. The most important of all the facts was that I did not send any agents to Portland.

It was a political hack trial, fair and simple. It would pit the wealthy, Jew-backed, big "civil-rights" attorneys against the evil, fire-breathing Tom Metzger.

I knew that I was going to blast the jury, to a degree. I understood what was going on, but I doubted anyone serving on the "jury of my peers" would understand.

I often considered how I would state my opening comments. Since I had little faith in any jury, especially one coming from the simple town of Portland, my thoughts ran along with lines of, "You people have been picked because you would have rooted for the stoning of Mary Magdalen." They were people of the system. I knew that. They would embrace no one but a "system" person. And I am hardly that.

For the jury of my peers, I would have preferred a group of street people. I wanted rag ladies, bag ladies, and winos. I wanted to have on the jury the people who live in the streets, no matter their racial makeup. Street people understand what is happening out there.

How can a white separatist of the 1990s find a jury of his peers? It is impossible. I have no peers, even among people in my own movement. When Galileo and Socrates were up for trial, even they had peers: "Take your hemlock and shut up. You had a fair trial."

When a Mafia mobster goes on trial, I think other members of the mob should be on the jury. They are the only ones who know and understand what the defendant has been through. They are his peers. Some factory worker surely is not.

When a white separatist goes on trial, other white separatists should be on the jury. It only makes sense.

I looked forward to the trial, because it was really a trial of the system itself. It was going to be very symbolic. It would pit the nation's leading anti-system group against the nation's leading civil-rights groups.

Of course, if I was a Marxist, a black, or some kind of homosexual-rights activist, and I was standing trial against Dees, I would have Jew attorneys lined up

clear to Chicago to represent me. To be honest, I was not surprised, shocked, or incensed that no one wanted to represent me. I understand the way the system works. All I do is hold up a mirror and say, "See? That's what you people are really like."

I think people like to scream a lot about equality and love, but deep down we are all vicious. All of us. I happen to prefer the barbarity of life, because life itself is natural. And the laws we pass to try to civilize our lives always turn out more sanitized than life itself really is.

I knew what would happen. The Metzgers and WAR would get drilled in court, and the citizens of this once-great land would point to us and say, "You had your day in court. You had your chance. Now you will hang." We Americans want to pretend that we are civilized. We are not. We are *snivel-ized*.

When I was a kid growing up in Indiana, we had an old hand-crank washing machine on the side of the house. My job was to crank the handle as the soap was rinsed from the clothes, and then crank it again to squeeze out the water. I look at our legal system today as getting your fingers caught in that wringer. Your hand follows, then your arm, then your nose, head, and the rest of your body.

They try to catch you on one minor technical flaw and then, like a fish, they pull you clear into the boat. They designed the system that way, because the system is business. Law is business. It's a money-making, power-building monstrosity that feeds upon itself. As more and more aspects of life are made illegal, there is an automatic increase in the need for police officers, courtrooms, prisons, and, of course, tax dollars. It all costs money. Everybody always gets paid.

Consider this: In 1989, the California legislature passed fifteen hundred new laws. At that rate, sooner or later, with the number of laws that are being passed, we will all break the law. We will all become criminals. Since society needs laws to keep criminals in place, laws become a force against society. If laws are force, then force is crime. Even with this outlook, however, I can honestly say that I am happy. I am happy primarily because I have figured out the system. It took me a while, but I have finally figured it out. And once someone learns how it all operates, they are free. The weight of the unknown has been lifted from their backs.

Millions of people are unhappy. They are sad. They still have faith in the system. They refuse to stand up for their rights. They refuse to thumb their noses at the system.

Think of the power in that, if ten percent of the American public thumbed their noses at the system, if ten percent of the public fought back, even in the most simplistic way. Few people, however, will stand and fight. Those who do are labeled outcasts. And the rest can't wait to chop them down.

Chapter Two

How did Tom Metzger come to be? What made me the way I am? To answer these and other questions, let me digress a couple hundred years.

In the summer of 1716, a German man named Jacob Leiter boarded a ship in Amsterdam harbor and began his voyage to America. He settled in Pennsylvania, as did many German and Dutch immigrants.

Leiter bought a tract of fertile farm land in Lancaster County. He married a local woman and fathered a son, John Leiter. Jacob Leiter continued expanding the size of his property. By the time he died, the Leiter family owned more than thirteen hundred acres of land.

Leiter is the maiden name of my great-grandmother.

In the spring of 1840, a German man named Samuel Rickel boarded a ship in Hamburg and voyaged to America. Rickel also settled in Pennsylvania. He moved later to a north-central part of Indiana, called Kosciusko County.

Rickel is the maiden name of my mother.

A 1978 genealogy study of my family traced the Leiter and Rickel surnames to the time of ancient Rome, when nomadic tribes settled the hills and plains of what is now Rome.

According to that study, I come from a long line of fighters and free thinkers. One of my ancestors was a Roman warrior. Another was Martin Luther, the rebellious German monk who broke with the Roman Catholic Church in 1520 and led the Protestant Reformation. Luther was the family's first true rebel. Other ancestors include a Union admiral and a Confederate army general.

My mother, Willodean Marie Rickel, was born on Feb. 2, 1920. Her family lived in Warsaw, Indiana. In her family were four other girls -- Cleo, Pauline, Gladys, Ethyl -- and a younger brother, John.

Warsaw itself is situated along three lakes in the heart of Kosciusko County. The area is known for its fishing, hunting, farming, and industry.

My mom and her sisters and brother worked hard on the family farm. After their chores, they studied their school books. When mom graduated from high school, she moved to South Bend and found a job waiting tables in a Chinese restaurant. She roomed in a local boarding house and wired some of her earnings home. Her father was in poor health, and the family needed money to pay for medical bills.

One of the people who frequented the restaurant was a young man named Thomas Linton. Linton had graduated from the University of Idaho, in Moscow, and then went to California. He moved from California to South Bend to join an engineering firm. He was a draftsman.

Soon after they met, mom married Thomas Linton, my father, in Chicago. Mom's family and dad's mother attended the wedding. My parents settled in Berwyn, a suburb of Chicago. Dad started work for an engineering firm.

Dad's mother came to visit a few months after the wedding. For some reason, she began interfering with the marriage. Mom did not know it, but the woman had coddled dad throughout his life.

Being a straight-forward person of Germanic stock, my mom told her mother-in-law exactly what she thought of her meddling. Dad left my mother. He moved back to California.

Mom returned to Warsaw, where she stayed with her family. She was several months' pregnant with me.

Soon after she returned to Warsaw, mom's father died. It was late March 1938. On a cold and blustery day, the family gathered around a freshly dug grave outside Warsaw's Palestine Christian Church, eight miles southwest of town. Some of mom's uncles gathered around her to protect her from the biting cold.

A couple days later, on April 8, 1938, mom checked into McDonald Hospital, on East Center Street. I was born the next day, a six-pounder. She named me Thomas Byron Linton.

The earliest event I can recall is that of my father returning to Warsaw to try to see me. When mom heard he was in town, she called the sheriff and asked him to arrest dad for failure to provide child support. The sheriff complied, and dad was arrested. He spent a day in Kosciusko County Jail and then posted bail. He was on his way back to California when he stopped at my grandmother's house and saw me.

I saw my father again, just before he died, in 1984. I learned he had married again, back in California. He and his wife had two children, Terry and Susan. I speak occasionally with my half brother and half sister. I consider them friends.

In Warsaw, mom worked hard to support us. In time she met a man named Cloice Earl Metzger. People called him Whitey because of his full head of snow-white hair.

Whitey was twenty years older than mom. In his life he had been a farmer, a livestock broker, and a cattle and horse rancher. When mom and Whitey met, he was working at the Gadke brake-lining factory. Whitey had been married twice before and had fathered several children, each of whom was grown.

I was almost five years old when Mom and Whitey married. My stepdad came from the old school; the work ethic was instilled in me almost immediately. My stepdad worked hard all the time. My mother was that way, too. She thought if

someone was not working, there was something wrong with him. That attitude is prevalent throughout the Midwest.

We moved into a house on the west side of town. Mom enrolled me in the first grade at West Ward School, as Thomas Linton Metzger. It was September 1943.

Halfway through my first year in school, I met my stepdad's oldest son. His name was Harold Metzger. Harold owned a farm in Pierceton, ten miles east of Warsaw. I remember him coming to our house one afternoon and sitting with my stepdad at the kitchen table. Harold's wife had died, and he needed some support from the family. He had to keep running his farm, and he had to find someone to care for his 6-year-old daughter Patty while he did so.

Whitey wanted to help. He convinced mom to move to Pierceton. We packed our things into my stepdad's 1937 Chevy and drove out there. The minute we arrived, Patty Metzger was there at the car door. She grabbed my hand, and we took off, running across the open fields.

To a couple of kids, one hundred and fifty acres of wide open farm land is paradise. Every bale of hay, every hole in the ground, and every animal is an adventure in itself. Tall wheat and hay grew in some parts of the farm. We used to scurry through it like mice. We played hide-and-go-seek, and all the other games that kids play.

In the mornings, Patty and I would rise early, eat breakfast, and then walk to the side of the road and wait for the school bus. With some other country kids, we rode the bus a few miles to Pierceton Elementary School. In the afternoon, we rode back to the farm, eager to play.

The harvest season came that fall. Patty and I would wander off into the fields, surrounded by cut sheaths of wheat and hay that lay in scattered piles as far as I could see. My stepdad, stepbrother, or some of the local farmers who helped with the harvest would ride by in a horse-drawn wagon. Patty and I would toss as much wheat or hay as we could into the back of it.

My job came when the wagons were full and were headed back to the barn. To remove the hay from the wagons, the men used ropes to lower a large fork from the barn's rafters. The fork would gather the hay and grip it as it was lifted into a storage area of the barn. My job was to trip the rope that was attached to the fork, making the hay fall into the storage. I was too short in the pants for most other work, but that was a job I could handle.

Shortly after that harvest, Harold married a young local woman. Her name was June. Since Harold had a wife, there was no need for us to stay. June could care for Patty while Harold worked the farm.

Leaving the farm was traumatic. Patty and I had grown really close. I missed her like a sister. We visited them several times over the years, at another farm they

bought, but things were never quite the same again.

We moved back to Warsaw and into a house on Scott Street, on the east side of town. I entered second grade at East Ward School. It was fall 1945.

I remember there were train tracks of the Pennsylvania Railway Company that ran along the street, across from the house. When a train roared past, the house would shake. I thought trains were exciting. The other neighborhood kids and I used to sit for hours and watch American soldiers riding in the coaches, on their way home from the war. I used to think, "Where are these people going? Where have they been?" They had been overseas, which to a young kid like me might as well have been Mars.

Those train tracks played a part in a childhood incident that I remember well. One day, sitting near the tracks, I saw a truck from a wrecking yard towing an older car across the tracks. When the car ran over the tracks, a big, heavy part of the car's suspension was jarred loose from under the car. The tow truck sped off, and the suspension was left laying there across the tracks.

If I did not do something fast, that suspension part was going to derail the next train coming through. So I ran out there and dragged it off the tracks. I figured I saved, oh, fifty or a hundred lives. I was excited and proud, and I went home to tell my parents. For some reason they did not take the matter as seriously as I did. And I knew I had saved everybody on the train. That was one of the great disappointments of my young life.

I continued on at East Ward School. I remember in third grade beginning to study history. I liked it a lot. I also began learning geography, which I liked, too. I did not care too much for English; diagraming sentences bored me. And I did not do too well in math, either. My father, a mathematical genius, would not have been proud.

I was about eight years old when I fell in love with a girl named Beth. She lived a few blocks away. On my way home from school, I would walk the extra distance just to pass by her house. Once I saw her front porch, the thought of her coming out and saying hello scared me to death. That was a horrible feeling.

There was another girl, too, who used to come and play at my house. She used to chase me around the yard and try to kiss me. I would run away from her and, eventually, run into the house and hide. Years later, when the girl's father died, the girl inherited Dalton Foundry, one of Warsaw's largest industries. Mom used to tell me, "You should have let her kiss you."

I got along well with the other kids at school. I had lots of friends and was a pretty good student. I got in trouble once, though, when I chased a kickball onto the yard of a man living next to the school. The ball was just sitting there; nobody was making a move for it. Somebody had to get it, so I did. I walked out onto the yard and started sinking into what I realized was soft mud. The man had just sewn the

yard with grass seed. He saw me and shouted, "Get off my property!" He acted like a real jerk about the whole thing. He got the principal and demanded that I be punished. So the principal took me into his office and paddled me. That was my first taste of poor justice.

That night, I told my parents what had happened. I remember my stepdad nodded, looked me in the eye, and said, "I hear East Ward School has a spanking machine in the basement. If you're not good, next time they'll use that on you." In my mind I saw that machine. It had three or four paddles attached to a conveyor belt, positioned over a belt where the child was tied. The paddles came down one after another -- bam, bam, bam -- hitting the kid square on the rear. It was a terrifying thought.

Weekends were great. My parents and I would drive to one of the lakes in town and go fishing. The roads in those days were usually gravel, and they led right to the edge of the water. My stepdad would ease the car into the edge of the lake, until the water reached the hubcaps. He would take out some soap and wash the car before we went off to fish. People used to do that all the time, but today someone would be arrested, and for good reason.

We would fish for bluegill, bass, catfish, and perch. I remember hooking a really big fish one time. My line tightened, and the pole bent over. I looked down into the water and saw a big suckerfish on the end of my line. It was so heavy that it broke my line. I yelled to my stepdad, "Jump in and get him!" He stood there on the bank, laughing his head off.

Besides school, girls, and fishing, I had a dog, too. She was a jet-black cocker spaniel. Her name was Blackie, and she followed me everywhere. One time Blackie got inside a neighbor's chicken pen and killed a few chickens. The neighbor was furious and demanded my stepdad get rid of her. He did, and Blackie was gone, but we kept one of the puppies that she had had. He was a tiny spaniel-terrier mix. I named him Smokie. Like Blackie, Smokie followed me everywhere.

My stepdad for some time had been talking about moving to Florida. He said we could beat the cold Indiana winter there and start a fresh life. Mom was not too excited about going, and she told him so. But my stepdad persisted. He said even a temporary stay would be good.

Mom finally agreed. They sold most of their possessions. They loaded the car, strapping my bike on top, and we headed south to Florida. We ended up in Zephyrhills, about fifty miles northeast of Tampa. I saw orange trees everywhere I looked. I was nine years old and ready to start fourth grade. It was fall 1947.

We moved into an apartment next to the town's movie theater, a reconditioned Quonset hut used during the war. Movies in Warsaw had cost a quarter; movies next door cost nine cents. I knew I was in for a good time.

After school and on weekends, I fished the nearby lakes. I rode my bike,

bringing my fishing pole, a bucket, and a small knife to cut line and bait. Smokie ran beside me.

Life in Zephyrhills was easy, although not as easy as it could have been. For one, I was from Indiana, and to people in Florida, Indiana was about as liberal as things could get. Living there was a whole new learning experience. And one of the first things I learned about was the difference between whites and blacks.

When I rode my bike down those sandy roads, I would see Negro families sitting outside on their porches. They were usually dressed in bib overalls and straw hats. They would wave to me, and I would wave back, heading on toward the lake. I was not shocked and I didn't think, "Who are these people?" I had seen Negroes in Warsaw. But the blacks in Warsaw had been doing fairly well for themselves. They had jobs and money. There was much less opportunity in Florida, and the economic differences between blacks and whites was more noticeable.

I started fourth grade at Zephyrhills Elementary, a segregated school. During my first days there, I recall the teacher lectured repeatedly about Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate states during the Civil War.

When the teacher began yet another lecture about Davis, I asked her, "How come we're always talking about Jefferson Davis? How come we never talk about Abraham Lincoln?"

I don't recall what she said, but after school four boys followed me into the school yard and whipped me good. That was my finest history lesson.

At home, it became apparent that mom was unhappy in Zephyrhills. It was hot and humid, and the economy was really depressed. My parents had not been wealthy in Warsaw, but they had been better off than they were in Zephyrhills. My step dad, however, would talk incessantly about never wanting to leave the town. Still, he had found little work, and their savings began to run out. In time, he agreed we should head back to Warsaw. The school year was almost over, and our leaving would come at the beginning of Summer.

Back in Warsaw, my step dad used the last of his money to buy a parcel of land on South Union Street, in the southern end of the county, just beyond the city limits. The land was situated close to many acres of open fields and woods.

My step dad went back to work for the brake-lining factory and also started his own side business, dealing in used ice boxes. Ice boxes in the late 1940s were more prevalent than electric refrigerators. He would find an ice box for sale, pay a low price for it, then clean and paint it and resell at a profit. I figure he might have influenced me toward being independent in business. I have owned my own television-repair shops since 1966.

Across the road from the property was a two-hundred-acre farm owned by an older man name Aaron Kincaide. I think back and recall Kincaide as looking a bit like the actor Walter Brennan. Kincaide even hobbled like him. Kincaide's wife was

thin and wiry. She looked like an old hillbilly woman. She used to cuss so bad that my mom would call me into the house.

On one part of the Kincaides' property was a building that at one time had been used for storing grain. It was empty, and it gave my stepdad an idea. Kincaide agreed to sell him the old building. A moving company helped us get the building across the road and onto our property.

My stepdad and some of the local farmers dug a pit for the basement and then set the building on top of it. Inside the house, he built a kitchen and a living room. He built a staircase, which led to two bedrooms upstairs. He added a front porch, dug a well for water, and connected a hand pump to its base. He made a sturdy, new house from something that was not being used. I was proud of that.

Not long after the house was finished, my stepdad gave me my first gun. It was a Daisy BB gun. Mr. Kincaide let me roam around his heavily wooded property. I was in heaven. I had a gun, a Red Ryder Safe-Shooting card, a bike, and a dog. What more could a kid want?

I also had a couple pretty good friends, Leroy Mortz and Mike Engel. Leroy and Mike lived about a quarter mile from me. When not in school, we were out in the woods, tracking big game with my new gun.

We were always doing something. We would ride bikes over to a creek that flowed near the city limits and spend time with some of the kids who lived in town. During the long, hot days of summer, that creek or maybe one of the nearby lakes was the best place to be.

We would search for logs near the edge of the water, lash them together with rope, and make a pirate's raft. The big moment came when we tried to get on it. Was it going to float? Could it handle us? All the kids would be gathered around. We country kids were determined to show the city-slickers how to build a raft. We would push it out onto the water, climb aboard, and if it floated, then everyone wanted on, and a general riot ensued.

A steep dirt hill just inside the city limits provided year-round fun. In the spring and summer, we would build soap-box racers and run them down the hill. The best one I ever built was almost totally flat. It was just a frame with four steel wheels and a knotted rope to steer the front end. It was built strictly for speed. In the winter, with two or three feet of snow on the ground, we used the same hill to race sleds. We packed a pile of snow at the base of the hill, trudge to the top of the hill, and then race down, flying off the ramp as high and as far as we could.

I spent most of the year hunting deep in the woods, most often on Kincaide's property. Once, when I was walking back toward home with Mike and Leroy, Kincaide waved us over from his chair on the porch.

He asked, "Where you boys been?"

"Out in the woods," I said.

"I thought so. Now, listen up. I'll tell you boys this for your own good. Watch out in them woods. There's a whole tribe of wild women in there. If they catch you, they'll eat you. They love eating little boys for supper."

He nodded. He had seen them himself. A tribe of wild women. Right there in the woods.

We looked at each other and then ran across the road and into my house. My stepdad was there, and, out of breath, we told him what Kincaide had said.

"I've been meaning to tell you boys that," my stepdad said. "Better listen close to Mr. Kincaide. He knows these woods better than anybody."

I could not speak. Leroy said, "We got to go, Tom." Mike was close behind. Years later, in 1984, when I took my family to Warsaw for a visit, I walked deep into those same woods. I looked deliberately for some of those wild women.

At the time, of course, Kincaide and my stepdad thought they had made the greatest put-on ever. Later on they used to bring it up pretty often, as a joke. All in all, because of jokes like this, my stepdad was the kind of guy you would like one day and want to kill the next. That's the way he was; hot and cold.

Mike and Leroy were with me, too, when I attended West Wayne School, during fifth and sixth grades. We lived so close that sometimes after school, we used to stay after the other kids had left and played there on the grounds. That was how I became good friends with the school janitor.

I would sit in the janitor's office in the basement and listen to him tell stories. After a while, we'd go upstairs to the cafeteria, and the women would make us a snack. My favorite was Sloppy Joes, piled high on a bun.

Everything at West Wayne School seemed so much bigger to me, having come from the smaller Zephyrhills Elementary. Another difference was the weekly prayer meetings. A Protestant minister arrived there from town and spoke about the Bible. Before he began, all the Catholic students would leave the room. I did not know the difference between a Protestant and a Catholic, and at first I did not know why they went away. But nobody gave it a second thought.

I was raised a Protestant. My parents used to drag me off to church every Sunday. To me, that was the worst thing they could do, wasting all that precious weekend time. And when I was not in church, I was in Sunday school.

The teachers used to say, over and over again, "God created man."

I would interject, "Although we might have evolved from apes."

The teachers would get really mad, but I kept it up. All I wanted to do was run the clock until it was time to go home. Challenging what they had to say was one way I did it. I have always been that way. I need proof. I need to see the facts before I will accept an idea as true and accurate. And they provided me with very few facts, just opinions, statements, and a lot of smoke.

Once, however, I did relent. I told the Sunday school teachers that I was

ready to be saved. They were elated. The whole class walked into the church, and I was directed to approach the altar. The parishioners grew silent as the minister walked toward me and placed a hand on my shoulder. "Tom," he said, "are you prepared to give your heart to Jesus?"

I paused for a moment, and said, "I really don't know. How much does he need?"

Church took some of my Sundays, but I still had Saturdays and weekday afternoons to do whatever I wanted. One of my favorite things to do was ride my bike. On Saturdays, I used to ride with Mike and Leroy. We would often go watch a matinee movie at the Strand or the Centennial theaters.

I liked comedies, action movies, and thrillers. I liked Abbott and Costello, the Dead End Kids, the East Side Kids, and Leo Gorcey. I liked Westerns, too, especially the ones with the mysterious men who wore black and rode white horses, like Whip Wilson, Lash LaRue, and the Durango Kid. I did not care much for Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, or any other singing cowboy. What kind of guy sings when he is on top of a horse?

Riding my bike also gave me the chance to meet people from other parts of town. While on a ride once, I met a boy who lived in one of Warsaw's newer housing tracts. He mentioned being a Boy Scout, saying he and other members of Troop 36 were always camping, hiking, and going on overnight camporees. That sounded great. Leroy and I went to the next troop meeting, at the Evangelical Christian Church on West Center Street.

We walked into the hall and sat down in the back. I recognized some of the other guys from around town, sitting up front. They wore neatly pressed khaki uniforms, with a sharp crease down their pant legs. Their khaki hats, too, were the traditional sharp-point military style. As far as the Boy Scout manual was concerned, Troop 36 was top-notch. Leroy and I joined that night. We started meeting there at the church every Thursday night.

Everybody, including the scoutmaster, was always talking about camp-outs and hikes. I was getting excited to go, because I knew it would be a lot of fun. The funny part is, no real plans were ever made or finalized. It was just talk. I knew that most of the boys wanted to camp, and after a while it became apparent that the scoutmaster was stalling the program. The meetings became a joke, though not to the boy who had told me about Boy Scouts. He was a square; he hung out with the boys in the spiffiest uniforms. I don't think they really wanted to get themselves dirty on an actual camping trip.

Some of the other guys and I started leaving the meetings early. We would sneak out a window in the back of the hall, run across the street to the Double Dip ice cream parlor, and enjoy a few hot-fudge sundaes. We used to talk about what a wimp the scoutmaster was. I think we realized the man meant well. He was just

more of a city person than some of us would have liked.

There was a time, though, when the troop did attend a camporee. Some of the other guys and I met some scouts from Troop 15, based in nearby Walnut Creek. The way those guys talked, I knew they were actually doing things. So I quit my troop and joined the other.

It was almost summer, and the weather was getting warmer. The first thing I remember doing with the new troop is getting one of the boy's fathers to hire a tractor and dig a big hole at the edge of a stream. The water from the stream diverted right into the hole, and in a matter of minutes we had ourselves a swimming hole. That was scouting.

Troop 15 scheduled a camp-out or a hike deep into the woods practically every other weekend, whatever the weather conditions. Once, after a camp-out had been planned, a storm blew in and brought heavy rain to the area. One by one, the scouts backed out of the trip, and the scoutmaster was forced to postpone it. Another scout named Robert Gunter and I had other ideas. We packed our gear and hiked out into their woods. The rain continued all weekend long. We were cold and wet. We were miserable. But we did it.

At the next meeting, the scoutmaster said he had been forced to cancel the trip when the other scouts had backed out. I told him, "Me and Robert went."

"Yeah," added Gunter. "Where were you guys?"

Four years later, Gunter drove a car across a railway crossing, into the path of a speeding train. He was killed instantly.

At home, odd as it may seem, my stepdad's favorite topic of conversation was how we should move back to Florida. He wanted to open a restaurant and sell home-cooked food and cold beer. My mom hated the idea. But as time passed, she finally relented. Once more we prepared for the move back to Zephyrhills. My parents sold the house, loaded the Chevy, and we drove back down south. My frequent moves as a boy had its good parts and its bad parts. In some ways, like every kid, I hated it. But once we got where we were going, it usually turned out okay.

My parents bought some property outside of town, across the street from a trailer park. At the edge of the property were two lakes, connected by a concrete bridge. That bridge turned out to be a good place to fish.

My stepdad hired some of the local men, and together they built a restaurant and beer bar. It was a small, concrete-block building with a row of stools along the bar, a few tables and chairs out under an awning. We lived in a small area behind the kitchen. Customers began filling the place in the afternoon, and by evening, it was usually pretty crowded. Business went well, and I was glad for that. But I was more interested really in what was happening out on the lakes.

I learned how to string lines across the lakes and channels. I would put a

chunk of beef or pork liver on a hook and let the line sit there all night. In the morning, I would come out and check if I had caught any fish. During the day, I fished with some of the other kids, using a regular pole and line. Between my two systems, I was always bringing fresh fish home. Sometimes we ate fish for breakfast and dinner, too. I liked it battered and deep-fried.

One day I went out on the bridge that connected the two lakes. Some other kids were already there fishing, along with an older woman. For some reason, the woman suddenly stepped away from the bridge to what she thought was a narrow concrete ledge. There was no concrete ledge; it was just a layer of scum that appeared to be a ledge. The woman dropped straight down in the water. When she came to the surface, everybody saw she could not swim. I ran toward her and shoved my pole near her.

"Grab this!" I shouted.

She grabbed the pole, and I pulled her to safety. If she'd gone down once more or had got trapped under the bridge, she would have drowned. All she got was a skinned knee.

Weeks later, hurricane season began. We stayed inside our small, block restaurant while the violent windstorms raged outside. My mom quickly tired of that. She and my step dad began arguing about the whole thing. She wondered why we had ever left Warsaw.

My step dad finally understood. They sold the restaurant, and we went back to Warsaw. We moved into an apartment on South Buffalo Street, which for some reason I did not like. To cheer me up, my step dad bought me a .22-caliber rifle. I loved it. I started hunting in the woods more and more, as much as I could. In time, I could hit a rabbit from fifty yards, sometimes while it was running away. I was always putting meat on the table.

I enrolled in seventh grade at Warsaw Junior High. It didn't take long before I realized I was behind the other kids academically. I had spent two semesters in school at Zephyrhills, but the education system there was less advanced than Warsaw's. I think moving so much affected my education. I do not want to blame anything on anybody else; I did not do poorly in school. But I was not the student I could have been, either. I got my share of C's.

I still had my old friends, and some new ones, too. They had new bikes and other things that I liked and wanted, and to earn the money to buy those things, I knew I needed a job. I thought a paper route might be a good one. I went to the office of Warsaw's *Times-Union*, the town's newspaper since 1854.

A kid named Max Truex had just quit his route, and it was offered to me. Truex later became a national running champion. He won the NCAA cross-country championships, competed in the 1964 Summer Olympics in Mexico City, and set United States records for the 5,000-meter, 10,000-meter, and two-mile races.

I started the route. The afternoon winds had turned cold, and winter's storms were right around the corner. My new job meant long hours riding my bike along the town's icy roads, though snow drifts, tossing papers to my customers' front porches.

After school, I rode three miles to the newspaper office and picked up his papers. I would ride a mile to where my route started, near the railroad tracks on South Union Street. I would work the route clear back to West Ward School and my own home, and then four more miles to the last house on the road. Then I would cut across another road and ride on back home. My route averaged ten miles a day, seven days a week. I worked hard, earning six or seven dollars a week. I had a receipt pad and a pen, and I took care of my customers. I learned how to conduct business. And my pay made me feel wealthy. I bought candy, went to movies, and sometimes even had money left over to buy my mom a present. I was a determined little businessman.

I remember coming home from school once, sitting in the kitchen, preparing to start my route. I had the radio tuned to Warsaw's WRSW, and I was listening to the announcer while I strapped on my knee-high Arctic snow boots. Severe cold was expected that night, the announcer said. Temperatures were expected to drop to twenty-five below zero. I went out into the snow. It was cold, miserable, and dark. I was pretty scared, too. I completed the route late that night.

I was delivering papers in a snow storm once and rode up to the house of one of my customers, Louis Breading. Breading owned a cigar store in town. I parked my bike and trudged through a snow drift, to deliver the newspaper and also collect for the route. I stood on Breading's porch and was about to knock on the door when something beyond the partially opened door caught my eye.

Inside the front room I saw a strange gray glow coming from a wooden cabinet. The box was similar to a phonograph's but was larger. In the center of the cabinet was a screen. On the screen were black and white images of people talking. They were pointing and laughing. I heard their voices from a speaker at the side of the cabinet. Breading came to the door and opened it wider.

"Come on in, Tom."

I brushed off my pants and stomped the snow from the sides of my boots. I stepped inside the living room and sat on the couch with Breading in front of the screen. He said, "It's *The Howdy Doody Show*, live from Chicago. Have you seen it?"

I shook my head. I thought I had died and gone to heaven. I was mesmerized. I watched the show until it ended. Then Breading paid me, and I left to finish the route. Television had made its mark on me.

Shortly after my first taste of television, we moved out of our South Buffalo Street house. My parents bought another, off Highway 25 on Gooselake Road. It was a farm house, with a chicken pen, a cow shed, and eight acres of land. I took the

bus to school.

My stepdad continued his job at the factory. On the side he raised and sold cattle, sheep, chickens, and rabbits. I helped out, too. I raised a hundred chickens on my own and sold their eggs. I also began trapping animals and sold their pelts. Every night, I would walk out into the woods near the house and set a couple hundred steel traps. I caught muskrats, raccoons, and skunks. I took anything that would earn me a couple of dollars to the fur house in town.

I would rise at five o'clock in the morning, pull on my boots, and walk out through the woods to check the traps. I would gather whatever had been trapped during the night, reset the traps, and carry the carcasses home. Out on the highway, I would board the school bus with the animals inside a canvas bag and have the driver drop me off at the fur house.

Inside the house, animal pelts were hung all over the place, from every rafter, hook, and line there. The carcasses of the freshly skinned animals were put inside a big drum. I remember asking the owner what he did with them.

"I ship those out to Chicago, where the Negroes buy them," he said.

I would hand over my catch, collect a few dollars, and then run a few blocks to school. I did that throughout the seventh and eighth grades.

Then, something besides skins, furs, and trapping entered the picture.

I was thirteen years old, halfway through eighth grade, when I started going steady with my first real girlfriend. Her name was Alice. Alice had bright red hair. She was absolutely ravishing. Alice's brother Dick was in one of my classes. We talked about guns, hunting, fishing, and cars.

While I played it cool, Alice told half the school all about us. Not too much time passed before we were the talk of the town. I liked that. After a while, Alice became interested in another guy, and we broke up. It was no big thing, really. Hunting and fishing beat any girl, hands down.

Chapter Three

I first knew Roger Warren as just another neighbor of mine.

The Warrens' house and farm was about a mile away from my parents'. Mr. Warren was a radio repairman. He also installed television antennas as a part-time job.

I came to know Roger Warren better when my troop's scoutmaster invited him to speak to us about his work. He agreed to come to a meeting and demonstrate how an amateur radio, or ham radio, worked.

At the meeting, Warren walked up to the front of the room and set a black box down on a table in front of us. He unsnapped two latches to open the box, and pulled an electrical cord from inside it. He found an outlet and plugged it in.

He pulled a short antenna from the side of the box, then fit a narrow black headset over his ears. He plugged the headset into the side of the box and set on top of the table a hand-held key transmitter that would allow him to send Morse-code messages. We had no idea, however, what he was doing.

Mr. Warren sat down at the table and began slowly twisting the receiver's knobs, listening carefully for the sound of a distant signal. After a few moments, he began to hear faint sounds: "Di-dah-di-di-di-dit-dit-dit-dah."

He waited for a break in the message then used the key to transmit one of his own: "W-a-r-s-a-w, I-n-d-i-a-n-a."

A reply came over the headset. Warren jotted letters on a notepad. Slowly, he wrote, "C-h-i-c-a-g-o."

He looked up to us and said, "We got Chicago."

I could not believe it. I moved my chair closer. I was amazed. He might as well have been talking to a Martian.

Warren tuned in another message. He waited for a pause then tapped out another message: "W-h-e-r-e y-o-u?"

"S-t L-o-u-i-s," came the answer.

"Boys," Warren said, "we've got St. Louis."

Watching him communicate with people all over the country like that was incredible. I had to see more. From then on, I made it a point to see Mr. Warren more often.

Mr. Warren was happy to show me how his short-wave and ham radios operated. I started to spend time at the controls of his radio. Soon, I was learning

Morse code. I began with a signal used during emergencies, the required SOS distress signal.

Once I knew letters and numerals and was able to send and receive messages quickly, I wanted to try for my amateur's license. I would need it if I was ever going to operate my own radio.

To earn the license, I had to pass a written test to demonstrate an ability to send and receive five words per minute. The Federal Communications Commission proctored the exam, which was given in Chicago. Mr. Warren agreed to go with me. We went by train.

I took the test and earned my general operator's license. I was then able to operate on any frequency I wanted.

Back home, Warren and a man named Chuck Lackey, another ham radio operator who lived nearby, helped me build my own radio transmitter and receiver. I set up the system in my room.

I learned a lot from those guys. I spent my weekends and afternoons helping them construct their own radio systems, too. We used to stack the equipment as high as a rack would reach. We wired extensive antenna systems for our radios. With those, we were able to speak with people nationwide.

On weekends I used to rise early and radio until noon or later. In the afternoon, I used to ride over to Mr. Warren's house. He would ask, "Who'd you talk to?" And I would say, "I got Kentucky, then Tennessee, then the Dakotas." On the surface I tried to keep cool. But inside I was screaming for more. Nothing excited me like my radio.

Before long I realized that my room was much too small for the amount of equipment I had acquired. My stepdad and I went to see a local farmer and auctioneer named Ken Fawley. Fawley owned a small hog house that was not being used. He let me have it. We got it home and set it on the side of the house.

I tore out the old side walls, nailed newer wood to the walls, spread carpeting on the floor, set up my transmitter and receiver, and strung an antenna clear to the woods, about a thousand feet away. I had my own radio station. I was 13 years old.

Mr. Warren mentioned being behind in his work on installing antennas. He asked me if I wanted to help him part-time. I said I'd like to give it a shot. I quit my paper route and, when I wasn't in school, worked with Mr. Warren. We would spend entire afternoons and weekends searching the area for spare electronic equipment, installing hundreds of antennas for the burgeoning television craze, and constructing short-wave and ham radio systems.

I started buying and collecting more radio equipment for myself, too. I met some of the other ham-radio operators in the county. Soon we were having informal meetings at our homes. We decided to organize. We called ourselves the Hoosier Lakes Amateur Radio Club. I was nominated as one of the officers.

I built and bought bigger and stronger transmitters. In time, my signals were crossing the Atlantic, over to Europe. I started talking with radio operators in England, Germany, and France. Ham radio became my life.

My chance to really use my radio talent came in June 1953, two months after my fifteenth birthday. Bell Telephone was the country's one and only telephone company, and its switchboard operators went on strike. You can understand the ramifications.

The operators' strike brought regional communications to a standstill. It added, too, to the prevailing fear of Soviet invasion. Each city nationwide was linked by telephone to the country's Ground Observer Corps. The corps served as an initial communications system in the event of Soviet invasion or nuclear attack. Most people feared the Russians could attack at any moment; the Japanese had done so just eleven years earlier, at Pearl Harbor.

To take up the slack left by the operators' strike, ham-radio operators nationwide volunteered to take over national communications. Some of us from the radio club volunteered, too. I stayed one time on my station for more than twenty hours straight. The *Times-Union* published a story about it. The American Radio Relay League heard of it, too, and they awarded me their A-1 Operator award. It is a rare award; maybe a dozen people in the whole country have ever earned one. I was proud of it.

After the strike was settled, the federal government initiated the U.S. Civil Defense Force. The feds started disbursing funds to counties nationwide, seeking their assistance in the country's overall defense. The money helped fund and support various projects, including ones relating to the necessary communications should a Soviet attack occur.

The director of Warsaw's civil defense system was Gladys Kincaide, the only child of Aaron Kincaide, who lived across the road from us. Gladys knew of my work with radio and asked me to start up Kosciusko County's first radio-communications center.

I jumped at the chance. I called a meeting of the radio club and told the guys of her request. Four or five of them wanted to be part of it, too. Gladys Kincaide gained permission from the county board of trustees to let us use a vacant room at the top of the downtown courthouse, and we went to work.

We cleaned out the room, wired antennas to some old taxi radios we had found, and strung the wires out the windows and up along the courthouse roof. In a matter of days, we had our communications center, and the responsibility of defending the area against Soviet attack. It was a heady task. Gladys Kincaide appointed me the communications director of Kosciusko County. I had just turned sixteen.

Radio fascinated me. I spent as much time as I could at the courthouse

communications center, at Roger Warren's, and with the other guys who had radios and televisions.

I was obsessed, and my stepdad used to make jokes about it. He had an eight-grade education, so he learned how to survive off the quickness of his mind and the strength of his back. Electronics seemed far-fetched, almost magical, to him. He knew there was no future in it. But he did realize my interest in it, and he seemed to respect that.

My mom was different, though. I don't think she gave my work with electronics much thought. She had her mind on other things, like my natural father. She never forgave him for running off. I lived in that shadow for years. And because she could not let it go, she was scared to death that I would run off to California to try to find him. That upset me. It upset my stepdad, too. We both used to get mad at her about it.

One thing I will say about my parents is that they both were fairly straightforward in their beliefs. As far as racist remarks went, not once did I hear the word *nigger* in the house. The funny part about that is, my family was your typical working class. Sometimes that in itself can cause the communication of such terms.

The difference between then and now is that blacks posed no real threat to whites. Hardly any blacks lived in Warsaw, and they committed little or no crime. Today, it's a different story. Then, blacks were rarely discussed. Today, for good or bad, blacks are all you hear about.

The closest my stepdad ever came to making a racist remark was during a time when he worked in a furniture factory. He never mentioned the name of his boss. He simply referred to him as "the Jew." To me, it didn't mean one thing good or bad. I didn't know a Jew from the man on the moon.

I spend a lot of time now talking with reporters when they call or come to interview me. The one question they always ask, if we talk about my background, is if some black kid or some Jewish kid years ago stole my bicycle or beat me up. That is not how I became the way I am today.

Something funny happened as a result of my job at the communications center: For the first time in my life, people began treating me like an adult. Even my friends in the freshman class at Warsaw High School changed their attitude toward me.

These were guys like Donny Hannaf, whose father was the local jeweler; Mike Williams, whose parents owned the Times-Union and radio station WRSW; and Dennis Stouder, a son of the town's podiatrist. Other friends included Harry Gigus and Don Wolf.

Whenever I wasn't on my radio, I was with these guys. We spent a lot of time together, in and out of school. Cars were the focal point of our lives. Being sixteen, I needed one more than ever.

One day I saw the one I wanted. It was a black, four-door, 1937 Dodge. I paid one hundred dollars for it. I got behind the wheel and, suddenly, I had it made. Freedom was mine. I drove it to school the next morning and showed it to the guys before class. We met at lunch and headed out for the highway.

I drove the car on down the road, stepping down on the accelerator. At eighty-five miles per hour, the old Dodge began to shake. At ninety, the steering went out on me. I stepped on the brakes. They were mechanical brakes, and they were well worn. It took quite a while for that big car to slow. Once it did, I found a widening in the road, made a U-turn, and headed back to school. I was shaking pretty well. The other guys were laughing nervously.

I kept that old Dodge pretty well fixed up. I would wax it practically to the metal. I bought a short-wave radio and put it in. When I took a girl to a drive-in movie, I would flip on the radio, grab the microphone, and talk to guys all over the state. Some girls thought that was the neatest thing they had ever seen. Others were bored to death.

Throughout high school, I kept up in my electronics work. In my junior year, a counselor who knew what I was doing asked if I would like to take an apprenticeship in electronics. He said there were some businessmen in town who would take me in, train me, teach me, and pay me. I said I'd like to check into that.

Days later, I was hired on at Warsaw Radio and TV, on Center Street. Charles Berringer and Joe Watkins were co-owners. I started work every day at noon, after classes. I learned how to repair different kinds of radios, and I made some money, too.

The store's top technician was Bert Ferguson. He took the time to teach me some aspects of the trade. Most technicians' work areas resemble pig pens, but Ferguson kept his work area almost spotless. Every night before he left the store, he wiped off every tool and put it in its proper place. It was a psychological gesture; when he came in the next morning, his bench was organized and ready for work. That impressed me.

Television at that time was still in its infancy. When TV sets came in for repair, Ferguson would call me over and let me help. I had plenty to learn. But Ferguson used to say, "You're at an age where you can grow with the craze. Television's going to sweep the nation. Won't be long before there's more color sets than black and white ones."

Besides repairing televisions, the shop used to sell record albums and singles, too. I started buying records. I liked rock 'n' roll and country music. I liked Elvis. I was a big Johnny Cash fan, too, back when you would mention his name and people would say, "Who?" They didn't know who he was.

Whenever some of the guys and I wanted to stir up the crowd at the shop, we would put on our favorite song, *Cigarettes, Whiskey, and Wild, Wild Women*. I

remember some guy coming in one day, wanting to buy that record. We held an emergency staff meeting, reminiscent of a top-level Pentagon discussion, before we decided to let him buy it.

Selling records used to bring in a good share of girls, too. That always allowed us some fun. In those days, the backs of television picture tubes had a metal envelope; the envelope carried anywhere from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand electrical volts. In the summer, when there was a lot of humidity in the air, putting any part of your body within an inch of the envelope would give you a shock.

I learned how to press an ice pick onto that envelope, hold it for a few seconds, and then slide my hand down onto the metal, without getting shocked. If I did this while standing on the store's wooden floor, I would not be shocked. I would rub my hands over twenty thousand volts and become charged with electricity myself. Then I would walk to the record section, find a pretty girl, and zap her on the butt. The shock used to scare them, but it was a low current. It didn't hurt. They liked the attention.

I saved some money from that job. I traded in my 1937 Dodge and bought a black 1947 Chevy coupe. The car didn't have a lot of power, but it looked good. It had bubble skirts, and colored lights under the dashboard. They made the interior look colorful, almost surrealistic. That was quite a fad in those days.

Toward the end of my senior year, I was faced with making some decisions about the future. I did not think that going away to college would give me what I needed but neither did staying in Warsaw. I wanted to see some other part of the world and learn a vocation or skill. This is what influenced me to join the Army.

An Army recruiter downtown told me, "Enlist for three years, and you'll receive the schooling of your choice."

I said I wanted to go to television school.

"Fine," he said. "You got television. Sign there."

At the end of June 1956, I boarded a Greyhound bus, bound for Fort Leonardwood, Missouri. At two o'clock the next morning, the bus pulled up to the base's recruit-receiving center.

A red-faced sergeant started screaming, "Move it! Move it! You're mine now! Move it! Move it! Move it!" Another sergeant met us new recruits in the receiving center. "Empty your goddamn pockets! Throw this shit away! Put your bags in that pile! Stand in line for your issue! Now!"

It was my first taste of Army authority. I knew I did not like it.

After two hours of processing, we were marched into a dormitory and checked into our bunks. I went to bed. I figured we would sleep eight or ten hours, considering the time that we had arrived. The Army wanted its newest recruits to be fresh for their first day of training, right? Wrong. An hour later, three sergeants walked into the barracks. They shouted in our faces, "Get up! This is no country

club! Up! Up!"

Their intention was to degrade us. I found it difficult to believe why the Army broke people down just to build them back up again. I hated the Army. But the Army did not give me time to sit around and think about it. We were moving, working, and hustling, day and night. The sergeants made sure of that.

I did like the competitiveness, though, especially between the various companies. After a few weeks of training, my company -- Company C -- scored the highest physical training scores in the entire battalion. I had one of the top four or five physical-training scores in my company.

One of the leaders I remember most was a captain named O'Brien. He was an older, red-haired man who had seen a lot of action in World War II and Korea. O'Brien was a real mustanger; he had worked his way up through the ranks. He was tough, and his men knew it. There was nothing phony about him. He was what he said he was. Because of that, no one messed with him.

I remember a black first-lieutenant, too, who used to lead us troops in drills. He looked like Malcolm X, the slain black nationalist. I liked him because any time he wanted the troops to do something, he did it first himself, and he did it well. He could climb rope, scale walls, and belly-crawl better than any of us. He would introduce a drill, perform it, then shout, "Now all you yard birds try it." I would have no problem with a guy like that commanding me at the front lines.

One of the most difficult drills for me to master was marching in formation. The taller troops would be placed at the front of the formation. The shorter ones like me were placed in the rear. We almost had to run to keep up with the others. When I fell out of step, the sergeant would yell, "Metzger, you goddamn shithead! You're bouncing!" And then he would wink. I knew it wasn't personal.

We learned how to toss hand-grenades. Anybody who has ever done that has initially thought he would throw it like a baseball, like John Wayne in some World War II movie. We were up on a hill, looking down on a grove of trees in a gully a couple hundred yards away, and one guy inevitably would say, "Watch this. I'm going to blow the hell out of those trees." Ten thousand troops before him hadn't done it, but this guy was going to do it. He was lucky if it went thirty feet.

We also learned how to fire mortars and rocket launchers, how to belly-crawl under hot rounds, and how to shoot M-1s. I earned a sharpshooter ranking, one notch below expert.

During drills like that, we could not help but become friends. There was a lot of camaraderie and a few distinct cliques. We had such a good company that at the end of basic training, Captain O'Brien threw a party for us. He got a bus and a driver and took us out to a spot near a river. We drank booze that the captain had bought.

I had never drank hard liquor. I did not smoke, either. I noticed quite a few

of the other guys were green, too. Some of them started mixing all the hard liquors into big glasses -- bourbon, vodka, and gin -- and drinking that.

One of the guys was a young Pole from Chicago. For whatever reason, he had a gripe with Captain O'Brien since basic training started. He figured the party was a good time to do something about it, because everyone, including the captain, was drunk.

Suddenly, he ran for the captain. They went tumbling down an embankment, toward the river, and into the water. While they punched it out, the current slowly carried them downstream. Some of the others got them out of the water and pulled them apart. Later, when the private began to sober up, he was scared to death. "This is it," he said. "I'll get ten years for this."

In the morning, back at the base, we stood at attention in front of the barracks. Captain O'Brien got right to the point.

"Well, boys," he said. "We went to the river."

"Yes, sir!" we shouted.

"Had a good time, didn't we, boys?"

"Yes, sir!"

The captain looked straight at the private who had fought him. "*Didn't* we have a good time?"

That poor guy didn't know what to say. Finally, he just shouted, "Yes, sir!"

"Glad to hear it!" the captain said. "Dismissed!"

We would've followed that captain anywhere.

Chapter Four

After six weeks of basic training, I graduated and was directed to report to the Army's Signal Corps School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. I arrived there by train with hundreds of other young GIs. We stayed in a receiving company.

After a few days, I was called in to see a commanding officer. There were no openings available in television-repair school, he said. The next class would not start for six weeks or so. What was open was microwave-communications repair, a closely related field. I decided to give it a try. I scored highly on the entrance exam and was placed near the top of my class.

After attending school most of the week, I had most of my weekends off. Sometimes I would leave Friday night and drive five hundred miles home to Warsaw. I would load my new 1949 Mercury with some of the guys who lived along the way and drop them off at turnpikes on the route. Taking others along helped ease the monotony of the road. We would all pitch in for gas and oil, too. Driving back to the base, I would stop along the same turnpikes and pick everybody up.

As time passed, I drove home less frequently. There was little for me to do in Warsaw; no girls were waiting for me. New York City, however, was just a hundred miles away. There were plenty of girls there. Soon, I was spending most of my off-duty weekends there.

I used to hang around the various United Service Organizations around the city. USOs provided secure places for military people to rest and relax, so they were not out on the streets getting mugged. A USO was a place where officers and noncoms alike could go to talk, have a Coke, dance the cha-cha with a girl, or play a game of cards.

There was a Catholic USO on 54th Street downtown. I went there a lot. There was often a priest inside, banging on a piano. Some older veterans would come around, too, and talk with us. The people who worked at the USO often had movie or theater tickets on hand. I would get one or two and go, usually taking a girl along.

There was a Jewish USO nearby, too, located in the basement of a synagogue. It was for servicemen for all denominations. But for some reason I did not feel as comfortable there as I did in the Catholic one.

My dislike of it had nothing to do with the fact that it was Jewish. I did not know that much about Jews. I would dance with some of the girls, but for some

reason, it just did not feel right. There was a little stiffness to it. The volunteers were older women, so it must have been an attitude or something that I just did not quite care for.

I had always been timid with girls. But in time I began to lose that. Pretty soon I was dating girls from all over the city.

One girl lived with her parents in an apartment near Central Park. She and I met one Sunday morning and walked all throughout the park, along the tree-lined paths and to the ponds. I had dressed up for the occasion. I wore dark pants, a white shirt, and a pair of white buck shoes, Pat Boone style. That was in fashion then.

The shoes were new, and the long walk wore into the skin of my feet. A couple days later, when I had not taken care of the blisters, my right foot became infected. It swelled far beyond normal size. The infection spread up my leg. I spent the next two weeks in Fort Monmouth's hospital. I lost out on the girl, too.

By the time I was released from the hospital, my classmates had already graduated. They had been shipped off to active duty in France and West Germany. I enrolled in the following class. Three weeks later, I graduated, too. At nineteen, I was a U.S. Army microwave technician. It was June 1957. Soon, I learned I would be transferred to one of the Army's posts in Germany. That sounded great to me.

Some other troops and I were driven to Washington, D.C., where we boarded a military transport plane. We landed in Frankfurt, and I boarded a train that took me about eighty miles southwest to Kaiserslautern, where the Army's microwave-company headquarters was located. From there, a driver took me to Donnersberg, a small mountain village twenty miles north of Kaiserslautern. Just above Donnersberg was an Army telephone microwave station that served the Rhine region. The outpost would be my home for the next two years.

The purpose of the station was to relay military communications from Europe to the United States, mostly to the Pentagon and Fort Lee, West Virginia. Transmissions came in from the United States, too, and were relayed throughout Europe.

The technicians' job was to repair the communications line, should it break down. When a breakdown occurred and was not fixed within an hour, everyone from the brigadier general on down would contact the station and raise hell. Most of the time the work was simple, but things got hot and heavy whenever the system went down.

When I arrived on post, the man in charge was a sergeant named Angelo Maisto. Maisto was short and animated. For whatever reason, he took an instant liking to me. He used to call me Charlie Brown.

Maisto and some of the guys on post had German girlfriends, and fast cars. My first German car was a red 1939 Mercedes convertible. Its radiator was always overheating, so I used to keep five gallons of water in the trunk in case the radiator

went dry. When I drove around Donnersberg, the people would wave and say, "There goes Herr Goerring," referring to the former German Reichsmarshal who used to drive a similar car.

Life at the post was good. Two older German women cooked our meals every day. We received more pay than the average grunt, too, because we were specialists. The latest movies were sent in from company headquarters, and we would watch them in the dayroom on our off-time.

When work was over and everything was running smoothly, we would all go out and have fun. We were like Frank Sinatra's Rat Pack.

I remember one Friday night, we got off our shifts and decided to drive out to our favorite pub in town. We knew there would be dancing and girls there. We climbed into one guy's beautiful white-on-white Opal and headed down the mountain road.

The pub was crowded when we got there. We saw the regulars, as well as a few of the town's younger guys and girls. We sat at the bar and ordered some beer. Across the room were a half dozen guys from a nearby Air Force base. We had met them before. We sent some beers over to their table.

We were there at the bar, having a good time, when a pretty German girl walked up and ordered a beer from the bartender. While she waited for her drink, she and I started talking. She was just being friendly, but her boyfriend must have thought differently. He walked up behind me and mumbled something. I turned around and saw this guy. He was built like an ox and half drunk. I could tell he thought I was making a move on his girl.

Before I could say anything, he took a swing at me. He connected pretty well and sent me to the floor.

I had never been a fighter. I knew how, but I had always figured a way out of such situations. This time, however, there was no way out. I had to fight.

I got up off the floor, clenched my fists, and started throwing punches, as fast and as hard as I could. I got lucky and connected again and again, pounding him all over the place. I would see an opening, hit it, and then look for another. Moments later the big guy was down on the floor. I grabbed him around the neck and put him in a choke hold.

My fight had touched off another one, across the room. The Air Force guys and some civilians were going at it. Meanwhile, one of my friends was getting punched flat on the nose. Blood was pouring all over him.

Some people pulled me off the German guy. He slumped to the floor. We threw some money on the bar and went outside. We all climbed into the Opal and drove back to the post.

Early the next morning, we had a surprise inspection. An Army major had come up from headquarters in Kaiserslautern. His timing was wonderful.

Sergeant Maisto announced the major's arrival. Within moments we were outside on the compound, standing at attention in the cold morning wind. The major started to inspect us. Three of the guys had bandages on their faces.

The major finished with us and went on to the garage and the side of the compound, where the Opal was parked. He noticed some dried blood on the white seats. He walked back toward us, telling Maisto, "I'm not going to ask what this is about."

Maisto grinned. "Just a little problem with the natives, sir," he said.

Later, when the two German women were driven up from Donnersberg to prepare our breakfast, they told the driver all about the soldier named Metzger.

The driver asked me later, "You beat the hell out of that guy in Donnersberg last night, right?"

"It was either him or me," I said.

"Yeah, well, listen. In German, your last name Metzger means butcher. Your little brawl last night has everybody in town thinking that Metzger is your nickname. They think you butcher guys all the time." Everybody in town, including the guy I had fought, was real friendly with me after that. I never had a problem with him again.

On our time off, sometimes we would drive to Frankfurt. When we were there we would go to the Dolly Bar, which Elvis frequented. Elvis made international headlines when he joined the Army in 1959, a few months after I did. He ended up driving a Jeep with a tank division based in Friedberg, twenty miles north of Frankfurt.

Every time we went to the Dolly Bar, we always heard how Elvis had been in recently, like the night before; how he had parked his white BMW in front of the club and signed autographs for the crowd outside. People there used to talk about him for weeks after he stopped by for a drink.

During my longer, two-week leaves, I used to travel quite a bit farther than Frankfurt. Like any other American soldier on approved leave, I would board any available aircraft leaving an American air base and travel free of charge to its destination.

I once took a trip to Amsterdam. I remember one night there, sitting in the corner of a bar, having a drink. Five British soldiers walked in and took a nearby table. After a few minutes one of them looked over at me and shouted, "Hey! Are you a Yank?"

I looked at him. "That's right," I said. "I'm a Yank."

The Brits, for some reason, continued trying to harass me. Maybe it was because I was alone.

Four other soldiers walked into the bar. By the way they spoke, I figured they were Australian. The British troops kept haranguing me, and one of the Aussies

heard it.

"Hey, Yank," said the Aussie. "Are these Brits giving you a bit of trouble?"

"Well," I said, "they're trying."

"Oh, matey," laughed the Aussie. "We'll take care of that!"

The Aussies got up from their seats, grabbed the Brits, and pulled them outside. I heard some commotion going on outside, some shouting, and then all was calm.

When the Aussies came back into the bar, they asked me, "join us for a drink?" We had a couple of beers there in the bar, and then we went to their hotel, where we drank a bottle of rum. It was the first time I had ever drunk rum. The Aussies sure liked it.

Two days later, I was walking along an Amsterdam street when I met a man wearing a military uniform. He turned out to be an officer in the Dutch army. We spoke about our jobs and careers, and I mentioned my plan to go to London soon. The officer said, "Let me take care of it."

We had dinner that night in a nice restaurant. After the meal, the man took me on a tour of the city. He pointed out the World Court, the museums, and a number of other interesting sites. In the morning, he took a taxi to my hotel, and we rode together to an American military air base outside the city. The man introduced me to another Dutch officer and said, "You're both going to London today. Perhaps you can travel together."

We did so, spending the flight talking about the military and our lives. I noticed some American military officers on board, too. They spent much of the flight watching the Dutch officer and I speaking with each other, enjoying each other's company. The American officers seemed to feel there was something wrong with that. I do not think that European officers suffer from such aloofness.

I spent three days in London. I stayed in a rooming house, with a private room and bathroom. The other guests and I ate together in the dining room downstairs. The guests were German, Dutch, American, and French. When any of us finished our meal, excused ourselves, and left the room, the hotel's proprietress usually would make a snide remark about whomever had left. I used to wonder what she said about me.

After London, I hopped a military transport bound for Madrid. I was the only passenger inside a huge cargo hold. When we approached the Pyrenees mountain range, between France and Spain, we had to ascend high into the sky. The temperature in the hold dropped so low that my feet nearly froze. They were still numb when we landed at the U.S. air base at Torrejon, just outside Madrid. I could not feel the ground as I stepped to the tarmac.

I spent three days in Madrid. I saw the Prado art museum, the presidential palace, and other sites. I noticed another interesting aspect of that great city, too.

Most of the nightclubs were more like opulent lounges, with grand pianos and hanging chandeliers. Men dressed in suits and tuxedos. Women wore long evening gowns.

One afternoon, I met a girl in a club like that. She was pretty, with dark hair and smooth skin. We talked quite a while and had a few drinks. When I asked if she wanted to go out that night, she said she did.

We met outside one of the city's nicest theaters. It was located within a wonderfully designed building, with ushers escorting well-dressed couples to and from their cabs and limousines. I was surprised when I saw the girl. She was wearing an evening gown to the movies. She smiled and took my arm.

We went out after the movie. While we were talking, she told me rather matter-of-fact that she was a prostitute. There was no regret in her voice. She seemed proud of who she was and what she did. I like people like that.

Two days later, I left Madrid, bound for Paris onboard an Army DC-3. At the military base there, I hailed a cab, telling the driver I needed to find a hotel.

I ended up in a small hotel, away from the center of town. An older man at the registration desk asked me to fill out a card. I wrote down the requested information, which included my place of birth. The man looked at the card and asked, "Where are you from?"

"Warsaw, Indiana."

"Warsaw?" he said. "I'm from Fort Wayne!"

Fort Wayne is about fifty miles southeast of Warsaw.

I asked him what he was doing there.

"I came over in World War I, married a French girl, and decided to stay," he said. "Hell, I used to deliver the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette* in Warsaw."

From that moment on, the hotel, and all of Paris, was mine. The man found me tickets to the theater, the opera, and to Follies Bergere. We went out eating and drinking, and we walked through parts of the city that I probably would not have seen without him. Because of that man's generosity, I really enjoyed myself in Paris.

Next, I flew to Frankfurt. I took a train to Kaiserslautern, and got a ride back to the post. I went back to work, falling into the routine of my job. Things had not changed much since I had left, other than Sergeant Maisto had been transferred out.

The new sergeant in charge was a man named Chang. He had been a prisoner of war during the Korean War. When I introduced myself, Chang said, "Private, you look just like a guy I knew in the POW camp."

Chang would hit the town with us, too. He played a game at all the clubs. He called it the birthday game -- every day was his birthday. He would step inside and mention it to a couple of people. The word spread quickly. People sent him drinks by the tray load. A girl or two would come by and kiss him. As far as sergeants go, Chang was a good one.

Months later, another sergeant was transferred to the post. His name was Lee. Lee was an old-time veteran, too, like Chang. Lee was black, and he moved and spoke very slowly. The guys used to joke about driving stakes through the cuffs of Lee's pants, to see if he was really moving.

Lee had served as a soldier in North Africa during World War II. Once he had sparred with Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber. He climbed into the ring with Louis for some playful fighting during an exhibition. Although he must have towered over Louis, Lee was docile and did not want to swing at the champ. "I just smiled," he told us. "I couldn't help it. I loved Joe Louis. I just danced and smiled."

My tour was completed soon after Sergeant Lee arrived. I packed my bags, said my good-byes, and then caught a ride to company headquarters in Kaiserslautern. I waited three weeks for my discharge papers. During this time, they made me a security guard. I checked the vehicles that arrived at the compound.

The day my discharge came through, I learned that I would be one of five soldiers guarding a group of U.S. military prisoners on their way to the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The prisoners were GIs who had broken some military laws while stationed in Germany.

The other guards and I handcuffed ourselves to the prisoners. We boarded a train for Frankfurt. In Bremerhaven, on the edge of the North Sea, we boarded an American military transport ship and began the journey to New York.

The prisoners were confined to cells inside the brig, at the bow of the ship. The room was dimly lit and narrow. A repetitive, thundering boom, boom, boom, came off the bow as the ship motored through the rough sea.

On duty, I would sit upright in a hard wooden chair, facing the caged men. As I watched the prisoners, I put myself in their position. The situation easily could have been reversed. Somebody could have been watching me as I sat inside one of those barred cages.

Nine days passed. Late one afternoon, we came within sight of New York harbor. I was on deck with the other soldiers, watching the Statue of Liberty. In an hour we were inside the harbor and secured at the dock. It felt great to be back in New York. I wanted to go out and look up my friends, but the Army insured there was no time for that.

Instead, we boarded a train at Grand Central Station and left for the U.S. Army base at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, forty miles north of Chicago. The prisoners later went on to Leavenworth.

I spent a few days at the base, waiting for my discharge. During that time, a few sergeants spoke with me and the others, offering us a final chance to re-enlist. Their speeches were similar.

"Now, boys," they said. "You're getting ready to get back out there, and I know you're anxious to get home. You think it's going to be wonderful out there."

You think you're going to find a job, and you think you're going to go have some real fun. Well, boys, let me tell you something. It's a cold world out there. And I don't care how much you don't like the military now, boys, just think about it. The military takes good care of you."

The next morning, I was handed a paper bag filled with the same clothes I had worn into that same receiving center three years earlier. I put on my blue jeans, white buttoned shirt, and jacket. It was June 1959. I was twenty-one years old.

I took a bus to Chicago and stayed a few days there with an Army buddy of mine. We went out to the beach and hung out with his crowd. Then I left Chicago and rode a bus home.

Through letters I knew my parents had sold the house. They kept a plot of land in back, though, and on that they had put a house trailer. My mom had made up an extra bed for me in the back room. But the situation I faced was one most people have to deal with at one time or another.

Too much had changed. People remembered me for what I had been three years before. And I remembered them for what they had been. So many things had changed. Most of the guys I knew were married and working on their first or second child. Or they had been married and were getting divorced.

I had been home about a week when I finally said at dinner, "This arrangement isn't going to work out."

My stepdad said, "It doesn't make any difference, son."

"It will soon enough," I said. "I've got to get an apartment."

I found a job at a television-repair shop called Rocket TV. It was owned by Frank Koppes and Koppes's father-in-law, Hasen Shydler.

I liked that job. I took care of all their outside work, rigging antennas and running wire. The shop itself was inside one of Warsaw's older buildings, a two-story brick structure. Above the shop was a vacant apartment.

I told Koppes of my situation at home. Koppes offered to rent me the apartment. I moved in, and in the mornings, all I had to do was walk down the stairs to the shop. I used to eat at a sandwich shop next door.

In the late afternoon, I would get off work and meet with some of the guys across the street at Dick Love's gas station. Two of the guys -- Chuck Halgren and Dick Katte -- had just returned from California. They kept saying, "You've got to get out there."

Dick Love, with a heavy Midwestern twang, would say, "You boys going out to Hollywood High School?" Like, "Hally-wood Hi-skooooo."

Halgren, Katte, and a third guy, Larry Kogan, were planning to stay. I had a two-week vacation coming from Rocket TV. I decided to go out, too, for a visit.

We loaded our gear into Katte's 1953 Plymouth and strapped Kogan's television on top of the car. We arrived in Los Angeles about a week later.

California was great. The weather was warm, the girls were friendly, and I wanted to stay.

I flew back home, worked two more months at Rocket TV, and then gave them my two-week notice. I bought a 1956 Austin-Healey convertible and packed my things inside.

The day I left, in early December 1961, there was a foot of snow on the ground. I put on an Army coat and combat boots, pulled on a black wool cap, and headed west to California.

Carter/Eye of the Storm

Chapter Five

I drove into Los Angeles and found the apartment shared by Dick Katte, Chuck Halgren, and Larry Kogan. Four of us lived in that two-bedroom apartment, off Santa Monica Boulevard.

I found a job installing car stereos at Chip's Auto Radio, in Culver City, across the street from Metro Goldwyn Meyer studios. Movie stars, the stars' assistants, and film production people used to come by all the time. Some guys who worked for Frank Sinatra brought in his big, sleek Buicks. Fuzzy St. Knight, the actor, drove long, polished convertibles.

One day, I had just finished installing a radio into a car when Charles Bronson dropped by. I was free to help Bronson with whatever he needed and approached him. Instead of being civil, however, Bronson was demanding, pushy, and belligerent. He acted just like he did in the movies.

I did not care for his attitude. After a few moments, he and I were toe-to-toe, ready to punch it out. The owner came running out of his office, shouting, "Don't hit him, Tom! Don't hit him!"

He led Bronson aside. "Please, Mr. Bronson," he said. "It was a simple mistake."

Soon after, I started looking for another job. Chuck Halgren had been working at Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica. I asked him to find out if there were any job openings. He learned that the company was in need of some experienced electronic technicians.

I interviewed with Douglas's materials-processing laboratory and was hired on as a technician. We worked in a cubicle above the plant floor, testing the reliability of circuit boards in combat and outer space. We tested the boards with excessive heat and cold, and sprayed them with salt water. Soon, I was promoted to the company's secondary standards electronic lab, where we repaired, calibrated, and certified electronic parts that were installed later in the missiles Douglas made.

The new position put me in touch with some of the company's top engineers. I was just a tech, but I had no trouble mixing it up with the others. We arranged after-work parties, dinners, and nights out on the town.

Three of the engineers lived in a house across the street from the beach in Playa del Rey, on Trask Street. They asked me to move in, and I did.

It was a big house with a large back yard. That summer, in 1962, we threw

parties for the guys from work and their dates and friends. We once had what we called a Playboy party, with decorations throughout the house, a stocked bar, and a keg of beer outside. We nailed a Playboy bunny sign to the garage door. Three hundred people showed up.

That summer, on a typically warm, August night, I was out for a drive in my Austin-Healey and ended up bar hopping. I returned home late that night, pretty well inebriated. I walked in the door and saw some of the guys from work, sitting around the kitchen table. Some girls were with them. I walked straight to the bathroom.

I guess I must have looked pretty bad, because one of the girls followed me down the hallway and into the bathroom. She found me leaning over the sink.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

Her name was Kathleen Murphy. She was a friend of a girl who was dating one of my roommates. Kathy was nineteen. She had blonde hair, and she was pretty. She started to clean up the mess I had made. After that night, we started seeing each other regularly.

Kathy was from Westchester. Her parents were conservative Catholics. Kathy had attended Catholic schools her whole life; high school had been an all-girls school. Now she was working as a claims adjuster for a local insurance company. She had her own apartment. I would see her two or three times a week. I met her parents. They often had us over for Sunday dinner.

Soon after, I moved into a one-bedroom apartment, right off the sand at Manhattan Beach. Kathy came by, and we would barbecue, take walks on the beach, talk about the future.

One day the following March, Kathy told me on the telephone that she and some other guy were going out on St. Patrick's Day. She said they did it every year, to celebrate the holiday.

I said, "Oh, really?"

"It's tradition," she said.

"Well, screw tradition."

I leveled with her. I said I was getting tired of Los Angeles and was thinking about moving someplace else, like New Orleans.

I heard the line click. I put the phone down, poured myself a glass of wine, and thought the whole thing was probably over. A few minutes later, Kathy and her girlfriend came roaring up the street in friend's white Corvette. Kathy was crying.

"Why are you leaving?" she asked.

I was standing there in my bathing suit, holding the glass of wine. I put my arm around her and said, "Well, I was thinking about it. Are we going to get married or not?"

I met with a priest several times before the wedding, to take instruction in

Catholicism. I was baptized a Catholic. Soon I realized that Catholicism could offer me a more solid foundation and sense of conservatism to my life than had Protestantism. Catholicism had been around a while; it wasn't something that was going to be changing all the time.

Kathy and I were married at the Visitation Catholic Church in Westminster. Kathy and I were going to honeymoon by taking a cross-country trip to New York.

My parents had flown out to attend the wedding. They asked if they could ride back to Indiana with us. It was a slightly unusual situation, but Kathy and I thought it would be okay. The day after the wedding, we packed our things into a 1956 Pontiac station wagon that I had bought, and the four of us began our trip east.

By nighttime, we had traveled across the California desert, just west of the Arizona border. Suddenly, the car's transmission stuck in low gear. I pulled the car to the side of the highway. My stepdad and I got out and looked under the hood. He started laughing. He couldn't stop.

Kathy and my mom sat talking in the car. My stepdad and I sat on a bank at the side of the highway, drinking a pint of whiskey, watching the bright stars. And there we stayed, at the side of the road, on our second night of marriage.

In the morning, I flagged down a passing truck. We chained the car to the truck's rear bumper and were towed two miles east into Needles. A mechanic could find nothing wrong with the transmission. It worked fine for the rest of the trip.

Two days later we were in Warsaw. The family held a reception in the basement of the First National Bank downtown. All my relatives met Kathy and wished us well.

The day after the ceremony, my mom and I were talking when she said she thought it would be a fine and respectable thing for me to be adopted by my stepfather. The idea surprised me, but I liked the sound of it. My stepfather and I had our ups and downs, but we had a good relationship overall.

We walked over to see the judge. But before we went inside the courthouse, we stopped at a bar and had a beer and a cigar. At the courthouse, my stepfather told the judge, "I want to adopt this kid."

The judge laughed. I was a fully grown twenty-five-year-old man being adopted by his stepfather of the past twenty years. When the judge asked me what I thought about it, I said, "I think it's a good idea. As soon as we're done, we're going back to the bar and having a couple more beers." On Oct. 17, 1963, I officially became Tom Metzger.

Kathy and I left Warsaw, heading east. We reached New York City two days later. We had a good time. The night before we planned to head back to Los Angeles, we stepped inside into a little neighborhood bar in Manhattan. We found seats at the bar and sat down. Everyone was having a pretty good time. Some of the regulars started asking us where we were from. I said, "We're from California. We're

on our honeymoon."

Everybody went nuts. The music was playing, the drinks flowed. It was well past midnight by the time we got out of there. We stepped out onto the sidewalk, surrounded by the towering skyscrapers that lined both sides of the street. We were walking through a huge urban canyon. And from the glowing light of the bar we had just left came the sounds of people singing, "California here we come, right back where we started from..."

We made it home five days later. It was Oct. 26, 1963. We rented a house in Hermosa Beach, on Tenth Avenue, and returned to our jobs. We worked hard, saved our money, and soon had enough money for a down payment on a house. We bought a two-bedroom one in Redondo Beach, on Clark Lane.

My job at Douglas was going well. The company had just started an employee club called the Sell America Committee. During committee meetings in the company's lunchroom, we watched anti-Communist films and listened occasionally to an anti-Communist speaker.

The Cold War, at that time, was at its peak. The threat of Soviet attack was on everyone's mind. To receive the government contracts on which the company survived, Douglas felt it necessary to educate their employees about the evils of Communism. It was nothing more than propaganda, but we did not know it at the time.

I was fairly nonpolitical at the time, but the films and their themes were interesting to me. I started attending every Sell America meeting I could.

I found part-time night work at a music store called Mr. B's for Music. It was owned by a man named Marvin Breaslau. I repaired televisions, radios, and stereos.

Working two jobs was tough. At night I wanted to be home with Kathy, but we needed the extra money. Kathy was expecting our first child, Carolyn.

In January 1964, people started talking about an employees' strike, to gain more power for a newly organized union. Some of the employees were interested, but the union could not convince enough of us to strike.

To try to gain the power it needed, union officials met with Douglas management, suggesting an agency-shop clause be added to the employees' union contract. An agency-shop clause would have required all employees to pay union dues, although that payment would not necessarily make us union members.

I thought it over, and I realized that the push for that clause was simply a way of fattening the union's coffers without requiring it to represent the workers' actual needs.

I told one union agent, "That's plain blackmail. I know it, you know it, and about a hundred other guys know it, too. I shouldn't be forced to pay dues. I should have the right to either join or not join a union."

"Listen, Metzger," said the agent. "How would you like to be a union

manager?"

The position would have paid \$30,000 a year, in 1964. I turned it down. I joined instead the National Right to Work Committee, which at that time busted unions. Busting Douglas's union seemed to me the logical thing to do.

Some other employees and I met in an attorney's office in downtown Los Angeles. We signed a petition, declaring our intent to sue Douglas Aircraft and the union for infringing on our right to work. We filed suit, and the case was open for six months. When it was finally thrown out of court, Douglas management called us in for individual conferences.

I walked into a meeting room. Seven of the company's top managers were seated along a long, polished table. I sat down. The others remained silent. One said, "You're a good worker, Tom, and we understand your position. We feel if you want to continue working for Douglas Aircraft, we would be glad to have you. But, in order for your employment to concur with the company's new policy regarding the union, you'll need to sign an agreement to pay union dues before you go back to work."

He put the contract on the table before me and set a pen beside it. I realized the union and management had devised a way to help each other. Employees who signed the contract would have to give the union money for dues. And those who refused to sign were eliminated entirely. They would not be around to cause any problems.

I could see the money changing hands, right before my eyes.

"Listen," I said. "I'm nobody's slave. I came to work here without a union, I didn't ask for a union, and I don't need a union. I refuse to pay one cent in union dues. As for Douglas, you just lost a good technician." I walked out of the room and never looked back.

I started working full-time at Mr. B's. Business was booming. Color television was catching on nationwide. The more they bought, the more they needed them repaired and serviced. Breaslau opened a larger store in the same shopping center. I was earning hourly pay plus 50-percent commission on antenna installations.

Things were looking up for me and my new family. I had a job I enjoyed, a pretty wife, and my first child on the way. I had a newfound belief in Catholicism, and I sensed there was something about Douglas' Sell America Committee that had attracted me, too. I was still on the committee's mailing list and was receiving information. I enjoyed reading everything they sent.

I had always been fairly nonpolitical, but the Sell America Committee and my quest for a conservative foundation to my life seemed to lead to the development of a keen interest in politics.

I saw an advertisement for political activists needed to assist in the presidential campaign of New York governor Nelson A. Rockefeller. Rockefeller

and Arizona senator Barry Goldwater were contending for 1964's Republican presidential nomination.

I picked up some literature at Rockefeller's Los Angeles campaign headquarters. I considered working for the man, but there was something about Rockefeller that did not set well with me. For one, he had publicly announced his more liberal leanings. Also, he had a certain aloofness about him, which I attributed to his being a multimillionaire.

I continued searching for a candidate I could believe in. In July, I watched Goldwater address on television the Republican national convention in San Francisco. He said, "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

Goldwater, a half-Jewish senator from Arizona, was pure right-wing. His attitude was, "Stay at home, but if trouble comes, don't take any crap, either," even if that meant fighting a war on the streets.

I read Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative*. The book offered powerful testimony toward the country's need for conservatism. Goldwater described how the federal government had wrongfully invaded the private sector of American business through misguided projects; for one, the Tennessee Valley Authority. Too much governmental intervention, Goldwater felt, would ruin the nation.

"Washington shouldn't intrude in the private sector and begin competing with companies and citizens who already support it through taxation," he wrote. "Government should do for its citizens only what the citizens cannot do for themselves. Period." I agreed.

Like millions of other Americans, I thought Goldwater's message was timely. Months before, the civil-rights movement had climaxed, with massive demonstrations in Birmingham, Alabama, and other cities nationwide. The blacks and leftists were running rampant. Martin Luther King gave his "I have a dream" speech, and thousands of blacks marched on the nation's capitol, which, due to respect for the federal government, was not done in those days. In addition, President Lyndon Johnson had taken on most of former President John F. Kennedy's causes. Johnson called for a war on poverty and pushed Congress to adopt the Civil Rights Act. The liberals were running amok. Goldwater was our only hope. He believed in the individual's personal rights, and he was ready to fight toe-to-toe with the liberals who were ruining the country.

I started walking the precincts of Redondo Beach, South Bay, and Torrance. I handed out campaign literature and told people about Goldwater. I walked so much that I literally wore holes in the soles of a pair of leather shoes.

Goldwater won the California primary in June 1964. One month later, on July 17, he won the Republican nomination for president. He would face Johnson in

the race.

During one speech shortly after his nomination, Goldwater introduced the idea that Americans use tactical nuclear weapons against the Soviets. Tactical weapons were used strictly on the battlefield or on supply routes or operations. Those used against an entire region or populace were called strategic weapons.

Johnson tore into Goldwater for those comments, as did Johnson's campaign manager, Bill Moyers. With Johnson's blessing, Moyers created two televised political advertisements that effectively destroyed Goldwater's chance at the presidency. One ad depicted a pair of hands, presumably Goldwater's, tearing a Social Security card in half. The implication was that Goldwater would do away with Social Security, a charge the senator later called "a repellent lie." The second ad showed a little girl sitting in a field of daisies. As the girl plucked petals from a flower, a background voice began to count down, "Nine, eight, seven..." At "zero," the screen flashed white, and the little girl was obliterated, apparently by one of Goldwater's nuclear bombs. Those ads made me furious.

Moyers worsened matters when he changed Goldwater's campaign slogan from, "In your heart, you know he's right," to "In your guts, you know he's nuts." Moyers's efforts were the first in what I perceived as crooked, underhanded politics.

Johnson himself was politically tainted. I read *A Texan Looks at Lyndon: A Study in Illegitimate Power*, by J. Evetts Haley, and learned how Johnson's aides had literally stuffed the ballot boxes against incumbent Texas governor Coke R. Stevenson in Texas' 1948 Senate race. That stunt earned Johnson the "Landslide Lyndon" nickname. And he was allowed to retain his Senate seat. I also learned how Johnson's radio station buy-outs and how his control of the Federal Communication Commission's licensing process had made him wealthy. He did not make his money, as he claimed, from wife Lady Bird's family inheritance. Johnson was an absolute crook. He wanted power, and he did not care how he got it.

Goldwater lost the November election by sixteen million votes. Knowing Johnson's background, Goldwater's defeat disillusioned me. I thought Johnson was an absolute degenerate. And that pushed me over the edge. I was fed up with the system. I suddenly realized how the big boys played. I knew that if I ever wanted to attain what I thought was fair and just in life, I would have to fight for it, too.

I had seen those anti-Communist films at Douglas and knew I was opposed to Communism. Maybe that was something I could fight. I had volunteered in a presidential election campaign and had witnessed almost firsthand what I felt was dishonesty and trickery. Maybe responsibility in government was something I could fight for, too.

My disillusionment with the country grew greater on Aug. 11, 1965. I was standing in the front yard of my Redondo Beach home, watering the lawn, when I looked up into the sky and saw smoke billowing high into the air. I learned later that

across the city, in Watts, thousands of blacks had begun what would become a three-day riot. They burned buildings, looted stores, destroyed cars, and ruined anything else they could. I stood there in my yard and thought, "What the hell is happening to my country?"

More than 14,000 National Guardsmen were called in to quell the disturbance. The final damage estimate was set at more than \$200 million. The riot killed 35 people, left 1,200 injured, jailed another 4,000, and left thousands homeless.

The Watts riot initiated similar uprisings nationwide. Riot after riot swept the country. Twenty-six people were killed in Newark, New Jersey, during a riot there. More race riots erupted in Detroit, Chicago, and other cities.

Still, even faced with the fact that blacks were rioting, I wasn't racist, and I did not look at the situation in racial terms. I was simply concerned with what was happening to my once-great country. My belief in race and racism would come later.

The California Supreme Court fueled my concern for the nation. The court reintroduced and reinforced the Rumford Fair Housing Bill, which caused a person selling his or her home to lose the ability to choose the buyer. A majority of Californians had voted against the bill, but the court would not listen.

In effect, Californians lost control of their own private property. You were forced to accept money from anyone offering you the money sought for the sale of your property. Even if a person was conscious of his neighbors and their life-styles and how their property values would suffer if a minority moved in, the seller was forced to sell to a black, a Mexican, a Jew, or whatever else the buyer happened to be.

My opponents will say, "I knew Metzger was a racist all along." To me it was not racism. It was a matter of looking after my property and that of my neighbors, the people I had chosen to live near. It wasn't an issue of race. It was an issue of repressive law, and I opposed it. In a supposedly free society, why should someone have to sell property to someone he or she doesn't want to?

One night, toward the end of the Goldwater campaign, I was working late in the campaign office, talking to a reporter. When I mentioned wanting to further my political associations, the reporter asked, "Have you heard of the John Birch Society?" I knew a little about the group. I thought Birchers were a bit extreme and told the reporter so. He said, "Why don't you come to a meeting and find out?"

The meeting was held in a private home near my own. About ten other people were there: the reporter, three or four businessmen, and a number of housewives and college students. The group leader spoke briefly and to the point. He said we were there to fight Communism and the influx of Marxist ideology in our society. When I returned home that night, Kathy asked me what I thought about it. I said it sounded pretty good.

Joining the Birch Society was a big step. Everybody used to come down hard on the Birchers. Some people thought we were once-removed from Adolf Hitler and fascism.

Our work, however, was much less proactive than most people thought. The group's motto was, "Read, Write, and Recruit," and it meant exactly that. A second motto summed the prevalent Birch attitude: "Less government, more responsibility, and with God's help we'll create a better world."

The leader of the Birchers was Robert Welch, vice president of a family-owned candy manufacturer, the James O. Welch Company, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. At fifty-eight, Welch had quit the family business, devoting his time to anti-Communist causes. Welch named his group after an Army captain named John Birch.

Birch had been a chaplain with the China-based Flying Tigers. Birch was also an intelligence officer. He read and spoke Chinese fluently. Eight days after the end of World War II, Birch received his final assignment before his transfer back to the States. He was to go to Tsingtao and check on a restructuring program there.

Birch led his patrol on a trek through the northern region of China. On their way to Tsingtao, a band of Chinese Communists stopped them. The Chinese reportedly fired upon the troops, killing Birch. Birch's death at the hands of Communists allowed for his martyrdom. Welch chose Birch to symbolize the worldwide struggle against Communism, calling him "the first casualty of World War III."

I met Robert Welch during a Birch testimonial dinner in Los Angeles. More than five hundred people attended the event, held at a hotel downtown. After Welch's keynote address, people filed onto the stage to shake hands with Welch and other leaders.

Welch was not an impressive figure. He was short, bald, and he was chubby around the face. He reminded me of the nearsighted cartoon character, Mister Magoo. He was soft-spoken and calm, not a screaming orator as some people envision fanatical leaders. Like most people, I was more impressed with the Birch Society's books than I was with Welch.

One of those works, *The Blue Book*, suggested Communism was directly influencing the American political system. It suggested some Americans were openly supporting Communist causes. Another Birch book, *The Politician*, declared that former President Dwight D. Eisenhower "[was] a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy...based on an accumulation of detailed evidence so extensive and so palpable that it seems...to put this conviction beyond a reasonable doubt."

Along with the Birch books, I started reading the works of proponents of individual freedom, like John Locke and Herbert Spencer. I also read works by Albert J. Nock, Oswald Spengler, and other advocates of libertarian thinking.

The overall Birch message was one of nationalism, patriotism, and the American way. It was a fight against the Communist conspiracy, a support of the American way of life, and an allowance for the continuation of a free and responsible society. I loved hearing that. That's what I wanted to hear. So, I got involved. Whenever I make a decision to join something or to fight for something, I do it all the way. I never have been a lukewarm or a halfway person.

I became a chapter leader. I held Birch meetings in my home. I organized Fourth of July rallies and oversaw petition drives. Other Birchers and I stood on street corners and handed out information to passersby. We did all the things that any politically active organization does. And I became truly affiliated with the Birchers. When somebody attacked the Birchers, they were attacking me. When people called Birchers lunatics, extremists, crazies, and liars, they were calling me that, too. We got our share of peltings, with cans, rocks, sticks, and anything else they could find. It got pretty bad. And my determination grew.

Time passed, and I realized that being a Bircher, I was with good company. One famous Bircher was Dr. Ross, the millionaire manufacturer of Dr. Ross's Dog Food. He helped finance the group, along with various television and radio shows that broadcast information about the influx of Communism. One such television show was Herbert A. Philbrick's *I Was a Communist for the FBI*.

Each week, Philbrick, portraying an FBI agent, would infiltrate Communist cell groups around the country, revealing by the end of the show the cell's socialist intentions. The show's success hinged on Americans' fear that the Soviets could attack any moment.

Other Birch supporters included Walter Knott, the millionaire owner of Knott's Berry Farm. Harry Von Zell, the announcer on *The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show*, was a noted sympathizer, as was the actor Walter Brennan.

Birch meetings were conducted like any other kind of meeting. There was a call to order, a pledge of allegiance, a brief prayer, a roll call of the officers, comments from the audience, and the conduct of business. Larger Birch gatherings featured guest speakers. I once heard Benjamin Gitlow and Julia Brown describe their former affiliations with the American Communist party.

Welch himself believed in the abolition of personal income tax. The idea was if people refused to pay the tax, the government would be forced to sell its agencies that compete with private industry, thereby eliminating the citizens' need to pay income taxes. That was the basis of Birch's Liberty Amendment, that for a government to be oppressive, it must have the money to enforce its oppression. To stop the oppression, one would need to first stop paying money to the oppressor. I agreed with the idea. I have always supported cutting the personal income tax.

Another Welch goal was for the United States to remove itself from the United Nations and to remain isolationist in foreign affairs. Welch suggested his

followers to write to their representatives and make such a request. He also believed in maintaining a local police force but also in keeping them independent from the FBI, the CIA, and other national and international police agencies. That was a good idea, too. More police power always leads to less social power.

A third Welch goal was to impeach the man who had ordered American schools to integrate, U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren. That idea got Welch into a lot of trouble. But then again, few Americans would believe the reply of President Eisenhower, whom liberals praised for appointing Warren, when he was asked who had first recommended Warren. "I wish I could remember," Eisenhower answered, "because I'd like to shoot him."

Shortly after joining the Birch Society and leading a Birch chapter, I began a personal study of Communism and its link to the international banking system. That's when I started seeing all these references to Jewish names and groups, like the Elders of Zion, the Rothchilds, and others. But when I approached the Birch leaders and brought it to their attention, they'd climb down my throat. "Lay off the Jews," they said. Of course, my reaction was that maybe the Jewish issue needed more investigation.

The Birchers never used the word Jew. Instead, they referred to Jews as "the Insiders." Their struggle was always against "the Insiders." I knew there were lots of Jewish names mixed in with the international banking industry and the international Communist movement. I wanted answers, and I began to think that I would not get them through the Birch Society.

Welch himself had rules against discussing race, religion, and ethnicity. Chapter leaders were continually warned against allowing chapter members to discuss these topics. That was fine with me, because I was not yet interested in race and did not consider myself a racist. I was simply concerned about what was happening to my once-great country.

Once I kicked two elderly women out of my chapter. I warned them twice about discussing what they called "the Jewish situation." The third time they brought it up, I ran them off.

I was a good, loyal Bircher.

Chapter Six

I spent eight years with the John Birch Society, from 1964 to 1972.

I began that period as a fairly naive member of the right-wing political group. By 1972, not only was I fully involved as a chapter leader, I had also become associated with other far-right groups and activities, primarily through my Birch contacts.

I was supporting my family in 1966 by working full-time at Mr. B's for Music. I bought a small Ford Tanus van to transport television sets and tools to and from the store. After work I spent time at home with Kathy, our daughter Carolyn, and our second daughter Dorraine, born Nov. 16, 1965. I attended Birch meetings one or two nights each week.

By August 1966, feeling the need to continue my political work, I volunteered for another political campaign. A popular, B-grade Hollywood film actor was vying for the governorship of California. Ronald Reagan's campaign headquarters for the Los Angeles area was located in Torrance, three miles from my home.

Reagan at that time was known best as a spokesman for General Electric. He toured the firm's plants nationwide, expounding conservatism and industry for the assembled employees. Reagan in his earlier political years had been a New Deal Democrat, a real flaming liberal. In the 1950s, for whatever reason, he made a convenient conversion to the right-wing.

Reagan spoke passionately about the country's need for less government, for more economic opportunity, and for individual rights. His speeches on behalf of Goldwater during Goldwater's presidential bid were well received. In fact, by 1965, a number of California's wealthy and politically powerful Republicans were grooming Reagan to be the state's next governor. Reagan at first was hesitant, but by 1966 he was calling himself "the citizens' politician" and was campaigning nationwide. He promised he would cut California state taxes, reduce state government spending, and maintain the integrity of the state's educational system.

I never met Reagan personally. I did, however, remain close to him throughout the campaign. My contacts with him came through the various advisory committees. We never spoke one-on-one, but when he was in Los Angeles, I was always right there.

As a member of Reagan's campaign, I attended one of his speeches, held inside a Redondo Beach church. A number of Birchers were there, too. Reagan

never publicly disclosed any personal association with the Birchers, but his support of us was well known. In fact, the speech I heard was sponsored by Truth Against Civil Turmoil, or the TACT Committee, a thinly veiled front for the Birch Society. And his speech that day was a typically good, anti-Communist discourse. Ronald Reagan was our leader and spokesman. He was the best thing going. I believed practically every word he said. I was very naive.

Twelve days before Election Tuesday, on Oct. 27, 1964, Reagan gave a nationally televised speech called *A Time for Choosing*. Some other campaign staffers and I watched the speech from party headquarters.

The country at that time was facing many distinct challenges to its social, political, and economic status quo. In California, Hispanic-rights activist Cesar Chavez was leading members of the United Farm Workers in a prolonged strike and boycott against grape growers state-wide. In New York, Stokely Carmichael, Julian Bond, and other members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee were demanding "Black Power." Across the globe in southeast Asia, the number of U.S. troops had increased to more than four hundred thousand troops, with President Johnson's approval.

Those were turbulent times. Reagan looked into the camera that night and told a national television audience, "The nation now looks to us for guidance. Our future will be decided by your vote." His speech was well received. He acquired the support he needed, won the election, and was sworn into office on Jan. 2, 1967.

Reagan's leadership seemed fine for a while, but then, instead of reducing state taxes, Reagan signed into law a number of bills to increase them. Instead of reducing the size and expenditures of state government, he increased staffs and costs higher than had ever been done before.

Reagan's final mistake as governor, as far as I was concerned, came when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled to enforce school busing to achieve integration in public schools. Reagan responded by saying he would use military force, if necessary, to enforce the court's mandate. Although a number of Reagan's supporters opposed the decision, Reagan went ahead with it. We were further dismayed when it was revealed that Reagan had allowed the hiring of more minorities to state-level jobs than any other California governor.

Reagan failed to keep his word on practically everything he said or promised. I began to see that he talked out of both sides of his mouth. He sounded very good when he spoke, but who was speaking wasn't the real Ronald Reagan. Ronald Reagan was never anything but an actor.

I have friends who would debate even that. These were people who worked on the film-production crews for Reagan's movies, like *Brother Rat* and *Knute Rockne: All American*. These people had no ax to grind with Reagan. They simply described him to me as they saw him. They saw him as a total coward.

When filming a scene, the crew would tape the floor where Reagan was supposed to stand for a certain shot. He'd rarely be on it. Some Jew director would run over and call him every name in the book: "You dumb son of a bitch. Get on the mark." According to my friends, Reagan would dutifully run over and stand there. They said that was simply the way he was, always someone's puppet.

Later, I had no faith in the man as president. I was one of the nation's few white separatists who opposed Reagan's candidacy during his 1980 presidential bid. I would point out his faults, but most of the others told me I was nuts. Their argument was if Reagan didn't get in, Jimmy Carter would do so. I hate that argument; it's absurd.

In late 1966, after Reagan's gubernatorial win, I busied myself with my work, my family, and my Birch membership. Motivated by the fact that Kathy and I wanted to raise our children in the country, we decided to move from Redondo Beach. We wanted to raise our family in the country.

Kathy was expecting our third baby. He would be our first and only son, John Cloice Metzger, born Jan. 9, 1968. John as a child was quiet, introspective, and very intelligent. Later, John would learn to emulate me and my work.

Kathy and I started taking long, weekend drives throughout Orange, Riverside, and San Diego counties, looking for a new home. In June, we came upon a two-story home on a quiet, suburban street in Fallbrook, at the northern edge of San Diego County. We bought the house, put our Redondo Beach home up for sale, and prepared to move. I gave notice at the music store, bid farewell to my Birch associates, and started packing. We moved into our new home on July 1, 1968. Our fourth child, Lynn Denise Metzger, was born six months later, on Jan. 20, 1969.

I went out and explored the town, searching for a place where I could open my own television-repair business. Fallbrook in the summer of 1968 was a small town of about five thousand people. In a sense, it reminded me of Warsaw. Mom-and-pop grocery stores lined the town's narrow, asphalt Main Street. There were no stop lights. It was a really small, peaceful town.

Fallbrook today is almost completely built-out. There are liquor stores, fast-food restaurants, and shopping centers all along Main Street. Fallbrook also has a prominent military presence due to Camp Pendleton, a U.S. Marine Corps base located just north of town. Thirty-five thousand Marines and Navy personnel remain on active duty there. We often see military trucks, Jeeps, and armored personnel carriers driving along Fallbrook's streets.

I leased a small office and workroom just off Main Street and opened Fallbrook TV. My lease was seventy-five dollars a month. In 1972 I had expanded operations to a store in nearby Rancho California, where I sold and repaired reel-to-reel tape decks, videocassette recorders, video cameras, and commercial video security equipment. By 1975, needing more room than was available at my two

shops, I opened a third work area inside a trailer at the side of my home. By 1982, I had sold both shops and was continuing work from my home.

When I opened my first shop, off Main Street, another small shop nearby was the Rainbow Sign Company, owned by Fallbrook resident Bob Beacon. When I first moved in, on my way to or from the shop, I would often hear a low whistle from inside the sign shop.

One day I stopped by and found Beacon there, along with Tom Posten, the town's locksmith. Posten rented a small part of the shop from Beacon. When I mentioned the whistle I had heard every time I walked by, Posten said, "We do that to new-comers. Hardly anybody stays in business around here."

I fit in with Fallbrook's good ol' boys. They were a right-wing bunch, with a couple of liberals thrown in, too. It didn't take long to find out who was who. In fact, word of my previous Birch membership soon spread across town. Some of the more liberal people didn't like me on account of that. I really didn't care what they thought.

Ed Marty was another resident who didn't care, either, if he was known as a Bircher. Marty was an older man who owned and operated a gasoline station on South Mission Avenue; his gas pumps were old-fashioned, from the 1920s. Marty always had a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth and a baseball cap on his head, the bill pushed back. He'd cuss up a storm.

Marty's character is best described by an incident from October 1974, when a nationwide gasoline shortage sent fuel prices skyrocketing overnight. Arab nations worldwide had begun an oil-export embargo against the United States, to retaliate for U.S. aid to Israel during the Yom Kippur War.

Because of the shortage, President Richard Nixon mandated that every gasoline station nationwide had to close on one specified day per week. In addition, motorists were directed to fill their tanks according to the day's date and their odd or even license-plate number.

Marty could not have cared less about either rule. He kept his station open throughout the week. He sold gas to whomever needed it, whenever they needed it. I always seem to gravitate toward those kinds of people.

On one afternoon during the shortage, I counted more than three hundred cars lined up along the street, waiting to buy gas from Marty. I drove home and grabbed a stack of photocopied information that described the causes of the oil embargo. Back at Marty's station, I slipped on my rubber Nixon mask and distributed the papers to people sitting in line.

I told people, "The United States has its nose in the Middle East. We shouldn't be there." Most of the motorists agreed.

The next day, Fallbrook's daily newspaper, *The Enterprise*, quoted a woman as saying she had seen President Nixon in town, talking with people at Ed Marty's

station.

My volunteer work with a third political campaign began during the early months of 1968. Since then, I had been keeping my eye on a politician who was unlike any other elected official of the time.

Alabama governor George Wallace was campaigning for the Democrat nomination to the 1968 presidential race. An avowed racist, Wallace was running for president in California on the right-wing American Independent Party ticket.

Wallace believed that keeping schools segregated was best for white and black Americans. He advocated a state's right to determine its own segregation policy, without interference from the federal government. His opinion toward segregation was almost Libertarian in view -- let the people decide. So, when Reagan announced he would use military strength if necessary to integrate California's schools, Wallace replied, "I believe Californians should decide for themselves what type of school system they want."

Although he opposed the federal government on the integration of schools, Wallace said he was not fighting the government on the issue. "What I'm fighting is this outlaw, beatnik crowd in Washington that has just about destroyed the federal government. I'm trying to save it."

Unlike other politicians, Wallace used to publicly address the issue of race. Two years before his presidential quest, he said, "Much has been written and said about the hate and the haters that are purportedly present in our society. Invariably, those who are identified as the purveyors of hate are those who believe in the rights of the individual states, in fiscal responsibility and in the retention of the checks-and-balances system of government."

I established a headquarters for the Wallace campaign in Fallbrook. A friend offered the use of his storefront for office space. We put in tables and chairs and displayed "Wallace for President" banners out front.

Wallace ended up losing the Democratic nomination bid to Hubert Humphrey. But to me, the ramifications loomed larger. My work for Wallace served to link me politically to him, the racist. People automatically believed that my support of Wallace meant I was a racist, too, and I wasn't. Not yet.

The word racism means the belief in race. I do believe in my race. But I also believe that during the Wallace campaign, the more people bitched at me, screamed at me, and threw things at me, the more I was inclined to drift that way, toward being a racist. Sometimes you end up becoming exactly what they say you are.

After Wallace, I started attending Birch Society meetings in Fallbrook and in nearby Bonsall. An elderly man named Errol Evans was leading the Fallbrook chapter when I joined.

Through the group, I heard of an anti-war protest scheduled near President Nixon's San Clemente home. Actress Jane Fonda and a number of other leftists had

called the rally to protest the war in Southeast Asia. I hated the war, too. I knew it was wrong that American lives were being lost. But when a number of Birchers made plans to attend the rally and counter-demonstrate the leftists, I agreed to join them.

I went with my friend Joe Reedy, of San Diego. Joe and I met some people there who were also interested in far-right political activism. These included members of the National States Rights Party, led by long-time civil-rights opponent Jesse B. Stoner. At that rally, I saw my first issue of *The Thunderbolt*, Stoner's anti-Semitic and seditious newspaper. It looked pretty good.

I also learned of an ongoing series of far-right, anti-tax meetings held in San Diego, at the North Park neighborhood's Onira Hall. The next week, Joe Reedy and I went to one of those meetings to see what it was about. We heard a speech by tax protester Jim Freed, of Michigan.

After Freed's speech, a man wearing a white clerical collar stepped up on stage. I thought, "Oh, boy. Here comes another preacher." His name was William Potter Gale, a former Army colonel who had served in the Philippines under Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Gale's speech showed me the light. He lifted me out of my chair, spun me around, and set me back down again.

Gale that night spoke about a far right religious doctrine called Christian Identity. Gale was one of the main organizers for Identity meetings in San Diego and Southern California cities. He said the premise of Identity is that Jesus was Aryan and not a Jew. God's chosen people were not the ancient Israelites or the modern day Jews but the Aryans who fled the Middle East to settle parts of northern Europe. He said Aryan whites are the true Lost Tribes of Israel.

When God told Jacob in the Book of Genesis that the lost tribes of Israel would found "a company of nations," he was speaking of England, Finland, Germany, Norway, Scotland, and Sweden, Gale said. When God prophesied a promised land for his chosen people, he spoke not of Israel but of North America, the United States.

As for Jews, Christian Identity contends they are the cursed and homeless children of Satan, beget through Satan's coupling with the biblical Eve. Their offspring was Cain, who in the Old Testament killed his brother Abel. Cain, the Jew, was the world's first killer of God's chosen people, the Aryans.

During his speech, Gale also discussed a loosely knit group of people whom he said were directly protesting all levels of government. These were the tax rebels, he said, people who refused to pay their taxes even when faced with long prison terms. The tax rebels thought that the government needed to be brought down a notch or two, as Wallace was advocating. I happened to agree.

Besides Christian Identity and anti-taxation, Gale also extolled the virtues of paramilitarism. He supported using violence to cause social change. "Damn right I'm

teaching violence," he said. "It's about time someone told you to get violent, whitey. You better start making dossiers, taking names, addresses, phone numbers, and car license numbers on every damn Jew rabbi in this land.... The Jews and gentiles are in the midst of a racial and ideological war. Until the gentiles win that war, Anglos should support no government that supports the Jew, and that includes the United States."

I spent a few days thinking about what Gale had said. I thought of my experience with the Goldwater, Reagan, and Wallace campaigns, of my work with the Birchers, and where I stood. I knew I had at least tried to accomplish a few things since my first campaign, but I wanted to do more, much more.

It was an era in which most everybody was protesting something. The leftists had their anti-war protests, the blacks had their struggle for "Black Power," and the Mexicans had their labor struggles. I, too, was ready to fight what I truly felt was a federal government and social system that no longer worked for me, my family, or my friends.

I decided to fight the government. In late 1971, I became a tax rebel. I refused to pay my income taxes. From 1972 to 1976, I paid no state or federal income tax.

I was hardly alone. There were thousands of people from across the political spectrum who were doing what they could to fight the system. For some, that meant waving their arms and shouting, while continuing to pay their taxes. Not me. I was in it to the hilt. My tax forms arrived, and I didn't pay.

I continued work with the Birch Society. But the Birchers, however, were decidedly pro-tax. Although Robert Welch and other leaders advocated the abolition of all income taxes, the rule was for members to continue paying taxes, lest they become "undesirables" and stigmatize the movement.

Over time, I realized that my need to fight the government and my desire to learn how the world really operates was probably stronger than that held by the Birchers. I realized they were correct with some of their ideas, yet there were topics that were still forbidden for group discussion. One topic was nonpayment of income tax, another was race. Another was Jews.

At home I began to study the relationship of Communism and Judaism to the international banking system. I read *Pawns in the Game* and *Red Fog Over America* by Guy Carr; *Rothschild Money Trust* by Judge George Armstrong; *Federal Reserve Hoax* by Wickliffe Vennard; *Tragedy and Hope*, by Carroll Quigley; Henry Ford's *The International Jew*; and others.

What I consistently found throughout my research of these "money" books was the prominence of Jewish families and individuals. I read of the Rothschilds, a Jewish name which arose repeatedly. For centuries the Rothschilds have been earning fortunes from European wars and conflicts.

I learned of the Morgans, the Kuhn-Loeb international bankers, the Schifts, and of other European and American bankers. Several of them helped finance the Russian Revolution and various other international conflicts.

I used to wonder why American bankers would finance a Communist revolution. Like most people, I thought the capitalists were vehemently opposed to Communism.

The Birchers simply said Communism had done everything that was wrong or immoral to the world, but I felt that was not the correct answer. Birchers never said the word *Jew*; they simply referred to their enemies as "the Insiders." Their struggle was always against "the Insiders." All I knew was that there was a preponderance of Jewish names mixed in with the international financial situation, and I wanted to know why. I wanted answers. And I began to realize that I might not get them through the John Birch Society.

Of course, some of their information on the Communists was good. But as far as the international-finance situation or the Jews, nothing was said. I started to think the game was a little bit fixed.

One night during a meeting in Bonsall of the area's chapter leaders, a representative from Birch headquarters in Belmont, Massachusetts, stood before us and spoke. There was a stack of books sitting beside him on a table.

"There have been complaints recently that some of our chapters are being influenced by information other than that advocated by the Birch Society," he said. "As chapter leaders, it is your responsibility to ensure that these books do not get into the hands of your people. Subsequently, we've decided to ban from the group any member found reading any of the following books."

He held up a book for us to see. It was Guy Carr's *Pawns in the Game*.

"I've got that one," I said.

The man looked up.

"Oh?" he asked. "Why don't you tell us about it."

I said, "*Pawns in the Game* describes how New York's Kuhn-Loeb bank gave Russian revolutionary Leon Trotsky millions of dollars to finance the Russian revolution. They hid Trotsky with some Communist Jews who were living on New York's Lower East side, and then sent him off with the money to Canada. From there they figured he'd easily get back to Russia, but Canadian authorities learned of his illegal entry into the country and detained him. Then Washington intervened and had him released."

The field representative held up a second book. It was Carr's *Red Fog Over America*.

"I've got that, too."

"And?" the man said, setting down the book.

"Basically, it tells how the United States was conned into fighting World War

II."

The man held up a third book, *Our Enemy, the State*.

"By that master of English prose, Albert Jay Nock," I said. "It's a classic critique, describing the differences between government and state, and the inherent dangers of statism."

The man held up a fourth book, then a fifth. I had read them both. When the man finished speaking, I asked to do so.

"Now let me tell you something," I said, standing before the group. "Nobody tells me what books I can or can't read. Not you, not Belmont, Massachusetts, not even Robert Welch."

I continued, saying, "One problem with the Birch Society is that it's always referring to its enemies as the Insiders. Well, it never identifies who those Insiders are. You claim to know about these Insiders. Name some."

The man couldn't. He didn't say a word.

I said, "I've read the money books. You know that. So, if you're talking about Jews, say Jews. If you're talking about someone else, say so. But for Christ's sake, say something. Don't hide behind your so-called Insiders."

I quit the Birch Society shortly after that meeting.

Beginning in September 1972, I helped run the presidential campaign of yet another candidate on the American Independent Party ticket.

Orange County congressman John Schmitz, a member of the Birch Society's national council, was making a presidential bid. Schmitz had decided to run on the AIP ticket shortly after President Nixon, angered by some of Schmitz's verbal barbs toward him, had Schmitz purged from his congressional seat.

Schmitz held his election-night campaign gathering, Nov. 8, 1972, at the Disneyland Hotel in Anaheim, California. I videotaped the event. It was one of the first times I had ever utilized my camera equipment for political purposes.

A photograph of Schmitz hangs on a wall in my den. Schmitz is seen seated at a conference table with three other men, one of whom is Yassir Arafat, leader of the Palestinian Liberation Organization. The picture is signed, "Tom, thought you'd like this, John."

Five months after that campaign, in early April 1973, I was seated at the kitchen table when the telephone rang. A woman asked, "Is this Tom Metzger?"

"Speaking."

"I'm with the U.S. Treasury Department, Internal Revenue division."

"Yes."

"Mr. Metzger, we need to audit you."

I said, "Sorry. You're not going to audit me."

"Mr. Metzger, do you realize who this is?"

"Yes, damn it, and you're still not going to audit me."

Until that moment, my opposition to the federal government had been strictly vocal. Now, I had acted upon it. I owed a total of \$1,500, although in principle the stakes were much higher. That brief conversation began my real political struggle. I felt good about it; a little scared, but pretty good. Wasting no time, the IRS immediately tried to seize my house.

Kathy and I discussed the situation. We decided to try to continue our lives as normally as possible. For months we had been planning a family vacation to Canada. We wanted to visit friends there and tour the country, too.

On the day we planned to leave, we were loading the car when Kathy noticed signs, placed all around the property: "Seized by order of the U.S. Department of the Treasury -- Internal Revenue Service. Anyone who removes this sign will be subject to federal prosecution."

"What are we going to do?" Kathy asked me.

"I don't know what you're going to do," I said, "but I'm going to Canada and have a good time. To hell with the IRS." We packed the car, loaded the children, and drove off to Canada.

When we returned two weeks later, the signs were gone. To this day, I don't know who removed them. I didn't do it, and if one of my friends did, they would have told me.

Although the signs were gone, our tax troubles were not. Two months after we returned home, I received a letter from the IRS. It said an agent would come to the house to discuss the matter personally.

I wrote back, "That sounds fine with me. But remember one thing. When you come, don't put any San Diego County Sheriff's deputies out front. Some of them are my friends, and I wouldn't want them to get hurt."

I had no intention of hurting anyone. I was just so mad that I had to tell them something.

Three weeks later, two unmarked cars pulled up to the front of the house. From a window in the den, I counted eight federal agents as they stepped out of the cars. By the way they adjusted their coats, I could tell they wore side holsters and were armed. I had expected that.

The agents took positions around the property. A shorter man in a gray suit and tie walked down a slight hill that descends to the back porch of my home. Two other agents walked with him, staying close behind. The agent walked right into the house and stood in the doorway of the den. The other two stayed just outside, listening.

"Are you Tom Metzger?" he asked.

"I am."

"We're with the IRS, Mr. Metzger. We need to talk."

"Sure," I said. "We can talk."

The gray-suited man stepped into the den.

"Before we start," I said, reaching for a tape deck on my desk, "let me just flip on my tape machine here."

The agent shook his head. "We can't talk with that on," he said.

"Then we can't talk."

The agent looked down at the paper in his hand, then turned and left the den. The three men were out the door and walking to the cars faster than they had arrived, followed by the other agents that had surrounded the house.

As every tax resistor knows, the tape recorder had ended the meeting before it even started. No IRS agent will talk when his or her voice is being recorded, because they lie so much and so often. They want no record of what they say, because they lie. If they didn't lie, why would they care if their conversation was taped?

Although I won the skirmish, I knew that I would lose the war eventually. In fact, I probably had worsened the situation. Sooner or later, I would either comply with the penalties or face imprisonment. It's a decision every tax rebel must make.

A friend of mine was also being sought by the government. Byron Foote owned a waterbed-manufacturing company in east Los Angeles. Foote paid no income tax from 1971 to 1973. The IRS closed in on him, too, saying the government's money would be recouped by auctioning his equipment, tools, and anything else he owned.

Foote sent word through the tax-rebel network. Two days before IRS agents arrived at his factory, tax rebels from across the country packed their cars and motorcycles and drove to the factory, where they met Foote. By the time the auction started, three hundred of us were standing outside the factory's doors. When a county sheriff tried to start the auction, we rebels fell into a rousing rendition of *God Bless America* and drowned out the sheriff's amplified voice. Twice more he tried to open the bidding, and twice more we drowned him out. The sheriff canceled the auction. We cheered.

We stalled the process, giving the feds a taste of their own medicine, what it feels like to be subjugated under total power. A strong and reliable network of dedicated tax-evaders had beaten the federal government. It was a powerful thing, and the IRS knew it. Three days later, however, the IRS held the auction and sold Foote's items to the highest bidders.

During that same period, another friend of mine was threatened with an IRS shut-down of his TV antenna-installation business. Dwight Gudreau, of Vista, California, had failed to pay his taxes, too.

I got on the phone and spread the word over the tax-resistor network. The next morning, two dozen of us tax rebels picketed the front of Gudreau's shop, carried signs and placards that denounced the IRS. A carload of IRS agents arrived

at the front of the shop. They saw us and remained in their cars for a few moments then drove off. Gudreau eventually paid his taxes under his own volition.

One effect the tax revolution had on the IRS was in how individual agents acted when they dealt with tax rebels. We comprised a force that had grown larger and more powerful than anyone had ever imagined, including us. Because of that power, we were seen as a direct threat to the IRS and to the country's reliance on income tax to support itself. The tax movement came awfully close to turning the tide. Policy changes came down from Washington, D.C., that IRS agents were to no longer bully, threaten, or cajole any resistor. They were directed to show some respect.

The agent I met with in April 1976 personified these new guidelines. He was friendly, cordial, and even a bit sympathetic to the cause. His attitude, after my years of nonpayment, helped my and Kathy's decision to eventually deal with the IRS.

By then, I was so angry with the federal government that I was willing to forego the tax situation and search for something that was far more radical, something that would affect far more governmental change. So, I agreed to pay the back taxes I owed. I can fight my war on only so many fronts.

Penalties and interest had increased the amount we owed to about \$7,000. Kathy and I signed an agreement, stating we would start making monthly payments to the IRS on the amount owed.

My tax rebellion was over. I joined the National Association to Keep and Bear Arms, a Medford, Oregon-based group that opposes governmental control over citizens' guns. Around my home and shops, I started carrying a holstered Army .45-caliber handgun. I wanted constant protection against anyone who might decide to disagree violently with my right-wing political affiliations.

I organized a campaign for San Diego County sheriff for my friend Stan McDade. McDade's experience in skippering various boats and ships once led him to a job as captain on the yacht of actor John Wayne. My friend Joe Reedy helped with the McDade campaign, too. After closing the shop at night, I would get in my car and traverse the county, driving up to a hundred miles or more to meetings supporting McDade's candidacy. We tried our best and ended up with a small number of votes.

In 1975, an American Independent Party candidate named Contessina, the only name she used, made a bid for San Diego City Council. I helped her by holding mock press conferences, with video cameras and tape recorders. I acted as interviewer, preparing her for the barrage of press conferences she would endure during the campaign. Contessina lost the election, but she continued her political pursuit the next May, when she ran on the AIP ticket for a 78th Assembly District seat.

I continued work with the AIP, serving as party representative to the San

Diego County Central Committee and the State Central Committee, which oversee elections and other political events. My efforts with the AIP failed eventually because of the very nature of the party.

Instead of being a champion of the working people and becoming a bit more racial in nature, the AIP tried to come across as a mini Republican party. I kept telling them, "Forget that Republican crap. Let's get out on the streets and talk to the workers. Let's stand out in front of the plants and hand out literature about the kinds of issues they're interested in, like jobs, education, and taxes."

What made the AIP worse off than any other political party of its day was the fact that its members sounded and acted like a bunch of Republicans. They never even had the power to be that way.

I realized that I could probably spend the rest of my life trying to reorganize the group, So, I left. And I focused my efforts elsewhere.

Chapter Seven

My tax problems were behind me. I started spending more time at Christian Identity religious meetings in Onira Hall.

I became friendly with the Rev. Bertrand Comparet, a local organizer of those meetings. Before becoming an Identity minister, Comparet had served as district attorney for San Diego County from 1928 to 1932. He was city attorney from 1942 to 1947.

Comparet was considered an eloquent speaker and prolific writer. One of his specialty topics was Jews. "The Bible is not a Jewish book," Comparet said. "The statement is commonly made that we Christians owe a debt to the Jews for we got our Bible and religion from them. While many people have been deceived into believing this, it is completely false. We owe them no debt for they gave us nothing."

In time, I realized I wanted to become a Christian Identity minister. Some of that desire began when I heard the speech by William Potter Gale. I started addressing the church's assembled groups, and in January 1974, I became an ordained minister in the Christian Identity religion. My family, friends, and associates attended the ordainment ceremony; Comparet performed the service.

Fourteen months later, on a rainy afternoon in March 1975, the newly elected grand wizard or national leader of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan gave a speech at Onira Hall. David Duke, of Metairie, Louisiana, was just twenty-three years old, the youngest grand wizard in the Klan's 110-year history.

Duke was well qualified for the position. At thirteen, he had read books on Nazism and World War II. At seventeen, during his senior year in high school, he had joined the Knights. Two years later, in 1968, while a student at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, he promoted Nazism, distributed anti-Semitic and racial literature, and published a far-right newspaper called *The Crusader*.

Duke's primary goal for the Klan, as he told us that afternoon at Onira Hall, was to modernize the group. He wanted to transform the Klan from being a bunch of lynch-mad reactionaries to a modern, streamlined, political party that defended the rights of white Americans. No longer would the Klan gain its power through fear and intimidation, he said. It would do so through the democratic process. Duke said he was preparing to seek political office, too. He wanted to challenge America's politicians, "those Jew-loving traitors," on their own turf.

During his speech, Duke also addressed a number of current issues. He

spoke about the country's increasing dependence on imported oil and blamed a hostile Middle East environment on the Jews.

"Why have we been brought to our knees by the Arabs' oil-pricing policies?" Duke asked. "Because we give the Jews bombs. We give the Jews guns. And what do the Jews do with these bombs and guns? They kill Arabs. Not only that, they kill Arab children. If I was an Arab, I'm sure I'd do the same damn thing."

The next day, Duke was in Los Angeles, being interviewed by broadcast journalist Tom Snyder for an upcoming *Tomorrow* show. After the taping, Snyder admitted that Duke had surprised him, with smooth, polished responses to Snyder's pointed questions. When the show was broadcast, Snyder introduced Duke to the television audience as "an intelligent, articulate, and charming young man." Barbara Walters used similar words when she introduced Duke on the *Today* show.

I believe that one of the secrets to Duke's success was that he denied hating nonwhites. Instead, he said he loved his own race. He said what a lot of Americans wanted to hear. "I'm a racist, but not if by racist you mean that I hate Negroes, Mexicans, Jews or anybody else," he said. "I'm a racist because I love my people, white people, and I want to preserve their heritage." David Duke legitimized racism.

In July 1975, Duke was back in Los Angeles, staying at the home of Christian Identity Rev. James Warner, one of Duke's top assistants. Duke wanted to recruit new members to revitalize the Knights' Klan group in California. He sent the word out, saying he planned to naturalize new members into the Klan. The ceremony was held inside the garage of Warner's North Hollywood home. Thirty people showed up. I was one of them.

Wearing a long, white Klansmen's robe, Duke stood before us. He opened the meeting with a brief discussion about his plan to run for a seat on the Louisiana state Senate. The primary election was three months away.

Next, Duke began the ceremony, asking us to repeat after him. He began reading aloud the secret oath of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. I joined in with the others.

"I, Tom Metzger, on this day, do before God and man most solemnly swear that I dedicate my life, my fortune, and my sacred honor to the preservation, protection, and advancement of the white race and to that great order, the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

"I swear most honestly that I will never divulge what transpires tonight. I swear that I will forever keep secret the name of any fellow Klansman. I am willing to die before revealing such secrets. I will faithfully obey the regulations and laws of the Knights of the Klan. I recognize that this order is the only true Klan in existence, and that I will never associate myself with another so-called Klan organization. I swear my undying loyalty to the elected grand wizard, David Duke.

"I will respond promptly to the needs of the Klan. I will give as much of my

time and money as possible to further its great aims. I will fulfill all the duties of a Klansman for at least five years. I will actively work to expand the ranks of the Klan. I will not recommend for membership any person whose loyalty is doubtful.

"Every fellow Klansman will be as a brother to me. His welfare will become my own. I will never slander, defraud, deceive, or in any way wrong a fellow Klansman or a Klansman's family, nor will I permit others to do the same if I can prevent it. I will go to the aid of any fellow Klansman who requests it; at his call I will answer. I will be truly Klannish toward all Klansmen in all things honorable and just.

"I will keep secret any secret transmitted by any other Klansman. I will not conspire with any other Klansman to commit an illegal act of violence. I swear that I will oppose the enemies of our race, nation, and this order, with my life, my fortune, my honor, and that I will oppose a serious threat to the survival and freedom of my people, with whatever means the situation demands. If necessary, I will even sacrifice my life in defense of fellow Klansmen and this great order, the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. I will never judge any Klan leaders by any newspaper account, broadcast, rumor, or any other source, other than from the authority of this order. I will in fact not tolerate accusations in my presence against any level of Klan leadership. I recognize the duplicity of our enemies.

"I believe in the Constitution of the United States and in the great race that created it. I will work diligently to secure the preservation, protection, and advancement of the white race. I believe in complete religious freedom and in the free practice of the Christian faith, in public institutions, but also in the separation of church and state. I will diligently fight against Communism and Zionism. I swear my loyalty to this order forever, as the only true Klan. I shall obey its elected grand wizard, David Duke, and all other officers, as long as they continue with this order. I swear I dedicate my life, from this moment forward, to fostering the welfare of the white race and fulfilling the work of America's greatest movement, the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan."

After the ceremony, I drove back to Fallbrook. Never had I thought that I would ever join the Klan. It was far too radical.

I walked in the kitchen. Kathy was there. "How'd it go?" she asked.

"Honey," I said, "I joined the Klan."

It was a funny moment. We sort of laughed. She supported my decision.

James Warner, the Identity reverend, called me days later. Warner said he was moving to Louisiana to help Duke with the Senate campaign. He said he was going to move his publishing company and his church there, too. He was going to be the Knights' national secretary and Duke's top assistant.

Warner's plans surprised me. "Jim," I said, "are you really going to do this? David can be very persuasive, you know." But he packed it all up and moved.

Warner called me three weeks later from Duke's home in Baton Rouge. He asked if I would come out and help with the campaign. They needed someone to manage the campaign staff while Warner concentrated on running the nationwide group. Duke was busy preparing for speeches and other public appearances, he said.

I thought it over and agreed to go. In October 1975, I drove to Baton Rouge in a Volkswagen Squareback that Warner had left in Los Angeles. I took Joe Reedy with me. Reedy had become a member of the Christian Identity church. He knew Warner and Duke, too.

About twenty other volunteer staffers were there when we arrived. Some of them had come as far as New York. Others had ridden motorcycles across the country. I could not have bought a better or more dedicated staff. We lived and worked out of a house across the street from Duke's house.

I settled in and started organizing the men for the campaign's final weeks. During the day, Duke and I met with business and community leaders, trying to gather campaign support. At night, I would take the staff out into the streets and hammer "Duke for Senate" signs across the city.

All our hard work, however, was in vain. Although Duke beat out five other candidates to win the Senate primary, his opponent Ken Osterburger beat Duke by a two-to-one margin during the general election Dec. 13.

But even though we lost, we received a lot of national media exposure. PBS even taped a documentary, *The New Klan: Heritage of Hate*, featuring interviews with me, Duke, and other Klansmen.

I returned home. The next time I saw Duke was in January 1976. We met at a Denny's restaurant in Mission Valley. Duke told me he needed someone to run his Klan operation in California. His TV appearances and the recent Senate race had brought in a lot of publicity and a ton of mail. We knew there was a lot of interest in the Klan. And a lot of it was coming from California.

I agreed to be Duke's grand dragon. My official title was state director. I kept quiet about the position. I had a business to run and a family to feed. A year would pass before I let it be known publicly.

I started right in with the work, doing what I've always done: Recruiting people to the cause, organizing them into various groups, and planning future events.

My first task was to list the people who had written to national headquarters, seeking information on how to join the Klan. We already had a list of potential Klansmen and associates, but it was slightly outdated. Most had either moved or lost interest, so we salvaged what we could and added new names onto that.

I started out with about three hundred dues-paying Klansmen from across the state. After we processed the new applications, our membership was nearly three thousand, with about eight thousand members nationwide.

I made it easy to join the Klan. Interested people could call any of the Klan's state-wide dens and have an application mailed to them. In 1977, when I started publishing the *California Klan News*, I printed an application on the back page. It read, "I am a White person who believes in the ideals of Western Civilization and its Culture and in the great people that created them, and in the Constitution of the United States. I believe in the aims and objectives of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. I swear that I will keep secret and confidential any information I receive in quest of membership."

The application was signed, and then mailed to me at state headquarters, along with annual dues of thirty dollars. Most of the money we took in went to fund the operation of national headquarters. State leaders saw little if any Klan funding.

Even with minimal funding, the influence of the California Klan grew quickly state-wide. In four years, we organized twenty-five new dens in towns and cities like Carmichael, Cypress, El Cajon, Fallbrook, Fontana, Garden Grove, Kentfield, Lancaster, Los Angeles, Marysville, Montclair, North Hollywood, Oakland, Oceanside, Oxnard, Redondo Beach, Riverside, Sacramento, San Bernardino, San Diego, San Jose, Santee, Stanford, Tujunga, and Tustin.

In Fontana, a Klansman's wife sewed Klan robes and hoods, selling them for twenty-eight dollars. A small company called Robes-by-Susan would hand-tailor a cotton and Polyester robe, complete with Velcro fastener and a blood-drop patch. The robes were white, with pointed tops. There was a gauze part that could cover the face or be left up.

When Klansmen met, we did so in private homes, public auditoriums, grassy parks, and other places. Meetings were conducted like those of any other organized group. There was a call to order, a reading of the meeting's agenda, the conducting of official business, various comments from the members, and other actions. If I was in attendance, I would help run the meeting, as did the den leader. Other participants included a sergeant-at-arms, a secretary, a treasurer, and the local Klan members. I held dozens of meetings in my home and in community centers in Fallbrook and Bonsall. I would also travel around the state to meet with other Klansmen.

As a group, the Klan was a close-knit, family-oriented social unit that very much opposed the use of drugs. There also were strong senses of both patriotic and religious overtones. Our wives and children were allowed and encouraged to participate in some of the Klan's social functions, which included picnics, parties, rallies, and cross lightings. Most often, lightings were held on private property that had been cleared of brush and other flammable debris. The Klansman who owned or had arranged the use of the property sought a burn permit from the local municipality. The lightings themselves served both ceremonial and ritualistic functions, dating to a time when Christianity was new to Scotland. In those days,

cross lightings symbolized a call to arms and a show of unity. Of Scottish descent were a number of the Klan's original members, in Pulaski, Tennessee.

A show of unity was evident also within my own household. In 1979, based on the Klan's decision to allow full membership rights for women, Kathy was promoted to the rank of grand genie or state secretary. She had always served in that capacity, since before my days with the Birch Society. The Klan was simply making it official.

Kathy's job was to keep the paperwork in line. She and other women helped any way they could. As grand genie, she kept in contact with the wives of other state Klan members and associates, did much of the group's mailing and typing, and helped organize Klan picnics and outings.

Our son John was becoming involved in the Klan youth. he became a naturalized Klansman at the age of eight.

As our influence increased, so did the growth of my publishing company, White Point Publishing. I began the company in 1978 and distributed far-right books, including, *Our Nordic Race*, *White Man Think Again*, *Behind Communism*, *The Talmud Unmasked*, *Biological Jew*, *Who Brought the Slaves to America* and eight others. By 1980, we were selling 112 titles, with topics ranging from Zionism and international banking to guerrilla warfare and revolution. We also sold audio cassettes from ten of my speeches and debates, plus a two-hour videotape of news footage of the California Klan.

I soon realized that there was a market for far-right literature, primarily from a select group of people who contributed funds to the Klan and other similar organizations. I sought out these people, In the *Klan News*, I reminded Klansmen that when they made out their wills, "Remember the movement and its needs. Do not allow the fruits of your labor to fall into the hands of the States or of non-believers."

The Klan, however, was able to function as a nationwide group, keeping itself in the media spotlight without the benefit of having exorbitant funding. Merely mentioning the word "Klan" sent reporters into a frenzy. It made for plenty of coverage, even if it was subjective. With international coverage, who needs money?

Besides our desire to gather media exposure, we were also preparing to become more politically active, as Duke envisioned. To legitimize our goal of putting a Klansman into political office, I returned to my previous connections within the American Independent Party.

On May 23, 1976, five months after I was named Grand Dragon, we held a press conference and announced that AIP candidate Contessina would run for a vacant seat on the state's 78th Assembly District. At the conference, flanked by me and other Klansmen, Contessina openly accepted her political endorsement by the California Klan. It was a Klan group's first public political endorsement in fifty years.

"I am proud to accept the endorsement of white Christians," Contessina said. "White Americans need representation by those who would fight discriminatory programs like affirmative action." She campaigned hard but lost her bid for the seat.

Soon after, our influence began to spread to the U.S. Marine base at Camp Pendleton. About one hundred Marines there were active members of several far-right groups, including the California Klan, the Invisible Empire Klan, the National States Rights Party, the American Nazi Party, and the American Rangers.

Beginning in the spring of 1976, on-base members of the Invisible Empire Klan, led by former Duke associate Bill Wilkinson, began to investigate reports of a major drug-trafficking ring occurring between the base and the nearby city of Oceanside. Sgt. Randall Clouse, twenty-four, was the exalted cyclops or leader of that particular Klan den.

Under Clouse, the Klansmen had identified a number of Oceanside's top drug dealers, all of whom were black. They had uncovered associations between one of the city's drug dealers and some of the base's top non-commissioned and commissioned officers. And they had found a number of burglary rings operating on base. The Klansmen were able to disband two of the rings. Later, when they learned that some of the others continued to function, they decided to send a message to Oceanside's drug dealers and others.

On the evening of Sept. 14, 1976, Clouse and a dozen Klansmen gathered in a field outside the city limits. They donned their white Klan robes and then secured rags around an eight-foot-high wooden cross. They doused the cross with gallons of fuel, letting it soak into the cloth and timber, then dug a hole into the ground, and planted the cross. The Klansmen circled the cross. One of them knelt at its base and lit it. In moments, the blazing cross illuminated the night sky. The symbol could be seen for miles. This was their first step toward publicizing the findings of their investigations.

The Klansmen knew that any findings they reported to their commanding officers on base would probably be covered up. They could not expect the Marine Corps to publicly embarrass some of its own men, especially officers. Still, they wanted to expose the Oceanside drug dealers and their links with some of the base's officers. They also wanted to report the existence of burglary rings on base.

Their national leader, Bill Wilkinson, was more than two thousand miles away. Up to that point, his Klansmen said Wilkinson had not given his California Klansmen the kind of support they needed, anyway. The men knew of me and my proximity to the base. In early October 1976, Clouse called me.

I agreed to meet with Clouse and his men the next evening, at Clouse's Oceanside apartment. We sat at a kitchen table and talked. They told me about the drug trafficking, the link with some of the base's officers, and the on-base burglary rings. They said they were willing to solve the problem by any means possible,

including the use of violence.

I said, "Now, wait a minute, boys. If you keep talking like that, you'll be looking at ten to twenty years at Leavenworth. Let's settle down and think this through."

One way to handle the situation, I said, would be to release the information to the Oceanside Police Department. They agreed and later met with an investigator within the department. During their meeting, Clouse and other Klansmen disclosed what they knew. The investigator told them to not get too excited; the department would take care of the situation.

Clouse later told me the investigator had expressed outright fear of one of the suspected drug dealers. He said the dealer was "too big" for investigation. That really messed with those kids' minds. They were just young, naive Midwestern kids, but they knew something was rotten in Oceanside.

The investigator suggested they take the matter to the Oceanside City Council. On Nov. 10, minutes before a 7 p.m. council meeting, Clouse and other members of his den walked into council chambers, seeking a conference with city officials. Inside a private meeting room, they began disclosing their information. Clouse told the officials they had identified a number of Oceanside's top drug dealers and that their information showed a link between those dealers and a number of Camp Pendleton's officers. In addition, he said, burglary rings were operating on base.

Since the Klansmen's comments were made inside a closed room and not before the council, the information was never made part of the public record. No city official ever recorded the comments made in that room, and no newspaper ever published the information they disclosed. When Clouse was finished speaking, he and his men were escorted out the side door.

According to public records, Mayor Paul Graham began the meeting shortly after 7 p.m. The first order of business was the graduation of sixteen new reservists of the Oceanside Police Department. Police Chief Rolf Henze presented the first graduating class, comprised of twelve Camp Pendleton Marines and four civilians, to the council. Graham then introduced Maj. Gen. Carl Hoffman, commanding general of Camp Pendleton, and Brig. Gen. Mark Moore.

Graham congratulated the graduating class and thanked them for volunteering their time to better the community. "In addition, we are joining sixteen active-duty Marines to the police force," he said. "I am especially appreciative of the willingness on the part of Major General Hoffman to permit these men to become police reserves."

The general stepped to the podium and said, "I am proud and pleased to be here, on the 201st anniversary of the Marine Corps, because we do have sixteen Marines in the class. Everyone is proud of them, and the commanding officers on

base each intend to demonstrate their support of your fine program."

The city clerk administered the oath of office to the graduating class, and Graham presented each with a certificate of graduation.

The base's commanding officers and the leaders of Oceanside were in cahoots. We were pretty sure of that.

Chapter Eight

On Saturday, Nov. 13, 1976, three days after Randall Clouse and the other Klansmen met with Oceanside city officials, fourteen black Marines gathered outside a barracks at the Camp Pendleton Marine Base. It was 9:30 p.m.

Armed with clubs, chains, and screwdrivers, the black Marines charged into the barracks, entered the room they sought, and proceeded to attack a group of white Marines inside the room.

The black Marines thought they were attacking a group of Klansmen and other white racists on base. Unfortunately for the white Marines who were attacked, stabbed, punched, and kicked, the blacks had entered the wrong room. The Klansmen they sought were in another room, two doors down.

Why did the attack occur? What compelled fourteen black Marines to coordinate a surprise commando-like attack upon a group of fellow soldiers? Was it by direct order of superior officers, due to the Klan's attempt to expose on-base drug-trafficking and burglary rings?

I was asking these and other questions of Camp Pendleton officials days after the attack during the Klan's own investigation. The Corps has offered no answers to date.

The assault lasted two minutes. In that time, Mark Hansen, a twenty-year-old lance corporal from Des Moines, Iowa, was clubbed in the face, knocked unconscious, and stabbed repeatedly. John Apodaca, a twenty-two-year-old lance corporal from Albuquerque, New Mexico, was beaten with fists and stabbed with screwdrivers in his chest and back. David Haggin, an eighteen-year-old lance corporal from Eureka, California, was stabbed three times in the back. Daniel Silva, a nineteen-year-old private first class from Porterville, California, was kicked repeatedly on the head with combat boots and was stabbed in the arm, back, and neck. David Magyar, a twenty-one-year-old lance corporal from Catoosa, Oklahoma, and Kenneth Langerman, an eighteen-year-old private first class from Fresno, California, were punched, kicked, and stabbed.

Only Gary Jones, a nineteen-year-old private from Little Rock, Arkansas, was able to escape the melee. He hid inside the bathroom behind a locked door.

After the attack, three white Marines who lived two doors down the hallway came to the room. They had heard a commotion, they later said, but had thought little of it.

The military police arrived and questioned everyone, including the three white Marines. The MPs immediately searched the barracks, first going to the Marines' quarters down the hall. They found knives, clubs, and a .357 Magnum. Inside a metal locker, they found a list of sixteen Camp Pendleton Marines.

The list named Randall Clouse as the Klan's exalted cyclops of the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan. The MPs roused Clouse from his sleep. He was directed to a waiting van and ordered inside. The MPs rounded the base and gathered six other men, each listed as Klansmen. They were taken to an unoccupied barracks at the far northeastern portion of the base. The MPs detained the Klansmen in separate quarters. They were interrogated relentlessly. They received rationed supplies of food and water but had no shower privileges nor contact with each other or the outside world. They were held incommunicado for days.

Hours after the attack, one Klansman who had not been detained went to a pay phone on base and called me. When I answered, Cpl. Dan Bailey identified himself as a Klansman with the Invisible Knights. He relayed what he knew of the situation.

He said MPs had roused a number of Klansmen from their sleep and had taken the Klansmen away. A number of black Marines were involved in the incident, he added.

Bailey told me that in recent days, there had been problems on base between some Klansmen and members of the militant Black Panther Party. Corps officials had been down-playing the incidents. Bailey said he feared some of the whites were going to be transferred to other Marine bases.

I said I would check into the incident to determine the next move. Until then, I told Bailey to do as his superiors directed.

The next day, Nov. 14, reporter Wayne Dunlap of the *Oceanside Blade-Tribune* learned of the attack and broke the story. Dunlap wrote a short article, saying seven men wielding clubs and a screwdriver had attacked six Camp Pendleton Marines on base. Lt. Col. Dan Brown, director of the base's public information office, was quoted as saying four of the five victims had sustained stab wounds. The base was withholding the names of the suspects and victims, pending further investigation.

On Nov. 16, the Associated Press published its first story about the incident, sending it along the local, state, national, and international wire. AP quoted a white Marine as saying seven to nine Marine members of the Black Panther Party had sought members of a "white power" group but had attacked the wrong people. Brown refused to comment on that allegation or to speculate on a motive for attack.

I called Dunlap, saying I would offer information to him as a spokesman for the Klan. I identified myself to Dunlap and other reporters as Christian Identity Rev. Tom Metzger.

I called Duke in Louisiana and relayed news of the incident. We discussed the incident and how we should proceed. We talked about the media exposure that would result from the attack and what sort of position the Klan should take. If handled properly, the attention received could be dramatic. We needed the press.

We also discussed how the incident would affect an ongoing quarrel between Duke and Bill Wilkinson; it was Wilkinson's Invisible Empire Klansmen who were detained and facing possible transfer. Duke and Wilkinson had been locked in a power struggle for some time. They were each determined to gain a foothold in California. We decided that since Wilkinson's men had come to us, we would help them.

Ironically, months after the attack occurred, Wilkinson invited me and some of my men to attend an Invisible Empire meeting near Sacramento. I brought to that meeting a video tape of the demonstrations, press conferences, and media coverage that Duke and I had organized in support of the Klansmen. Wilkinson called me into a room for a private discussion, and before I went in, I put the tape into a video-cassette player and let his men watch the results of our efforts.

Inside the room, chomping on a cigar, Wilkinson asked me if I wanted to leave Duke and the Knights and become the Invisible Empire's grand dragon in California. I was flattered, and I did not decline his offer. But I knew that things were going better with the Knights, so I stayed on.

When I went back to where Wilkinson's men were sitting, I saw some funny looks on their faces. I knew something wasn't right, and I knew it wasn't because of me or any of my men. Later, one of Wilkinson's guys pulled me aside. He said Wilkinson had told them that he had been behind the entire Klan presence at Camp Pendleton. Even after all the media coverage, he told them that he had been pulling all the strings, which was not true. In addition, after even more time had elapsed since the attack, Wilkinson called me and said he wanted to have a press conference on base. I said, "Bill, don't do it. You'll look ridiculous. The whole thing is practically over."

After my conversation with Duke, I called Robert Rhody, regional director of the National States Rights Party. I told him the Corps had illegally detained and interrogated a number of Klansmen and was probably arranging for their transfer to other bases nationwide. I said members of the National States Rights Party should be warned that Corps officials might enact similar actions against them. "It looks like an all-out war on whitey," I said.

Four days after the attack, on Nov. 17, Corps officials released the names of nine black Marines being held on suspicion of attacking the white Marines. Five more names were released as the investigation continued. They were each charged with one count of conspiracy and six counts of assault with a deadly weapon. Each of the black Marines faced a pretrial hearing and subsequent court martial.

On Nov. 25, I called Dunlap and suggested he contact Duke for a statement from the Klan. Dunlap agreed, and on Nov. 26, Duke confirmed a number of Klansmen had been there on the base. He said if the black Marines had attacked the barracks where the Klansmen really were, the Klansmen "would have defended themselves quite effectively."

Duke said that as a result of the attack, all admitted or suspected Klansmen were being transferred to other bases nationwide. Six Klansmen had been transferred to Marine bases in or near Bridgeport, El Toro, and Twenty-nine Palms, California.

Public-information officer Brown called the transfers "routine." Maj. Gen. Carl Hoffman, the base's commanding officer, said he had approved the transfers "because the existence of the KKK organization may be detrimental to human relations on Camp Pendleton." He said nothing of the Black Panthers on base.

Also on Nov. 26, Clarence Pendleton Jr., executive director of the San Diego Urban League, got into the act. He accused the media of portraying the incident as a "senseless and unprovoked attack by black Marines on white Marines, while the situation is the result of black Marines responding to organized racial harassment by whites."

An unnamed *Blade-Tribune* reader later replied, "I was very enlightened to read of Mr. Pendleton Jr.'s interpretation of the law. I didn't realize that if a group of people that I don't like were meeting together, I would have the right to attack them. What a great democracy we live in. We have the right to maim and kill any group we don't happen to agree with."

Later, I had to laugh when Reagan appointed Pendleton to chair the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, making him a Reagan henchman. Pendleton and I debated in the past, and I always cleaned his clock. Today he lives in La Jolla, California, with his white wife.

I continued serving as media spokesman for the Klansmen, relaying information from them to the press. Brown was giving them false or misleading information or no information at all, and they grew tired of that. Soon, I was the only person giving them the straight scoop, so when they wanted to know something, they called me. My phones were ringing off the hook.

I spoke daily with reporters from the *Blade-Tribune*, the Associated Press, the *San Diego Union and Tribune*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, and other newspapers and magazines. I scheduled five press conferences throughout the ordeal, holding four at various hotels and one in the lobby of the *Blade-Tribune*.

On Nov. 29, Randall Clouse and I taped an interview with CBS News. The next day, we did the same with NBC. Both clips were broadcast nationally. Clouse told the newsmen, "White servicemen are being treated unfairly. If the blacks wear

black power or Black Panther badges on their uniforms, nobody says anything about it. But if we wear white power or Klan badges, the company commanders get all over us."

One of the problems on base began over which kind of music was played on the jukebox at the base's PX. When white Marines played country music, the blacks would disconnect it. Whites' complaints to their superior officers resulted in all the country music being removed from the jukebox. Soul, pop, and rhythm and blues was kept.

"Where the hell did that commanding officer get his stripes?" wrote one reader to the *Blade-Tribune*. "Why don't they find some qualified officers who know how to deal with people, instead of some dummy dressed in a uniform who only removes the problem without looking at the cause, so that he may get back to his girlie magazines and Coors?"

Simply put, the Corps was trying its best to diffuse the situation. In doing so, they had created a total police-state situation. Some people probably thought it was great, since it was happening to the Klan. But there's one thing people have to understand. Anyone with an unpopular view can be persecuted. We obviously had ourselves a big civil rights case.

I called the San Diego chapter office of the American Civil Liberties Union. ACLU attorneys agreed to depose Clouse on the incident and the subsequent transfers. But those plans soon were canceled when Clouse called me and said he was being transferred immediately to the U.S. naval air station in Dallas. Clouse was the seventh Klansman to be transferred since the Nov. 13 attack.

I chose Dan Bailey, the Klansman who had initially contacted me, to be the group's new den commander. I arranged for the ACLU to depose Bailey. Then I called a meeting between Bailey, Rhody, three of the base's other remaining Klansmen, and a number of American Rangers members. The meeting was held in Oceanside, at one of the Klansmen's apartments. Two staffers from Camp Pendleton's Naval Investigative Service tried to infiltrate the meeting. After approaching the door, I had them escorted away from the area.

Inside the apartment, I updated the men on the developments, including the ACLU's proposed defense of the transferred Klansmen. Duke and I were scheduled to meet with the ACLU on Dec. 9. In addition, Duke, Rhody, Contessina -- the American Independent Party candidate for the State Assembly's 78th District -- and I were going to attend the blacks' pre-trial hearing, set for Dec. 5.

Bailey called me at home later that night. He was in the brig. He said MPs had arrested him for refusing his commanding officer's order, to be transferred to New River, North Carolina. "I knew as soon as they got Clouse that they'd get me next," Bailey told me. "They've known since I got here in June that there was Klan action on base. Now, they're suddenly worried about it."

I had to choose another den commander to lead the base's remaining Klansmen. This time, the leader's identity would remain secret. I chose an unidentified lance corporal to serve as the new den commander. He taped a message that I played later that day for the gathered press.

"The substantial membership of the Klan here on base will continue to be active," he said. "Other groups should be concerned about their future because if they've done it to us, I don't see that it makes any difference who they put it on. It seems like they tried to hush it up in the beginning. I think they handled it kind of shabbily. I think they are causing themselves more problems."

After the press conference, an unidentified Camp Pendleton sergeant called Dunlap at the *Blade-Tribune*. The sergeant said, "It's about time it's being made public about blacks having special treatment on base. I'm sure everyone knows but are afraid of being called racist. I've been on base six years, four years as a sergeant watching staff and officers afraid to order a black Marine to do something. The fear is of the black crying, 'Prejudice!'"

"I watch supervisors trying to get a black to do a job or help on a certain assignment, and the black saying he wants to go to the Black Action Committee or the Urban League. Sure, it sounds like I'm some white radical or something, but really I don't feel like one. I'm not KKK or any other organization. In fact, I'm married to a minority. It just seems that a white male Caucasian is the one being treated unfairly."

We were stirring things up.

Duke flew in on the afternoon of Dec. 4. I met him at the airport and took him to my house. The pre-trial hearing would begin at 11 a.m. the following day. Before the hearing, we were going to try to meet with Major General Hoffman, the base's commanding officer.

We met Rhody and Contessina the next morning at the main gate. I told two MPs that we were there on behalf of the white servicemen to see Hoffman. An MP called base command and relayed the request, which was denied. We drove to the headquarters building, where the hearing would be held.

Twelve people was marching near the entrance to the courtroom. They carried picket signs and chanted, "Free the Marines! Jail the Klan! Free the Marines! Jail the Klan!" They were members of the Los Angeles-area chapter of the International Committee Against Racism, or InCAR, and the Progressive Labor Party. Both were violent, Marxist groups. The press was standing around nearby.

Four MPs stood facing the protesters, near the entrance to the courtroom. We got out of the van and started walking toward the building. One woman, carrying a picket, turned and charged the group. A black MP was close behind her. He grabbed her, beat his nightstick into her chest, then beat her again and again on her stomach, groin, and legs.

A second protester charged Duke and struck him from behind with a wooden picket. One MP subdued the man, while another announced through a megaphone, "You will disperse within three minutes, or you will be arrested." The other demonstrators backed away.

A photograph showing me, Duke, Rhody, and Contessina walking toward the hearing was published Dec. 6 on the front page of the *Blade-Tribune*. Duke was seen holding the back of his head. Contessina was pointing to a protester who was running from the area. I was standing to the left side of the group, watching the commotion. Rhody was the only member of the group who appeared agitated and violent; his fists were clenched, prepared the fight any protester who came near him. It is interesting to note that Rhody kept trying to join the Klan. We would not let him. We could not figure how a white supremacist would have a Mexican wife.

The hearing began, and the defense attorneys immediately requested postponement of the hearing to prepare their clients' cases. Two defendants were granted seven-day continuances; the third defendant's hearing was set for Dec. 9. The next day, three more defendants appeared at their pre-trial hearing, which was closed to the public at the request of prosecutors. Prosecutors intended to seek charges of attempted murder, conspiracy to commit murder, and intentional infliction of great bodily harm against them. The defendants received a one-week delay in their hearings.

Earlier that day, unknown to us, civil rights activist Jesse Jackson and his entourage had arrived at the base's main gate. Public-information officer Brown was there to meet them and escort them to the office of Major General Hoffman.

Although I was angry when I heard of that, I realized that it was just an example of the subjective way military officials handle most incidents. There's no justice for a white person representing another white person, fighting for the rights of white people. It doesn't matter if a group of blacks attack an innocent groups of whites. If the scenario was switched, with a group of whites attacking a group of blacks, what do you think would happen?

During his meeting with Hoffman, Jackson wanted to know why each of the attorneys and hearing officers were white. Unaware that one of the defendants' attorneys and one of the prosecuting attorneys was black, Hoffman sidestepped the issue. Hoffman instead told Jackson that further investigation had uncovered more evidence of on-base Klan activity. Jackson, unsatisfied, said he wanted all Klansmen immediately discharged from the Corps.

After the meeting, Jackson held a prayer meeting with four of the defendants in the chapel of the brig. Five days later, he held a prayer meeting with all of the fourteen defendants while his aides fought for their release from the brig. On Dec. 18, Jackson flew to Washington, D.C., and met privately with Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld on behalf of the defendants.

Duke and I were busy, too. On Dec. 9, we went to the ACLU's San Diego chapter office and met with attorney Michael Pancer. After we had briefed Pancer on the situation, the attorney said, "We believe the Klan should have every right to organize and exist on a military base or anywhere else in the country, under the First Amendment to the Constitution." He said he personally would take the case on behalf of the Klansmen and the other white Marines.

Ironically, Pancer in 1972 won the NAACP's Freedom Fighter award for his successful defense of a black sailor accused of attempting a mutiny on board the USS *Kittyhawk*. In addition, Pancer was Jewish. War is like that. Sometimes you deal with the enemy to gain a stronger position for yourself.

The next day, Pancer held a press conference at the ACLU office, announcing his plan to sue the Corps on behalf of the Klan. His cause of action was violation of First Amendment rights. Pancer filed the suit two weeks later in San Diego's U.S. District Court, seeking \$250,000 for Klansman Randall Clouse. "The ACLU stands for the defense of any person whose rights under the First Amendment are abridged, regardless of their philosophical ideals," Pancer told the press.

Some members of the ACLU's Los Angeles and Southern California chapters, however, opposed Pancer's defense of the Klan. One week after Pancer's announcement that he would represent the Klan, Ramona Ripston, executive director of the ACLU's Southern California chapter, said she condemned the Klan and "everything it represents."

On Dec. 14, the ACLU's Southern California board met at its Los Angeles office to discuss Pancer's defense of the Klan. Six hours before that meeting, members of the militant Jewish Defense League took over the Los Angeles ACLU's outer office to protest Pancer's defense.

Irv Rubin, the JDL's West Coast coordinator, and other JDL members stood a couch on one end and positioned it against the office's doorway. Rubin and the others then sat down on the floor. "We wanted to show it's a militant effort, not a Hadassah effort," Rubin said, referring to a national Zionist women's group. When officers from the Los Angeles Police Department arrived to calm the disturbance, Ripston told them, "No one is objecting to them being here." She asked the officers to leave.

Later, at the meeting, Rubin told the ACLU board, "We believe our lives and our futures are at stake." He turned to face three representatives of the San Diego ACLU and added, "You can't twist the Constitution to protect guys who would destroy the right to free speech if they ever came to power."

After Rubin's speech, members of Los Angeles' ACLU chapter suggested the board adopt resolutions to withhold support of the San Diego ACLU's decision and to censure the chapter. When the board voted to oppose those resolutions, fifteen

ACLU members left the hearing room and quit the civil-rights group on the spot.

Ten days later, Ripston said the ACLU's Southern California chapter would defend some of the blacks accused in the attack and appointed ACLU attorney Mark Rosenbaum to the case. In addition, ACLU attorney Leonard Weinglass, who once represented Black Panther leader Bobby Seale, agreed to defend "at least one" of the black defendants. The national executive director of the ACLU, Aryeh Neier, said it was "proper" to be concerned with protecting both sides' rights in the case.

On Jan. 5, Christian Identity reverend Rick Norton and I escorted to Camp Pendleton three Marine Klansmen who had been called as involuntary defense witnesses. The men had feared transfer and had been absent from the base without permission. Norton identified himself to MPs at the gate as a reverend with the New Christian Crusade Church. For the first time publicly, I identified myself as the California grand dragon of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. I had come out of the proverbial closet.

One week later, the black defendants began a series of guilty pleadings to six counts of simple assault. Seven of the defendants were sentenced to forfeitures of pay ranging from \$300 to \$450, confinements at hard labor of three to four months, and reductions in rank from corporal to private. Six defendants were reprimanded but did not receive pay forfeitures, jail sentences, or courts martial. Conspiracy and assault charges against a fourteenth defendant were dismissed when no witnesses could testify he had participated in the attack.

On Jan. 20, Pancer stepped up his assault on the Corps, filing a \$775,000 federal suit on behalf of the Klan and ten of its members. The suit said the Klansmen's transfers violated their Constitutional rights. The suit requested \$250,000 in damages for the national Knights group and from \$25,000 to \$75,000 for each of the ten Marines who were transferred or threatened with transfer. Pancer also requested a court injunction to stop any additional transfers and to return to base those who were transferred. "No one should infer that the ACLU supports the aims and principles of the Ku Klux Klan," he said. "The transfers of those Marines was a punitive action and was an unconstitutional attempt by the Marine Corps to disband the Klan because it is a politically unpopular group."

Eventually, the ten Klansmen transferred to bases nationwide fell out of contact with me, even though their court cases were filed. We could do nothing without them. Pancer was forced to have the cases dismissed.

To this day, I believe the Klansmen's exposure of the on-base drug-trafficking and burglary rings led to the black Marines' attack on those seven, innocent white Marines. This belief has been confirmed repeatedly, with confirmations continuing months after the courts martial were over. Several Marine sources from various Camp Pendleton units continued offering me information about the rings, including reports of drug trafficking occurring between the base and the Oceanside Police

Department.

I have always suspected the attack was an attempt to do two things: Cover-up what the Klansmen had discovered, and do away with the Klansmen. I have nothing written in blood, nothing on paper, film, or tape to present to any police official. But the Klansmen did know of the situation. They simply got too close to the truth.

Chapter Nine

Two weeks after those eight black Marines won their release, in early April 1977, I received a letter from an elderly couple who lived in the San Diego suburb of Paradise Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Travis Drennan sought my advice on what they described as "harassments" by their Mexican and black neighbors. They said that a number of youthful street-gang members had verbally threatened them and their elderly, white neighbors with physical harm. The gang members had also thrown trash and garbage across their property.

Before contacting me, Travis Drennan had called the San Diego Police Department. An officer came to the house and took statements from the Drennans and their neighbors, and surveyed the litter along the property. He concluded there was not enough evidence to charge anyone with a crime.

"And that's when we wrote you," Travis Drennan said.

I understand when police cannot solve a situation because of lack of evidence or until they witness someone doing something illegal. But just twist the scenario. Say it was a gang of tough white kids threatening elderly black and Mexican people with physical harm. What would happen then? There would be immediate cries of racism and white terrorism, and each of these so-called civil-rights groups would have its march and rally. They would demand the police arrest suspects immediately. But in the case of Travis Drennan, and many others, the victims are white. So, terrorizing them is perfectly normal. These kinds of incidents occur every day in America.

I went to the Drennans' house, took a look at the property, and devised a plan to try to stop the harassments. I told them, "If you'd like, I'll have a couple of my men sleep out on your front porch, just to see if anything happens." The Drennans agreed.

I called Orville Wade "Butch" Watkins, the leader of my Klan den in San Diego, and told him the situation. I said, "Butch, the cops have already been to the house and know what's been happening there. They probably have it under surveillance, so everything you do has to be above-board and legal. No guns, no weapons, nothing. Just take your men with you and sleep on the porch."

I reminded him of the San Diego Police Department's continued desire to shut down the Klan. I told him of the probability that the cops had planted an

undercover agent within his den, and how easily that could have done it. Throughout my years as a political activist, I have always spoken on the telephone and during meetings as if an informant was on the line or in the crowd. Everything goes smoother once you assume you are under surveillance.

I called a meeting at his house to discuss that very topic. Watkins and his brother Paul, also a Klansman, Robert Rhody, and a number of other men attended. Rhody was the regional director of the National States Rights Party; he had attended those pre-trial hearings with me, Duke, and Contessina in December 1976.

After the meeting I pulled Butch aside and said, "Listen, damn it. You think you're smart. But I've been at this game a little bit longer than you have, and I know these cops are just dying for us to pull something. They've got snitches all over the place, and you've probably got one in your own group. Go to the Drennans' house. Bring sleeping bags. Spend a night or two there. If you're attacked, defend yourselves. But don't screw around and break the law, or you're going to get caught."

Of course, I would have liked to have seen the people who were harassing the Drennans hung from the nearest lamp post. But I realize with the kind of system we have, getting away with that would be difficult, to put it mildly.

On the evening of April 14, four men met at Butch Watkins's house: Butch, his brother Paul, Rhody, and a Klansman named James Howerton. They all drove away in caravan, with Paul leading, followed by Butch and Rhody in the second car, Howerton in a third car.

They had driven several miles and were three blocks from the Drennans' house when police cars encircled them, red lights flashing. The cops found a number of guns inside the cars and arrested the men on suspicion of carrying concealed firearms. Butch called me from jail and said, "You were right."

"What you're learning," I said, "is just how sneaky things can get. You were set-up. And you were set-up because you were infiltrated. Somebody tipped off the cops to your plan."

News of the arrests spread nationwide. It hurt the image I was trying to develop for the Klan, that of a modern, politically active group supporting the rights of white American workers. You would not have known it by reading the newspapers or watching the news, but the activity they were arrested for was totally unauthorized. And it was ridiculous. I did not want a Klan that was passive, but I did not want one that acted illegally, either.

Watkins and Rhody were jailed and booked on the firearms charges the next day. Because Howerton was released from custody, I knew he was the police informant. Cops arrest their informants to keep up appearances, and then they release them from jail, usually before any other suspects. That is how I tell who the informant is. News reports later verified he was providing information on the Klan to the San Diego Police Department's Criminal Intelligence Unit, and the FBI.

We put a trail on Howerton but lost him once he left the state. Meanwhile, the Watkins brothers and Rhody were indicted and bound over for trial, with bail set at \$10,000 each.

Butch failed to appear for his preliminary hearing; a judge issued a \$25,000 bench warrant for his arrest. Butch and his wife Marilyn had fled to a Midwestern state; he found a job as a farm hand, and they stayed there a while. In early November they returned to San Diego and were spotted in Chula Vista by SDPD detective Ron Zerbe. Zerbe arrested Watkins, charging him with assault with a deadly firearm, carrying a concealed weapon in a vehicle, and carrying a loaded firearm in public.

Paul Watkins and Rhody stood trial five days later. They were sentenced to six months' probation. Butch Watkins was convicted in January 1978 of assault with a firearm and was sentenced to two years in state prison. "What was Butch's crime?" I wrote in a subsequent *Klan News* editorial. "Trying to help senior citizens who had been subjected to a reign of terror by nonwhite scum. The nonwhite scum continue to terrorize, while Butch serves time. So much for our present justice system. Write Butch and let him know we are standing by him. Remember, it could be you."

Butch called me when he was released from prison, and he told me what he was doing. He said he was a drug informant, a narc, for the San Diego County Sheriff's Department.

That's what he said.

Throughout this period, I was concerned with many things that I felt were bad for the country. One of them, in particular, was the increasing rate of nonwhite immigration. I am still concerned with this today. I feel unchecked, illegal immigration has ruined our once-great country.

When David Duke and I used to speak on the telephone or through correspondence, I would repeatedly remind him that hundreds of thousands of legal and illegal migrants were flooding California and other parts of the country. These immigrants came from Mexico, Central America, Southeast Asia, Cuba, Haiti, and other Third World, nonwhite regions of the world.

I told Duke that nothing was being done to stop the flood. And less than nothing was being done by our so-called political leaders in Washington, D.C. If anything, they were exacerbating the situation. As long as a refugee was not Communist, he or she was allowed to enter the country. The federal government contended there was nothing to be done, for this was a nation of immigrants, a melting pot. It's not a melting pot. It's a cesspool.

One of the craziest aspects of this nonwhite immigration is the fact that most black Americans through their convoluted thinking actually welcome it. Blacks think that nonwhite immigration will somehow push them up the social ladder. What they don't realize is that nonwhite immigration has the reverse affect on them. It allows

them even less opportunity than before.

I used to spend a lot of time haggling with Duke about the immigration situation, especially as it affected California. "Let's do something about these Mexicans," I would say. "They're coming across this border like locusts, and the feds aren't doing a damn thing about it. It's about time somebody did."

But Duke was not interested. He said the Klan was facing many other problems as well. I said, "Name one."

"Blacks."

"So, what? We've got thousands of them, too. What I'm talking about an immediate, ongoing, emergency situation. This Mexican problem is worse than your black problem. I'm sending you some tickets, so just get on the plane, and get out here."

Talking to David Duke in a straight-forward manner was the best way to motivate him. It was almost as if he wanted someone to tell him what to do.

Duke arrived in San Diego on Oct. 15. He brought his wife Chloe and daughters Erika, eighteen months, and Kristin, four months. They stayed with me and my family.

The next morning, I told him, "Today, we're going down to the border. The men are organized and ready to meet us there. We're going to drive south to Brown Field, where we'll get into a chartered helicopter and fly to the border."

"Why do you want to do that?" he asked. He couldn't understand why we needed to arrive in a helicopter.

I said, "You want to look like someone important when you make your appearance. You don't want to look like some jerk pulling up in a Volkswagen."

Still, he hated the idea. I persisted.

"If you're going to play the media game, you've got to play it right," I said. "Hitler was the first political figure to use the airplane as a campaigning tool. When he arrived for a speech, his favorite ploy was to come in out of the clouds, down to the waiting masses. It gives you that perception of immortality."

I was laying his political ground work, trying to get people to treat him like a genuine politician. I had even arranged a tour of the Immigration and Naturalization Service's expansive offices, there at the border, courtesy of the INS.

We finally dressed in suits and ties, drove south to Brown Field, and made our way to a waiting helicopter. The pilot was ready to go. I practically had to shove Duke in.

We took off, rose above the airport, and soon saw the border to the south and the porous chainlink fence that separates America from the Third World squalor of Mexico.

I could see a crowd of people standing in a vacant lot, about a mile west of the border checkpoint. About thirty cars and vans were parked in a semi-circle north

of the crowd. Those were my men, interspersed with some media people and protesters. Dozens of Mexicans were standing just on the other side of the fence.

We started to descend. All eyes were on us as we came out of the sky. When we landed, I buttoned my coat, grabbed my briefcase, and stepped out of the helicopter, followed by Duke. The photographers' cameras started firing away; the local and national news networks were there with their videocameras. I saw my men there, too, dressed in suits and ties and boots. Across the way I saw about two dozen members of the militant Progressive Labor Party and other demonstrators. My men were keeping them at bay.

Duke and I walked toward a stage and podium that my Klansmen had set up. I adjusted the microphone and began to speak, introducing myself to the crowd as the state director of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. The Marxists really liked that. I said a few words about the border situation and then introduced Duke as the Klan's national director.

"We're here today to express our concern with the problem of illegal immigration," he said. "As Klansmen, we plan to begin supplying members of the U.S. Border Patrol with information regarding the influx of Mexicans and other illegal aliens who cross the border. I hereby announce the Klan's plan to conduct our own border watch."

Duke said five hundred to one thousand Klansmen armed with citizen-band radios and legally registered weapons would begin patrolling the border from Brownsville, Texas, to Imperial Beach, California. "We plan this to be a peaceful event, but it is not inconceivable that we will use our weapons if Klansmen are endangered by illegal aliens," he said.

The demonstrators started chanting. They started throwing eggs, cans, and everything else they had brought with them. One Marxist tossed a brick through the windshield of one of my men's car, and a brawl started. A couple Mexican women were getting hit, too, and I ordered some of my men to surround them, for protection. It goes without saying that the newspapers didn't mention that in their reports. They just said how horrible the Klan was.

The cops arrived, and the fights stopped. The brick-throwing demonstrator was arrested. Duke and I climbed into a long black sedan and pulled out. My men followed in their cars. We went to the central office of the INS. Duke and I were given a dignitary's tour of the facility. An INS spokesman later called the tour "a matter of courtesy."

That night, we watched the news coverage of the press conference. The cameras filmed us coming down from out of the sky, walking out of the copter, our jackets flapping in the breeze. It looked great.

Duke's announcement to conduct a Klan border watch was local, state, and national news for days. Duke was starting to realize why I had wanted him to come

to California. He was beginning to understand the power of the media.

He went to Los Angeles and reannounced the plan, adding that the INS and Border Patrol were "cooperating fully" with us. "There's a rising flow of color washing over our border, washing away our culture, our racial fabric and changing America as we know it," he said. "We plan to fight this. And we want this patrol to be lawful in every sense." The INS responded positively to the plan. INS district director James O'Keefe said, "As far as receiving information from them, we welcome information from any citizen."

While Duke was in Los Angeles, San Diego mayor Pete Wilson sent a telegram to Griffin Bell, U.S. attorney general under President Jimmy Carter. Wilson objected to the INS tour given me and Duke. "Their presence is both offensive and involves a distinct possibility of dangerous reaction," Wilson said. "I ask that you do all you can to discourage such action by the Klan."

San Diego Police Chief Bill Kolender, a Jew, described the proposed border watch as "a vigilante type of action. I strongly question their motives. They could cause racial dissension and increase the problems for all law-enforcement agencies involved. Any violation of the law will be met with swift and sure action on our part."

I went ahead and organized the men for our first border watch. A couple days later, we had one hundred Klansmen patrolling the border for four hours, in cars and on foot. I held a press conference beneath a full moon at the side of State Route 94, three miles from the mountain community of Dulzura on the road to Tecate, Mexico. We told the press that the Klan had caused the arrest of at least thirty illegal immigrants by phoning information to the Border Patrol.

Then the civil-rights groups got into the act. The Mexican-American Political Association, the American GI Forum, the League of United Latin American Citizens, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and other minority-activist groups held their various protests. MAPA telegraphed President Carter: "Only with swift action from your personal authority can this anticipated violence be avoided."

On Oct. 31, two weeks after the border watch was announced, the Southern California chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union filed a federal suit against the Klan, seeking a temporary restraining order to prevent the border watch and any apprehension of illegal aliens. On Nov. 1, U.S. District Judge Howard Turrentine denied the ACLU's request for a temporary restraining order, saying the Klan had not violated the law. I filed a counterclaim, alleging a unified conspiracy to "deprive Klansmen and other persons of Caucasian descent of equal protection under the law." On March 6, 1978, Judge Edward Schwartz dismissed my counterclaim on his belief that no action had been taken against the Klan.

In a subsequent *Klan News* editorial, I wrote, "Even though opposing eight attorneys and numerous [civil-rights] groups, our legal machinery forced them to a

grinding halt. During this battle, we have gained much new knowledge and many law books for our arsenal. The enemy now has learned that the Klan can defeat him without crawling to the ACLU. In fact, ACLU attorneys were among those we defeated. Beware Non-whites. White Power."

Our border watch remained active for about a year after the dismissal of the suit. Twelve years later, a San Diego-based group called Alliance for Border Control began a series of "Light Up the Border" protests, to fight illegal immigration. Where were these people during the Klan's border watch? Probably calling me a radical racist.

I sat down in the early months of 1978 and listed my goals for the Klan in California. One goal was to curtail illegal immigration. Duke and I discussed that incessantly. Another goal was to spread the Klan's message against drug use. Most Klansmen believed illegal drugs would lead to the demise of great individuals and civilizations. I believe we are finding that true in America today. Another goal was to set the ground work for a Klansmen to run for political office.

I wrote in a *Klan News* editorial that 1978 would be "a key year" for Klan organizing in California. "Klansmen and Klan sympathizers are beginning to run for public office. We have no illusions as to the power of our enemies or their great ill-gotten wealth. We have no illusions of the lateness of the hour for our race. California soon will be over fifty-one percent nonwhite."

We had received a lot of media exposure by way of the Camp Pendleton incident, the James Howerton infiltration, the Klan border watch, and dozens of other events. Everyone not only knew who we were, but we had attained that recognition free of charge. We could not have bought better coverage, even if it was consistently subjective. Harnessing the power of the media to run a candidate for political office seemed to me the next logical step in our endeavor to gain power for the group. As the *Los Angeles Times* reported on April 16, "The Klan is playing down night rides this decade and is playing up involvement in government."

My first attempt at political office occurred in June 1978, when I ran for a seat on the Fallbrook Citizens Planning Group. I was one of twenty-seven candidates vying for fifteen seats on the board. I received 459 votes, or twenty percent of those cast, "dead last," according to *Times* reporter Nancy Skelton.

Next, I paid a \$669 filing fee and entered the race for a seat on the San Diego County Board of Supervisors, to fill a seat vacated by fifth-district supervisor Lee Taylor.

Other candidates included Escondido councilwoman Lorraine Boyce, San Marcos businessman Paul Eckert, and former Taylor aide Bill Dominguez. The state's top Republicans were grooming Dominguez for political office, in the hope that he would bring more Hispanic votes to the party. They considered the county-supervisor position a shoe-in.

Skelton of the *Times* wrote, "Metzger does not expect to win. But that is not his point. He is the only candidate running for high county office in the state with a thick KKK belt cinched around his middle. Any number of votes the Fallbrook white supremacist gathers will be rhetoric in the bank for the Klan."

I called a press conference to establish my platform. I said I was "a proud Anglo-American" whose top campaign issues would be taxes and crime. I said I was supportive of "a total war on crime in the streets" and that I wanted to see "top-level investigations of local organized crime."

I was the first candidate to take a stand on the Jarvis-Gann initiative, Proposition 13. If passed, the proposition would allow reduced property taxes and tax rebates to homeowners; everyone knew it was one of the campaign's primary issues. I announced my support, followed by Eckert. Boyce, a liberal, denounced it, and Dominguez, the Republicans' token Mexican, was slow out of the gate. He either could not decide, or he simply waffled. It certainly led to his defeat.

I was honest about my leadership of the Klan. Because of this, a number of organizations sought to exclude me from their candidate forums. But in the six or seven forums in which I did participate, I received positive responses from the audience. Like I told the *Times* after the election, "Once they got to know my feelings, whenever I was able to present my views, the majority of the people said, 'Hey, wait a minute. That's how I feel, too.'"

The primary election was on June 6. I received 11,239 votes, or 10.9 percent of the votes cast. Eckert received 31.6 percent; Boyce had 29.3 percent. The votes I received effectively knocked Dominguez out of the saddle, for which he'll never forgive me. Eckert beat Boyce in the general election and became the fifth district's new supervisor. California voters approved Prop 13, touching off a taxpayers' revolt nationwide. I was fairly proud of my primary showing. I had spent just \$1,000 on the campaign, and \$669 of that was for the filing fee. I thought my messages had reached some people.

On Dec. 19, 1978, I changed my party registration from Republican to Democrat and told the press that the future of the Klan would be in recruiting Democrats "trapped by the coalition of black, Hispanic, wealthy Jewish, and leftist whites" who controlled the party. Of the party change, one state Democratic party official said, "He probably feels he has spread his venom on the Republican side for long enough and now wants to spread it on this side."

Venomous or not, I was determined to make some changes through legitimate political means. To do so, I needed to surround myself with people who were dedicated to the cause; people who were persistent in their goals and intelligent in their work.

One of these was Don Musgrove, my friend, top adviser, and paralegal man. Don had been born and raised in Oakland, California. Don grew up poor. He was

small and thin, but fierce and intelligent, too. He was a loyal fighter.

While still a young man, Don Musgrove became mesmerized by the militant, white-supremacist message of George Lincoln Rockwell, founder of the American Nazi Party. Rockwell was a real Nazi. He walked the streets in his Nazi uniform, preaching anti-Semitic and anti-black messages. Don and his group of friends formed their own Nazi-type group, a special shock troop called the Oakland Suicide Squad.

They had headquarters in a house in the middle of Oakland's black ghetto. The squad flew a red, white, and black Nazi banner from one of the windows. They didn't go out of their way to hurt anyone, but if someone got on their wrong side, they'd had it.

Rockwell lived in that house while he wrote *This Time the World*. Don and his group provided security for Rockwell at the house and when he took to the streets to give speeches. During one speech, Don tossed one irate counter-demonstrating leftist through a plate-glass window. The *San Francisco Chronicle* published a photograph of that.

Don Musgrove, in his own way, became involved with the Black Panthers, too. The Panthers, with an estimated four thousand members in twenty-six chapters, advocated revolution in the U.S. as taught by Mao Tse-tung and Che Guevara. The Panthers believed violence was a purifying step toward self respect. They furthered Malcolm X's call for blacks' armed and militaristic self defense against whites and the system.

Huey Newton and Bobby Seale were two of the Panthers' top leaders. Together they formed the Panthers' national headquarters in Oakland. Seale was an upstanding young black; he mourned the assassination of Malcolm X by tossing bricks through the windshields of Oakland police cars. But even Seale had to admit that Huey Newton was "the baddest nigger ever." Both men openly carried automatic rifles and ammunition belts wherever they went.

Don Musgrove's meeting with the Panthers came in February 1967. On one cold morning, Don led the other members of the Oakland Suicide Squad to the front of the Panthers' headquarters, in the middle of the black ghetto. The men carried 9mm handguns on their waists.

"Come on out, Huey!" Don shouted.

The men watched the facade of the big wooden building, watching for one of the doors or windows to open or raise.

"Come on out, Huey!" Don shouted again. Then, in a taunting, sing-song voice, he said, "Come on out, you big...tough...Panthers!"

The outline of a dark face appeared at one of the windows. Other figures moved in beside it.

A voice came through the screen. "We got no fight with you, Musgrove."

It was Newton.

Don stood steady, letting a few moments pass.

"What's that, Huey?" he asked.

"I said we got no fight with you, Musgrove!"

Don looked Newton in the eye. "Come on out, Huey. Come on out here, you big...tough...Panthers."

"We ain't," said Newton.

Don grinned. Newton and the other Panthers moved away from the screen and disappeared into the house.

A police car pulled up in front of the house. Two officers stepped out and walked up to Don and the others. "Okay, guys," said one officer, "that's real funny. Get out of here before we have to arrest you."

Eight months later, Newton was convicted of murdering an Oakland policeman and wounding another.

I met Don through white-supremacist associates in the Bay area. Don was really feeling the effects of the cystic fibrosis he had had since birth. A doctor suggested he move south, to the drier climate of Los Angeles, and I insisted he do it. Over time, though, the smog began to affect his health, and I found him an apartment in San Diego.

Once there, Don became my top aide and paralegal man. He was not an attorney, but he knew more about law than any attorney I have ever known, and smarter. Don introduced me to the law of the streets. He brought me out of my previous mind-set of idealistic fantasy and into the real world of fact and truth.

Also, Don had an uncanny ability of knowing who to trust and who to avoid. I tend to trust just about anybody once. When we found ourselves dealing with cops, to plan Klan rallies and events, Don used to tell me, "Never, ever trust a cop." He was right. He kept my feet on the ground.

In February 1978, Don and I went to Oxnard, a beach community sixty miles north of Los Angeles, to meet with some people there who had contacted me about forming a local Klan den. We also wanted to investigate the murder of a white, seventeen-year-old high school student named Paul Yenney, and the rape and beating of his eighteen-year-old girlfriend, Linda Fiene.

According to news reports, on the night of Oct. 14, 1977, the young couple was at Yenney's house. They left Yenney's house shortly after 9 p.m., and Yenney walked Fiene toward her house. They took a shortcut through a field behind their high school, Channel Islands High, and in that field they came upon three young men. A fight ensued.

A field worker found Fiene at 7:30 a.m. the next day. She had suffered severe head injuries and was laying unconscious on the ground. Doctors later determined she had been raped repeatedly. The worker found Yenney's body one hundred feet

away from Fiene. Yenney had been beaten to death with a thirty-pound piece of concrete. It was found near the body, caked with blood and brain tissue. The incident shocked the seaside community. Mayor Tsuji Kato said, "We're all shocked at the attack and its brutality. Such a crime simply cannot be tolerated in our city. How could anyone contemplate such a terrible crime?"

Yenney had been a soft-spoken young man, a pianist and drummer. He "was never any trouble to anybody," his mother said. Yenney had planned to enter college in the fall and was to marry Fiene. He used to practice signing "Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fiene-Yenney."

The day after the attack, Oxnard police took Ruben Torres, seventeen, into custody. Later, they arrested Johnny Lopez, eighteen, and Anthony Matzen, fifteen. While the three defendants were charged with suspicion of murder, Fiene lay in a coma at Oxnard's St. John Hospital. She later recovered and testified in court against them.

The Oxnard resident who had written me initially about forming a Klan den, Gary Nemeth, contacted me again after the murder and rape. Nemeth told me that many of Oxnard's white, working-class residents had grown tired of the Mexican youth that prowled their streets at night. I agreed to come up and see what we could do.

Don and I arrived in Oxnard. We stayed at the Wagon Wheel Motel, and the only reason I remember the name of that place was because outside the motel for most of our stay, protesters with the Progressive Labor Party and La Raza Unida picketed along the sidewalk, waving signs for the television cameras. Oxnard police chief Robert Owens had tipped off the demonstrators, announcing in the local press that the grand dragon of the California Klan would soon visit the city. The media covered the entire event. Owens made a circus out of a simple visit.

We had our meeting with Nemeth and some other residents who were interested in forming the den. Afterward, Nemeth took Don and me on a tour of the city. When a reporter from Oxnard's *Star Free Press* called later that evening, I said the city was "occupied by teams of illegal aliens who prey on white residents." I said the Klan was there to "encourage Anglos to organize and start sticking together to defend themselves. Before we left that fine city, I appointed Nemeth to be my den commander there.

Months later, in early July, Nemeth and I devised a plan to help the families of Paul Yenney and Linda Fiene. We decided to show the movie *Birth of a Nation* in an Oxnard meeting hall, charge admission to the audience, give a brief speech during intermission, and then donate the proceeds to the families.

The film, directed by D.W. Griffith in 1914, is a three-hour study of Southern life during Reconstruction. The film portrays Klansmen as saviors of the Reconstruction era, fighting the carpetbaggers and scoundrels who came from the

North to destroy the Southern way of life. The film for years was a top Klan-recruitment tool; during the 1920s it increased the Klan's ranks to an all-time peak of five million.

By July 20, Chief Owens had heard of the planned showing. He called a press conference the following day and accused the Klan of "trying to exploit the grieving families." Owens said it was "disgraceful" that the Klansmen would "stoop so low as to exploit these two families." When the *Los Angeles Times* called for my reaction, I said the film was "historical and instructional" and that it needed to be shown.

"Its message is as timely now as it was when it was made," I said. "Today, we're going through a new Reconstruction era of reverse discrimination, which is plaguing white people similar to that during Reconstruction in the South...."

"Our intent isn't to cause these families more problems. Our members in Oxnard are genuinely and honestly trying to help them. It is a tradition of the Klan to raise money for white people who are in trouble. If these families don't want it, I'm sure there are others who will."

Owens finally admitted he had no choice but to issue us our \$75 benefit permit. The show would start at 3 p.m. on July 30, at the Oxnard Community Auditorium. We would charge two dollars at the door. All proceeds would go to the Paul Yenney Music Scholarship at Channel Islands High.

Everything was set. We had the hall. We had our film. But we also had a problem on our hands. It surfaced days after the *Los Angeles Times* reported the date of our fund raiser.

Unknown to us, the Progressive Labor Party and the International Committee Against Racism on the same day as our fund raiser were having a national convention in nearby Los Angeles. The members of both groups were militant Marxists. They were known for their violent confrontations with Klansmen, Nazis, police officers, and anyone else they did not like. More than three hundred of them were expected to attend the convention.

When the Marxists learned of our event, they quickly announced their plan to protest. As one unidentified PLP spokesman told the *Times*, "We're going up there to Oxnard, and we'll get those fascist, Nazi pig Klansmen. There's no way they're going to show their film, because they're not getting into that meeting hall. We'll make sure of that. In fact, if the Klan is able to show their film, then we'll admit to have lost the battle."

When I read those comments, I knew from previous contact that a fierce street battle would occur. I told my men, "Everyone from heroin addicts to petty revolutionaries will be there. And we'll be ready for them."

Two days before the event, Don Musgrove and I returned to Oxnard, picked up Nemeth, and then went to the Oxnard Police Department. We had an afternoon meeting scheduled with Chief Owens.

Some of Owens's top assistants guided us into a meeting room. We took seats around a conference table. Another man walked in and shut the door. He introduced himself as assistant chief Harry Papageorge. He said Owens would not be able to attend the meeting because he had left that morning for a vacation in Mexico.

"That's very convenient," I said, "but it's probably just as well."

Papageorge asked what I meant. "Back in February," I said, "your Chief Owens tipped off La Raza Unida and some other Marxist thugs that we were here in town. We couldn't have given them a better invitation ourselves. Now, we're going to show our film, but we want to tell you something. These protesters are a fairly heavy bunch of Marxist wackos. They're not your regular sign-carrying demonstrators. They're militant, and they've been known to bust a few heads when they get the chance. Now, we're Klansmen. We're ready to fight these guys. All I'm asking is that you tell your men to leave us alone and let us do it."

Papageorge shook his head. "Sorry. We're going to handle this situation our way. We'll have officers at the auditorium, and we'll protect it and the people inside from any violence on any side."

I asked him how many men he planned to have patrolling the event.

"Ten," Papageorge said.

I looked at Don. He was shaking his head slowly.

"And if you go in," Papageorge added, "you'll do so without any weapons."

Suddenly, it was clear to me that anything could happen to us, to our men, and to the paying customers. The cops just didn't understand. We stood and left the room.

The afternoon before the film showing, forty Klansmen from throughout Southern California met in Oxnard at Nemeth's house. I briefed the men inside the house, and then we assembled in the yard for some close-order and crowd-control drills. We checked our equipment, fitted helmets, checked our walkie-talkies, reinforced our shields. We wanted to be ready for anything that might occur the next day.

When night fell, I put three men on guard duty along the perimeter of Nemeth's property. The others rested for what would be a grueling day ahead.

We awoke early the next morning. I knew already that the cops had misread the situation with the Marxists. Every hour I sent two-man forays to survey the scene at the Oxnard Community Auditorium and its adjacent park. Just before noon, two Klansmen inside a van videotaped the Marxists' movements in the park. Back at the house I gathered everybody in the front room and played the tape.

We saw how the demonstrators were arriving at the park in large groups and were then splitting into smaller ones, acting as casual and nonchalant as they could. For all the cops knew, they were just picnickers, enjoying a day at the park.

On the television screen came a shot of a van, with the lettering of a plumbing company stenciled on its side. The van was parked about three blocks from the park and the auditorium. From an opened door at the rear of the truck, we could see two men sawing 12-inch lengths of pipe and then rolling newspaper around them. A group of people standing near the back of the truck were distributing the "newspapers" to some other people, who took them to the park. The Marxists, we knew, had weapons.

The tape finished, and I went through some last-minute instructions. I said, "We may get one hundred paying customers today, and we may get none. But what we will get is that hall. We'll take it. Nobody's going to stop us from that."

Dressed in dark pants and white Klan T-shirts, the men went outside and stepped up inside the darkened storage hold of a rented moving van. I got in last, wearing my three-piece suit, carrying a club and shield. We started off for the auditorium.

The truck pulled forward, and we rode inside the darkened hold for a few minutes. When it came to a stop, Don Musgrove squeezed an air horn twice, sending shrill blasts throughout the hold. The men lifted the rear door, rolling it up and out of the way. The first group hit the pavement and took security positions around the van. Two of my body guards and I followed, trailed by two other Klan units at the rear.

I saw some of the demonstrators standing there, watching us, not sure what was happening. Then, as if on cue, they started running toward us, shouting, raising pipes, baseball bats, and pickets into the air. They reached for the ground and grabbed rocks, sticks, bottles; anything they could throw, to keep us from getting inside the auditorium.

Don slapped the side of the van, and the driver roared off down the street, dispersing some of the crowd. Don blasted the horn again, and we trotted in formation toward the front entrance to the auditorium. Two of the men carried a large steel trunk by its handles. Inside was the film and a projector.

We moved through an outer courtyard toward the auditorium entrance and for the first time saw some cops. They were glancing nervously at each other, standing before the onrushing horde. The Marxists' fastest runners reached the rear of our unit as it passed into the entrance. The demonstrators swung pipes and bats at my last man through, catching him twice on the side of the head.

We turned and fought them back, shouting all the while, "White power! White power! White power!" We shut and locked the auditorium doors, and then I shouted for chairs and tables to be placed against the entrance. Dozens of lead pipes started flying in through the plate-glass windows, shattering them.

Above the din I shouted, "Weapons! Grab weapons! Arm yourselves!" I told the men to grab chairs and tables and put them in front of the windows. If the

Marxists came in that way, they would have to run through the maze of tables and chairs first, giving us time to act.

Two janitors stood inside the auditorium, scared. They had been working there before our sudden arrival. They realized they were trapped, too, and they started helping us find weapons. They ran into a restroom and started tearing pipes and fixtures right out of the wall. And outside the Marxists chanted, "Kill the cops and the KKK! Kill the cops and the KKK!"

The demonstrators knew we had a fortified position. They could not get to us, and they became even angrier. They turned their frustrations onto the cops, hitting them with anything they could grab. One cop became trapped at the entrance; he was stuck between the mob and the locked door. The protesters beat him, and we heard his cries for help. I ordered the men to open the door and pull him inside; we probably saved his life. Outside the entrance I saw another cop get hit with a pipe so hard on his helmet that the helmet split in half while still on his head. Blood started streaming down his face. The other cops had run back to their squad cars and were radioing for backup help.

Moments after we had shut the front doors, a demonstrator dove into the auditorium through one of the broken windows. He became entangled in a stack of chairs and tables, and six of my men jumped on him and beat him senseless. They finished with him and threw him out the same window. That was the last time anyone tried to get inside.

Outside, the demonstrators grew more frustrated and began to wage war against the building itself. They tore at the building with their hands, boots, and weapons, destroying as much of the structure as they could.

I went to a pay phone inside the auditorium and placed a call to David Duke in Metairie. I said, "Hello, David. We're under siege. What do you think?"

Minutes after I hung up, the telephone rang, and Don Musgrove answered. It was one of Owens's lieutenants, asking if we were ready to leave the hall.

Don said, "Any time. As long as we carry our clubs."

"No," the cop said. "You can't."

Exasperated, Don said, "Then just give us your guns, go home, and hide." Everybody laughed and cheered.

Over time, as the demonstrators tired, the riot outside began to calm. I prepared to show the film. We turned out the lights and showed it on a screen. The men cheered.

The police had called in reinforcements from all over the county. What began as a ten-man force had grown to one hundred, including Oxnard police, state Highway Patrol, Ventura and Los Angeles county officers, and a sheriff's helicopter. A cop shouted through a bull horn, telling the protesters they were in violation of illegal assembly. Some of them began to leave the area.

The lieutenant called back. I told him we would leave as soon as things started to quiet down some more. We called the van driver at Nemeth's house and told him to return. When he arrived, we opened the doors at the side of the auditorium and trotted in formation back inside the van. When we arrived back at the house, we rested from the day's event, drinking beer and recalling moments from the glorious battle.

The next morning, the *Los Angeles Times* reported: "A Ku Klux Klan screening of the 1914 film *Birth of a Nation* turned into a bloody riot Sunday when leftist demonstrators attacked police and Klansmen with clubs, bottles and iron pipes."

United Press International said "a mob of about 300, organized and led by a Communist group dedicated to violence, stormed a Ku Klux Klan benefit showing of *Birth of a Nation* Sunday, hurling iron bars and other weapons in a series of battles with police." The riot made local, state, and national headlines. It was broadcast for days on all the networks.

But the battle was not quite over. One week after the riot, some Oxnard residents complained to the Oxnard City Council that the Klan had destroyed their auditorium. The residents insisted we pay five thousand dollars in damages, incurred mostly to the broken windows. But the Klan was not liable for the damages. The city agreed to pick up the tab, but not before I returned to Oxnard and spoke before the city council.

I told my accusers who sat in the audience, "You don't have a leg to stand on. We were the victims, not the aggressors. We were trying to raise money to help the family of a young, white, high school student who was murdered. Instead, the Progressive Labor Party and other assorted Marxists tried to kill us."

Had we softened our resolve, they most certainly would have.

Chapter Ten

During the spring and summer of 1978, competition for attracting youth to the ranks of various Klan groups broke out among the country's top three Klan factions.

David Duke's Knights and Bill Wilkinson's Invisible Empire organized scout-like groups called Klan Youth Corps. Robert Shelton's United Klans of America operated a similar group, called the Junior Klan.

Junior Klansmen learned how to fire semi-automatic rifles, survive in the wilderness, and perform other skills needed for the coming race war. A lot of this training took place at a paramilitary training compound, eleven miles east of Houston. That particular camp was owned and operated by Louis Beam, the Invisible Knights' grand dragon in Texas.

There was a similar facility in Alabama. It was called Camp Warrior. One teen-aged Klansman told the children's news show *30 Minutes* what the camp meant to him: "It stands for white supremacy. You know, to fight Communists, to fight the niggers, the Vietnamese, and all the Jews that are coming to America."

I also realized the need and importance of attracting youth to the ranks of my Klan group in California. During my June 1978 visit to San Jose, I told the press that the local Klan den was planning "an aggressive campaign" that fall. The plan was to recruit Santa Clara County's high school students into the group. I also had Klan youth leaders recruiting in most high schools in the Riverside and San Bernardino areas.

I told the press there, "We have a strong Klan Youth Corps. We get a lot of inquiries from this area." What we wanted for the Klan was strongly determined, intelligent young men who could later rise to leadership positions. I said, "They're fresh enough so that you can give them a logical, rational argument, and they'll see that you're right." Perhaps Bill Wilkinson was more succinct when he said, "We're drumming into the Youth Corps that there are other uses for baseball bats than hitting home runs."

In June 1978, various Ku Klux Klan business cards and pamphlets appeared at Riverside's North High School. The front of one of the cards read, "Racial Purity is America's Security -- Knights of the Ku Klux Klan." A cross dripping a single drop of red blood was printed in the center of the card, within the center of a red circle. At the bottom was a mailing address for David Duke's Patriot Press, in Metarie. It

read, "The KKK is unapologetically committed to the interests, ideas and cultural values of the White Majority." A second card featured an artist's rendition of a white man breaking out of chains. It read, "White Students! Fight for White Power! Become a member of the Klan Youth Corps."

A second type of Youth Corps pamphlet found during that time at Riverside high schools said racially integrating the school system "has brought crime, drugs, forced sex, disease, and general havoc. Murder of white students by black students is on the increase." One school official promised to investigate, saying the cards presented the "possibility of disrupting" the school's black and Jewish students. Imagine that.

Students in California were not the only ones exposed to Klan literature. Karl Hand, a neo-Nazi who served as national organizer for Duke's Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, oversaw the distribution of Klan information to children in schools in Buffalo, New York. "Get on the Klan van," read one of Hand's pamphlets. "Have you had it with blacks following you home to beat you up or 'holding' your money for you?"

Hand later quit the Klan and became the leader of the National Socialist Liberation Front. In 1986, defending his wife from a gang of blacks, Hand assaulted one of the men. He was subsequently convicted of attempted second-degree murder. When he was sentenced to fifteen years at the Louisiana state prison in St. Gabriel, Hand encouraged his followers to join me and my newly formed White Aryan Resistance. I greeted them with open arms.

One of my top aides who epitomized our focus on youth was Irv Alcorn, of San Bernardino. Alcorn, at twenty-four, was my den commander for Riverside and San Bernardino counties. He was articulate, impeccably groomed, and four years younger than Duke. In August 1978, Alcorn told the San Bernardino *Sun-Telegram* that complaints of forced school busing programs in Los Angeles prompted the Klan's drive to recruit youngsters for the Klan Youth Corps. "We feel people are not satisfied by [forced busing]. I believe many white students affected by the program will become hard core Klan leaders in a few years."

Taking the issue of education further, I told the press that we found positive aspects to school integration. I said, "Integration creates Klansmen. For every ten white kids who are bused [to school], we're going to get one of them. Even if they're not racist, they'll become racist over a period of time." I always thought students should undergo education, not indoctrination. I thought social studies and history courses were especially biased. Abraham Lincoln was as much of a racist as I am. But that's not what they teach in school.

Although my desire to attract more youth to the ranks drew some opposition from quite a number of people, I also received hundreds of letters supporting the plan.

"My husband, myself and our three girls moved [to San Diego] from Los Angeles because they were having an awful lot of trouble with the Mexicans," said one woman. "Now, it's worse. From the day we moved in, it was well known we were not welcome. The girls are told they're going to get their asses kicked because they are white. I would like to meet with other people like myself. There are a lot of us, but we don't know how to get in touch."

A young man from Visalia, California, requested information on joining the Klan. "I'm sixteen," he said, "and I've seen the way minorities have got extra special privileges. Some of the teachers are scared of minorities. I'm really getting sick of it."

In San Diego, nine high school students signed their names to the bottom of their letter. "Alright! It's about time somebody said something about all those damn niggers and wetbacks. You only forgot one thing, all those stupid Yang imports. We are sick as hell about them coming over here and ruining San Diego. We are all tired of niggers and spics acting all great, like they are better than us when everyone knows White is Best. Could you please send us some information on how to join the Klan?"

Other students said the Klan was the only organization for white people. "We go to a school that's nearly all black. It is the worst, too many minorities. We would like to have some info on the KKK as we all know White is Right. All others can haul ass."

One student wrote, "I would just like to say that I am so glad there are people in this world who like people. I am seventeen and White clean through. At my school, there is at least fifty percent niggers that are bussed in [sic] from East San Diego. It is hard for me to understand why the city pays for the niggers to ride up to school and hang out in the halls and hassle all the whites who walk by. If it were up to me, I would have the KKK run this country's government. I am sure that would shape the country up in a hurry. Some day when I'm old enough I would like to join the Klan and meet with fellow Klansmen and see what they think. You guys are great so please keep up the good work."

In a February 1978 *Klan News* editorial, I said members of the California Klan's Youth Corps recognized the fundamental and biological differences between "the White Race and the Primitive Black Race." The youth group also recognized integration was responsible for much of the racial strife in America "and for all the strife in the schools."

"Furthermore, the Klan Youth Corps is aware that integration is a prelude to miscegenation, race-mixing, which will lead to the down breeding of the White Race. It is therefore in the best interest of the White Race and White Civilization that racial separation of the races occur. Racial separation, preferably through the black repatriation to Africa, is the final and only desirable solution to America's

racial problem. Anything short of that will only add misery to an already agonizing situation."

Since such racial separation was admittedly "still years off," I outlined a Youth Corps program to enable the group to "immediately address itself to the racial problems" in the schools. I directed Klan Youth Corps members to organize white students in every school "along racial lines"; utilize a get-tough policy with arrogant nonwhites; force school administrators to drop their appeasement policies to nonwhites by threatening public exposure followed by possible boycotts; implement "tit-for-tat" policy by demanding equal rights for white students -- if nonwhites have cultural classes, we want Aryan cultural classes; and demand the segregation of classes, followed by eventual segregation of schools.

Every student needed a parent's permission to join the Klan Youth Corps. If a student was unable to gain that permission, I granted him or her "honorary association" into the group and supplied the student with Klan literature.

Besides junior and senior highs, Youth Corps recruits and Klan sympathizers could be found in colleges and universities state-wide. The California Klan began active recruitment programs at the University of Santa Cruz, the American River College in Sacramento, and Stanford University, in Palo Alto. Lewis Moore, my grand titan for Northern California, reported in the *Klan News* that "large amounts of Klan literature are showing up at area campuses. The 'brotherhood' hot air coming from the Ivory Towers is giving way to the fact that Negro crime in the area is an increasingly sordid fact of life."

My son John joined the Klan Youth Corps in 1978. He was ten years old. John recalls that "kids in the Youth Corps hung around together whenever there was a social gathering. You talked back and forth, but you didn't do anything substantial. A lot of parents kept you from doing things, too."

According to John, one of the better aspects of the Klan's social gatherings were the cross lightings. "That was the only thing that really registered to me as a kid," he says. "That was impressive. That was really neat. I always looked forward to going to those rallies. You see the camaraderie, you see all your friends, and everybody's really having a good time. It was a real big social event. It was beautiful. It would bring tears to my eyes."

Beginning at about at eight or nine years of age, Klansmen's children usually become involved in the group, mainly through the distribution of literature.

"I learned how to distribute literature on high-school campuses through the Klan Youth Corps," John says. "You learned the best times to go. Of course, we would have a little help from the elders, too. A couple of them came along with us. We would put literature in lockers, stay out of the bad neighborhoods, go in on campus, and put up literature. That was pretty cool."

One of the California Klan's primary recruiters of youthful associates was

Greg Withrow, a student at American River College. Withrow was associated with the Klan in Northern California. Through Lewis Moore, Withrow was soon corresponding with me.

It was Withrow who started the White Student Union, in 1979. From what Withrow once told my son, the WSU started off as a joke.

"Someone was reading off a list of different ethnic groups on campus: Black Student Union, Gay Student Union," John recalls. "Greg Withrow asked, 'What about the White Student Union?' People thought he was serious. He was joking. But then, all of a sudden, he caught a bunch of crap and got beat up, just for mentioning it. From then on, he said, 'To hell with it. I'm going to start this.'"

Eight years later, by 1987, there were thirty-two WSU chapters on junior and senior-high campuses nationwide. The next year, however, Withrow repudiated his racist past, declaring publicly that he wanted nothing to do with racists. Former associates, including a number of skinheads, beat him up. They allegedly slashed him with a razor across his chest.

During the fall of 1978, Duke and I spoke almost daily. The upcoming year, 1979, as we told the *Los Angeles Times*, would be one in which the Klan dispelled its image of hate. The group would create a new image of respectability for itself and would transform into a viable alternative to the American two-party system. We felt the American political system was far too screwed up to be corrected by mere conventional means, like discussion and voting. Like the Marxists said in the 1960s, if voting could really solve our problems, our lawmakers would make voting illegal.

If being "a viable alternative" meant relentlessly attacking the traitors and liberal scum in Washington, D.C. -- those legislators who promoted minority causes while suppressing those of whites -- so be it. The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan was ready for action. "We are the politics of the future," Duke used to say.

As one preparation for that future, I bought a computer and installed it in my home. With it, we hoped to bring the Klan into the forefront of the white-supremacist movement. With a computer, we could store information regarding our members and of the six thousand to ten thousand inquiries about the Klan that we received every month. We could also use the computer to train Klansmen in law and other disciplines.

Duke and I worked to streamline the group. We kept a closer watch on our members and on their activities outside the Klan. I kicked out a bunch of bikers and other non-desirables. I told them they simply were not sufficiently disciplined to be part of my group.

We formed a Klan Bureau of Investigation, a type of Klan-within-the-Klan that was used to check the backgrounds of all new members and to serve as a security force for the protection of our top members. To the Klansmen chosen to serve in the KBI, we issued a separate identification card, showing their name, birth

date, weight, height, signature, photo, and right-thumb print. The official KBI seal was shaped like a police officer's badge, with the words: "California Private Investigator, KBI."

Besides internal security, the KBI also administered lie-detector tests to all Klansmen, especially those suspected of being informants for local, state, or national police agencies. Eddie Letson, one of my top aides, was appointed to serve as the first KBI director.

Letson was a licensed state investigator and was legally able to operate a private patrol service. He directed the KBI Detective Agency, in Riverside, and the KBI Detective Agency, Security Division, which provided security patrols.

Eddie was jovial, a real W.C. Fields kind of guy. He had a handlebar mustache and was a little overweight. He was a very successful insurance agent, and he made a lot of money. He had all a man could want, and he still wanted to be with the Klan.

Eddie was a riot to be around. He used to say, "The world's best swordsman fears only one man -- the world's worst swordsman." He had fun. He drank good booze, ate good food, laughed, and yelled. He was a real heathen, of my own liking. Everybody loved Eddie. He was in charge of the KBI from early 1979 until health problems caused him to resign from the Klan, in November 1979.

That same month, Duke scheduled a national Klan leadership conference, to be held in Louisiana. On Nov. 24, Don Musgrove flew with Kathy and me to New Orleans to attend the conference. Meetings continued throughout the next day, and at night, the group left in caravan for a cross lighting in a backwoods area west of the city.

The swamp spread for miles. The road was dark and narrow, and when we finally found the clearing we were looking for and slowed the car to park, there was hardly enough room to pull the car to the side of the road. On the right side of the clearing was a house and a wooden fence. Except for a number of hogs and pigs that scooted along the grounds, the area was completely deserted.

At the clearing, Duke directed Louis Beam, the Klan's grand dragon in Texas, to position his men surround the area and provide security for the lighting. Of course, that was fine for the boys from Texas. They always like to have their guns. Being on security meant they could play-act just that much more. They never heard of a walkie-talkie.

Beam walked off into the darkness and rounded up his men. The rest of us moved to a fire that some Klansmen had built in a clearing. Others had dug a hole in which the cross would be planted. They were packing the cross into the hole and shoveling dirt around its base when a gun shot rang out. The Klansmen hit the ground. A second shot rang out, then a third.

"What the hell's going on out there?"

"Quiet!"

"Everybody, keep down!"

"David, what's going on?"

"How the hell do I know?"

"Everybody! Shut up!"

Everyone was laying on the ground, including me, Kathy, and Musgrove. Duke was next to us, his face orange from the fire's glow.

"Listen," Duke said. "Throw your Klan ID cards into the fire."

No one moved.

"Are you out of your mind?" someone asked.

I said, "Keep your cards in your wallets, boys."

A half hour later, a police squad car pulled up to a front gate. A second and third car pulled into the compound. Duke and I walked over to the officers.

"What have we got here, gentlemen?" a sergeant asked.

"Just a friendly little cross lighting, officer," I said. "Some of our boys heard a couple of shots fired somewhere off in the swamp. We haven't been able to verify where they came from yet."

"Well, let's just everybody keep their guns in their pockets," the sergeant said. Two officers searched the area. Minutes later, the officers came walking out of the woods, with another officer. The third officer was black. He had followed the Klansmen into the area, alone.

The black cop must have known that road and drove out there with no lights, because nobody saw anything wrong or out of the ordinary. The boys from Texas heard something stirring, and instead of asking questions, they fired their weapons as a warning. But I think the cop was a little overzealous in his work.

And with David, I just got a feeling then and there that something was missing in his leadership ability.

My initial questioning of Duke's character came nine months before the leadership conference, in February 1978.

On Feb. 20, 1978, *The New York Times* reported that Duke had admitted authoring a manual that described how blacks could kill whites. The book, *African Atto*, meaning, "African Attack," was ascribed by a fictitious black militant, Mohammad X. Duke said the book was written so the Klan could compile a list of the people who purchased the mail-order book, who might be the nation's most radical blacks. Unfortunately, I don't think that response went over too well with some of the boys.

A second book by Duke, using the pseudonym James Conrad, was *Finders Keepers: Finding and Keeping the Man You Want*. It told women how to meet a man and maintain a relationship with him. One chapter, "Toward a More Fulfilling Sex Life," described how men and women could please one another sexually.

Duke represented the Klan. He should not have been writing that kind of stuff. My men would come to me and ask, "Do you support this?" and I would say, "Of course I don't." The Klan, at least ostensibly, promoted morality and a reasonable code of conduct.

Duke's command that the men burn their Klan cards, preceded by his authorship of those books, caused me in late 1979 to begin thinking of leaving the Knights Klan group. It became a matter of my own leaders in California questioning if we should stay associated with Duke and the Knights. We felt we might simply continue on with what we had going in California. We returned to Fallbrook, still connected with Duke's Klan group.

On Jan. 4, I received a phone call from a man who said he wanted to join the Klan. There was nothing out of the ordinary about that.

One month later, on Feb. 3, I mailed an application for associate Klan membership to the man, Douglas K. Seymour of Escondido, California. When Seymour mailed it back, I learned that Seymour, a thirty-six-year-old contractor, and was involved in youth events like Pop Warner football and Little League baseball. He was founder and president of D.K. Seymour Construction and Development Inc.

He man appeared to be an upstanding citizen, the kind of person the Klan would like to have as a member. My own son was playing Little League.

Days after sending the application, I telephoned Seymour and asked him a few questions. Seymour said he had been a prisoner-of-war in Vietnam. He said he was concerned about the future of the white race in America. I invited Seymour to attend an upcoming rally at Live Oak Park, to commemorate the Klan's continuing border-watch operation. The Klan held its rally on Feb. 17, but Seymour did not show.

Two months later, Seymour and I spoke again. Seymour said he had not received the invitation in time to attend the rally. So, I invited him to attend a meeting scheduled June 10. Seymour agreed, and on that day, he drove to my house. I introduced him to a number of Klansmen. At the meeting I spoke of the Klan's upcoming July 4 political demonstration, to be held near the border at Border Field State Park.

After the meeting, I asked Seymour if he could build a large wooden cross, which we would light after the demonstration. Seymour agreed. He said he would also apply for an outdoor-fire permit with the city.

On July 4, Seymour arrived at my home at noon. He was dressed in military fatigues. He wore a baseball cap with a POW insignia. Inside the house were two dozen Klansmen, dressed in black Storm Trooper outfits and full riot gear. The men were equipped with shields. Eddie Letson had his Doberman pinscher Bear there, too.

The men climbed into the cars, trucks and vans parked at the side of my

house. We began the sixty-mile drive south, to Border Field State Park. Pulling into the main entrance, We saw a number of police squad cars and a roadblock. I rolled down the window and asked, "What's going on here, officer?"

"We need to check your vehicle."

"Why? We're just here to play some ball."

Moments later, the police confiscated most of the items we had brought with us. The Klansmen parked their cars, I grabbed my portable public-address system with microphone, amplifier and speakers, and we walked as a group into the park.

Two dozen members of the Revolutionary Communist Party were there to greet us. The Marxists unfurled a red banner, which announced the continuing suppression of workers worldwide.

Surrounded by my men, I stopped at a picnic bench and set up my equipment. The crowd of Marxist demonstrators began encircling the Klansmen. I began my speech. "The founders of America were white racists," I said. "Whites had better take back control of their border, and fast."

"White power!" shouted the Klansmen.

"White trash!" came the replies.

One of the Klansmen held a sign reading, "Develope American Oil." A protester shouted, "Learn how to spell!"

Letson and Seymour were standing back-to-back, each holding a black and white plywood Klan shield and a club. Letson had Bear's chain wrapped around one arm, trying to hold him back from the crowd.

A group of children unaffiliated with either side began to mimic us. They held paper plates like shields across their bodies. One strutted past the group holding a poodle on a leash, parodying Letson and Bear. It was funny.

I finished my speech and began to pack up my equipment. We left the park, and our motorcade made its way back north. We stopped at Seymour's home in Escondido, and Seymour went around to the side of the house and retrieved a wooden cross. It was fifteen feet high, made from sturdy wooden beams. I thought to myself, "This guy's going to turn out okay."

We put the cross in back of a truck and left for Escondido's Kit Carson Park, about two blocks from Seymour's home. I chose to have the lighting there because of Carson's heroics in fighting Mexican troops during the battle of San Pasqual. But officers with the Escondido Police Department intervened before we could take the cross out of the truck. They told us there would be no cross lighting.

I pulled Letson aside. I said, "Eddie, don't you think it's strange that cops have been at both of the parks we've been to today?"

Eddie was about to answer when Seymour walked over and offered the use of his own back yard for the lighting. I was impressed with his offer. Most people are hesitant to have such an event in their own back yard. I told Seymour that I thought

that was a good idea. He walked away, and I told Letson, "He isn't even naturalized yet."

At Seymour's house, while some of the men dug a hole and prepared the grounds, Seymour showed me, Letson, and Don Musgrove his Winnebago motorhome. Seymour said, "The rig's yours anytime you need it."

Seymour gave us a tour of his house. His bar was stocked with good booze. He passed out drinks and cold beer to the men outside.

The best thing about Seymour was he carried a standard .38-caliber handgun. He had a permit, too. Because they were Klansmen, a lot of the other guys had trouble getting legitimate handguns. I figured a guy with a gun just might save one of our lives sometime. Our visibility as Klansmen had increased, and there was a growing number of people who wanted to see me and some of the others dead. For that and other reasons, I thought Seymour might turn out to be one of the best things that had happened to the California Klan in a long time.

As dusk fell, we donned our white robes and gathered at the south side of Seymour's house, in full view of the July 4th picnickers who were still at Kit Carson Park, two blocks away. I appointed Seymour to be our "chaplain" for the meeting. He read aloud the Klan's prayer, and then I gave a brief speech. The cross lighting was a success.

Seymour, overall, seemed like a good candidate for naturalization into the Klan. We ran some standard checks on him. At the county courthouse we found some interesting information on him. Seymour had once been convicted for check forgery. When I showed the information to him, his eyes nearly dropped out of his head. He had a reasonable explanation for it; the charge had later been dropped. We let it go.

On July 14, Seymour met me at the house of George Pepper, exalted cyclops or den leader of a Klan group in Fontana, near San Bernardino. Pepper lived in an older wooden house with a large back yard, surrounded by a number of newer apartment and town home housing tracts.

I was scheduled to naturalize four people into the Klan, there at Pepper's house. The initiates were Seymour, the girlfriend of an El Cajon Klansmen, and that Klansman's two teen-aged brothers.

I began the ceremony as the day's last rays of sunlight filtered through the drapes in the front room. Seymour and the three others stood before me as I asked each of them, "Are you a white, non-Jewish, American citizen? Do you believe in racial separation? Are you an agent for the police, the FBI, or some other enemy of the Klan?"

After each person answered the questions, they were led into a bedroom, where they were blindfolded. They were led back to the front room and told to remove their blindfolds.

Before them were a dozen of my men, robed and hooded, standing before a cloth-covered table that was lined with glowing candles. I stood behind the table and motioned the new Klansmen toward me. On the table was a rolled scroll, a bowl of water, a silver scepter, a semi-automatic pistol, and a Bible. There was an electrically illuminated cross hanging on the wall behind me.

Pepper made a few brief comments, as did his knight hawk, or sergeant at arms. When they finished, I unrolled the scroll and read aloud from it. Onto the new Klansmen I sprinkled holy water from the scepter and then read aloud from the Klan's secret oath. At my direction, each of them recited portions of the oath.

It was a very emotional experience for Seymour, who was crying. He said he had finally found something to fight for, after suffering as a prisoner of war of the Vietnamese. By the time the ceremony ended, he was on the ground, blubbering like a kid.

Later, as the sky grew darker, more of Pepper's men arrived. The Klansmen lit a cross in the back yard. As it burned, dozens of Pepper's neighbors watched from the perimeter.

After the lighting, Seymour mentioned to me he had left his wife at a nearby motel. I thought it was strange that he hadn't brought her to the house, but I didn't say anything. I figured it was just a quirky decision by one of my newest Klansmen.

I was home the next day when Seymour called. He said some cops had stopped him at a roadblock when he was driving back to the motel to get his wife. When the officers asked him where he had been, Seymour told them he had been at George Pepper's house. The cops then showed him some photographs of people and asked if any of them had been there.

Seymour seemed pretty shook up about it. I told him not to worry. I said I had his Klan passport ready, along with his certificate of active Klan membership, and was going to send it out. Everything was going just fine.

With the memberships of Seymour and the three other new Klansmen completed, I turned my attention toward a local problem that was getting out of control, that of urban crime. Fighting crime, especially when it was committed against honest and hard-working whites, was a decided goal of the new Klan, as foreseen by David Duke and me.

Fallbrook itself was relatively free from major criminal activity. The nearby city of Oceanside, however, was not. To bolster what I thought were poor efforts by local law enforcement, I decided to try to draw attention to the local crime problem by having an anti-crime meeting, sponsored by the Klan. I wanted to show the effects of crime onto white, working-class people -- and our need to defend ourselves in a threatening situation.

On Aug. 15, I applied with the city of Oceanside to use the community center at Balderrama Park as our public meeting place. The park was located in a

predominantly black and Mexican neighborhood. I told the city that the meeting, requested for Sept. 15, might include a showing of an abbreviated version of *Birth of a Nation*, the same film we screened during the Oxnard riot in July 1978.

The day after I applied for use of the community center, leaders of a federally funded minority-services group called the Oceanside Community Action Corp. requested the use of the center for its annual Mexican fiesta celebration. They wanted the room, of course, for the same day.

A group spokesman told the *Los Angeles Times* that they had planned to apply to use the park facility for some time but had not sought permission from the city until they learned that I had done so. When a *Times* reporter called, I said the Klan should be allowed to use the building, adding, "We asked first."

A spokesman with the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression said the Klan would not bring "such a provocative film stereotyping blacks into such a community" if it was interested in preaching nonviolence. The group quickly began a petition drive against my request.

Oceanside Mayor Paul Graham said the Klan was "personally repugnant" to him. He said I was "no authority on Oceanside, on crime or anything else. It would be a waste of time for people to listen to him." Graham, however, admitted any organization could utilize the city's public buildings, including Balderrama Park's community center, due to First Amendment freedoms of speech and assembly.

But two days later, I was watching a local news program when I learned the Klan had been banned from using the center. Oceanside City Manager Robert Bourcier said the decision was made because the Klan's use of the facility would cause "an extremely serious and immediate danger to public safety and order."

The press called, and I said the decision "surprised and shocked" me. I said the Klan would decide how to react "after we meet with our paralegal people and other officers. Nonwhite groups have meetings all the time in basically white neighborhoods, and white people don't run out and burn buildings down or have a riot. This is reverse discrimination right at its core."

The next day, the Community Action Corp. withdrew its request. "We didn't want the community caught in the middle," a spokesman said. It looked like we might get our room, anyway.

During this same time, we had scheduled a California Klan meeting at the American Legion Hall in Castro Valley, California, for Aug. 19. Castro Valley was a Bay-area location in which Klansmen from the southern part of the state could meet with those from the north. There we would discuss issues like illegal aliens, Vietnamese refugees, Communist sympathizers, and the Klan's upcoming national leadership conference, in New Orleans.

On the morning of Aug. 19, I arrived at the hall with Eddie Letson and other members of the Southern California Klan. Grand Titan Lewis Moore was there to

greet us, along with members of Moore's Northern California Knights Klan group. In all, about forty Klansmen were present.

The group entered the hall to begin their meeting. Before it got underway, about thirty demonstrators arrived outside the building. They began to chant, and from their placards and familiar looks, we saw they were members of InCAR, the International Committee Against Racism. The Marxists began throwing rocks toward the hall's windows and doorway. From inside the hall we chanted repeatedly, "White power! White power! White power!"

Letson and other Klansmen with the KBI security group went outside the hall, to provide security. Inside, some of my men grabbed plywood shields and wooden clubs, and donned their riot helmets. Twelve more Klansmen went through the front door, charging the crowd. They returned to the hall.

I put on a helmet, reached for a club and shield, and shouted, "When I say charge, boys, this is what I mean!" I burst through the doors and charged into the crowd of demonstrators, wearing my three-piece suit. My men were right behind me.

When it was over, deputies with Alameda County's sheriff's department arrived at the hall. The crowd dispersed. A Grover City Klansman named Jerry Jesse was treated for a cut to his head. The hall's caretaker later said of the Klan, "They'll never be welcome here again."

Eleven days later, on Aug. 30, I boarded a plane at San Diego's Lindbergh Field and took off for New Orleans, to attend a national Klan leadership conference. Seymour, who had offered to accompany me at his own expense, went with me. At Duke's request, I would be in charge of security for the event.

I remember distinctly three things we discussed on the plane, I told Seymour about my plan to begin a Populist-style social movement, with a small number of followers, much as Adolf Hitler had done in Germany in the 1920s and 1930s.

When the topic of conversation turned to genetics, I told Seymour that Dr. William Shockley, the Nobel Prize winner, had been correct in stating that whites had larger brains and were more advanced genetically than blacks.

I told Seymour also that there was a plan for the Klan to try to amass more power nationwide. That would begin with each Klansman's individual study of law. Klansmen would also begin running for elected political office, for everything from school boards to U.S. president.

Seymour and I arrived in New Orleans late that night, checked into a Howard Johnson's motel, and went to sleep.

In the morning, Kathy called, saying the city of Oceanside had granted us permission to hold our anti-crime meeting at the Balderrama Park center on Sept. 15. Some conditions, however, had been added to the approval.

For one, Assistant City Manager Donald Duckworth said we would have to post a \$10,000 bond against possible damage to the center and the park. The Klan

would not be allowed to post any signs outside the room or bring anything into the room which might be used as a weapon. No sound-amplification system of any kind would be allowed outside the building. In addition, the National Alliance Against Racism and Political Repression was seeking a court injunction to cancel the permit, whether or not the Klan met its conditions.

I told Kathy, "When the press starts calling for our side of this, tell them that we of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan believe Assistant City Manager Donald Duckworth is Mickey Mousing around with our First Amendment rights.

"Tell them it's obvious to us that the city is using bureaucratic methods to achieve the same end of denying us access to city facilities by their ridiculous prohibitions. And, Kathy, tell them we'll see them in court."

That night, Klan leaders and Klansmen from across the nation met in a meeting hall. In front of about three hundred of us, David Duke got up on stage, wearing a bathing suit. He started discussing the importance of physical fitness. When Duke finished his speech, he began lifting weights, flaunting his unshapely, businessman's body.

I glanced over to Louis Beam. Beam rolled his eyes to the ceiling. "This is it," I thought. "I've had it with Duke. I'm out."

Seymour and I went back to the motel. We went down to the bar and had a couple of drinks. Seymour excused himself and was gone for quite awhile. When he returned, he had two women with him. He made it obvious that one of them was for me.

I'm as much of a man as the next guy, but I have a wife and family, and no way did I want to mess that up. I told Seymour, "Do what you want, Doug. I'm going to have a couple of drinks here and go up to the room." The next day, of course, he said he had slept with both of them.

Seymour and I returned to San Diego. Days later, I broke off from Duke and the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. One reason I left had nothing to do with his stunt on stage. The reason was Duke could not keep his mind off the blacks. I kept telling him, "Dave, you talk about blacks while we're being overrun by Mexicans. You've got to broaden your outlook. We've got Asians pouring in here, Mexicans, Central Americans. The Klan can't be stuck in the old days. We've got much more to talk about than blacks."

I think David Duke is a very intelligent man. He's educated. He's an excellent speaker. He does a tremendous job on television. But he's got some blind spots. He was reluctant to move the Klan into other areas. He wanted to talk about blacks and then talk about Jews, and I tried to break him out of that. I became a bit disenchanted, too, because it seemed I had to wind him up just to get him going on some of our projects.

In truth, my initial insight into some of Duke's leadership flaws came during

the 1975 Louisiana Senate race. The day before the election, Duke worked the men beyond the point he should have. A person can work only so many hours; a good leader offers encouragement, to keep his men going. That night, the workers almost mutinied. Duke nearly lost them. For some reason, he could not understand how tired the men were. He kept pushing them.

I gathered the campaign staff in Duke's living room. I sat down and talked with the guys. Duke went into another room and locked the door. I thought, "Hey, Dave, the *Titanic* is going down here. You can't hide." I got the boys some beer, talked to them, and got them calmed down. I said things like, "He's totally stressed out." I smoothed it over.

I was able to do that because I can manage people. But I saw that David Duke had a bit of a problem handling people. Talking on television is one thing, but dealing with individuals and groups of people on a daily basis is something else, especially when you have to work with, eat with, and live with those people.

Other problems arose, too. David Duke could not be trusted alone in a room with your daughter or wife. He could not stay away from the ladies. It was as if he was trying to convince himself of his manliness. It became pretty embarrassing for everyone involved.

So, in a letter to Duke, I wrote, "Your idea of morality and mine are completely different. I was hoping you'd change your methods, and I've probably stayed with your group longer than I should have. I feel it's time we did our own thing in California. Good luck."

I did not want disunity in the white-supremacy movement. But I also did not want to have the entire Knights organization fall apart because of Duke. I wanted at least to keep the California group intact.

David Duke eventually ran for Louisiana state senator and won. He has gathered a significant number of constituents nationwide. He made an impressive run for Louisiana governor in November 1991, earning thirty-nine percent of the vote. He has even run for president.

Duke has tremendous talent. If he woke up to that and understood the importance of what he has helped create, he could be a great leader. As a mainstream American politician, Duke is at a crossroads. He could go either way.

He could affect some real change, or he could become another hack politician, like Virginia Senator Harry Byrd. Byrd was once a Klansman, although most White racialists today would not agree with anything Byrd did as Senate majority leader. The same goes with Hugo Black, the Supreme Court Judge. Both former Klansmen, both hack politicians.

Carter/Eye of the Storm

Chapter Eleven

I was on my own.

Never again would I report to national Klan headquarters, to David Duke, or to anyone else. For the rest of my career as a white racist and political activist, I would answer only to myself.

Some leaders in the movement have contended that being in charge of my own group was all I ever wanted, anyway. That may be true. But I will argue that all I ever really wanted was to side with intelligence, not idiocy. Some leaders are content with working with inferior people. I'm not.

I continued my Klan work, calling my group the California Klan. For more than a year, using numerous ploys, I kept us in the headlines and on the network news.

On the night of Oct. 16, 1979, I met with Doug Seymour in a downtown San Diego office, where Seymour ran his contracting business. Seymour had called me there to meet one of his associates, a man named Mike Krack.

Seymour and Krack told me that Krack was a partner in Seymour's contracting business. Krack said he was also part owner of a gasoline station and a gun shop, both in San Diego. Krack said he was a professional soldier, a National Guardsman who had paratrooping experience over Alaska.

The gist of the conversation was that if it was needed, Krack could supply the Klan with a variety of legal and illegal weaponry. If there was anything I wanted done that was a little bit heavy, Krack was the guy to do it.

I could just sense the microphones hidden all over the office. I told them thank you, but that the Klan worked pretty much out in the open and was above-board and law-abiding. "We have no need for any heavy action," I said.

When they saw I wasn't going for it, the subject was changed. I figured Krack was a phony from the start.

Three weeks later, Doug Seymour called, saying he had never received the Klan passport that I mailed to him on July 24. The package included Seymour's "active" certificate. I told Seymour not to worry. I said another passport would be issued that day, and I mailed it to him. That afternoon, I told Don Musgrove what Seymour had said. Musgrove was suspicious. He suggested we keep Seymour at arm's length from then on. Musgrove said, "This is a police tactic, to ensure that original documents and the like get into police files, for future indictments."

"Let's not worry about it," I said. "Let's keep him around a while. He's got a motorhome, good booze, good food. He's got a lot of good equipment, and he can carry a gun, too."

Most of my Klansmen could not carry one legally because of their Klan membership. Seymour was one who could. Having a gun was good for security, so we kept him around.

Later that month, I ate my words. Seymour had given me a briefcase weeks before. I was going to a meeting and decided to use the briefcase. I picked it up, opened it, and inside I saw a white card, partially hidden by a fold in the lining. On the card was a handwritten telephone number -- (619) 231-1122 -- and the words, "Doug, let's try it." I dialed the number, and a woman answered.

"FBI," she said.

We knew we had a ringer. From that point on, like Musgrove said, we kept Seymour at arm's length. He was an informant for the FBI.

In early February 1980, the race for an opening seat in California's 43rd Congressional District was underway. The district was the state's most populous. More than one million people resided in the district; 400,000 of them were of voting age. In square miles, the district was the fourth largest in the nation.

The district comprised ninety percent of San Diego County, from the high-income, beach-front neighborhoods of La Jolla, Del Mar, Encinitas, and Carlsbad; to more rural areas of Fallbrook, Jacumba, Mt. Laguna, and Borrego Springs. It also covered Imperial County, from El Centro to the Salton Sea, and from Calexico and Brawley to Holtville and Winterhaven, at the Arizona border; Imperial County was an agricultural area dependent on federally ensured irrigation water and on inexpensive migrant labor. The southwestern portion of the district included Riverside County, and the areas near Temecula, Murrietta, Lake Elsinore, and Perris.

Clair Burgener, a three-term Republican incumbent, had won each of the three previous elections by decisive margins. The last election, in 1978, he had won by a margin of 70.5 percent. Consequently, political analysts knew the race would be one of the country's dullest.

Burgener was a resident of Rancho Santa Fe, an affluent community in North San Diego County. The fifty-eight-year-old native of Vernal, Utah, had made his millions as a real estate developer. For twenty-five years he had owned Clair W. Burgener Realtors. From 1953 to 1957, Burgener had served on the San Diego City Council; he was the city's vice mayor during his last two years on the council. In 1962, he gained a seat on the California state assembly, remaining there for four years. In 1967, Burgener was elected to the state Senate, the first of two terms. During that time, Burgener served on the state appropriations committee and on subcommittees of energy and water development, legislative, and military

construction.

Burgener advocated draft registration, banning aid to Nicaragua, a ceiling on food-stamp funding, a cut in funding for the California Occupational Safety and Health Administration, and a limit to the windfall-profit tax. He opposed a nuclear moratorium, delaying the MX missile project, limiting contributions to political-action committees, hospital cost controls, gasoline price controls, and the guaranteed loan to the faltering Chrysler Corporation.

Since Burgener's constituents felt he was doing a good job as their state representative, there was little chance that any Republican or Democrat contender would unseat him. When Burgener filed on Feb. 14 to run for a fourth Congressional term, he was the only Republican to do so.

Burgener's lone Democratic challenger was Ed Skagen, a retired labor leader and chairman of San Diego County's Democratic State Committee. Skagen had assumed the chairmanship in 1978 when "no one else wanted it," he said. Skagen knew he would not beat Burgener. Later, he said the only reason he entered the race was because he did not think it right for Burgener to remain unchallenged.

"But then," Skagen said, "Metzger crawled out from under a rock."

My first disclosure of my Congressional candidacy on the Democratic ticket came two weeks after Burgener's filing. I announced my bid to fellow Klansmen on March 1, during a cross-lighting ceremony at the Fontana home of Klansman George Pepper. I spoke of my opposition to affirmative-action programs and attacked elected officials and the church, for favoring blacks, Asians and Chicanos while doing nothing for whites.

"Although the Klan represents whites and white Christianity, the Klan needs to stay out of church," I told the assembled Klansmen. "The church is actively assisting the Indochinese refugees and other minorities, the same people who have infringed on your rights and the rights of other white people."

I announced my bid to the media the next day, after re-registering as a Democrat. I had been an American Independent since 1978, when I worked on George Wallace's Presidential campaign. On March 3, I gave an interview on Brawley, California's KROP radio, telling listeners, "Let me raise a little hell for you!" I used that slogan throughout the campaign.

I knew the district had been a Republican stronghold for years. I had read an article that said every time the Congressional election came up, members of the state Democratic Central Committee flipped a coin to see who was going to be the sacrificial lamb and run against Burgener. That year it was Ed Skagen. I thought, "That's a hell of a way to run a railroad." I decided right then to jump in the race.

My goals were to gain exposure for my new California Klan and to test the political waters. Running for political office had been one of the goals discussed during the Klan's national leadership conference in 1978. Our attitude was, if we

win, fine. If we lose, so what? We looked at it as a big game. We didn't take it seriously. We really didn't care.

I realized, however, that a win in the primary election would allow me to make six appointments to the state Democratic Central Committee, which oversees state party operations, fund raising, voter registration, and candidate recruitment. A primary win would also allow me one appointment to the county Democratic State Committee. I knew some of my top California Klansmen -- like Musgrove, Alcorn, Letson, or Winston Burbage -- could be appointed to each of those seven seats.

Skagen, however, was confident he could beat me. He told the *Los Angeles Times* that my candidacy was "the best thing that's happened" to the Democrats. The party was "coming alive" to meet the challenge, he said. Skagen understood "the very real possibility [that] an uninformed electorate" could give me the nomination win -- and the seven appointments to the committees. Because of that, Skagen promised party constituents he would "jump on Metzger with both feet."

"I know all about the KKK," Skagen said. "I grew up in a county that had a sign on its borders, 'Coloreds don't get caught here after sundown.'"

To win the nomination, Skagen said he was prepared to spend five thousand dollars on his campaign. I planned to spend a few thousand. As director of the California Klan, I could have utilized Klan funds for my campaign expenses, but I didn't think that was necessary. All I wanted from the Klan was support from the members and associates.

I told the *Times*, "Just watch us. Just listen. Imagine anything you want. Imagine we're just a few super-dedicated people who are going to get what they want. Imagine we're a massive movement. What's the difference? No one's going to stop us."

Days later, a third Democratic candidate entered the race, saying he did so "because Tom Metzger did." Solana Beach resident Hubert Higgins, a long-time member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and of the Urban League, said he entered the race "to insure Metzger does not win." A self-described "Harry Truman Democrat," Higgins's previous political experience consisted of a bid for sewer commissioner in his hometown of Southington, Connecticut, in 1948. Higgins lost. Higgins's more recent claim to fame was his support of an economic plan similar to Jack Kemp's. Someone forget to tell Higgins that Kemp was a staunch conservative.

Of us three Democratic candidates, our campaigning styles varied as greatly as our positions on the issues. Higgins, who had less financial backing and name recognition than I did, campaigned from the back of a pickup truck. Skagen counted on faithful Democratic voters to put him in the general election. I simply traversed the district, driving as much as two hundred miles some evenings to speak at or attend a gathering or function.

Wearing my bullet-proof vest, I visited most of the back-country hamlets, city hall meetings and desert towns throughout the three counties. I appeared in public and spoke every chance I got. Some places invited me to speak, some places didn't. But I spoke anyway.

One of the places I was invited to speak at was the Sears department store in La Jolla. There, I addressed about sixty sales people, telling them of my opposition to illegal immigration, white-collar crime, the exportation of American jobs, foreign product "dumping" in the United States, and the entrance of Asian refugees into the country. After the speech, I heard a store manager tell a reporter, "I'm favorably impressed. I think Mr. Metzger's ideas coincide with some of mine."

On March 4, the day after my public announcement to campaign, I set out to gather the two hundred signatures of registered Democrats needed to place my name on the upcoming ballot. I spoke with a number of Republican voters who agreed with me on a number of issues. Unfortunately, they were unable to sign the petition because of their party affiliation. But we quickly realized we had some bipartisan support.

Doug Seymour helped me a great deal during this period. If there was ever a case for political collusion to be filed against the FBI, this would be its starting point. On March 7, Seymour drove me to the county Registrar of Voters office in San Diego to deliver the signed petitions. Some of Seymour's employees signed the petitions, too. A police informant was helping a Klan leader get his name on a Congressional ballot. I thought that was funny. And a little sad, too. Only in America.

During this same period, I started to plan for the rally that the city of Oceanside had finally approved, with stipulations, in September 1979. The rally would be held March 15, to commemorate President Andrew Jackson's birthday. I liked Jackson because he was a rough-hewn military hero and a symbol and spokesman for the common man.

Our rally would be held not in Balderrama Park but in nearby Landes Park. Balderrama had been called off-limits because of the number of Mexicans who lived nearby. It turned out there was a fair amount of Mexicans living near Landes, too.

The planned rally drew immediate criticism from the National Alliance Against Racist Political Repression and InCAR, the International Committee Against Racism. To safeguard against any violence, City Manager Robert Bourcier approved my request with the stipulation that the Klansmen not carry any weapons. Of course, he didn't say a word about the Marxists' wooden pickets and two-by-fours.

Don Musgrove and I met twice with Oceanside police, to review the plans of their rally. I showed them videos of how leftist protesters had operated during the Oxnard riot. They leaned over an aerial photograph that they had of the park and

started going over the area. Musgrove pulled another one out of his briefcase and unrolled it. It was three feet wide, and it blew theirs away. Musgrove said, "You mean like this?"

We tried to deal with the cops. They gave me a special number to call in case something happened. They said they would keep the line open. Later, I realized the cops' efforts were a sham. You cannot make deals with cops. They lie, and they cheat. Someone who has never dealt with them probably will not understand that, but they do.

On the morning of March 15, about thirty-five Klansmen gathered at my house. Everyone was wearing jeans, black Klan T-shirts, and black boots. We had three dogs, including Eddie Letson's Doberman, Bear. Doug Seymour and one other Klansman each had a legally registered firearm. Some of the others had knives of legal length; others wore hard hats and riot helmets. We knew the leftists would probably try something.

We caravanned to the park at 2 p.m. More than two hundred protesters were there to greet us. They shouted, "Death to the Klan! Death to the Klan!"

Quite a few of them had been drinking before we got there. They continued to drink while I gave my speech over my portable public-address system. That was illegal. We counted about two hundred cops, standing behind a temporary chainlink fence. None of them did anything about the Marxists who were drinking.

I wound up my speech, saying my men and I were there to exercise our right to free speech and assembly. I said we would leave the park after marching around it once. So, we started walking. Suddenly, rocks, chunks of concrete, bricks, beer bottles, big sticks, and anything else they could get their hands on started coming down out of the sky. I saw one cop dive underneath a car to save himself.

I figured pretty soon the Marxists would pull out guns and start shooting us. Then we'd have to shoot back, and Oceanside's finest would come in and take target practice off everyone. So, we used a measured response. We kept moving away from the oncoming masses. We were trying to keep ourselves and a lot of innocent people out of a total combat situation.

We moved as a unit to the corner of the park and began to walk across a residential street, toward our cars. I could see that the mob was outflanking us farther up the street, in the middle of an intersection. If we didn't counteract quickly, we were going to get cut off, and a lot of people would get injured, or worse.

I grabbed my p.a. system and called a counterattack. My boys responded. As a district attorney said afterward, we acted reasonably, given the situation. We studied the same kinds of books that cops did. We knew how it was done.

One Marxist had been throwing rocks at us from very close range. He was Bruce Kala, leader of the Los Angeles chapter of the Revolutionary Socialist League. Kala decided that corner was going to be his final stand. Several Klansmen

jumped on Kala and beat him to the ground with bats and sticks. While Kala lay still, the Klansmen beat and kicked his body. Other protesters, trying to get to Kala, were kept away from him by even more Klansmen, who struck out with more bats and sticks. The other Marxists stayed back.

At about this time, a police dog lunged at Don Musgrove and began chewing on Musgrove's arm and chest. That infuriated me, because we weren't attacking. We had made our statement, shown our force, and now we were on our way out of the park. We were leaving. We were already three blocks away. The Marxists, however, were intent on having a battle right there in the street.

Most of the houses on both sides of the street were built close to the sidewalk. People stood outside their homes, curious, watching the groups. My guys shouted to an old lady, "Get in the house!" People were all over the place. We thought the cops were going to end up shooting everyone.

Suddenly, a shot rang out. The bullet ricocheted off the asphalt. My men pushed me to the ground and shielded me with their bodies. Time stood still. The men didn't know what had happened. Had they shot me? Eddie Letson? Don Musgrove? Somebody else? Nobody knew.

A police officer had fired the shot. A black police officer. Apparently, his Negro-ness was coming out. He wanted to get the Klan. But he was three rows back in the ranks, and he surely didn't have a line of fire. A white cop would have been kicked off the force for something as stupid as that. But, he was black, so how could they fire him? The Marxists would have screamed, "But he was trying to get the Klan!" And that would have been the end of that.

I am thankful that my men were more disciplined in that situation than the police or the leftist protesters. If my men had been any less disciplined, there would have been a gun fight, right in front of those residential houses. We were lucky it did not turn into a blood bath.

In retrospect, if there was ever a day that I turned against cops, that was it. I had tried to play by their rules, and they had pulled those rules out from under me. And not only could I not use their rules, their rules did not work. I found out then that you cannot play by anybody's rules. There is no way you can trust them. Any deal or agreement is not worth the paper it was written on.

I got up off the ground and was back on my feet. We started walking again toward our cars. On the way, a cop shoved Seymour to the ground. I was deep in the ranks and did not hear him, but some of my men told me later that Seymour had shouted to the cop, "I'm FBI! I'm FBI!"

As we walked on, Seymour's friend Mike Krack suddenly appeared. I had not seen Krack since our first meeting. Krack moved to one side of me, Seymour covered the other, and Fontana Klan leader George Pepper and others brought up the rear. I felt pretty safe. I had a federal agent on one side of me and a probable

second one on the other.

We all drove back to my house. Inside, we sprawled on the couches, chairs, and floor. We had a professional nurse there to care for our medical needs. Don Musgrove was taken to a local clinic for care to his arm, which was injured by the police dog. Some of the others used a two-way radio to monitor the continuing police operation back at the park. Some of the wives were in the kitchen, cooking food for the group. We kicked back and had a few beers. Just another TV repairman and his friends, enjoying the weekend.

Two weeks after the Oceanside riot, George Pepper returned to my house, flanked by several of his Klansmen. Pepper confronted me about a problem we were having within the organization. He said that KBI director Eddie Letson had accused one of Pepper's men of using drugs. He said Letson accused the Klansman of trying to give drugs to some members of the Klan Youth Corps.

Letson had told me that a number of Pepper's men were using drugs and dealing them, too. He said one Klansman close to Pepper was using methamphetamine, or speed. Letson told the man privately that if he continued using drugs, he would have problems.

Pepper was quite upset that his people were being accused of being involved with drugs. He demanded that I make a decision. We knew they were doing drugs. So, I told him, "Don't ever bring a group of people outside my house and give me an ultimatum. If every one of the people you brought with you decides to leave the group today, they'll have to leave. I am leading this. I'll listen to your complaints, and if they're legitimate, we'll work it out. But don't ever challenge me by bringing a mob of people with you."

I think it was Pepper's wife who influenced him to approach me like that. She used to try to wear the pants and tell him what to do. She would get him to start demanding things of me. We used to call *her* the grand dragon.

Pepper was a good Klan leader. Initially, he had functioned well within the group. He put on several Klan gatherings and cross lightings right there at his Fontana home. He took quite a bit of flak for that, too. Pepper was the kind of guy who would have made a tremendous sergeant in the military. But he would not have been a good officer because he did not listen. I would give him instructions on how to do things the easy way, instead of the hard way, but I could always tell he was not listening. He was always just waiting to talk.

I cut Pepper and the Fontana group from the California Klan. Pepper become grand dragon for Bill Wilkinson's Invisible Empire Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Wilkinson was always happy to take men away from me and anyone else.

Five weeks after the Oceanside riot, on April 24, 1980, I called a meeting at Italian Acres Restaurant, near Fallbrook. My wife was there, as were Don Musgrove, Doug Seymour, and about twenty other California Klansmen and their

wives. Eddie Letson, due to illness in the family, had just quit the Klan. There were no hard feelings. He left us in honor and in the spirit of friendship.

We had an enjoyable meal, and when we finished, I stood up at the head of the table and began to speak. With Letson's departure, I needed a new KBI director. I chose Doug Seymour, the police informant. He was the one with the gun. As long as we fed him misinformation, or no information at all, we figured there would be no problems; only the benefit of using him and his equipment.

The biggest moment of the night came when I announced that, in accordance with the idea of politically "mainstreaming" our group, the California Klan was officially dissolving. Our new group would be the White American Political Association.

I decided to put the Klan to bed because it was becoming too difficult to reach new people through the Klan process. You had to find the people, get them in a ceremonial situation to naturalize them into the group, swear them to a secret oath, find them robes. To me, that was all extra baggage. Also, although the Klan was supposed to have a Christian affiliation with the Christian Identity doctrine, I wanted to open the group up to people who were not Christian. We needed the agnostics and everyone else.

It was time to move beyond the Klan. I had spent too much time fighting the older, reactionary types of people, and also I was fighting Hollywood.

During my time in the Klan, the group was influenced too much by television and Hollywood movies. Too many people wanted to come into the Klan in a Hollywood style. Instead of going to a football game, it was a cross lighting. It was something exciting, something to turn them on. Beyond that, there was little depth to it. A lot of times, people would want to put on uniforms and play-act, like, "Let's play pretend." It was difficult to convey to them that ours was a serious life-or-death venture, not some dress-up ball. So, we got rid of it. We started something different.

The new group, WAPA, would shed its Klan image and take on that of a strong political force, to contend in the nation's political arena. We envisioned a real broad-based political juggernaut.

The newly formed WAPA was chosen to conform with the political rights of white, working-class Americans, and to further the policies of white power. Its name was purposefully similar to that of the Mexican American Political Association. Like MAPA, WAPA would organize political-action committees throughout California, with opposition to illegal immigration a primary goal.

As I told the press later, "WAPA seeks to promote Americans who are truly concerned with the plight of the middle-income, low-income, and working-poor whites. The difference between WAPA and the Klan is the same as that between Congress and the CIA. One is public, and the other is an underground, secret organization."

Whereas Klan literature often expressed violence, that of WAPA pointed out that there were organizations for blacks, Mexicans, and Jews, "therefore, let us even things up a bit," I said. "Anyone can join WAPA, although I would not knowingly allow a Jew to belong. Judaism is a conspiracy against all races."

Other racist leaders were not as upbeat about my new organization. Bill Wilkinson blamed me for the demise of the Klan in Southern California. "I have not known of any real Klan activity of his since he started his run for Congress," Wilkinson said. "His organization sort of went down the tubes. He has concentrated on his election and neglected his duties to the Klan."

I found it odd, later, that Wilkinson would say that. He was found out to be an FBI informant.

George Pepper by then was grand dragon of Wilkinson's Klan in California. "Metzger disassociated himself when he got on his horse and decided he was the man of the hour and didn't need the Klan," Pepper said. "Metzger seems to think he's better than anyone else. He's really offended a lot of people."

Despite such nonsense, I told my aides that with WAPA, they would help run political campaigns, for me or any other like-minded candidate. The others agreed, saying they would devote their time, energy and money to my Congressional campaign.

Nine days after that initial WAPA meeting, Doug Seymour and I began a state-wide trip to provide additional exposure, votes, and funding to that campaign. We realized, though, that no matter how hard we campaigned, we were not going to receive vast amounts of money. Most of the people who support our causes are not wealthy.

Traveling through the state, I realized that my Klan ties remained intact. In Wilton, California, twenty miles southeast of Sacramento, I attended a day-long gathering with Klan associates throughout Sacramento County. Hosting the event was the California Klan's Sacramento Province, which had also invited representatives from the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan, based in San Francisco, and other whites' rights activists from around the state.

At dusk, the group held a cross lighting on private property in a rural, southwestern portion of the county. Grand Titan Lewis Moore had notified local and national news reporters, photographers, and television camera crews of the event. The press watched the lighting from a road near the private property.

At the entrance to the gathering, Klan security men stood guard with weapons ranging from baseball bats to a semiautomatic rifle, a carbine, and a sawed-off shotgun. Moore and I responded to a rapid-fire barrage of questions and barbs from the press. Moore said the purpose of the gathering was to begin a political-action program for the Northern California area, involving the area's three major Klan organizations. I said Klansmen would soon be running for offices

throughout the state. The goal of the Klan was to achieve political power. I said, "My determination is to overturn all these anti-white affirmative action programs as soon as the frustrated majority of American voters puts me in the House of Representatives."

The lighting began soon after the conference. As the cross was lit, Dennis Siebert, a Sacramento organizer with the California Klan, approached a podium near the cross and briefly addressed the group. Next was Darrel Harlan, regional organizer for the Bay area's Confederated Order KKK. He called for white unity and militant opposition to Communism.

The third speaker was Moore, who reminded the group of the "valiant nature of the original Klan." He pointed out "tragic similarities between the Reconstruction South and the situation that faces our entire race worldwide in 1980."

When it was my turn to speak, I stressed "an activist's stance on the part of all white patriots in every sphere of activity, particularly in the political arena."

I said, "The monopoly capitalists are the real threat to our way of life. They are the target for the Klan's political assault. It was the big-money interests that financed Communism worldwide, allowed mass illegal immigration to provide cheap labor, brought minority pressure groups to prominence, and allowed every form of corruption to flourish in all of our institutions.

"For these and other reasons, affirmative action and other kinds of minority-assistance programs should be destroyed. To do this, the Klan is now trying to mold young white people into a white political machine that can change America and its government."

During the ceremony, Doug Seymour introduced himself to CBS news correspondent Barry Peterson. Peterson agreed to visit me in San Diego and tape an interview, once I returned home from the state-wide trip.

The next morning, Seymour, Moore, and I left Wilton in Seymour's Winnebago, traveling southwest to Redwood City, twenty-five miles from San Francisco. We were going to see one of the number of wealthy Republicans in the state who had taken an interest in our cause. He was a real-estate investor in Redwood City.

Jerry Columbi lived on a ranch overlooking the Pacific. There, Columbi introduced me and the others to a number of highly placed people, including a man who once served as a member of President Eisenhower's cabinet. Columbi and this man were quite happy with what I was doing.

That night, Columbi took us out for dinner and drinks at a restaurant frequented by some of the area's wealthiest and most powerful businessmen and local political leaders. I was sort of an oddity. To be perfectly honest, it was like, "Come and see the monkey." These upper middle-class people like to invite those who they think are eccentric to their get-togethers. I never let them puff me up too

big.

Columbi suggested I "take the Reagan route" in my political quest. He wanted me to become a Reagan Democrat. Columbi used to tell me, "You're too radical."

"No, Jerry," I said. "I'm probably not radical enough."

At Columbi's house later that night, Lewis Moore stayed up to provide security. We had to keep somebody awake. And I did not trust Seymour.

Sometime during the night, Moore came into the bedroom and woke me up.

"Tom," he said. "Someone's wandering through the woods."

"Uh, oh," I said. "Here we go."

We moved over to a window that looked out into the woods and peered through it, searching for a sign of the trespasser outside. We checked Seymour. He was sleeping soundly, just outside the hall.

"You know, Lou," I said. "Columbi probably set us up."

We watched through the window awhile longer. I sat down on the bed.

"Lou," I said. "You ever play the game *Clue*, with Colonel Mustard and the other characters?"

Moore nodded.

"This is like that game," I said. "Has Columbi set us up? Or is it Seymour, dragging his FBI pals all the way up here to do us in? Or is it some other police agency that's had nothing to do with us so far?"

Moore turned back to the window. He waved me over.

Three men, carrying no visible weapons, were walking through the darkened woods, fifty feet from the window. They took a few more steps and then disappeared into the trees. We never found out who the men were or what they were doing there.

In retrospect, I think I was playing a very dangerous game. I was hiding in plain sight. I was not doing anything illegal, but on the other hand, I know that cops are experts at setting somebody up and convincing a jury that something happened, even when it didn't. They say fools go in where angels fear to tread. But I was in the eye of the storm. I really did not think too much about it.

The next day, we drove back to Wilton. We dropped off Moore at his house, and then Seymour and I headed south for San Diego. On May 9, four days after the trip, Seymour and I took a short trip to Palm Desert and Rancho Mirage. Seymour again provided gas and transportation. In those two desert towns, the men met privately with a number of individual financial backers, who added more money to WAPA's campaign fund.

On May 15, Barry Peterson and his camera crew taped two interviews with me. The first occurred in front of the Kensington branch of the San Diego Public Library. The second was at my home. The next day, my words and image again were broadcast nationwide.

Two weeks later, on June 3, 1980, the primary election was held. That night, after the polls closed, Seymour, Musgrove, Winston Burbage, Ernie Weigh, and Kathy and I drove to election central, at downtown San Diego's Golden Hall.

I led my group out onto the main floor. With my group standing around me, I received a procession of press and television reporters. Periodically, I checked the tote boards above me, watching the results come in.

All of a sudden, I started picking up some votes. My campaign was going to be a big joke. And then I started getting some votes. The numbers started going and going, and all of a sudden, I was winning. The press was going wild, running all over the place.

George Condon Jr., political reporter for the *San Diego Union*, asked me to explain an earlier comment that violence could be used as a tool in some situations. I said, "I don't think violence is altogether bad. If it means walking into a situation against a thousand Communists who are trying to do me in, and I have to wear a helmet and armor and everything else to have free speech, I'm going to do it."

News anchor John Britton, of KCST Channel 39, also interviewed me during the election-night rally. He said, "Against all the odds, it looks like you're going to win, Tom. So, tell us. Are you going to quit the Klan? Are you going to calm down a little, now that you're becoming a mainstream politician?"

"No," I said, turning to the camera. "I'm not going to change. I'm going to say precisely what I think. And what I'm thinking right now is that in over a little more than an hour, you people think I've changed from being a horrible Klansman into some kind of a legitimate politician. Well, to me, that just goes to show you how phony politics really is."

Later that night, about twenty people met back at my house. We celebrated the apparent victory while watching various television news reports. But the party quieted the moment a live report from election central said I had fallen behind in the tally. However, the reporter said, votes in Riverside and Imperial counties had not yet been counted. Until that was done, the election continued.

At two o'clock in the morning, *San Diego Tribune* reporter Maria Puente called. She said, "They've just counted Riverside and Imperial counties. It looks like you won, Tom."

She and I spoke a few moments longer, and then I hung up the telephone. "We did it!" I said. "We won the primary!"

Doug Seymour, the FBI informant, was elated. He grabbed me, and we danced a jig, arm-in-arm, across the room. The party continued into the morning.

Chapter Twelve

The day after my primary win, all hell broke loose.

The morning's *San Diego Union* published front-page articles on the win, with photos of me seated beneath rows of "Metzger for Congress" posters at election central. Reporters nationwide started calling my house. Photographers and television news crews camped just beyond my driveway.

A preliminary tally showed that I had earned 32,344 votes, or 37 percent of those cast for the Democratic candidates. Skagen, too, had earned 37 percent of the vote but earned 314 votes less than me.

Higgins, who dropped out of the race three days before the ballot, earned 22,940 votes, 26 percent of those cast. Burgener, the lone Republican candidate, earned 90,715 votes, 100 percent of those votes cast by Republicans. The final election tally, completed fifteen days later, widened my victory to 392 votes over Skagen, giving me a total of 33,071 votes.

I won every precinct in Imperial County and all but four in Riverside County. In Holtville and Dixieland, I received 75 percent of the votes cast. In La Jolla, an affluent, beach community in San Diego County, I earned 51 percent of the vote. In Winchester and Wildomar, Riverside County, I earned 63 percent of the vote.

Riverside County, incidentally, was the site of one of the Klan's first significant events in California. In July 1924, several thousand Riverside residents applauded openly during a public Klan initiative ceremony. As a forty-foot-high cross was lit, an airplane flew over the crowd, its underbelly painted with another Klan cross symbol.

I attributed my victory to the "workingman's vote." I said the district's blue-collar workers "know the main issue is a roof over your head, a job, and not being overrun by illegal aliens and Asians." I attributed my win also to national unrest caused by the massive influx of Cuban refugees, the Miami race riots which had begun on May 17 over police brutality charges, and on current economic instability.

"The rioting in Miami is a direct result of the Cubans coming to this country," I told them. "They're taking jobs from the blacks. They aren't coming here to flee Communist oppression but to get what they can in the land of milk and honey."

My win shook Skagen. He would not support me as the Democratic nominee. "The possibility exists," he said, "that I will support Clair Burgener in the general election in November." The entire Democratic party would not support me, either.

The chairman of the state Democratic Central Committee, Richard O'Neill, said top party officials were "appalled" by my win. Party attorneys were going to be consulted "to determine what remedies are available to us," O'Neill said.

Days after the primary, the *Los Angeles Times* reported that efforts were underway to circumvent the party's support of me and to deny my right to make appointments to the county and state Democratic committees. I told the newspaper that I would beat Burgener, anyway.

The coalition of people vowing to stop me from winning the general election seemed to grow by the hour. "If I lose in November, I will simply run again," I said. "We'll all run somewhere. I've won a major victory already. I've accomplished what I set out to do."

On June 5, all five members of the county's Democratic Central Committee announced their endorsement of Burgener, the Republican candidate. The Democrat's state assembly speaker, Leo McCarthy, appeared at a state capitol news conference with black, Mexican-American, and Jewish lawmakers, saying he and other Democratic leaders would work to defeat me.

The next day, Sen. Alan Cranston joined other Democrats in opposing my bid for Congress. "The Ku Klux Klan is racist, extremist and violent," Cranston said. "There is no place for Metzger in the Democratic Party, and there certainly is no place for such a person in the Congress of the United States."

Former California governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown Sr. said anyone who would vote for me or any other Klansman or Klan supporter was "politically illiterate."

"I'm scared for the first time in my life, and I go back a long way," Brown said. "But I know he doesn't have a snowball's chance in hell."

The same day, at its annual state convention in Irvine, California, the National Organization for Women adopted a resolution to oppose my candidacy for Congress.

In Washington, D.C., President Jimmy Carter said although he normally endorsed all Democratic Congressional nominees, he would not endorse me. Press Secretary Jody Powell said Carter "certainly wouldn't support a Ku Klux Klan member."

The reaction to Carter's comments was terrific. I wanted him picking on me. I had the president of the United States saying, "Metzger is terrible. We have to smash him." A lot of people voted for me later in the general election because of that.

While the nation's Democrats quickly distanced themselves from me, their constituents started to caution them on their own shortcomings. As one reader wrote in the *San Diego Union*, "Tom Metzger's win will have one favorable result. That is, to demonstrate to our politicians what they can expect in the future unless

our government changes some of its current policies and deals more potently with our country's existing racial problems."

One Chula Vista resident said he felt the media's "flagellation of Metzger went beyond the safe limits of responsible journalism."

"Metzger is accused of harboring a wicked philosophy. Perhaps. But one cannot discount the 32,000 votes cast in his behalf as coming from pranksters. The man is unique. He has the courage to spell out what he stands for. Like it or not, he is as proud of his race as are those of other races."

Wrote one Fallbrook resident, "I am not of Mr. Metzger's party, and I don't know if I would have the guts to vote for him if I were. But as Tom Metzger said, the message got through."

On June 7, I appointed my top WAPA aide Don Musgrove to sit on the county Democratic Central Committee. Musgrove's last mainstream political act had been voting for George Wallace during the 1968 Presidential election.

For one of my three appointments to the state Democratic Central Committee, I told the press I was looking for somebody like the slain black Muslim leader Malcolm X: "I want someone who's been working to get drugs out of the ghetto, someone who really intends to do something for his people, someone who's a real black-nationalist type. I want someone to shake up the black establishment in Sacramento, a black like Malcolm X, whose books I have read."

Skagen replied, "Oh, God. That sounds about par for the course for Metzger."

One week after the election, Democratic party officials were still trying to explain my win. Published political analyses tried to determine why voters nominated an avowed racist and white separatist to represent them.

"You can travel 1,000 miles through the posh beach suburbs and dusty hill towns and boiling desert flats of the sprawling 43rd Congressional District and not see a Tom Metzger billboard or lawn sign, not a bumper sticker," wrote *Times* reporter Nancy Skelton. "But they know who he is. He is 'that Klansman' who won the Democratic nomination to Congress."

My supporters tried to explain, too. "It's about time someone's talking for the white, which is the American race and the one getting the bad end of the stick right now," said one Encinitas man. "If it takes someone radical like Metzger to change things, I think people are ready for it."

"He's refreshing," said one Temecula resident. "He's not a hypocrite."

"Metzger makes sense," said one Manzanita resident. "We're all sick and tired of busing them in and teaching them how to speak English."

"Maybe it's because he's a redneck like the rest of us," said one Winchester resident. "The country went to hell since they didn't elect George Wallace and Goldwater. Maybe Metzger will do something different for a change."

"George Wallace had the Klan behind him, too," added another.

"I voted for him because I don't like the foreigners coming in," said a Lake Elsinore woman. "Put it that way."

"When I read about Tom Metzger going over to the border and trying to help keep the Mexicans out, I figured he can't be so bad," said one Encinitas man, a Czechoslovakian immigrant. "And believe me, I've had to work hard for what I've got."

One elderly Spring Valley woman was attending a meeting in which a group of politicians were trying to explain my victory when she stood up and shouted, "You bastards are exactly why I voted for Tom Metzger!"

One San Francisco-based political analyst said the win was based on people's fears. "Metzger played 'America for America,' and 'Let's crack down,'" the analyst said. "He got attention. People are afraid. In the middle of an ocean, if a cork comes by, you grab for it."

One *Times* editorial summed the Establishment's position: "Metzger quite obviously should not be supported by Democrats in the fall. Any move that could create sympathy for Metzger could cause even greater embarrassment. Voters in both parties should concentrate instead on seeing that Metzger simply receives a sound thrashing at the polls."

A Los Angeles resident disagreed. "Your editorial misses the point entirely. There are people out there whose lives and property are threatened daily. Mugging, rape, arson, robbery, bodily injury, murder -- all have become commonplace occurrences in the Southland. Fear is a constant companion for many. Whatever the lawmakers have done to improve this deplorable situation is woefully inadequate. This may surprise you but there are individuals who, at long last, are ready to fight back for their lives and for their property."

Another reader claimed my positions were similar to those held by minority politicians. "Why not vote for Tom Metzger? Sure, he's a racist. Sure, he's for white supremacy. But if you read the *Times* every morning as I do, you'll find those same narrow, biased, racially centered positions among our black and Latino politicians."

One reader said my win was due to voters' dislike of the policies of the Democratic party. "To charge that a majority of the Democratic voters in the 43rd congressional district are racist because they voted for Metzger is a misinterpretation. Those Democrats are, by indirection, saying that they disapprove of the policies of their party. One of the district's most pressing problems is obviously the great influx of illegal aliens. Yet the federal government is content to let the southwestern part of the United States bear the brunt of this onslaught without taking firm measures to secure the border. By voting for Metzger, the people are sending a message. Our authorities are not listening intelligently."

While reporters and editors waged their war on paper, I continued organizing

for the general election in November. I asked Glen Parker, of Tehachapi, California, to manage my campaign. I had known Parker since my campaign work with the American Independent Party. We both had supported Wallace's Presidential bid. Parker was quite knowledgeable about putting together a successful one.

Also at this time, Doug Seymour offered me the use of his Escondido home for our campaign headquarters. I saw in his offer a chance to move the burden and chaos of a congressional campaign away from my own home, wife, and children. I accepted Seymour's offer, but not before reminding Musgrove, Parker, and other top aides that all major campaign issues and decisions would be discussed away from Seymour's house.

On the evening of June 17, 1980, WAPA held its first general election campaign meeting at Seymour's. There was catered food and drinks, courtesy of the San Diego Sheriff's Department. About 25 people attended the meeting, including the wives of some of the WAPA campaign workers. We discussed our political strategy for the upcoming election. The meeting lasted until 2:30 a.m.

Four days later, the hundred-member state Democratic Central Committee met at the University Hilton in Los Angeles. After a heated, one-hour discussion, the committee agreed to disavow my nomination. Party attorneys drafted a policy stating that "[Metzger] advocates principles promoting racism, bigotry and violence, and these principles are contrary to the basic political and ethical principles of the Democratic Party. The California Democratic State Committee disavows the policies and principles espoused by Tom Metzger and declares that his candidacy is not suitable or desirable."

On June 26, *Jet* magazine, published primarily for a black readership, reported on my win: "Metzger wants to deport millions of illegal aliens, slam the door on Asian and Cuban refugees, and recruit more whites in the military because black soldiers, he says, are plagued by chronic fears of water, sharks, and snakes."

First, I received information regarding blacks' chronic fears of water, sharks, and snakes from a member of the U.S. Marine Corps Force Reconnaissance unit. Force Recon is similar to the Green Berets or the Rangers. They parachute behind enemy lines and travel many miles as a fast-paced unit. They are the elite of the Corps. And they are almost all white.

This Marine told me that in the 1970s, when the armed forces became fully integrated with minorities, blacks, and Hispanics were pulled straight out of the kitchens and put in Force Recon. The result was Force Recon went to pieces. Out on patrol, when the blacks walked point, they would slow down the whole unit. Blacks are scared to death of snakes. Blacks do not like to swim. That did not come from any Klansman. It came from a Force Recon unit member.

Second, regarding my stated desire to deport millions of illegal aliens, the

most ignorant thing a black can do is support the immigration of minority races into this country. Blacks should support sealing off the borders, because every time another ethnic group comes in, the blacks go down another rung on the social ladder. Any black leader who tells his people that it is better when more Third World people come here is either an idiot or a demagogue, and he is using them. He is a hired gun for the corporations, to promote the influx of cheap labor.

Two weeks after I held my first general campaign meeting at Seymour's house, Glen Parker called me, saying he was having problems with his Los Angeles-based business. The problems were so serious that he would have to resign as campaign manager, Parker said, to allow him time to work them out.

I chose Doug Seymour, an informant, to be my campaign manager. Seymour owned a nice home. He threw catered parties. He was willing to spend money on the group, and had a legally registered firearm with a permit to carry. To me, even though we knew he was a plant, he was an obvious choice. Rarely would we discuss anything of importance in front of him, anyway.

We continued raising funds for the campaign. Overall, I collected \$20,000 for the general election. I told the press, "That's peanuts when you're running for Congress. You can't even run for dog catcher with \$20,000."

Still, I was determined to spend wisely what money I had. I taped five radio spots and mailed them to radio stations across Southern California. I produced a television spot, too. The opening shot showed me and another man seated on two chairs in the middle of an empty room. As the camera closed in on me, I began to speak.

"I'm for solving the problems that are hurting this country's white, middle-class workers," I said. "The politicians in office are too preoccupied with themselves to be concerned with that. They're too busy with the problems of foreign countries while they ignore the plight of our own people. My competitor is against these things. In fact, he's hiding out."

At that point, the camera panned down to show the other man curled under the second chair, with his rear end sticking up to the camera. The man, obviously, was supposed to be Clair Burgener.

My critics said, "Oh, how crude. This Metzger's horrible. He'll do anything." Little did they know we were just beginning. It was so funny that some news stations even ran it, which normally isn't done. But since they did, we received even more air time on it. For free.

On July 10, at 1:30 a.m., a wooden fence that surrounded my Fallbrook home was set on fire. The next day, rocks were thrown at the house, striking my bedroom window downstairs. That night, we heard shotgun blasts, about a block away. Kathy was eight months' pregnant with our fifth child, Rebecca Ann. Kathy broke water; she later attributed that to the stress and commotion of these incidents. Rebecca

Ann was born two days later, three weeks premature.

On July 14, accompanied by Musgrove, Seymour, and other WAPA aides, I was inducted into the county Democratic Central Committee at the county courthouse downtown.

To reduce the chance of any violent confrontations, the San Diego County Sheriff's Department and the San Diego Police Department had asked me to enter the courthouse through a rear entrance. I refused, insisting on using the main entrance like any other inductee.

Additional security was required for the induction. More than one hundred police officers brandishing riot sticks kept sixty angry protesters at bay while we made our way toward the entrance. The protesters were members of the International Committee Against Racism and the Progressive Workers Party. While a sheriff's helicopter hovered overhead, television cameras recorded the scene. The crowd shouted, "Down with Metzger and the KKK! Down with Metzger and the KKK!"

Some protesters began throwing objects toward us. A full soda can struck me on the right temple. I continued walking into the courthouse. Moments later, a fight began outside. One policeman and one demonstrator were injured. Police arrested six people on suspicion of various charges, including carrying a concealed weapon, assault with a deadly weapon -- the soda can -- and assault on a police officer. Kathy and the kids watched it all on television. She had just returned home from the hospital, with Rebecca on her lap.

The next day, San Diego County Sheriff John Duffy accused me of courting violent demonstrations by "playing to the cameras," rather than heeding the advice of law enforcement officials. San Diego Police Chief Bill Kolender agreed, saying I "obviously" encouraged trouble by my "yen for publicity."

"But," Kolender said, "he doesn't do anything illegal. There is nothing we can do to stop him."

Duffy and Kolender said they thought the disturbance could have been avoided if I had used the courthouse's rear entrance. "He's not very cooperative because he wants the publicity," Duffy told reporters. "He's always leading you guys in the media down the path. Metzger's very good at manipulating the press, and that's just what he wants to do. He wants to play to the cameras. He doesn't say it right out, but with his actions and his statements, that's how it comes out. The people who come to demonstrate want the same thing, publicity for their own causes."

When the press called for my reaction, I told them that Duffy and Kolender would "just have to understand that Tom Metzger is a candidate for federal office who is going to go through the front door." When told additional security measures would cost taxpayers \$11,000, I said that had been "a bad deal."

On July 29, my campaign suffered a brief financial setback when I learned that a \$1,500 campaign-contribution check had bounced. The Amalgamated Bank of New York said contributor Maxine Gridi, of Brooklyn, had closed her account sometime in 1978. I told the *Times*, "I think someone is trying to pull a fast one on us."

The check had arrived at my home on July 2. Since my largest contribution to date had been \$300, I considered it a windfall. But Kathy, acting as campaign treasurer, knew the \$1,500 check was \$500 more than the federal legal limit for an individual campaign contribution. Kathy told the press, "We thought it was a real nice contribution, but we sat right down and wrote her out a check for \$500 and sent it back with a nice thank-you note and a copy of the federal-election code on donations."

Gridi in turn cashed my \$500 check. Her "donation" cost me \$500. However, on Aug. 14, I received a \$500 check from Gridi. She admitted she sent the check as an "anti-campaign" stunt. I wrote back to Gridi, saying I had no bad feelings toward her. "Your action helped my campaign," I said. "It resulted in about \$100,000 worth of publicity."

My largest campaign contribution, \$1,000, came from Jesse B. Stoner, a lawyer and white supremacist from Marietta, Georgia. Stoner became involved in white supremacy in the 1940s, when he joined a local Klan and organized what he called the Anti-Jewish Party. Along with Robert "Dynamite Bob" Chambliss, Stoner became well known throughout Birmingham, Alabama, during the 1950s and 1960s when the city was the site of numerous racially motivated bombings. In May 1980, Stoner was sentenced to ten years in prison for his role in the 1958 bombing of the Northside Baptist Church in Birmingham, Alabama. Later, Stoner and associate Edward Fields, a segregationist newspaper editor, formed the National States Rights Party. Fields donated \$500 to my campaign, too.

In total, I received \$19,415.77 in campaign contributions. My expenses totaled \$17,776. The largest cost -- \$3,500 -- was spent on television, radio, and newspaper advertising.

Clair Burgener reported receiving a total of \$127,000 in contributions. His total expenditure was \$88,000. More than \$20,000 of Burgener's contributions came from various political-action committees, according to the Federal Election Commission and *Present Tense*, a Jewish-rights magazine. Most of Burgener's contributions came from the Jewish community.

"This is the story of how a Jewish community rose to the challenge last autumn when Tom Metzger...won the Democratic primary...and how some 30,000 members of the local Jewish community helped to rally the district around incumbent Republican, Representative Clair W. Burgener," reported *Present Tense*. "It is also the story of how Jewish defense agencies walked a tightrope between open

political action and their tax-exempt status, while...rabbis spoke openly from their pulpits about a once-taboo subject: Politics."

I checked into Burgener's campaign contributions. We knew there was some Jewish support for him. But then all of a sudden, giant amounts of money were coming in from Beverly Hills and other places with high percentages of Jewish residents. The Jews did not know Clair Burgener from the man on the moon, but as soon as I won the primary, they started gearing up against me. They dumped money on Burgener like he was Abraham Lincoln, emancipating the blacks.

The man who had the most to do with Burgener's campaign against me was a Jewish public-relations consultant named Donald Harrison. Burgener hired Harrison to be his liaison to the Jews.

"This to me was not just a campaign," Harrison told *Present Tense*. "I'm a Jew, and Metzger is anathema to me. Every time I heard Metzger's goose-stepping rhetoric, I had chills in my memory."

Harrison realized the Klan was the focal issue of his campaign against me. So, he paid \$100 to rent the documentary that PBS filmed during David Duke's state Senate race in October 1975, *The New Klan: Heritage of Hate*. Harrison invited the press to attend a Sept. 12 showing of the film at a theater in San Diego's Mission Valley.

"We wanted to make certain that, instead of covering Metzger as a kind of freak phenomenon, the media would begin to cover him essentially for the kind of racist he is," Harrison said. "We hoped the media would rip off his veneer of respectability and really take off on him."

I heard of Harrison's little show and decided to attend. Four WAPA aides and I entered the theater minutes before the film began. I wore my Nixon mask. Another one of the guys wore my Henry Kissinger mask. We carried in big tubs of popcorn.

There was a big uproar when we showed up. The press came running up, asking what I was doing there. "Since this is a circus," I said, "we wanted it to have all the trappings. We thought we'd add to the carnival atmosphere." We sat there and watched the movie. It was trying to show how horrible Tom Metzger is.

In the movie, during an on-camera interview, I said, "I'm tired of worrying about the Jew. He's given us World War I, World War II, the Russian Revolution, the French Revolution. All races would be better off with them out of their hair. Let's send them to Israel, first-class."

The film was nothing new. It had been on television a few times. So, we just sat there, ate our popcorn, and laughed at it. We stole the show, which the press later admitted. We turned it into a carnival, making a joke out of it. That is something I have always liked to do. It is guerrilla theater at its finest. I have done it several times.

I have attended city council and county supervisors' meetings before, when the Klan and I were scheduled for discussion. I have fun watching them squirm.

I have also been know for attending occasional meetings of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. I walk in, armed with a camera and a tape recorder. I do not walk in acting nasty. I am really quite friendly about it. I remember once when Morris Casuto, director of the ADL's San Diego chapter, noticed me sitting there.

"Oh, Mr. Metzger," Casuto said, playing it cool. "You've come to our meeting."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Casuto. I must keep myself up to date."

I took a seat, and some guy who was supposed to be an expert on me walked to the front of the room. I could tell he was pretty nervous. I was taping his speech, and I was taking photos of him, and every time he made some stinging remark about me, all the Jews in the audience would turn around and look at me, to see what I was going to do. I just smiled.

I have been known for walking into the meetings of other opponents, too. Once, when I was still with the Klan, I attended a press conference that the Mexican-American director of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service had called.

Three of my men were with me. The Marxists were out in force, picketing the INS, and we walked right through them. They did not recognize us.

We walked inside the room, and all of a sudden, the press sees me. They swung their cameras off the INS official and onto me and my men. The official kept talking, and the cameras finally went back to him. He continued talking, and the cameras finally swung back to him. After he finished talking, I waited for all the others to finish telling him how great he was, and then I walked up and grabbed his hand. I said, "Hello, my name is Tom Metzger."

He said, "Excuse me?"

I leaned closer.

"Tom Metzger. California Klan."

The man's face turned three colors at once. He almost pulled his hand out of joint, trying to get it back. But I had a good grip on his hand and kept it, while my boys shot pictures of me and him together. I put the photo in the next issue of the *Klan News*, with the headline, "Big-Shot Mexican Has Cordial Meeting with Metzger."

You have to enjoy your work. You are in trouble if you don't. If I did not have a sense of humor, I would have had a nervous breakdown years ago.

Days after Harrison showed the documentary, Harrison met with Burgener and said "winning was not enough" in beating me. They had to ensure that Burgener won so decisively that every white supremacist nationwide would be "completely

repudiated," Harrison said.

Harrison's next step was to organize a Democrats-for-Burgener group. Amy Kruglak, a member of the county's Democratic Central Committee, organized Democrats and Independents into what she called a "Bill of Rights Committee" to assist Clair Burgener.

Kruglak and her staff perused lists of registered voters, precinct by precinct, preparing for a mailed appeal against me. One appeal, endorsing Burgener, went to 60,000 residences containing two or more registered Democrats. That meant more than 120,000 Democrat voters had direct access to literature opposing my candidacy.

Harrison said the process involved a tremendous volunteer effort on behalf of Kruglak and staff and was "one of the essential ways that the Jewish community came in" to oppose me. According to *Present Tense*, "The plan succeeded beyond anyone's wildest dreams."

"Our active participation was stimulated at a meeting at the Jewish Community Center, where a member of the Democratic Central Committee spoke," said one JCC board member. "When we asked [Kruglak] what the Democrats were doing about Metzger's candidacy, she replied that the party didn't have any money to do anything about it; that it wasn't proper for Democrats to support a Republican candidate; and that the Democratic Committee would not act."

Accompanied by friends, the board member then asked the Community Relations Committee of the Jewish Federation of Greater San Diego what it was going to do about my candidacy. "Because of its nonprofit status with the Internal Revenue Service, it could do nothing politically and actively," the board member said. "That really shocked us. Here was a [former] member of the Klan running for a seat in Congress, and [Jewish] defense organizations were doing nothing about it. Our Community Relations Committee and the Jewish organizations, organized to protect the rights of Jews, were sitting on their *tuchises*, doing nothing."

The board member said he then wrote a letter "to all the CRC members," reminding them that I was running for Congress and that the committee should not remain silent about it.

"They gave me hell for sending the letter," the board member said. "Not because what I was doing was wrong, but because I was jeopardizing their tax status. We have many Jewish tax experts and lawyers and accountants who could find a way to permit Jewish organizations to take part in some political activities without specifically campaigning for somebody. There are ways to do this and still protect your tax exemption."

David Nussbaum, a Jewish tax expert who consulted a number of the committee's groups, said the Congressional election was a "no-choice" affair. But when *Present Tense* tried to interview Nussbaum, Nussbaum said, "'Oy, vay.' It was clear he would rather not talk about it, and equally clear that he had the IRS in

mind." When Nussbaum finally did agree to an interview, "he was cagey, and he shut off my tape recorder every time he felt he might be saying something he shouldn't."

Nussbaum said he regretted the fact that IRS restrictions allowed neither the committee nor any other communal organization to support outright Burgener's candidacy over mine. "But," he said, "many individuals who had leadership roles in these organizations -- and so could not participate in the campaign as representatives of their organizations -- could and did contribute time and money to the Burgener campaign and worked hard to defeat Metzger."

Burgener was hardly a Jew's dream candidate. He was a typical, conservative politician. He said America "cannot accommodate" the number of illegal aliens who enter the United States daily. He opposed busing to achieve school integration, federally funded abortions, and bilingual education. He supported increased defense spending, voted for the B-1 bomber, and worked to prevent illegal aliens from being counted in the 1980 census. Still, when faced with having either Burgener or me as their next congressional representative, Jews throughout the 43rd district overwhelmingly supported Burgener.

Even the San Diego Rabbinical Association became involved in the campaign against me. "Tom Metzger and the Ku Klux Klan are the complete antithesis of everything for which people of goodwill and peace work and live," a spokesman said. "Tom Metzger is a racist and a hatemonger, and he and his Ku Klux Klan are utterly repugnant to all who believe in individual rights, freedom, and dignity, and who strive for world peace. Every voter in the 43rd Congressional District should go to the polls on election day [and cause] the resounding defeat of Metzger and his platform so that it will be completely clear that his nomination was a political aberration and that our community will not tolerate hate and racism in our midst."

Wayne Dossick, rabbi of La Jolla's Beth El Synagogue, was president of the association. "As rabbi, my normal policy is never to speak about partisan politics from the pulpit," Dossick said. "However, I thought that this was not a usual situation."

First on Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, and again on Yom Kippur, a day of fasting or repentance for the previous year's sins, Dossick spoke from the pulpit about my campaign. He continued addressing the issue during each service, until the general election.

"I told my people that they were in the district where Metzger was running, and therefore they had to vote," Dossick said. "And I said that, much to my regret, the nomination was given to Metzger not by the rednecks and hatemongers and racists in Riverside County but by the good people, the Jews, and the others of La Jolla and Del Mar and Palm Springs and University City who didn't bother to go to the polls and vote. Therefore, I told them that the rallying cry now was, 'Get out and

vote!"

For the first time ever, Dossick endorsed a candidate, asking his congregation to vote for Clair Burgener, as an alternative to me.

"I said I didn't care if he was a Republican or a Democrat or whatever, and I wasn't interested in whether [Burgener] had done this or that in Congress," Dossick said. "He was our alternative, and therefore we must vote for him."

As election day grew near, Dossick told his board of directors that he wanted to have a letter sent to every member of the congregation, telling them once more about me, "and that we were dealing with a hatemonger who wanted to wipe us off the face of the earth."

"One of the directors, a tax attorney, said he was concerned about the possibility that our tax exemption would be jeopardized," Dossick recalled. "I told the board that was the way it had happened in Germany. People were quiet and said, '*Sha, sha,*' afraid that the government might be upset. I said, 'The time for silence is done. If sending out a letter over the signature of the president and the rabbi on the letterhead of the congregation about this racist hatemonger jeopardized our tax-free status, so be it.'"

The board agreed with Dossick. The letter was sent out to members of the congregation. There were, of course, no repercussions from the IRS.

Today, under a sheet of glass on top of my desk is a small, yellowed news clipping. Its headline reads, "Area Rabbis Seek Defeat of Klan's Metzger." Every time I start to get a little bit soft, I look at that article. I keep it there as a reminder.

The next religious leader to admonish my candidacy was San Diego's bishop of the diocese, Leo T. Maher. On Oct. 2, Maher issued a pastoral letter attacking the Ku Klux Klan and admonishing San Diego and Imperial counties' 346,000 Catholics to "resist vigorously" a man who fosters "the sin of racism." Maher asked members of the church to examine the "crass, radical hatred of the past and being born anew in that infamous organization known as the Ku Klux Klan." He said a vote for me was "a committed sin."

In response, I told the press that I myself was Catholic, although I had stopped practicing in 1977 because the church was becoming Marxist by supporting people like Cesar Chavez, the Mexican-American labor leader. I said I thought the bishop's remarks would not cut into my Catholic support, citing Catholics' tendency to ignore the church's position on many issues, like birth control.

The media coverage was most often negative and subjective, but I was glad to have it. Like former New York mayor Jimmy Walker used to tell reporters, "Just spell my name right, boys." Sometimes that works by itself. All you need to win a campaign is name recognition. People remember the name, not the connection. Some politicians spend millions of dollars to get it. We received ours for free.

Throughout the campaign, the media demand was overwhelming. Besides

constant interviews with members of the local press, there were additional reports filed by television reporters and by writers and photographers with all of the major dailies and the weekly news magazines.

Every day they were at my doorstep and on the telephone. After I won the primary, the press was accused of not exposing me and who I was. The argument was, if they had, I never would have won. Personally, I don't think that's the case. I think I would have won by more. So, before the general election, the media made sure they stayed on top of it.

I invited the press to a "Metzger for Congress" fund raiser on Sept. 13 and 14 at Rock Kreutzer's Big Oak Ranch in El Cajon. The ranch was a small, mock-Western town, with trees and a picnic area which people could rent for gatherings and functions.

One of the reporters attending was George Condon Jr., a political writer for the *San Diego Union*. Condon was the paper's top hatchet man. In return for covering me, he received the chief position for the *Union-Tribune's* Washington bureau. He remains there today.

Los Angeles Times reporter Nancy Skelton also attended the fund raiser, as did the *San Diego Tribune's* Maria Puente, the *Blade-Tribune's* Michael Glaser, and Dave Concannon, from Lakeside's *Backcountry Trader*.

At the fund raiser, I was seated at a table with the reporters, answering their questions, when Concannon asked, "What would you do to stop the Mexicans from coming across the border?"

I said, "Well, my idea, since we have all this military equipment sitting around with none of it being used, is to have a half-mile strip of the border used to warehouse military material. It could also be a training facility, with gates and barbed wire, just like any military installation. Then these Mexicans couldn't come across the border at that particular point."

Skelton of the *Times* asked, "What if they did?"

"There's a fence," I answered. "They won't come across."

"What if they got through the fence?" Skelton asked. "What would you do?"

"Well, like any military installation, if you breached the perimeter and didn't stop when ordered, they'd probably shoot you. If I go to Camp Pendleton, and I breach their perimeter, and they say stop, and I don't stop, I'd expect to get shot. That's what would keep these Mexicans out."

In her article the next day, Skelton quoted me as saying that Mexicans would be shot if they tried to enter the United States illegally.

Unlike the other reporters, she was out to destroy me. She was going to get me no matter if she had to lie, cheat, or steal. She was a real hard-core Jew, and I was saying that hard-core Judaism was a conspiracy against all people. So, for the most part, I can accept the fact that she hated me.

Concannon called me, saying after he had read Skelton's article, he had reviewed the conversation on his tape recorder to determine my exact words.

"Boy," Concannon said, "this gal's really lying."

"I guess some people just feel the need to lie," I said. "Nancy Skelton is one of them."

The funny part of it is that state Atty. Gen. George Deukmejian had advocated a similar idea, suggesting that small military installations be placed at strategic points along the border, specifically where illegal alien traffic was most intense. It was all right when he said it, but not me. Since then, a lot of politicians have said the same thing. But they never do anything about it. They just say it. There are too many people making fortunes off the way things are.

Skelton continued to write of my plan to "shoot Mexicans who would cross a Metzger-proposed military zone at the border." Her last mention of it occurred in an article published Nov. 3, the day before the general election.

Not too many years passed until things caught up with Nancy Skelton. She used a handgun to blow her brains out. I did not lose any sleep. In fact, I think I had a couple of drinks over it.

Two days after the fund raiser, Seymour and I attended a county Democratic Central Committee meeting. The committee adopted a resolution to urge voters in the 43rd district to "vote their conscience" during the Nov. 4 election. I cast the one vote opposing the resolution. I voted affirmatively, however, with the rest of the committee on a second resolution, calling for a seven-member subcommittee to investigate my "worthiness" to hold a seat. Committee member Don Williard told the committee the only difference between me and Burgener was "the Democratic nominee is more open about his positions and more honest about it." Burgener, he said, while not an open racist, had opposed "every Democratic ideal we stand for."

During the meeting, two plainclothes officers with the San Diego Police Department sat in the audience. For my good luck, one of them saw a man reach into his coat pocket and pull out a handgun. When the officer ran toward the man and tackled him to the ground, a second man ran to the officer and tackled him, kicking him once in the face.

The second plainclothes officer moved in to arrest Deacon Alexander, twenty-four, of Los Angeles, and Robert D. Duren, thirty-seven, of Inglewood. The men were charged with suspicion of assault with a deadly weapon on a peace officer and assault and battery on a peace officer.

Alexander, a black, had drawn a .25-caliber automatic pistol. Both men were identified later as members of the National Alliance Against Racism and Political Oppression, which opposed the Klan.

The next day, I acknowledged that an assassination attempt had been made on me. I told the press that a source had tipped me off "that the Marxist war horses

would attend the meeting, and that an effort would be made to kill me."

"The alliance is a Communist-oriented organization established by Angela Davis," I said. "Other members of the group also attended the meeting. Police were there because they also believed a hit would be made." Police later denied that, saying the plainclothes officers attended the meeting because of previous altercations at meetings that I had attended.

Two weeks later, on Sept. 29, attorney general Deukmejian delivered a twenty-page report on terrorism and the Ku Klux Klan to the state legislature in Sacramento. According to the report, the Klan was gaining strength in California and was one of several paramilitary groups that were stashing money and weapons in secret locations throughout the state. "The Klan is hoarding weapons, allegedly preparing for the race war its members believe to be inevitable," Deukmejian said.

I denied that WAPA or any of its members were hoarding weapons or money. I told the press that Deukmejian's report was simple "political saber-rattling."

"As for storing arms and money, that's unbelievable," I said. "I sure wish somebody would tell me where the money is. I could use some of it."

I said if in fact there were some illegalities occurring, then Deukmejian should arrest somebody, adding, "If he hasn't, then he's a poor attorney general for not enforcing the law."

On Oct. 8, I arranged for a meeting between myself and two Republican politicians who were running for seats on the state assembly, John Kennedy and Mike Hirt. We met at the Border State Park in San Ysidro, a few yards from a fenced portion of the international border. We had all the press there and mostly took a good look at the holes that were there in the fence. When it hit the news the next day that these two Republicans had joined me at the border over the immigration problem, it caused a big furor with both parties.

The next day, Musgrove, Seymour, and I drove to Imperial Valley, where we met with Dr. Ben Yellen, an eighty-year-old chiropractor from Brawley. Yellen was a write-in candidate on the district's upcoming general-election ballot. He was an anti-corporate, anti-agribusiness activist who supported family-based farms.

Yellen spent much time helping the area's poor. One issue was the distribution of federally supplied water to farms. Small, poor farmers there competed for federally subsidized water and land with giant farming corporations, which owned and operated thousands of acres of land.

The small-farm advocates wanted to impose an older law that limited the size of farms that could use federal water. The largest farm that could do so, the small farmers argued, should be no bigger than a hundred and sixty acres. Burgener, however, was supported overwhelmingly by members of the valley's multi-million dollar agriculture business.

Yellen was fighting the big shots on the water-distribution issue. He had contacted me about some of the things that had been going on. We easily saw how the big boys were screwing the little man out of his share of the water and out of the top farming land there. The ironic thing is that Yellen was a Jew. The Jews gave him hell for dealing with a former Klansman, and my side gave me hell for dealing with a Jew. Well, I felt it was a pragmatic situation. He was concerned about it, as I was. We decided to work on it together.

Under the Farm/Home Loan Administration, a farmer was supposed to be able to borrow money from the federal government if his or her income was less than \$20,000 annually. The loan would enable the farmer to buy, rent, or lease one hundred and sixty additional acres of land for each member of his family. A second or third crop could be produced on the extra land.

Yellen uncovered the fact that the poor families were not getting their fair share of the water, nor were they being allowed access to those loans. The agricultural corporations simply didn't want the competition, and to ensure that, they bought their way out of it. They knew who Ben was, and they gave him a lot of trouble for stirring it up. They ruled that area with an iron fist. At the time, I used to wonder why he was still alive. And no matter how many times we contacted reporters, not one word of this appeared in San Diego's powerful *Union-Tribune* newspapers, owned by multimillionaire Helen Copley.

I contacted an Imperial County official for Farm/Home Loan Administration and asked for the number of Farm/Home loans that had been taken out in Imperial County over the last year. I also asked for the total amount of those loans awarded to the Valley. Through the administrator, I learned that six families had received such loans. However, the total amount of those loans was in the millions of dollars.

All the money that was supposed to be loaned to low-income people wanting to expand or start their own farms was being siphoned off by the huge agri-business companies. There was nothing but fat cats behind it. One was a Dr. Beauchamp, who owned dental clinics throughout Southern California. He was a big shot in the Republican party and probably a heavy contributor to my opponent. We knew Burgener had received a lot of money from Imperial Valley. The Republicans were right in the middle of it.

I thought the situation would be exposed once the local news media learned of it. There had been a story on CBS' *60 Minutes* about a similar situation in the San Joaquin Valley, but there was no press coverage on it in the Imperial Valley. When I returned to San Diego, I called various news reporters and announced our findings. Nobody would touch it. In my naiveté, I thought they would. All they wanted was, "Tom Metzger, the Klansman, did this," and "Tom Metzger, the Klansman, did that." It was an example of how well the game is so terribly fixed.

After the meeting with Yellen and Musgrove, Seymour and I drove to El Centro, where we met with the director of the Imperial Valley Mexican Council, Albert Tapia. Tapia had invited me to his El Centro house to question me on my campaign stances. Four other members of the Mexican-American Council were there with him.

Tapia said he decided to ask me to his home after Bishop Maher and other religious leaders equated a vote for me with committing a sin. "I wanted Tom to know some Catholics still think the church should stay out of politics," Tapia said. "Tom Metzger is not an evil man. He treated us with respect. We were impressed." Right before we left, Tapia told me, "I left Imperial Valley to go to Korea to fight for my country. When I got back, a wetback had taken my job driving a truck. I don't like immigration one bit."

On Oct. 25, the County Democratic Central Committee's twelve-member special investigations board agreed unanimously that I had violated Democratic Party principles of "justice and equality...for all citizens." The board recommended I be removed from my central committee seat.

After the ruling, I addressed the board and other members of the committee. I said the investigation had been "a combination of the movie *Harper Valley PTA* and a Communist show trial." I left the meeting room, followed by Musgrove and my other WAPA aides. Two days later, the committee voted 32-to-0 to expel me from the committee.

I continued my campaign. On Oct. 31, I attended a state Democrats' party fund raiser, held at a private home in Palm Springs. With me was my wife Kathy, Musgrove, Seymour, and other WAPA aides.

We arrived at a large mansion with towering gates and manicured lawns. The party had already started. A crowd of people were outside, standing around a pool on the patio. Tuxedo-dressed servants were serving champagne and hors d'oeuvres to the guests.

We walked in, and everybody turned around like their heads were on sockets. I could hear them muttering and whispering. The reporters came running up.

"What are you here for?" one asked.

I said, "This is a Democratic get-together, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, let's get together."

We were talking, enjoying our drinks, when former California Governor Edmund G. Brown Sr. came out of a room at the side of the pool. Brown walked right up to me and reached for my hand. Cameras flashed as we talked.

"Tom, I think you've got a lot of talent," he said.

"Well, thanks a lot, Mr. Brown."

"I think you could go a long way," he continued. "But you've got to do one thing."

"What's that?"

"Get off this Klan thing."

I had never supported Brown, but I respected the man for approaching me like that, in front of others. That took a lot of guts. Most politicians want nothing to do with me. They wouldn't approach me in fear that somebody might see them. But Brown did it, right in front of the press.

Later, we left the party and dropped by a restaurant for dinner. It was crowded. There were no tables available. A hostess told us we would have to wait at least an hour for a table.

Doug Seymour cut to the head of the group. He told the hostess that he needed to speak with the manager. He followed the hostess into the restaurant, and moments later, Seymour appeared with the manager. The manager walked up to me and said, "Sorry for the inconvenience, sir. Your table is waiting."

We were seated at a large booth in an elegant anteroom, apart from the main dining area. I leaned over and asked Seymour what he told the manager.

"I said you were a candidate for Congress," Seymour told me, "and that I was U.S. Secret Service."

Chapter Thirteen

Two days before Election Tuesday, the *Los Angeles Times* published results from a pre-election poll, taken from five hundred people deemed likely to vote in the election.

Eighty percent of the respondents favored Clair Burgener to win, ten percent favored me, and ten percent were undecided.

Defeat loomed on the horizon. But I tried to remain upbeat. "I'm thrilled to death," I told the *Times*. "Win, lose, or draw, I come out far better than how I went in. And then I go into my next operation, and then I go on from there."

Burgener foresaw an easy victory. But his confidence was tempered by the fact that he would probably not win on his record but on mine, the record of his white racist opponent. It was obvious that should Burgener win, his victory would be more of a rejection of me than a show of support for him or his state record.

Because of me, Burgener after the election admitted he was unable during the campaign to publicly address how, he said, Congress had "loused up" the economy, nor how illegal aliens were "causing serious housing shortages, unemployment and public service costs." Such statements could have been construed as racist and might have jeopardized Burgener's standing with district voters.

"This campaign has been one of the most unpleasant experiences of my life," Burgener said. "I don't need to be universally loved. If the Klan has been repudiated, if I've helped alert the public to the danger, maybe I've accomplished something in this race."

On Election Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1980, Burgener received 292,039 votes -- the most ever received by a U.S. Congressman. I earned 46,383 votes, or 14 percent, compared with Burgener's 86 percent. "My win is a firm rejection of the philosophies of the Ku Klux Klan," he said.

However, as I told the *Times*, my political career was far from over. With WAPA, I would fight not only illegal immigration but "government rip-offs" nationwide. Through my proposed state-wide political-action committees, I would raise money for pro-white, anti-alien candidates and form a "conservative workingman wing" within the state Democratic Party. "I'll also keep an eye toward purging the liberal left-wing nuts who are ruining [the party]," I added.

I told the *Times*, "I made two things clear Tuesday night. One, I believe my overwhelming defeat was not a repudiation of either me or the Klan. And two, I

have no intention of voluntarily stepping out of the political spotlight. Don't underestimate Tom Metzger. Tomorrow's just another day. Losing may alter my next step, but never fear. The next step will be made. People are going to have to be convinced that Tom Metzger is not going to quit."

I attributed my loss to "the heat we've taken in this campaign. I don't blame people for coming up with a negative image of the Klan, but I'm going to try to change that image [with WAPA]."

I think my campaign caught the Democratic Party and the voting populace by surprise. We shocked them. And we rubbed their faces in it. We'll do it again, too, because our plan is to never do what they expect us to do. Our plan is to hit them where and when they don't expect us to hit. That's the crux of good leadership.

When you do not have much power, you focus your power. You use a single rifle slug instead of a wide spray of shotgun pellets. We think things out carefully because we have a finite amount of time and money behind us. We have to be more professional than the professionals, even if we do seem sort of amateurish at times. We're sort of a Will Rogers-type bunch, but it seems to work. My motto is, if it works, use it. If it doesn't work, get rid of it.

On Dec. 9, as a member, I attended a meeting of the San Diego County Democratic Central Committee. On Jan. 16, 1981, I was in Sacramento to attend a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee; my primary win had earned me a seat on that committee, too. During the meeting, the state party's credentials committee voted 23-to-3 to strip me of my central-committee membership. Outside the chambers, I described the event to the press as "a fiasco," adding, "They've left me with no choice but to prepare for 1982."

When I returned from Sacramento, I called a meeting to discuss future strategy for WAPA. Doug Seymour again volunteered us the use of his home. During the meeting, I offered what I felt could be an outline of the group's future political plans. When I finished speaking, I sat back in my chair and took a long sip of my drink.

Seymour, at that point, seemed slightly agitated. He asked me if that was all I was going to say. I sensed the microphones planted all over that house. I said, "Yes, Doug. That's about it. Did you have anything else in mind?" He was very upset. He acted hurt that I wasn't going to suggest more aggressive action. By that time, his FBI superiors were probably asking him when they was going to get their man. We weren't about to fall into their trap.

Soon after that meeting, Seymour's world began closing in on him. We speculated that not only was he working as an informant for the FBI, he was also somehow affiliated with the San Diego Police Department. He was trying his best to pressure me and my men into committing a provable felony. Seymour's problem was that he had grown so accustomed to being with us that he had lost his identity as a

police informant. He had become, instead, Tom Metzger's lead security man. In an interview later with the press, Seymour admitted that on the night of my primary win, "I was a Klansman. We were one family that night."

On Dec. 17, three days after a WAPA Christmas party that Seymour attended, I asked Seymour to undergo a lie-detector test.

During the test, I asked Seymour, "Are you involved in any way with the FBI?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said.

Although the test proved inconclusive, I knew Seymour's cover was fading. On Dec. 24, two shots were fired into the windshield of his van. No suspects were ever identified. On Dec. 29, while Seymour was driving toward Escondido, a rock thrown from an overpass shattered his windshield. Seymour suffered a concussion, bruised ribs and a bruised ankle. He was taken to Scripps Clinic in nearby Rancho Bernardo. A doctor prescribed Valium to calm him. Later, Seymour told the media that his anxiety at that time was so acute, "I didn't know if I was a cop, a Klansman, or a businessman."

Throughout January and February 1981, Seymour continued seeing me and other WAPA members. He attended all our meetings during that period.

On Feb. 25, I called Seymour, telling him I had scheduled a special meeting. Seymour drove to my house. I had WAPA aide Winston Burbage search Seymour and take his gun. I sat down in a chair, rested my arm on a nearby table, holding a gun in my hand.

"My van is having problems," Seymour told us. "A friend of mine is outside, working on it."

I motioned to a chair in the center of the room and said, "Sit down, Doug."

There was a knock at the door. Burbage opened it. Seymour's friend was standing there.

"One minute, Tom," Seymour said, standing up from his seat. He walked outside and went to his van. On the way, we learned later that Seymour gave his friend a pre-arranged signal to call Sgt. Ernie Trumper. Trumper was Seymour's supervisor at the San Diego Police Department.

Seymour went back inside the house and sat down in the chair. Burbage and three other WAPA aides stood around him. I began to question him.

I asked, "What's your real name?"

"Douglas Seymour. Why?"

Seymour said later that the barrel of a gun was placed at the back of his head during the questioning, its chamber clicking at every answered question. His claim is ludicrous. It never happened.

I asked him several questions.

"Are you an agent for the San Diego Police Department?"

"No."

"Are you an agent for the FBI?"

"No."

"What happened to your Klan passport?"

"I lost it."

"Who's paying you to spy on us?"

"Nobody."

"Were you really ever a prisoner of war in Vietnam?"

"Yes."

I handed Seymour two pencils and told him to use them like chopsticks, to prove he had been a POW, as he claimed.

At that point, Seymour says he heard an explosion and fell unconscious. There was no explosion. Seymour simply collapsed. He said he didn't remember how he arrived home. He later ended up in a psychiatric hospital. A doctor later diagnosed a complete physical and emotional breakdown. Doug Seymour was a nut case, but it wasn't of our doing. He had been there long before he knew us.

Seymour stayed one week in the intensive-care unit of Mesa Vista Hospital in Vista. Days after he left the hospital, Seymour came over to my house to retrieve some of the radio equipment that Seymour had loaned me. I learned that Sergeant Trumper had ordered him to do so. The equipment belonged to the San Diego Police Department.

I acted cordially to Seymour. We each agreed to "leave each other alone." We agreed that Seymour would call me in a couple of days, and that he would tell me then that he was upset about being suspected as a police informant and was voluntarily dissociating himself from me and WAPA.

Seymour's story did not end there. On April 21, two months after we questioned him, Seymour was shot. Seymour said it was "by a large Mexican" intruder who had made his way into Seymour's van, where Seymour was sleeping. I believe it was self-inflicted.

Thirteen months later, we finally uncovered proof that showed Doug Seymour was indeed a police reservist and informant for the San Diego Police Department. I called a press conference on May 12, 1982, and said that according to divorce papers filed by Seymour's wife, Seymour was indeed a "reserve officer with the San Diego City Police Department."

San Diego Police Chief Bill Kolender would not confirm nor deny the report. However, Kolender denied anyone had infiltrated my campaigns for the purpose of gathering political information. "We do as a matter of routine pay informants for information concerning groups that advocate violence, such as the KKK or the Nazi Party," Kolender said.

I told the press, "Bill Kolender was very heavy into the support of my

opponent. He was an open advocate, working for Clair Burgener. I think this kind of dirty politics, no matter who it is directed toward, has to cease. The chief of police is just trying to gloss this over as an investigation of potential violence. What he was doing was going after me politically."

I said Seymour was "in on the planning of the Oceanside get-together in March 1980, when subsequently we were attacked by the police and other people."

Most important, I said Seymour had been a top aide during my congressional campaigns, advising me and planning strategy, while he simultaneously reported to the police department's intelligence officers and Kolender. "They let a guy who was carrying a gun around and who they knew had mental problems get in my campaign so they could get information," I said.

After my statements were published, Trumper warned Seymour that if he refused to adhere to Kolender's statements, Seymour would be in "for more trouble than you can handle." Trumper told Seymour that the department had enough information on Seymour to make his life miserable "for a long time."

Subsequently, Seymour filed suit against the police department, seeking punitive damages of \$775,000. The case went to trial five years later, in April 1988. I testified several times during the trial. Seymour eventually was awarded punitive damages of \$294,569.89.

During the rest of 1981, I continued my work at Fallbrook TV, held regular meetings with my top aides and members of WAPA, and worked to develop my political base.

In January 1982, I was contacted by Carl Straight, a National Socialist political activist who lived in San Diego. Straight and I had met through Christian Identity group meetings during the mid 1970s. Straight started coming to some WAPA meetings and he did some political work with White Aryan Resistance.

I also continued my quest for public office. In 1982, I announced my candidacy for the United States Democratic Senate race. It was my fourth try for public office in five years.

Wearing my bullet-proof vest and surrounded by WAPA aides, I made my announcement to members of the media at the Los Angeles Press Club. I said I would run a Populist-style campaign for the June 8 Democratic nomination to the U.S. Senate on a platform attacking illegal aliens' invasion of the United States.

I said, "I want to stop the immigration of all foreigners coming into America." I said I planned special emphasis toward the "brown hordes coming across our borders." I advocated the deportation of all people who entered the United States illegally. I wanted all federal contracts with firms employing noncitizens to be nullified.

My primary target for the spring election was the Democrats' as-yet-

unannounced front-runner, California governor Edmund G. "Jerry" Brown Jr. I said Brown was "part of the sweatshop conspiracy," designed to continue employing illegal aliens in California. "Rather than make every man a king," I said, "Brown wants to make every man a busboy."

By Feb. 12, other U.S. Senate candidacies had been announced, by Brown, San Diego mayor Pete Wilson, novelist Gore Vidal, and Nobel laureate Dr. William Shockley. Shockley, a retired Stanford professor who believed blacks are genetically inferior to whites. Another candidate was John Schmitz, who ran for President in 1972 on the American Independent Party ticket.

I felt a kinship to Vidal, who in 1960 ran unsuccessfully for Congress. From 1970 to 1972, Vidal and Dr. Benjamin Spock had co-chaired the liberal People's Party. I don't agree with everything Gore Vidal says, but I liked him when he called Jerry Brown "a poor, innocent mouse," and when he said the U.S. government "is a government of the rich, by the rich, and for the rich."

I also agreed with some of the beliefs held by Shockley. Shockley believed two basic premises of American life "underlie the rejection of the concept of genetic inferiority of humans," whether the concept is applied to individual or race.

"One [premise] is the American ideal that stems from the 'created equal' phrase in the Declaration of Independence," Shockley said. "That phrase was intended to apply to social rights but is popularly misinterpreted as equality in genetic endowment. This is biologically ridiculous. This is an example of berserk humanitarianism."

I agree. The notion that all men are created equal has destroyed the United States as a once-powerful nation. With the idea that all men are created equal, I think the same people who lost millions of lives and spent billions of dollars fighting communism have adopted one of the main tenets of communism. No great civilization can survive with that kind of nonsense. There has always been the struggle of people, races, and individuals, and it will always be that way. But everything now is bent on taking the aggression out of everything, especially men. So many laws have been made that any aggressive act is now considered illegal.

This has got to a point to where people are now turning to drugs to provide themselves with an outlet for their naturally aggressive drives. People either have that outlet, or they end up in an insane asylum. We could easily end up a nation of drug addicts.

In addition to my campaign for the 74th Assembly District, WAPA associates Don Musgrove, Winston Burbage, John Nilsen, and I were eyeing open seats on the San Diego County Democratic Central Committee. This, of course, raised the possibility of a renewed confrontation between WAPA and the local Democratic leaders. Because committee seats were not considered public office, I was able to run simultaneously for a seat and for the 74th Assembly District.

On Feb. 25, I obtained nomination papers for both the Senate race and for two of the six central committee seats. Musgrove, Burbage, and Nilsen did the same for the central committee. I told the *San Diego Union* that I wanted a seat on the committee because the rest of the Democratic Party had abandoned the working people.

"Most of the things that are discussed down there are trivial," I said. "I think somebody needs to be on that committee to represent the working person. The Klan has nothing to do with this. I'm a Democrat and a working person right here in Fallbrook."

I paid a filing fee to run in the Democratic primary for the U.S. Senate and filed to run for a seat on the county Democratic Central Committee. Musgrove, Burbage, and Nilsen also filed to run for a committee seat, as did Steve and Gloria Packan, for the 80th Assembly District. The Packans, of Campo, California, had supported me since my 1980 congressional campaign. During that campaign's meeting at Rock Krueger's Big Oak Ranch, Gloria Packan had told the *Los Angeles Times* that she was "sick of all of them swarming in: the Vietnamese, the Cubans, the Mexicans. You name it. White people have been put down too long."

I began raising money for my Senate campaign. I felt my chance of winning the primary was good. "People are upset over immigration policies which pauperize the state," I told the press. "They're also upset by the twin-plant [*maquiladora*] system," in which U.S. companies open plants in Mexico, to utilize inexpensive labor.

By March 12, we all had qualified for the primary ballot. As to my running for a seat on the central committee, I said my past experience with the Klan was being used "as a smoke screen, so the committee can remain dominated by a liberal coalition and a disproportionate number of homosexuals." That was true.

By April 9, the San Diego County Democratic Committee was onto "a scheme" by WAPA to gain committee seats. Local Democrats tried to find a way to alert voters of me and the other WAPA candidates. I simply said some of my friends and I had devised the plan to gain one or more seats on the ninety-member Democratic Party committee. I denied our actions were "a scheme."

"There's no crazy, funny stuff on my part," I told the *Times*. "It all started out like I was saying back in 1980, that if people don't like the way things are run, they should do something about it."

Asked by *California* magazine if my group and I were trying to take over the county Democratic Central Committee, I said, "The party in San Diego takes a dive in every election. In the state it's in, I wouldn't want it."

On Election Day, June 8, I earned 73,987 votes, three percent of those cast for the Democratic primary. I placed sixth in a field of eleven candidates. Governor Brown won the primary but lost to Wilson in the general election. I told the press,

"Now that the primary is over, we plan to analyze the results. Overall, [all WAPA candidates] got a quarter-million votes. That tells me I'm doing something right."

The Packans both gained seats on the county Democratic Central Committee. They were the only WAPA members to do so. Days later, the committee voted to expel them.

By April 1983, I had lost much of my initial confidence in WAPA. I became disenchanted with the group's ability to affect true societal change. The group's downfall had less to do with political ideology than with the members themselves.

With WAPA, we envisioned getting the people who had helped with the campaigns to get the group on its feet, using it as a base to garner more power. I wanted the power, not the games. I got a little carried away with myself, however, thinking that WAPA could be a broad-based political juggernaut. I was forgetting human nature. People want to be part of a group, but for most of them, that's it, just association. People want three things: identity, stimulation, and security. The public craves those things.

I had become far too dependent upon the public to attain political power. If you want to get something done, do not depend on the public. That is something someone should never do. At some point, the public might help you at getting something done, but it might do just the opposite and try to eliminate you. To depend on them in the long run is a waste of time. Depend solely on the people who care enough to get things done. In other words, depend on the fanatic. Depend on someone who is totally committed to accomplishing some goal and will not let anything stand in his or her way.

Political groups need zealots and natural leaders. From the public arises people with talent and leadership ability. That's who you wanted in the first place, not the masses of people. One of my tenants of leadership is to encourage people with certain talents to work with others of different abilities, as a successful corporation might do.

Everyone has their talents and qualities. A good leader can identify those qualities and then motivate the person to help build the desired product. With a political group, the product is power. If you don't have it, you better find a way to get it. A revolutionary who goes halfway is a sad person. If you start, you better be willing to go all the way.

I have found, ironically, that most of the people who lead the white racist movement tend to be excellent businessmen but failures when it comes to dealing with people. They cannot motivate people or do things with them in a cooperative manner. They operate at the opposite of what they would do if they were trying to operate a business, trying to make a profit. I have told them many times, "You guys are great entrepreneurs, but when you talk about the racial movement, you sound like a bunch of communists." They are not communists in ideology but in the way

they want to do things. The talent used to build a business should be used to build a racial group. I was thinking along these lines even in the Klan, but the Klan just did not offer that, and neither did WAPA.

It was easy to get people to attend a social affair or a cross-lighting, but when it came to the hard, daily work required to keep any organization going, the zeal was not there. For the Klan, it is still not there. The Klan can parade a few hundred people in uniform, light a cross, and get everyone excited. But you find out what's really going on once they all go back home. In most cases, nothing is going on. That is the same problem you face with the Elks, the PTA, or any other group.

With WAPA, I was still trying my hardest to motivate the public. The group was based on the need to draw support from the masses of people, to build a political movement within a larger movement, the so-called far right. We wanted Republicans and Democrats to come together over the issue of race and then to take those issues back to their parties and push the issues into their agendas. The problem was, most of this country's best political people are the ones who are most fed up with the current political system, anyhow. And if I was to tell someone that their job was to go sit in on some political party's committee meeting or convention, most of them would say, "Sorry Tom, but I'd just as soon quit." Anyone who sat through those meetings knows how boring and dull they are. They're like slow death; very discouraging. And that's when I decided against dealing with the public at large, in other than broad, propaganda ways.

On April 17, 1983, I called my last WAPA meeting. I told my aides, "With WAPA we're still wanting to play the political game. But now we're going to play our own game. And we're not going to worry about numbers."

The name of our new group was White American Resistance. It was an ideological change. And I liked the acronym: WAR. When you choose words, it is very important to choose strong ones. WAR was a deliberate move to scare off the weak-kneed people from my group. It worked.

With WAR, I became even more serious in my political endeavors. Rather than trying to work with the system, as I had done with WAPA, I shifted my stance and became more anti-system than ever. I condemned the federal government, the idle rich, the one-party political system, the "minorities," and the white public at large, for being worthless hypocrites.

I began to understand the system better. In some ways, I had been naive, but I have gradually grown out of that. I began to hate the system, to be perfectly frank about it. I realized there is no such thing as Democracy. It is all bullshit.

As long as you keep your nose clean and play the system's game, they do not hassle you very much. You can go around, bragging you are as free as a bird. But start stepping on a few toes and challenging the system, and you will find out how

un-democratic things really are. Under color of law, the people who operate the system can do just about anything they want and get away with it.

But the system itself was what made me what I am today. The system invented Tom Metzger. They built me piece by piece, beginning in the early 1960s. But now that I am totally constructed, they do not like what they see. I do not know why they are so upset. They created me.

Beginning with the anti-Communist films back at Douglas Aircraft, I evolved from being a right-wing conservative, trying to determine whether I would vote for Rockefeller or Goldwater, to a full-blown, anti-system person who says things need to be changed.

But that is simply my nature. I have been inquisitive all my life. Whenever anybody told me there was something I could not do, that is what I wanted to do. Most kids stop that after they get a little older. They get trained, or *snivel-ized*, as I call it. But I never stopped. I have always challenged authority, not just to challenge it. But when I see something that I think does not make sense or is not right, I challenge it.

My allegiance now is to the long-term survival of the white race. If the present governmental system of the United States does not serve my race, then...

You can figure the rest.

Chapter Fourteen

In early 1983, just prior to the formation of WAR, I spent some time thinking how I could use my skills with videotape to further my goals with the white-supremacist movement.

As I told the *San Francisco Chronicle*, I wanted to use videotape to produce "a white man's talk show, an alternative to all the drabble, filth, and nonsense shoveled out by the powers that be."

From a political standpoint, I first used videotape in 1972 during the presidential campaign of American Independent Party candidate John Schmitz. In 1975, I used it to record simulated press conferences with Contessina, the AIP's San Diego City Council candidate. In addition, I had taped many events of the Klan and WAPA.

With the help of my son John, who by then was vice president of the White Student Union, I videotaped in early 1983 my first "show." I interviewed a woman who was active in the tax-resistance movement. We edited the footage, and I had my show. Our only problem was there was no medium available for such work.

Days later, I happened to be reading a news article about cable television. The article described how each cable station nationwide was required to provide a public-access channel to the general public, free of charge. That was it, the magic word: free. I rallied the troops and said, "Boys, let's look into this."

I had been in contact with a young, accomplished video producer named David Wyley. Wyley, of Orange County, arranged for us to tape a show at a studio on the campus of the California State University in Fullerton.

The university's Instructional Media Center was the main production site for Group W Cable, which owned Orange County's cable Channel 38. The studio was operated solely by Cal State Fullerton students who were studying telecommunications and film. Having Group W's studio on campus offered the students training, air time, experience, and grant funding, free of charge. About twenty-two thousand county residents regularly watched the various shows produced on campus.

We taped and broadcast our first show, titled *Race*, in early February 1983. The second show was taped and broadcast one month later. By the time the third show was ready for production, I had changed the name of the show to *Race and Reason*, after the title of a book by Carlton Putnam. Putnam was a racial revisionist

whose work appeared throughout the 1960s. Putnam believed integration was bad for people of all races and would ultimately destroy America.

During each of the shows, I served as host and moderator. David Wiley was co-host. Later, when Wiley was needed more at the control panel, WAR associate Tom Padgett became co-host. WAR aide Carl Straight appeared regularly as a Race and Reason reporter.

Over time, my oldest daughter Carolyn began helping produce the show. John was becoming very proficient at various production techniques. He used his computer to enhance the show's audio and visual effects.

At the studio, our crew produced two shows each month. Each show was duplicated, mailed to friends and associates nationwide, and then broadcast over those individuals' local cable-television stations. By March 1996, WAR had produced one hundred and forty half-hour Race and Reason shows.

The first *Race and Reason* featured interviews with Padgett and Larry White, members of the Los Angeles-based Odinist Fellowship. Odinism is an international religion of Norse and Viking sagas, based on Nordic mythology and on its ruler Odin.

Subsequent guests on the show read like a *Who's Who* of the racist movement. We featured Mike Brown, a former bodyguard for American Nazi Party leader George Lincoln Rockwell; Richard Butler, leader of the Aryan Nations/Church of Jesus Christ Christian; Joe Fields, California director of the National Socialist Party; Joe Grego, leader of the Oklahoma White Man's Association; Karl Hand, leader of the National Socialist Liberation Front; Alphons Heck, a former member of Hitler Youth; Mrs. Robert J. Mathews, wife of slain white separatist and The Order leader Robert J. Mathews; Robert Miles, leader of Michigan's white supremacist Mountain Church; WAR aide Wyatt Kaldenberg, an Odinist and a leftist white racist; Boyd Rice, a white racist performance artist; Frank Silva, exalted cyclops of the Holy Order of the Ku Klux Klan; Ian Stewart, lead singer of British skinhead band Screwdriver; J.B. Stoner, of Crusade Against Corruption; Ernst Zundel, a German-Canadian who was once tried for publishing the book, *Did Six Million Really Die?*; and literally dozens of others.

On these and other shows, I moderated group discussions, covering topics like affirmative action, busing, capitalism, communism, economy and race, education and the white student, equality, illegal immigration, Israel, Palestinian rights, racial determination, revisionism and the Holocaust, thought control, white's rights, and Zionism.

To be honest, we ran the show by the seat of its pants. None of them were ever cut or edited in any way. We did it live, like old-time television, and the cameras never stopped. If a guy said, "Son of a bitch," that's what was broadcast.

One of the best *Race and Reason* shows occurred when syndicated talk show

host Wally George made a guest appearance. I had appeared on George's *Hot Seat* several times. So, I asked him, "Why don't you come and sit on my hot seat?"

When the cameras started rolling, George and I began debating like crazy. In the middle of the show, two of my guys dressed in Nazi uniforms marched out onto the set. They came up behind Wally and surprised him. They grabbed some props, like chairs and dishes, and threw them all over the place. It was true guerrilla theater. And George loved it.

Race and Reason's overall content is admittedly racist and seditious. The First Amendment, however, along with provisions of the Federal Communications Commission, ensures that cable stations will broadcast the show. Some stations, though, have refused to do so, saying they only broadcast shows that are produced in their own communities.

Others cable companies, like Daniels Cablevision of Carlsbad, California, simply refused to broadcast the show. Daniels stonewalled me pretty well. So, I just kept pestering them. Once the show was being broadcast across the nation, they realized they were almost oddballs for not broadcasting it. And they took it.

For the most part, the Cal State Fullerton students who once helped us produce the show may not have agreed with the entire format of the show, but they believed in the exercise of free speech. The students comprised a variety of ethnic backgrounds: white, black, Hispanic, Asian, and Jewish. Most realized they were simply associating with the exercise of the right to free speech.

One of the most notorious incidents regarding the show occurred at Cal State Fullerton. On April 2, 1986, the student *Daily Titan* newspaper reported that the show was being taped and broadcast there on campus. The paper's managing editor said, "People are shocked."

Smart people. We had been taping the show there twice a month for three years before they finally realized we were there. We certainly were not keeping it secret.

Publication of the article coincided with an anti-apartheid rally scheduled later that month, on April 23. The focal point of the rally became "the Metzger issue." When the protesters marched around the campus, they told people that terrorists were putting on a show that advocated killing minorities. Obviously, these people had never seen the show. We didn't advocate killing anybody.

A daughter of the Rev. Martin Luther King happened to be on campus the day of the rally. When the protesters asked her for her opinion on the matter, the woman said she believed we had as much right to our show as anyone else did to theirs. That really galled the leftists.

University president Jewell Plummer Cobb, a black, said the First Amendment entitled us to continue taping on campus. A spokesman for Group W Cable said few viewers had complained about the show. "We do not support this

kind of racist message," the spokesman said, "but we do support the First Amendment."

The protests generated extensive media coverage. Group W Cable was forced to defend the production of *Race and Reason* at the on-campus studio. The students used the company's equipment, received valuable experience and air time, and they were still giving Group W a load of crap.

Finally, the company said to hell with it. In May 1986, the company built a studio beside its main offices, one mile from campus. It was nicer than any studio we had ever seen before. It had brand-new cameras and sound boards. All of it was state of the art.

Today, *Race and Reason* is broadcast in sixty cities nationwide, including Atlanta, Los Angeles, New York, Portland, and San Francisco. The show reaches nine million people.

We still fight continuously to keep it on the air. In fact, no matter how much success I have, I must give most of the credit to my enemies. Their obstinateness and my stubbornness has made it successful. Every time they try to put up a roadblock, it always ends up helping us. That's one reason why I believe so much in natural struggle. Without struggle, you are nothing.

Overall, *Race and Reason* has worked very well for us.

With a show in production and my new WAR group beginning to assert itself, I went back to the basics.

I re-read the history of the United States, taking a different look at things than I ever had before. I considered American history, for the first time, from the leftist point of view, from the blue-collar worker's perspective.

I read books like *Origins of the American Revolution* and *Cracks in the Constitution*. I read of the struggles of American organized labor, of William Haywood's founding in 1905 of the International Workers of the World, the capitalists' arch nemesis. I read of the often-violent clashes between Americans and the federal government during the early 1900s and 1920s.

What I began to realize, for one, was that every foreign war that America has fought has been for naught. All of our wars have been for economic reasons, with some politics thrown in for effect.

I realized that sending young men to war to defend the interests of corporate America is insane. I can understand a pirate taking over a ship or an army taking some land. They split the booty among the people. But to go off to war for these bastard, unfeeling corporations and to get no booty out of it is insane. They pin a twenty-cent ribbon on your chest and say, "Go home. You're a hero." What they really mean is, "Now that you have risked your neck, I can continue making millions."

I quoted similar remarks made by a retired Marine officer, in a 1983 edition

of my *WAR* newspaper: "I helped make Honduras 'right' for American fruit companies in 1903," said former Maj. Gen. Smedley Butler. "I helped make Mexico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti, Cuba, and Nicaragua decent places for the international banking boys. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916. Looking back on it, I might have given Al Capone a few hints."

War is hell, so if there is going to be one, take the spoils. In any war, to fight to the death and then give all the land back is totally insane. But that is exactly what we have done, three or four times. In Central America and other regions, we send the troops in, pacify the area, exploit the local labor, export the raw materials, and then ship it all back home. That eliminates American jobs and wastes U.S. tax dollars, all in the name of saving money.

By 1983, I was expressing myself in this manner to my associates in the racist movement. I used to tell them that I hoped those Central American "rebels" would burn down every American factory and corporation there. American corporations are loyal only to their stockholders. To me, if you want to be a leftist, fine. I don't care. Maybe then you can find a way to keep your people in your own country. Most of the people in the movement said I was crazy to support the Sandinistas and the Salvadoran rebels. After awhile, some of them began to think that made some sense.

My opposition to the war in Nicaragua and to continued U.S. intervention in Latin America led to a probe by the FBI. Among one thousand pages of FBI documents released in March 1988 concerning anti-Contra groups, at least one reference was made to "a well-known right-wing leader in Southern California" who had been critical of President Reagan's Latin American policy. There's no other leader here but me. In fact, I have documentation showing the FBI has compiled at least five hundred pages of documentation on me alone.

By 1983, I was recruiting leftists into my group. Did that ever raise some eyebrows. Wyatt Kaldenberg, an ex-Trotskyite, was one of my recruits. So was John Jewel, a former Canadian IWW official who fought street battles against the far-right during the Vietnam War. Both have proven themselves as valued associates.

In April 1983, my hatred of the federal government grew even stronger. Federal agents killed tax-resistor Gordon Kahl. Kahl, of Medina, North Dakota, was a long-time member of the underground anti-tax movement and of the Posse Comitatus.

Six weeks earlier, on Feb. 13, 1983, federal marshals and local police tracked down Kahl to arrest him for violating probation on his conviction for income-tax evasion. Kahl was driving with son Yorie and another man on a North Dakota back

road when five federal agents driving two trucks stopped them at the side of the road. The agents drew their guns and shot Yorie. Kahl retaliated, killing two of them and wounding three others with his Mini-14, a semi-automatic rifle.

Kahl fled to Arkansas and hid out in a small shed on a farm. Days later, forty law-enforcement officers encircled the hideout and formed a death plan. A sheriff forced his way into the bunker, and Kahl stepped out from beside a refrigerator and shot him. After the sheriff crawled away, the others raked the compound with heavy automatic-weapons fire, then proceeded to pour gasoline down the chimney, igniting everything inside. Gordon Kahl could only be identified later by several dental records, it was that bad.

I could not believe that the government would really stoop that low, to murder a man in cold blood, over money. I shed a tear for Gordon Kahl.

Beginning in 1983, I began yet another way to disseminate information to the masses. I started publishing *WAR: The Revolutionary Newspaper of Working-Class Whites*. Initiating *WAR* was not difficult. I already had three years' experience publishing the *Klan News*.

I knew I could use the newspaper to build the group and its acronym. When *WAR* came out, people from all over the country called me. They said it was great. The large headlines got their attention. Some of them put a couple copies on magazine racks in supermarkets and then stepped back and watched the reaction. People came from clear across the store to look at it: "War? What war? Who's fighting?"

By 1984, we had increased *WAR's* circulation to four thousand. *WAR* associates bought copies bulk-rate and distributed it nationwide. I served as editor; Wyatt Kaldenberg was managing editor; John Jewel was a staff writer. Kathy and John edited copy and proofread.

Featuring a tight, four-page format of articles, editorials, graphics and cartoons, the newspaper opined against affirmative action, nonwhite immigration, fat-cat capitalism, and the nation's renegade bureaucrats. Much of *WAR* was strongly anti-Semitic, seditious, and unabashedly racist. That's the way we wanted it.

WAR today has evolved into a sixteen-page paper, reminiscent of Randolph Hearst's *Yellow Journalism* tabloids of the 1920s. Articles are short and punchy. Photos are large and often doctored. Cartoons are violent and racist. Layouts are bold. Headlines scream. Using sensationalism keeps people's interest. It also attracts people to the cause.

I study the *New York Post*. We emulate that style: big, gutsy headlines, lots of photos, short articles. Just like television. That's what sells. If there is too much gray on the page, forget it. People will not read it. You have a millisecond to grab a reader's attention. You have to do it fast.

And grab attention *WAR* does. Issues since 1986 have featured racist

editorials, graphics, and cartoons. One cartoon shows an aide standing beside the desk of former president Ronald Reagan. The aide says, "There are two visitors waiting outside to see you, Mr. President. Who would you like to see first, the Pope or the Israeli prime minister?" Reagan answers, "Send in the Pope first. I'll only have to kiss his ring."

Another such cartoon, by A. Wyatt Mann, shows a thick-lipped black man and this poem:

"Coon, coon, black baboon,
 Brutal, worthless, thieving goon.
 Often high, thrives in jail,
 His welfare check is in the mail.
 Some forty offspring have been had,
 Not one will ever call him dad.
 And yet he hollers day and night:
 'I blames de white man fo' my plight.
 It's him spreads trash all 'round my shack.
 It's him what makes me smoke dis crack.
 He push my kind to burn and loot,
 And sends de po-lice dat we shoot.
 But inch by inch, we takin' hold.
 Like when the white bread starts to mold.
 We'll overrun yo homes and soon,
 Dey be only fit fo' de black-assed coon."

No doubt about it. We do have radical cartoons. And radical views.

In 1986, I outlined the purpose and intent of WAR in an editorial: "Lean, mean, and militant in the extreme, the men and women of WAR are the radical leaders in the battle for our own land and nation and the new tactics and strategy necessary to win it. We offend a lot of people in and outside the movement. Our enemies are offended because they can't figure us out; we're full of surprises, capable of anything. The old formulas and stereotypes don't apply to us.... While we welcome all truly revolutionary Whites, others cannot expect us to stick with the methods that simply have not worked for forty years. If we make people insecure, that's good. We are revolutionaries, not nice guys. We judge our comrades in the struggle only by how effective they are against ZOG, the Zionist Occupational Government."

Besides disseminating racist propaganda, *WAR* since 1983 also has published lists of the race-related items that I sell. These include mail-ordered videotapes of *Race and Reason*, audio tapes from speeches and rallies, books,

stickers, T-shirts, and other items.

Videotapes include *Undercover Kosher Food Tax Expose*, *A Talk with a Vietnam Vet*, *Skinheads of America*, *Israeli Mossad Surveillance*, *Africa: Revealing AIDS Footage*, *WAR: Skins versus Blacks*, *Jews, Punks, Metzger on Interracial Marriage*, and about one hundred others.

Audio tapes include *Dr. Mengele from Peru*, *Concerned Citizens on Gordon Kahl*, *Metzger at USC*, *John Metzger on Wally Radio*, *George Lincoln Rockwell -- the Master Speaker*, and about sixty-five others.

Music tapes include skinhead band No Remorse's *One Day the World Will Know Hitler Was Right*, Skrewdriver's *All Skewed Up*, and Boyd Rice's *Holy War*. Others include *French and Italian Fascist Music* and *Tom's Favorite Revolutionary Songs*.

Books listed in *WAR* include many of the ones I sold through the *California Klan News*, along with new titles, like *Hunter*, a novel of Aryan street warfare, *Might Is Right*, which exposes the fraud of left and right politics, and *The Makers of Civilization*, what is known as the Aryan Bible. We sell about one hundred and sixty titles.

On Aug. 21, 1983, in response to a series of race-related incidents in eastern San Diego County, members of the La Mesa-based Heartland Human Relations Association met in El Cajon, to discuss the Klan and other racist groups.

In July, someone had spray-painted KKK on the front of a house that a black policeman was going to buy in Santee, once a predominantly white community. Other reported events included the placing of a firebomb on an immigrant Afghanistan family's doorstep, and the burning of a swastika on the lawn of a Jewish family in La Mesa.

Sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the Jewish Federation, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the meeting was called to find ways to handle a rise of racist acts in the area. A panel of black, Jewish, American Indian, Hispanic, and Asian residents of East County moderated the meeting.

I attended the meeting, wearing, of course, my bullet-proof vest. I told the group, "I wanted to see how you're handling your so-called problem." I accused them of practicing racism against the area's white, working-class people.

During the meeting, halfway through a showing of *The New Klan: Heritage of Hate*, the videocassette recorder stopped working, and the television screen went blank. I got up from my seat and walked to the VCR. "He tinkered with the system and a taped TV documentary, all about the ugly rise of racism and the Ku Klux Klan, went on as scheduled," wrote *San Diego Union* columnist Tom Blair. "Some kind of hero."

On Dec. 3, 1983, eleven days after the birth of our sixth child, Laurie Brook,

a group of some of the nation's leading white supremacists met at the San Fernando Valley house of Frank Silva.

Silva, a trusted associate of mine, was the exalted cyclops of the Holy Order Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. He was also affiliated with Richard Butler and the Aryan Nations.

Silva called the meeting to accomplish two things. First, he wanted to eulogize slain Los Angeles Police Department officer Paul Verna. Verna had been killed in June 1983 during a routine traffic stop in nearby Lakeview Terrace. Two black men and a white woman were charged with Verna's murder.

Second, he wanted to create an atmosphere of unity between leading members of some of the nation's top white-supremacist leaders. These included Richard Butler, leader of the Aryan Nations/Church of Jesus Christ Christian in Hayden lake, Idaho; Randall Evans and Peter Lake of the Holy Order Knights and the Aryan Nations; and Michael Canale and Stan Witek of the American Nazi Party.

Silva invited me to the gathering to make a keynote speech to the group. My son John and long-time assistants Irv Alcorn and Winston Burbage accompanied me to the meeting.

When we arrived in San Fernando, we drove to a predetermined restaurant and met some of Silva's men. They led us to Silva's house. By the time we pulled up outside the house, there were dozens of people in the street, chanting, "Death to the Klan! Death to the Klan!" Police cars blocked the driveway. The demonstrators were trying to entice the white supremacists to step outside and fight.

We could see there was a problem, so we went on down the street, stopped at a phone booth, and called Silva's house. They said the Jewish Defense League was demonstrating, trying to get the men to fight. The cops were there, too, baby-sitting the JDL.

Silva told me to stay where I was. Minutes later, Silva and the other white supremacists drove by in a caravan. We pulled in behind them. There were cars with Klansmen, cars with Nazis, cars with cops, and cars with more Klansmen. It looked like something out of some slapstick comedy.

We drove up a wooded hill, to the house and property of Los Angeles Klansman Thomas Miner.

Gathered there were Silva, Miner, Evans, Lake, Canale, Witek, and two other men, Brad Kelley and Eric Schmidt. Kelley and Schmidt were unaffiliated with any of the groups. It was their first Klan activity.

Butler, of the Aryan Nations, was also inside the house. Days before arriving in Los Angeles, he had suspended white separatists Robert J. Mathews and Bruce Pierce from the Aryan Nations compound in Hayden Lake, Idaho, when Butler learned the men had reproduced a number of fifty-dollar bills on Butler's

photocopier. Mathews and Pierce would soon comprise the core of The Order, a white-separatist group that robbed banks and an armored vehicle during a crime spree throughout California and the Pacific Northwest.

At Miner's property, my men and I stayed outside the house. I was billed as guest speaker but did not feel I was part of that meeting. We all waited outside for them to finish.

The temperature dropped as darkness fell. Rain had fallen throughout the day, and the ground was muddy and wet. Police cars continued arriving at the property and officers stood around the perimeter. Overhead, a police helicopter hovered above the property, remaining in one position for minutes at a time. The noise was so loud you couldn't talk to somebody two feet away. The wind from the rotors sprayed the rain water out of the trees. The conditions were miserable.

Silva had authorized a local TV camera crew to shoot footage of the lighting. They were running all over the place, as were the cops. The whole event was turning into a carnival. So, after waiting around for about an hour, I went around to the back of the house, walked up the steps, stepped inside, and asked what the hell was going on. They were arguing about the cross-lighting. I said, "If there's a problem, who needs it?" But it was their deal, and I didn't interject anything else. I went back outside.

By the time they were ready, they had decided there would be a cross-lighting but no speech. Police were still all over the property. I knew I'd been screwed. I told John to go back to the car and lock the doors. I had a bad feeling. I could just tell it was going to turn out to be a giant mess.

Shortly before 8 p.m., we gathered outside on the property, circling the three crosses. Wearing a red Klan robe, Butler gave an invocation. Evans lit the crosses. Alcorn, Burbage, and I stood about a hundred feet away, near the house. I was not involved in the lighting. I was standing there eating a sandwich, petting somebody's dog.

Moments later, the cops stormed the yard. They threw us to the ground, arresting everyone. They took my bullet-proof vest and the Mace canister on my belt. The cops raided the house. They confiscated six ax handles, two rifles, a shotgun, baseball bats, table legs, and some rope.

The next day's *Los Angeles Times* quoted American Nazi Party member Michael Canale as saying the police "went in there like Gestapo." According to the *Times*, Canale "watched the scene from a nearby hillside and didn't join in the cross-burning to avoid violating his parole stemming from a conviction for setting fire to [a Temple City synagogue] in 1980."

Canale's parole had nothing to do with the fact he was away from the lighting. Canale was working for the Jewish Defense League and the Los Angeles Police Department. He testified to that during the preliminary trial.

We were booked into the San Fernando Valley Jail on suspicion of three charges: conspiracy to violate the municipal code, a felony; illegal burning of waste material, a misdemeanor; and illegal assembly, a misdemeanor. My men and I spent about four hours in jail. Silva's wife Shirley came and picked up John at the station.

We were freed the next morning on \$5,000 bail each. Peter Lake had been released shortly after the arrest. Peter Lake was a phony from the start. We learned later that he was under contract with CBS News to act as their agent. He had infiltrated the Aryan Nations and shot video there during some of the meetings.

Irv Rubin, executive director of the JDL, told the *Times* that he and his group "did everything in our power to show that Jews are not afraid of the likes of Tom Metzger. We can't have a bunch of maniacs burning crosses in a city which is home for half a million Jews, especially during Hanukkah."

I think Rubin, the arch clown of the Zionists, was mistaken. The lighting had nothing to do with Jews. Besides, Jews have so many holidays that every time you do something, you are doing so on their holiday. When I was in the Army, there were two Jew brothers who used to have more holidays than anybody I've ever seen. They were always getting out of duty for some Jew holiday.

Twelve days after the arrests, on Dec. 15, we were in Los Angeles County Municipal Court for a preliminary hearing. Thirty members of the John Brown Anti-Klan Committee, the Center for Black Survival, and other groups were demonstrating outside the courtroom. Some of the protesters, trying to force their way into the courtroom, were restrained by police wearing full riot gear. I would step out into the hallway, look at the Marxists and shout, "Hi, boys!" That's all it took for them to come charging. Marxists have no sense of humor. They hate to see me smile.

During the initial stage of the case, we defendants met often to discuss the situation. Don Musgrove suggested we stand together and fight the charges. Plea-bargaining, he said, was out of the question. Butler at one point asked Musgrove how long he thought the case might last. Musgrove said he figured it might take a month. Butler said he could not stay in Los Angeles that long. Musgrove said, "Tell that to the judge." We all had a good laugh.

After seven months of preliminary hearings, testimonies, and jury selection, Judge Sidney A. Cherniss on June 20, 1984, threw out the charges against us. Cherniss based his decision on the fact that City Attorney Ira Reiner had failed to show proper cause in bringing us to trial. Before he dismissed us, however, he gave us a five-minute tongue-lashing. In part, Cherniss said, "You're yellow-bellies, every one of you, to pull that nonsense. You're low, slimy, and despicable. You have no right to live in the United States. You ought to go somewhere else."

Outside the courtroom, we gave statements to the press. Witek, wearing a swastika on his lapel, told the Los Angeles Times, "Justice prevailed. The cloven-

hoofed tribe of City Attorney Ira Reiner did not prevail."

The ruling upset others. "The judicial system, the police, don't work in the interests of black people," said Akinyele Umoja, of the Center for Black Survival. Deputy City Atty. John W. Phillips said, "We are extremely shocked by the judge's decision. I don't know where he's coming from."

Days later, Reiner's office filed an appeal with the Superior Court's appellate department. Reiner won the appeal, and the case was remanded back to Municipal Court for further review. Reiner, now Los Angeles district attorney, has been the primary force behind the case since it began.

Reiner has always liked this kind of case. Going after the Klan is popular with the public, which is good for a man trying for public office, like Reiner. He has always been a real arch Zionist.

The case was set against me, Witek, Burbage, Brad Kelley, and Eric Schmidt. The reason for this is the fact that Musgrove advised me to fight the felony charge instead of the two misdemeanor charges. Subsequently, my case was remanded to Superior Court, where we thought that my rights as an individual would be better protected. Winning on appeal is considered easier in Superior Court than in Municipal Court. While the other defendants remained in Municipal Court, Witek and the others joined me in Superior Court.

One by one, for various reasons, the other superior-court defendants were dropped from the proceedings. Brad Kelly and Eric Schmidt were just along for the ride; they each were attending their first Klan event, and they got arrested for it. Thomas Miner disappeared shortly after the hearings began and has a felony bench warrant issued for his arrest. Irv Alcorn was exonerated of all charges during the preliminary-hearing stage. Winston Burbage was placed on five years' probation.

Of all the defendants in the Los Angeles case, I hold a lot of respect for Frank Silva. He later served ten years for providing Order leader Robert Mathews with a Brightwood, Oregon, "safe house" in November 1984, while Mathews hid from federal agents.

Two years before Silva's 1986 conviction, on July 19, 1984, members of The Order, including Randall Evans, robbed a Brinks armored vehicle outside Ukiah, California, netting \$3.6 million. The money was to be distributed among various white-separatist leaders. Upon his arrest and subsequent interrogation, Order member Bruce Pierce on April 22, 1985, said I received between \$250,000 and \$300,000 stolen in the robbery, part of \$750,000 tithed to sympathetic white-supremacist organizations. Pierce later recanted the statement. Metzger denies receiving any money from the robbery.

"Ever since I've been active in the white nationalist movement, there have been all kinds of Tom Metzger stories," I told the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "This is just another silly story about me, and it's completely untrue."

When Pierce was arrested, the FBI threatened him with the arrest of his wife and detention of his children if Pierce refused to talk. They put Pierce under extreme pressure. I can understand what happened, and I don't hold it against him. The feds probably would have come up with some story like that on their own, anyway. As it is, it's a wonder I didn't have a bunch of people digging up my back yard, searching for the money.

None of the \$3.6 million has been recovered. I figure some FBI agent has it in a Swiss bank account. FBI agents have more access than anybody else in finding and keeping that kind of money.

Besides Silva's lengthy prison term, Randall Evans also received forty years for his role in the Brinks robbery. Evans shot out the vehicle's tires while other members robbed it. Adding to the court's apparent contempt for Evans and Silva was the fact each had signed a declaration of war that Mathews wrote to the U.S. government on Nov. 25, 1984. The Order had also been charged with the June 1984 murder of Denver radio talk show host Alan Berg. On the day members of The Order were convicted, Dec. 30, 1985, I stood on Seattle's Superior Courthouse steps and told the press, "They have given us ten martyrs. A new day is dawning for white people in this country."

Thirteen days after Mathews's declaration, federal agents dropped white phosphorus illumination flares from a helicopter into the Whidbey Island, Washington, house where Mathews was hiding, setting the structure on fire. Mathews's remains were found the next morning. The chief medical examiner of King County, Washington, determined Mathews had died of smoke inhalation and called the death a homicide. Mathews today remains a martyr to the movement.

I respect Mathews, Silva, Evans, and each of the other members of The Order, except Thomas Martinez, an Order member who informed the FBI about the group. I look up to them as revolutionaries. I like a good fight. Their punishment was symbolic. The feds want to crush the movement now, before it grows. They want to smash us into the ground and say, "There. You'll never rise again." But their punishment did the opposite. It made heroes and martyrs out of them, and they will remain that way.

WAR since 1984 has published the names and prison-mailing addresses of surviving Order members and other "Aryan POWs." These include Order members Silva, Evans, Pierce, David Lane, Gary Yarbrough, Richard Scutari, along with Yorie Kahl, James Earl Ray, and James Wickstrom.

On Aug. 17, 1990, I made my fiftieth trip to Los Angeles to appear before a judge. That date marked my eleven thousandth mile driven to attend those hearings.

I lost at least \$10,000 in income and expenses because of the trial. The city of Los Angeles lost out, too. My case alone cost the taxpayers millions of dollars. But what is tax money to Ira Reiner? The most ridiculous thing I ever saw was his

attempted prosecution of the McMartin preschool molestation case. Reiner spent \$100 million of the taxpayers' money so he could grandstand, win the case and make his try for state attorney general. They kept that defendant Raymond Buckley in jail for five years. Maybe he was guilty, but they did not have the evidence to keep him. I believe Reiner knew that all along.

And I knew that Since Witek and I remained the only superior-court defendants who were still active in the white-separatist movement, the case was continued for only one reason -- to put me behind bars.

Witek has done hard time, so prison is nothing new to him. Considering today's anti-racist atmosphere and what we experienced during the 1990 vicarious-liability suit in Portland, I could not be too sure about the outcome. But I knew one thing. If they found me guilty, I did not want to hear any crap from the judge about plea-bargaining or probation. I did not want a judge telling me that I could not be involved with politics, either. But that is exactly what happened.

I was found guilty of the misdemeanor charge of unlawful assembly, with the possibility of serving six months in jail. Nobody in the state of California serves six months for committing a misdemeanor. But on Dec. 2, 1991, I was sentenced not only to six months in jail, but I was told by the judge to quit my association with any "neo-Nazi or Klanlike group." In addition, I was directed to perform three hundred hours of community-service work at a minority facility. That was fine with me. I told the press that I would go down to the black community and tell them all about the Jews, that Judaism is a fraud religion. No matter where I go, I will continue talking to people, of every size, shape, and color.

We do realize now that the white-separatist movement and the people who stand up for white working people, those who don't apologize for their beliefs, are going to be hammered all the way down the line.

But nothing is going to change. When they knock one of us down, a thousand more will stand up.

Chapter Fifteen

In February 1984, I moved WAR into the computer age. The entire white-separatist movement soon followed suit.

With the help of my son John, I initiated the movement's first computer-networking system. I called it the WAR Information Board.

The board was used to spread racist views, opinions, and news, and to recruit and organize followers. It linked WAR associates with other white-separatist organizations nationwide.

Using our computer, John and I were able to communicate instantaneously with other white racials who accessed the board by dialing WAR's link-up number.

The network contained racist essays, news reports, and analyses of current events. One added feature to the system allowed users to send "eyes only" messages to others linked to the system. Describing the system, *PC Computer* magazine said, "Its single phone line is constantly busy. This indicates the high demand for on-line white supremacist material and the number of neo-Nazis with the technology to access such information. Racist groups quickly hailed the WAR Board as a technological breakthrough, which helped spawn Metzger's reputation as the technology godfather of the white-supremacy movement."

A typical message is this prediction of white supremacy's future, by Robert Miles, leader of the Mountain Church in Cohoctah, Michigan. "Soon the pattern of operations of the Irish Republican Army will be seen across this land," Miles said. "We, the older and less active spokesmen for the folk and faith, are being replaced by the young lions. These dragons of God have no time for pamphlets, for speeches, for gatherings. They know their role. They know their duty. They are the products of the failure of this Satanic, anti-white federal monstrosity to listen to more peaceful voices, such as our own.... We called for the government in La Cesspool Grande to let us be apart from their social experiments in their mongrelism. But to no avail. And now, as we had warned, now come the Icemen! Out of the North, out of the frozen lands, once again the giants gather. Soon America becomes Ireland re-created!"

By December 1989, after more than five years' of operation, the WAR Board was linked with neo-Nazi and skinhead systems nationwide. Through the system, John and I were able to maintain ties with skinhead groups like skinhead Bob

Heick's American Front, Chicago Area Skinheads (CASH), Detroit Area Skinheads (DASH), Bay Area Skinheads (BASH), Dallas' Confederate Hammer Skins, the Chicago-based Romantic Violence, and others. Since several passwords were required to access each level of the system, only our closest and most trusted associates could view each level of the system.

In July 1984, my associate Louis Beam formed the Aryan Nations Liberty Net. Beam, the former grand dragon of the Texas Klan, was serving as ambassador-at-large for the Aryan Nations. He announced the advent of the system during the Aryan Nations World Congress, an annual summertime gathering at the Aryan Nations compound for white supremacists nationwide.

Beam said the Liberty Net would allow white supremacists to access various kinds of racial information. This included lists of racial enemies, along with the names and addresses of prominent Jews and various civil-rights groups, like the Anti-Defamation League.

Another list included that of "race traitors" and other people who had been marked for death. Listed were civil-rights attorney Morris Dees, founding director of the Southern Poverty Law Center; attorney Don Jacobson of the Colorado Zionist Association, who taught self-defense to Jews; and Jewish television producer Norman Lear. Other people targeted for murder within the movement were Jewish former secretary of state Henry Kissinger; Chase Manhattan Bank president David Rockefeller; former NBC television president Fred Silverman; Texas chief magistrate William Justice, who ordered fifty black and white housing-project families to exchange apartments as part of a desegregation program; and Peter Lake, the CBS newsman who videotaped ceremonies at the Aryan Nations compound and the Los Angeles cross-lighting.

One Liberty Net message read, "Finally, we are all going to be linked together at one point in time. Imagine, if you will, all the great minds of the White Christian Movement linked together and joined in one computer. Now imagine any Aryan Patriot in the country being able to call up and access those minds, to deal with the problems and issues that affect him. You are on-line with the Aryan Nations Liberty Net! It is here to serve the folk."

The prevalence of these systems in the white-separatist movement influenced the use of a computer system to plot a political murder in the 1988 movie *Betrayed*.

By 1987, Liberty Net and WAR computer link-up centers had been organized in Arkansas, California, Illinois, North Carolina, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Texas. "Electronic media is the only way to get to the white working class," I told *PC Computing*. Gaining power, I added, would come once a generation of technologically hip neo-Nazis had been installed throughout the government and military. "We can eventually seize power through the use of technology and the power of information," I said. Three years later, WAR's Information Board had

been replaced with even faster technologies.

In early 1984, I began using telephone hotlines to spread my racist information. WAR associates nationwide connected telephone-answering machines to their household or office lines. This allowed me to call the lines and record messages whenever I needed. I was also able to recruit people in this manner, by allowing callers to leave messages at the end of the taped recording. Today, WAR phone centers are found in Dallas, Los Angeles, Peoria, Philadelphia, San Bernardino, San Diego, San Francisco, San Jose, Seattle, Tulsa, and dozens of other cities.

"You have reached WAR," began one message from November 1989. "A few months back, Tom Metzger warned that the Bush master's statement that he would make us a kinder, gentler nation was right out of the George Orwell novel 1984 -- in other words, the iron fist and the velvet glove.

"Metzger warned that free speech was under attack and would begin to branch out to those who would want to stamp out WAR's freedom of speech and assembly. This prophecy is now in high gear. First, the alien regime in Washington, D.C., attacks those it feels the general public will not defend. Then it will branch out to attack free speech in general.

"Using the ploy of the great drug war, your masters are beginning to draw the noose. Using the ploy of drunk drivers, police roadblocks are becoming a popular system to get you used to dictatorship. Using the excuse of massive drug gangs, who are rarely prosecuted, your weapons for defense are being outlawed slowly but surely. Using the excuse of federal disaster, the federal emergency management system creates people-control plans, but for reasons other than safety.

"All of this will come under the guise of humanity, brotherly love, and most of all, order. To paraphrase a liberal cliché, they came for tax protester Gordon Kahl, and I did nothing. They came for John Singer, who wished to educate his children on his own, and I did nothing. They came for Robert Mathews, and I said he was just a radical. They came for farmer Arthur Kirk, and I didn't lift a finger. They came for the skinheads, and I said they dressed funny and are too proud and white. They came for WAR, and I said they were too extreme. And now they come for unorganized white workers, and there's no one left to fight for me. This is WAR. Resist, wherever you are."

In March 1990, I increased my ability to spread racist messages by beginning the WAR fax system. I encouraged white racials nationwide to send fast-breaking news and other information to me, via the fax. The fax is faster and very convenient. Now the Internet has broken wide open and we're now receiving 81,000 calls per month, five times more than our first month on the Internet.

In April 1984, I was contacted by a racist associate in Canada, Canadian National Socialist leader Don Andrews, about attending an upcoming conference of

international anti-Zionists.

The conference would be held in Libya, at the invitation of one of the world's most powerful Arabs, Col. Moammar Qaddafi.

Qaddafi, a socialist, desired socialist domination worldwide. He gained power in 1969 after leading a successful, Soviet-backed uprising in Tripoli. His staunch anti-imperialist and anti-Zionist views are found in his *Green Book*, which is required reading for all Libyans. Among other topics, the book tells of "Zionist bandits who continue to attack the revolutionary forces in occupied Palestine." Qaddafi's *Green Book* is to Libya what Mao Tse Tung's *Little Red Book* was the China. Qaddafi is not a stupid man.

Qaddafi maintained ties with various underground political groups worldwide. These included the Palestinian Liberation Organization, the Irish Republican Army, the Marxist Shining Path of Peru, and various black Muslim factions.

In 1984, wanting to open dialogue with North American anti-Zionists of all races, Qaddafi invited white racialists from Canada and the United States and black Muslim representatives, including Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan, to his conference.

Black nationalism, as decreed by Farrakhan's black Muslims, calls for the formation of a separate North American nation-state for blacks. Since that would permit separation of the races, white nationalists tend to agree in principle with this black-nationalist goal. White nationalists have even suggested forming the region of New Africa, a blacks-only area comprising Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and parts of Louisiana. White nationalists also support the voluntary or involuntary repatriation of blacks to Africa.

Other common points of interest exist between white and black nationalist groups. Black nationalism supports the racial purity of blacks and other races. Like white nationalists, true black nationalists abhor interracial marriage. Black nationalism, in addition, is also unfailingly anti-Semitic. In 1984, campaigning for Democratic presidential contender Jesse Jackson, Farrakhan referred repeatedly to "the wickedness of the Jews." He called Judaism "a dirty, gutter religion." He called Adolf Hitler "a great man."

Farrakhan, for one, is a man who speaks his mind. The blacks need leaders like him. They do not need the Uncle Toms who play suck-up to the Jews, who ran the slave trade for decades. Jews are guilty as hell for bringing slaves here from Africa.

As much as I wanted to meet Qaddafi, Farrakhan, and the others in Libya, I did not accept the invitation. I was involved in the Los Angeles cross-lighting case and was unable to go. Without having to be in Southern California for that, I certainly would have gone.

When Andrews and the others returned to Canada, they told me the situation had become tense when the black Muslims learned that white supremacists were going to make the trip, too. When they all landed in Rome before the final run to Tripoli, they almost had a war on their hands. The two factions had to be separated. When they got to Libya, the white nationalists were put up in a nice hotel and were treated very well. But some Libyans got carried away and tossed some foreign newsman off the top of a hotel. All in all, the trip was sort of a fiasco.

Of course, Farrakhan might disagree to that. When Farrakhan returned to the United States in early June, he said he had received money from the Arabs for use in the black community back in the States. He told *CBS Morning News*, "I went to the Islamic world to appeal to the Arab community to invest some of the \$170 billion that Arabs have in the banks of America into the black community, so that we might build industry and business to put our poor people to work." Qaddafi alone reportedly gave him \$5 million in cash.

Although Farrakhan would not comment on the issues discussed during his trip to Libya, clues toward those discussions arose eight months later. On Feb. 24, 1985, Qaddafi addressed a Chicago convention of the Nation of Islam via satellite. During his forty-minute speech, Qaddafi urged black U.S. servicemen to leave the military and to create a separate army. "The United States must be destroyed," Qaddafi said. Because whites had excluded blacks from political and social life, blacks had to fight for an independent state of their own, he said. Farrakhan called Qaddafi "a fellow struggler in the cause of liberation" for blacks.

During this period, some of Farrakhan's Nation of Islam followers had been in contact with some of my associates in Washington, D.C., including members of William Pierce's National Alliance and staff members from the *Spotlight* newspaper, a weekly Populist publication with more than a quarter million readers.

We were all white nationalists, supportive of whites' rights, and they were black nationalists. There were some common factors between the groups. Obviously, we could not go overboard in cooperation with a group of blacks, but there was an avenue we wanted to explore. Political soldiers need to keep their options open.

In early September 1985, days before Farrakhan announced his plan to visit Los Angeles and address a crowd at the Inglewood Forum, the editor of the Nation of Islam's *Final Call* newspaper called me, requesting information on the area's Jewish extremists.

I complied, telling editor Abdul Wali Muhammed of the Jewish Defense League, the Anti-Defamation League, and other pro-Jewish groups. I sent Muhammed documents regarding those groups, and Zionism.

Muhammed in turn invited me and my associates to attend the speech. I accepted. I understood it would be probably be a good gesture on our part to attend the show.

On the night of the speech, Sept. 14, my top WAR aides and I dressed in suits and ties and drove to the Forum. We were ushered into a private entrance. Their security checked us for weapons and then showed us to a special seating area across the Forum, in front of the stage.

Looking down onto the crowd, I saw thousands of blacks and very few whites. There were not two hundred whites in the entire arena, and we were ten of them.

When Farrakhan came out on stage, the crowd of fourteen thousand people gave him a standing ovation. When they were seated, Farrakhan began his speech. He tempered his anti-Semitic remarks, saying, "America, you were wrong allowing the Holocaust to take place in Germany." He added later, "But don't push your six million deaths down our throats when we lost one hundred million to slavery. We weep for Jews, but who weeps for us?"

His strongest remarks concerned America and Israel. "When President Franklin D. Roosevelt knew the Jews were suffering, he turned the other way. He was Christian. Now, out of guilt, knowing that you hate the Jews yourself, to make up for your wickedness, you permit the stealing of land from the Palestinian homeland, and you support the state of Israel with billions of taxpayer dollars.

"Because I have the courage to speak out, now I'm an anti-Semite. I have been saying the Jews were to be returned by the Messiah to the Promised Land, not by [first Israeli prime minister] Ben Gurion. Why did not you wait for the Messiah? It is because of your disbelief in God and your wicked hypocrisy that you would not wait. You stole your land."

Farrakhan asked the crowd, "How many of you would like to have a separate nation within the United States?" Many people cheered. Next, he asked, "If you're willing to leave this country and go to mother Africa, please stand up."

I recall the moment well. There was a tremendous uproar. Thousands of blacks stood up from their seats, some raising a clenched fist. Afterward, Farrakhan said the response had even surprised him; that many blacks were willing to immigrate to Africa, if the conditions were right.

After the speech, Farrakhan's assistants stood in the aisles, collecting donations for the Nation of Islam. Each monetary gift was announced by a speaker at the podium. In our seats above the stage, WAR aide Winston Burbage asked me, "Why don't we make a token donation?"

"Why not?" I said. "It'll drive the Jews crazy."

Burbage walked out of the upper-seating area and down onto the stage. He walked to a group of black Muslims near the podium and handed them a one hundred-dollar bill.

Over the public-address system came the announcement, "And from the White American Resistance group, one hundred dollars."

Fourteen thousands blacks applauded and cheered. I could tell it had

shocked quite a few of them, too.

The donation shocked the press, too, although it was several days before any word of the donation hit the papers. At first, I thought the reporters had missed it. But then, all of a sudden, the story broke, and the press went nuts: "Metzger Gives Farrakhan Money."

Time magazine headlined the news item, "Demagogues, Brothers in Bigotry," and said, in part, "Farrakhan has made some friends. In Los Angeles, Thomas Metzger, a former Ku Klux Klan leader who heads a racist group called White American Resistance attended Farrakhan's speech and kicked in a \$100 donation. Metzger, a self-described white separatist, likes some of Farrakhan's ideas but says, 'I don't see myself moving any closer to him since that would defy logic.'"

By spring of 1986, I was ready to meet with some of the leaders of Farrakhan's Nation of Islam group. I had a business proposition to discuss with them.

On June 7, 1986, John and I flew to Washington, D.C., and drove to Arlington, Virginia, to meet with the black nationalists.

Following directions given to us earlier, we drove to an upscale, residential part of the city, found the house of one of my supporters where we were to meet, and pulled to the side of the road.

Suddenly, three black Lincoln town cars screeched around a corner and pulled in behind us. Out stepped the drivers, plus three or four well-dressed Muslims. They wore suits, bow ties, and dark sunglasses.

After introductions were made, we stepped into the house and settled in a large, screened summer room. One of the leaders had brought his son, too. We had a nice talk. I laid out some financial possibilities, regarding some oil projects in Africa, and we made an offer to show good faith with their group regarding this project. We realized there was a possibility of developing a rather large legitimate income through this.

The black Muslims said they were interested in what I and other white separatists had been saying and doing. They asked if I would be willing to talk with some of their other leaders at the next Muslim Convention in Chicago. They asked if I would be willing to address the Convention. I said I would. I said I would bring other white-separatist leaders with me, too.

Our discussion was fruitful. It looked like things were going to work out. The Muslims told me that Farrakhan at the time was in Liberia. When he returned, they would seek his approval for a meeting between the Muslims and the white separatists. We said our good-byes, and John and I returned home to Fallbrook.

After that, however, the Farrakhan camp failed to communicate with us. Farrakhan went into hiding, and communication between the groups died out. We tried to get a few messages to him through some of his men, but they did not respond.

For that two-year period, beginning in 1984, I thought we might have had an opportunity to work together pragmatically on common interests, or at least to associate on a political level.

But once Farrakhan folded, even some of his top men could not figure what was happening. For better or worse, that put an end to our communications with the black Muslims of Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam.

During this period, I began thinking about the name of my group, White American Resistance, and about the fact that so many different kinds of people called themselves Americans.

Whatever their personal or racial allegiance, blacks, Asians, Jews, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Native American Indians, and many other kinds of people called themselves as Americans.

Surely I was not interested in building a white-nationalists' group that would comprise anyone but whites. For that reason, on Sept. 9, 1984, I announced the change of my group's name from White American Resistance to White Aryan Resistance.

Anyone can be an American: black, white, Jewish, Hispanic. What is an American? Anybody can be one. So, I let it go. I used the word Aryan, which comprises anybody who is white, no matter their political or national affiliation. We changed to White Aryan Resistance.

Other white-separatist leaders in the mid 1980s were discussing the idea of taking over and building a white's-only colony within the boundaries of Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, and Wyoming, the nation's five northwestern states. This was called the Northwest Imperative. Richard Butler and his followers at Aryan Nations are among the primary advocates of the Northwest imperative.

I am not against the idea. But it obviously is not practical until after some kind of confrontation with the system. The system would never let you peacefully amass in one center of the country to promote ideas with which they do not agree. They have a million ways of screwing that up for you.

There has to be more than ideas and talk for something like a white-separatist region to develop. All aspects and ramifications of such an undertaking have to be considered.

I have been talking for twenty years with people who have wanted to create whites-only communities. They all think they will move in when there is only a few people and then gradually take over the area's political structure. And then everything would be great.

One associate who was talking in the early 1980s of forming such a community in California's Alpine County near Lake Tahoe was tax-resistor Francis Gillings. Gillings fought the IRS again and again. He had lost entire businesses, based on his tax resistance.

Gillings's plan was to develop Alpine County into a community of white tax resistors and other whites who opposed the federal government. He once showed me some maps and charts, showing the roads he and his group were going to have paved, and the lots they were going to subdivide for home construction.

I listened patiently to Gillings. Then I told him the plan would never work.

"What do you mean?" Gillings asked.

"You don't understand human nature," I said. "First, you're putting all these strong-willed people in one spot. If there's no enemy to fight, they'll end up fighting each other, and you'll have a war on your hands.

"Second, you're bringing in a bunch of cranky, old, crotchety people. They'll be bitching about the road, the utilities, the sidewalks, Their complaints will sap your energy.

"Third, one day, the government's going to come after you. You're going to wake up in the dark of early morning, with the cold fog all around the ground, and you'll hear the clink, clink, clink of a military half-track coming up the road.

"You'll call your men, grab your gun, and meet five hundred Marines out on the road. There'll be choppers in the air. You'll fire a round, and then another, and you'll keep fighting, as long as your can. But when you turn around to give a directive to your men, there won't be one son of a bitch there. You'll die like a dog, alone."

I believe that for every man like Gillings, a man who was prepared to lay it all on the line, there are a thousand others who won't.

I spent many years in the conservative right wing, with the kinds of people Gillings was going to draw to his side. For the most part, they are a bunch of flakes. They talk, talk, talk, and they bitch, moan, and whine. They meet, eat, and retreat. I had to get away from them before I got myself killed.

I have reservations about forming a white-separatist region within the United States. Rhetoric is one thing. Doing it is another.

One problem is economics. There is not an abundance of work in the Pacific Northwest. You have to have capital. You have to have people to come in and run the companies in which your people will work. You can do it, but it has to be based on somewhat of a fanatical zeal, and in the meetings I have been to on this, I just have not heard or see that zeal. I have heard talk.

Richard Butler is a good friend of mine. But he does not want to hear this kind of thing. He wants to hear how wonderful it will be. But, once in a while, I'm sort of a turd-in-the-punchbowl kind of guy. I let them talk about all their great ideas, and then I say, "That's great, but let's break it down and examine it." That must be the German in me. I ask them, "What do you think your enemies will be doing while you're doing all this? I respect my enemy enough to know he's not going to be sitting on his ass while I take over."

And then they say, "Metzger, you're always trying to create disunity."

"No," I tell them. "I just don't want to unify with idiocy. If I unify, I want to unify with intelligence."

Sometimes this whole movement is just so much of the-blind-leading-the-blind. There is too much rhetoric and far too many bullshit artists who just want to scream and yell.

To do our part to rectify this problem, on April 20 of each year, my associates and I unify in spirit with the National Socialist whom most white separatists hold in high regard, Adolf Hitler.

About fifty WAR members and friends and family attend a banquet at some Southern California restaurant, to celebrate Hitler's birthday.

I often invite others to speak, and when they are finished, I offer a few words myself. Sometimes I praise Hitler for his attempts at racial separation. I suggest that WAR members should continue the struggle for power. I admonish those who have not worked hard enough for the group or the white race.

In early April 1987, I began preparations to hold that year's birthday celebration at Alpine Village, a German theme restaurant and shopping center in Torrance, California.

I contacted the owner and attempted to reserve part of the restaurant for our celebration. The owner declined, and then backed his decision with a court injunction barring me and any WAR associates from celebrating the event at the restaurant.

I was miffed. WAR associate Tom Padgett and I drove in Padgett's black Lincoln town car to Torrance Municipal Airport. We stepped inside the office of an aerial-advertising firm. Padgett told the owner that he needed a banner signifying his uncle's birthday to be flown over a certain housing tract.

"As a landmark, look for the Alpine Village restaurant," Padgett said.

"No problem," the man said. "I can find it from the air. What's your uncle's name?"

"Adolf," Padgett said. He handed the man two hundred dollars.

On April 20, determined to enforce the court's injunction, a couple dozen Los Angeles county sheriff's deputies had the restaurant parking lot staked out. Among them was Irv Rubin, executive director of the Jewish Defense League, and some other league members.

At precisely 6 p.m., a single-engine plane came flying over Alpine Village, trailing a banner behind it. The banner read, "Happy Birthday, Uncle Adolf!"

Rubin and his henchmen were furious. He told the Torrance *Daily Breeze*, "Every person in the South Bay should take note. It's a shocking revelation that in 1987 someone would have the chutzpah to tie that to a plane and fly over a major metropolitan area. This is Los Angeles, not the backwoods of Alabama."

The owner of the aerial-advertising firm told the paper he had not known that "Uncle Adolf" referred to Hitler. "We do a lot of birthdays," he said.

A strong desire to continue trying new methods of spreading racialist doctrine and gaining political power led me to form ties with skinheads.

In truth, however, I never went out looking for them. They just started showing up on my doorstep. And I figured, "They're fighting for whites' rights, I'm doing the same, let's see if we can work together."

Aligning myself with skinheads also served to distance myself from some of the movement's older, more reactionary leaders. Like I told *Rolling Stone* magazine, "I don't feel comfortable with those old conservative mossbacks, sitting around moaning about the government."

Skinheads in essence are young white men and women who take personal pride in their white race and heritage. Skinheads often wear Doc Marten boots, black jeans, and T-shirts, black or green bomber jackets, tattoos, and suspenders, or "braces." As I have suggested to them repeatedly, some skinheads have now let their hair grow out and have adopted more mainstream ways to dress.

Skinhead violence is so overrated that I cannot believe anybody believes it. If the Jew-run newspapers would dig a little into the goings-on of a typical Baptist church, they would find a higher percentage of crime among those church members than among skinheads.

Blacks and Mexicans have their gangs and street thugs. The Jews have their youth groups and cabals. Why should whites not be able to organize themselves? Minority gangs terrorize people every day, and nothing is done about it. Nothing is done, of course, for fear of badgering by some civil-rights group. But one skinhead in some isolated incident smashes some guy in the face, and suddenly there is a national crisis.

My initial contact with skinheads came in 1985. WAR associate Michael Hoffman had gone to England to videotape the British white power music scene. While there, Hoffman befriended Ian Stuart, lead singer of Skrewdriver, Britain's most popular white power skinhead band. Stuart was also a member of and top recruiter for Britain's National Front.

When Hoffman brought back his footage, John edited the work and created WAR's first white power music tape. We broadcast it nationwide on *Race and Reason*. It forged a strong link between WAR, Stuart, and some of Britain's other white nationalists.

Stuart in turn honored me and WAR by dedicating a song to me. He had printed on one album cover, "To Tom Metzger, racial regards."

The skinhead movement began in Britain in the late 1960s. To differentiate themselves from the liberal, race-mixing, long-haired hippies, Britain's ultra-conservative, working-class skinheads shaved their hair short, wore durable clothes

that would not tear in a fight, and listened to a kind of music called Oi. Oi was a punk-like rock 'n' roll that now is called hard-core.

It was only a matter of time before Oi reached America. British bands like Skrewdriver and No Remorse were recording Oi music, and by 1983, musically inclined American skinheads had began to imitate the British bands, forming their own groups. These included the Mid-Town Boot Boys, Final Solution, White Pride, U.S. Chaos, Bound for Glory, and others.

The music, with its thundering beat and racially graphic lyrics, attracted many white youths to the skinhead banner. Skinhead concerts and get-togethers became prime recruiting areas for the white-racialist movement. Most of them were young, tough, clean-shaven, boot-stomping men and women. They were resisting and combating the non-white hordes.

I grew up with old-time rock 'n' roll, but there is something about skinhead music that I really like. It has a heavy, driving beat, and the lyrics are not half bad, when you can hear them. I consider music to be simply one other way of getting the message across. It works, so we use it.

My role as ideological icon to the skinheads attained national prominence in 1988 due to the publication of several reports on the skinhead movement by the Anti-Defamation League.

According to the report, several nationwide white-supremacy groups had been reaching out to recruit the skinheads. No one, however, was achieving as much success at it than "the California-based White Aryan Resistance, headed by Tom Metzger. His WAR organization has spawned the nation's most active and best organized skinhead group [the Aryan Youth Movement's WAR Skins]."

I was very proud to be on the top of the ADL's list. My enemy, the ADL, that un-American agent of a foreign power, was paying me a compliment by publishing that report. I followed the ADL's report with an Aryan Update telephone message of my own. I said the "Anti-Defecation League of Bad Breath is pressuring cops to arrest Aryan youth nationwide. Reports of skinheads being roused in the streets are coming in daily." I reminded the skinheads that "according to the law, it is your right to walk down any street in America without harassment. Big Brother is flexing his phony Jew muscles. It's up to us to hold the line."

With the help of my son John, who by 1988 was vice president of the Aryan Youth Movement, I developed WAR Skins chapters throughout California, including Fallbrook, Hollister, Orange County, Riverside, Salinas, San Diego, and Ventura County. By October of that year, we had become associated with skinhead groups in twenty-one additional states.

Skinheads increased their presence in the white-nationalist movement by joining forces with other, older, more reactionary racialists, including members of the Klan, the Odinists, Aryan Nations, and Christian Identity.

I depend on skinheads. And I have long defended my reliance on them. They are my front-line warriors. Recruiting youth should be the primary goal of any organization, especially groups that want to succeed into the future.

To me, appealing to youth is the obvious answer. Why preach to a room full of other people? What are they going to do? Groups worldwide recruit youth. They just do not like it when we do it. When anybody else does it, they call it the coming together of humanity. When we do it, they call it an evil, bad, terrorist act.

The skinhead groups we have developed ties with include the neo-Nazi American Front, led by San Francisco skinhead Bob Heick; Detroit Area Skins (DASH); Bay Area Skinheads (BASH); Dallas' Confederate Hammer Skins; and Chicago Area Skins (CASH), led by skinhead Clark Martell. CASH, the nation's first organized skinhead chapter, was known as Romantic Violence when it sold its racist materials, including albums by Skrewdriver, Final Solution, White Pride, and U.S. Chaos.

The emergence of the skinhead movement was caused in part by the publication of an ADL report called *Shaved for Battle*. In 1986, when the movement was just emerging, the report warned the public, media, and law enforcement about "roaming gangs of white youth," the skinheads.

The police immediately began hassling the few skinheads that there were; the skinheads loved it. Someone was actually paying attention to them. Being a skinhead became being a challenge to authority. And after the press started in on them, an entire movement that was just as good as dead before it ever lived took off like a skyrocket.

I am proud of the skinheads. They never back down from a fight. Admittedly, there has been some cases of nonsensical violence. A number of skinheads have been sentenced to lengthy prison terms for a variety of crimes, including murder, assault, and vandalism. One report in 1987 tallied the number of skinhead-caused murders at 121 and assaults at 302, from 1980 to 1986. These crimes occurred in Atlanta, Austin, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York City, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., and other cities nationwide.

But the American public has to accept one fact -- the skinheads are working now to take back the streets from the nonwhite hordes.

Now, doing so through direct confrontation and violence, however, is something I have never condoned. I have done more than any other racist leader to curtail violence committed by skinheads. I try instead to get them to fight smart, using their heads instead of their fists. I have had some success, too, in showing them that violence in the street is just going to put them in jail. And in jail, they won't be very effective for the movement.

The ironic part of all this is that nonsensical street violence is precisely what led me to the most difficult and trying legal battle of my entire political career -- my struggle against Morris Dees, the ADL, and the estate of Mulugeta Seraw.

Chapter Sixteen

We worked hard during the entire summer of 1990 on the wrongful-death suit filed against us the previous October. Finally, in early September 1990, we got a win.

On Sept. 6, Morris Dees was forced to admit in the private chambers of Judge Ancer Haggerty that he had been accused on at least one other occasion of bribing witnesses.

Oh, no. The uplifter of the downtrodden would not bribe a witness, would he?

There have been several instances in which Dees and his associates have bribed witnesses, paying them to testify a certain way during a civil proceeding. The one I documented concerned an individual who currently is serving time in Georgetown, Mississippi. Dees reportedly promised this individual many certain favors in exchange for specific testimony during a trial against a Klan group. Once Dees received what he needed, of course, Dees dumped said individual.

Dees, in addition, did the same during hearings against Glenn Miller's White Patriots Party in North Carolina. Several complaints against Dees were filed in that instance.

Haggerty's ruling for my motion meant Dees's past exploits were in the record of the Portland case, too.

Dees and the others were furious. SPLC attorney Richard Cohen said, "Anyone who's after anyone else can accuse them of bribery."

Haggerty said, "It sounds to me like Mr. Metzger has got his admission right now. You've just admitted that you've been accused of bribing witnesses." That was all Haggerty needed to support my motion.

This was our first significant win with Judge Haggerty. It is public knowledge that Dees has been accused of bribing witnesses, so it could not be denied. They could deny that they had done it, but they could not deny that they had been accused of it.

On Sept. 12, we filed a claim against the city of Portland, charging that city officials participated in a conspiracy to set us up.

The claim charged collusion on the part of the city; we knew that ever since the skinheads had attacked Seraw there had been ongoing communication between various city officials and Dees.

Dees was in close communication with the district attorney's office, and every other level of law enforcement in Portland and throughout the state. Our suit against the city claimed that city officials, police agents, and provocateurs were liable to us for damages, to the tune of \$10 million.

I knew the city, of course, would deny it. But filing the case at least ensured me that the information would be in the record.

We hoped, too, that the accusation would carry over to include Dees's efforts in getting on the stand his star witness, David Mazzella. In fact, that was part of our claim against the city; that Mazzella was working against us in cooperation with the Portland Police Bureau and was actually a paid agent provocateur for the bureau.

Meanwhile, with Dees's Southern Poverty law Center being based in Montgomery, Alabama, I had my associates there filing complaint after complaint against Dees with the Alabama State Bar Association. My associates alleged all kinds of misconduct on the part of Dees. Dees, of course, was furious. He thought his fight was centered strictly in Oregon. We brought the war to his own home turf.

Postponing the trial to the latest possible date was always a goal of mine. I needed more time to do a number of things, like deposing or at least questioning Steven Strasser, Dave Mazzella, and Michael Barrett.

Dees, however, was insistent that the trial begin on Oct. 8 and not a day later.

On the night of Sept. 10, I received word from an associate as to why Dees was so adamant about beginning the trial on Oct. 8.

First, Dees had planned a \$5 million fund raiser to coincide with the international media coverage that would be given the trial. Second, a television movie about Dees and his civil-rights work, *Line of Fire: The Morris Dees Story*, was scheduled for broadcast, too. And third, the book *A Season for Justice: The Morris Dees Story* was scheduled for release shortly after the trial began.

The next morning, on a telephonic linkup between myself, Judge Haggerty, and Elden Rosenthal, Haggerty quashed my motion to postpone the trial. The stage was set for Oct. 8.

On Sept. 15, someone claiming to be associated with a white-supremacist group called the Holy Church of the White Fighting Machine bombed the federal courthouse in downtown San Diego.

No one was injured in the explosion, which partially damaged a glass door at the entrance of the building. Four men wearing military fatigues reportedly were seen running away from the building minutes before the bomb exploded. A letter mailed subsequently to San Diego's Channel 39 television station warned "all concerned to drop the lawsuit in Portland, Ore."

All fingers pointed at me.

I had never heard of any such group and told the press that when they called. But I did put a bug in their ear. I said other supporters of mine would be in Portland

for the trial.

I arrived in Portland two days before the trial began. My son John, and WAR aides Carl Straight, Wyatt Kaldenberg, and Harry Vaccaro came with me. We drove my station wagon there from San Diego.

For the first ten days in Portland, we stayed at the Wayside Motor Hotel. Then, when the management realized who we were, they said they could not rent to us any longer. Their excuse was they had booked a tour group from Canada and needed the entire hotel. So, we went and found another place to stay, about a mile farther down the road.

We spent our last night in Portland at the Capri Motel, in the same room -- number forty-two -- where Robert J. Mathews and Gary Yarbrough were when they had a shoot-out with the FBI, shortly before 9 a.m. on Nov. 25, 1984. Federal agents followed us there. They promptly paid for the room next to ours and staked it out. They were so obvious and loud, it was funny. We drank beer and shot photographs and videotape.

The day before the trial began, thousands of Portland residents participated in a three-hour demonstration. Their plan, according to the local press, was to "showcase peace and harmony."

The previous week, Portland's city council had agreed to proclaim the week of the trial "Dignity and Diversity Week." They were really gearing up. Besides the demonstration against us horrible hatemongers, the city had planned an American Indian poetry reading, an anti-racist action convention, a Sacred Earth Coalition salmon bake, a Coming-Out Day, a "We-the-People" rally, and speeches by members of the Lesbian Coalition.

In other words, the usual motley combination of Marxists/Leninists, John Brown Anti-Klan Committee, homosexuals, and dykes-on-trikes showed up. I found it fitting that Bud Clark, Portland's high-rise liberal mayor, led a procession of fifteen hundred of these people to Laurelhurst Park, a few blocks from where Seraw was killed.

The police were worried throughout the week that a riot would occur at some point. It never even got close. The rally they held the day before the trial effectively took the wind out of their sails.

On the morning of Oct. 8, the first day of the trial, we climbed into an unmarked van and were driven downtown. There were a couple hundred people in front of the courthouse, demonstrating. We had our bullet-proof vests on under our shirts and suits.

What struck me was the massive police presence. There were cops everywhere: on foot, in squad cars, in vans, on horseback, on motorcycles, in a helicopter up in the air. There was a SWAT-like unit situated on nearby roofs, carrying automatic weapons.

We drove to the side of the building and down a ramp under the courthouse, traveling about fifty miles an hour. We climbed out of the van.

The police were confiscating weapons as we pulled up. They caught one guy with a rifle, another guy with a bow and arrow, others with small knives. Standing there for a moment, I sensed how nervous and uptight the police were. I told one of the SWAT officers, "Christ, if somebody dropped a roll of firecrackers from the roof, you guys would let go and kill fifty people." He did not laugh, of course.

We were hustled along a sidewalk to an elevator. We stepped into the elevator and were taken to the fifth floor. We stepped out, finding all the outer court halls sealed off and secure. We saw metal detectors everywhere. Every window that faced outside to the street had been covered with butcher paper, preventing anyone from taking a pot shot inside the courtroom.

Inside an anteroom were about twenty riot police. They stayed in the room each day during the week-long trial, in case something happened. Inside the courtroom itself were sixteen police officers; eight assigned to protect each group, or maybe to beat our brains in. I was not sure what the outcome would be.

To cover the trial, reporters were allowed inside the courtroom. Unfortunately for them, there were only fourteen seats available; the rest of the press, some of whom had traveled from as far away as France, covered the trial from the Portland Building next door, via closed-circuit television.

John and I moved to the defendants' table. We took our seats and spread out our files. I do not recall being too nervous, just anxious to get it underway. I always wanted to play Perry Mason.

Three days before the trial began, the Oregon chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union came through for us. Or so we thought. The ACLU had filed a friend-of-the-court brief on our behalf, asking for the dismissal of two charges against us, including recklessness and negligence in encouraging others to do harm. The ACLU argued that our words to others were protected by the free-speech provisions of the U.S. Constitution.

So, when I saw whom I thought was the ACLU's representative there in the courtroom, I stood from my chair and went over to introduce myself.

When the man identified himself, I put my hand out. He would not shake it. I figured things were going to go downhill from there, and I was right. I learned later that the ACLU and Dees had made a "sweetheart" deal. Dees agreed to having the two charges dropped in return for the ACLU dropping its friend-of-the-court filing on our behalf. Having those two charges dropped effectively pulled the plug on the major First Amendment arguments that would have kept the ACLU in the ball game.

The ACLU made their cameo appearance. After the jury was brought in and the proceedings began, the ACLU attorney offered some flowery prose about the

First Amendment. But then he added, "The First Amendment doesn't cover everything." He said that three times. I whispered to John, "Screw this guy. Get him out of here." A week later, when the verdict came in against us, the ACLU jumped up and down with glee. They were so happy that the evil Metzgers had been defeated.

Judge Haggerty stepped into the courtroom. The trial began. My first move was to ask the court to exclude certain people from testifying during the trial. I did not want a jury to hear statements by the police officers who investigated Seraw's murder, by Seraw's family and friends, or by Dave Mazzella or Michael Barrett. I told Haggerty that I had been unable to depose or even speak with Mazzella or Barrett. Haggerty rejected my request.

I then made a motion for Haggerty to exclude bank or phone records that could link me to the men who killed Seraw. Haggerty denied that request.

Jury selection began. Haggerty, Dees, and I each questioned thirty people regarding their ability to serve impartially on a jury. Two prospective jurors, one black man and one Jewish man, said they could not be impartial toward us. Haggerty excused them.

I was honest with the potential jurors. "I am a white separatist," I said. "I advocate radical ideas. I publish a newspaper and advocate radical ideas in the newspaper. I produce a TV show. I am called a neo-Nazi and a Klansman; I used to be a Klansman. I advocate radical ideas, about race. I do it right out in the open. We don't apologize to anyone about our beliefs.

"I am a small businessman from Fallbrook, California. I am going to talk to you like I would one of my customers over a cup of coffee or a beer. What I want to deduce is whether there is any possibility of finding twelve people in Portland and getting this down to the nitty-gritty. Did he or didn't he incite the violence that claimed Seraw's life?"

I asked them direct questions:

"Do you believe in forced integration?"

"Are you aware that when you have total integration over the years, there is no differences between the races?"

"Do you think that if we all were what used to be called the United Nations coffee-colored brown man, everything would be hunky-dory?"

"How do you feel about racism and these neo-Nazis?"

"Should a newspaper be responsible for the acts of its readers?"

"Should the owner of a video club be sued if a customer rented a series of violent movies and then went out and sliced somebody up?"

"Should a women's organization be sued if someone read its literature or listened to its members' speeches and then went out and attacked a man?"

"Should Andrew Dice Clay be liable if one of his fans assaults a woman after

listening to one of his monologues?"

To all my questions, the prospective jurors answered no.

When it was Dees's turn, he stood and said I was misrepresenting the issues. "I think I would be the first person to defend Mr. Metzger if somebody was trying to restrain his free speech," Dees said.

For some reason, I found it hard to believe that.

"This case is not about free speech," he continued, "but about killing an innocent man by the incitement, encouragement, and even the direction of the third-highest agent of the White Aryan Resistance."

By the end of the day, we had pared the list down to twelve jurors -- nine men and three women -- and three alternates. There were ten whites, one Japanese-American, and a Hawaiian.

We began the second day with opening arguments in the case. John and I took our positions at the defendants' table. Straight, Kaldenberg, and Vaccaro were behind us in the audience. Sylvester Hendricks walked into the courtroom. John saw him and touched my arm. I turned, saw Hendricks, and stood to greet him. We embraced, just like we had done on television.

The proceedings began. I told the jury that the case filed against us was nothing less than governmental persecution. "This is a stacked deck," I told them. "There's no doubt about it. Understand that I am a political figure, and that I've had to fight the government from the get-go. It doesn't have that much to do with Mr. Berhanu. This is an insult to my intelligence."

Dees took the floor. He described me as a pathetic man.

"Tom Metzger is basically a failure in life," Dees said. "He finally came up with a business that worked -- WAR. And it's one of the most unusual businesses in the United States. It makes money on selling hate."

He said my agenda was to train young skinheads to conduct violent acts. "In America, we have the right to hate, but we don't have the right to hurt," Dees said. "We're going to ask you to return a verdict so big that on the south border of Oregon there's going to be a wall \$10 million high that's going to stop Tom Metzger from coming back to this good state."

"This would be just another murder case if Mieske had not said in his guilty plea, 'I killed him for racial reasons.'" He pointed across the room to John. "And the trail led to this man."

Dees said that he would put Dave Mazzella on the stand, and that Mazzella would tell the court that I had told him to use violence against blacks and Jews if there was little chance of being caught.

"Tom Metzger told him, 'David, you teach violence because that's what it takes to turn skinheads on,'" Dees said. "That's not what Tom Metzger says in public, but that's what he told Dave Mazzella."

Dees told the jurors that I held meetings with skinheads in a trailer near my Fallbrook home. He said I named the trailer Mathews Hall, in honor of slain white separatist Robert J. Mathews, founder of The Order.

Dees said that inside that trailer I would gather the skinheads around me, make a conference call to various Order members in federal prisons, and that the skinheads would listen in on speaker phone. He said once such call was placed to Richard Scutari, who participated in the 1984 murder of Denver radio talk show host Alan Berg. Dees said Scutari told the skinheads that they should fight to the death for the white race.

John made a few opening statements, too. He described his work in the movement, saying, "I was eight years old when I first started going to Klan meetings with my father. I was interested in what my father was doing. It did not take me long to learn that racial separation was the way to live. It is an insult to the intelligence of everyone that all races are created equal."

Court was recessed for lunch. John and I held a press conference upstairs. Thirty journalists crowded around the front of our table. We put on a good show. I lashed out at Dees. "This guy is slime," I said. "I look at him almost with pity."

Someone asked me about Dees's comment that I was a failure. "People generally think of success in terms of money," I said. "But half of them are divorced three or four times and don't know where their kids are. I'm a success because I've only been married once, for twenty-seven years, have five girls and a boy and my first grandchild on the way."

Another reporter asked of the allegation that John and I sent agents to Portland to organize skinheads. "I haven't survived all these years by being stupid," I said. "It's all nonsense. Sometimes I can barely get someone around the house to do something, so how can I command this vast legion, this vast army of robots?"

During the afternoon session, much of the testimony came from Ken Mieske. Mieske stood strong against Dees's questions. Dees asked him repeatedly about prison visits he received from an associate of mine, Rick Cooper of the National Socialist Vanguard. Dees asked Mieske if Cooper delivered a message from me, telling Mieske to claim that he had never read John's letter. Dees asked if Cooper had visited a second time, after realizing that Mieske's girlfriend Julie Belac had sworn that Mieske had not only received the letter but had shown it to other members of East Side White Pride.

Mieske denied Dees's questions. Cooper, who had attended the trial on both days, was assaulted by four men as he left the proceedings that day. No arrests were made.

Mieske returned to the stand on the second day of testimony. He told the court that he pleaded guilty to racially motivated murder on the advice of his court-appointed attorney. He said he had been coerced into saying he had killed Seraw

just because Seraw was black. "I didn't want to say that I killed Seraw because of his race, but that was part of the plea. They wouldn't have accepted the plea without it. They made it look like we were out hunting Ethiopians when all we were looking for was a party."

I cross-examined Mieske, asking him if he had ever met me before Seraw's death. I asked him if I had ever instructed him to provoke fights or to hurt nonwhites. Mieske answered no to both questions.

John and I spoke with the press after court was adjourned for the day. "I think we shellacked them," I said. "Nobody would say that the killing of Seraw was a good thing, but it had nothing to do with a grand conspiracy. This could have just as well been provoked by heavy-metal music."

The next day, Dees put his star witness, David Mazzella, on the stand.

Under examination by Dees, Mazzella said that I told him and other WAR skinhead organizers to attack blacks and Jews, but to provoke the victims first so the skinheads could claim self-defense later, if necessary.

"We'd say that we were provoked, but we're the ones who really started it," he said. "He didn't want no wimps in his organization. He wanted people who would act out their part, and that part was kicking ass."

He said that I had told him and other skinheads to use baseball bats rather than guns when attacking minorities. Bats could be kept with a glove in a car and claimed for use as sporting equipment, Mazzella said.

Mazzella said he was with the ESWP skinheads hours before the murder took place. He said he called me the next day and relayed the information. He quoted me as saying, "Just keep your mouth shut and don't talk to me about it. Let's just see what comes out of this."

Mazzella told the jury that he had left WAR and "came clean" about his racist, violent past in June 1989. At that point he contacted the Santa Ana chapter of the Anti-Defamation League, he said. Days later he met with an ADL representative, and Morris Dees.

Haggerty called for a recess. The jurors filed out of the courtroom. At that time a WAR associate in Portland, a big, 6-foot-3 fellow named Victor, stood up and walked toward Mazzella. Victor handed a manila envelope to Mazzella and said, "You have been served."

Inside the envelope was a copy of a lawsuit I had filed against him and five other defendants the previous Thursday. I was suing for any damages incurred against me to be paid by Mazzella and others due to their status as "informants or agent provocateurs" of the Portland Police Bureau.

What led me to believe that Portland police were involved somehow with the defendants was that when the police questioned Mazzella about Seraw's murder, the police spent an inordinate amount of time asking Mazzella about me and WAR.

They did not ask if I had been at the scene or if I had told the skinheads to kill anyone. They asked about my business, how I earned my living, what I sold; things that had nothing to do with the murder investigation.

It was Mazzella's initial actions that led me to believe he was working not only for Dees and the ADL but the FBI. He testified in court that he had been interviewed at various times by FBI agents, tying the FBI directly to the case.

Other defendants named in the suit were Michael Barrett, Michael Gagnon, Steven Strasser, and Seraw's two Ethiopian friends, whom I claimed had been negligent and provoked the fight that led to Seraw's death. The suit alleged that each of the defendants had been paid by the Portland police to testify and provide information against us, and that the police had paid the skinheads to incite violence in the Portland area in an attempt to associate WAR with a provable civil or criminal charge.

When I put bureau chief Richard Walker and then Multnomah County district attorney Michael Schrunk on the witness stand, however, both men firmly denied the allegations. Their testimony got us nowhere.

After the recess, I cross-examined Mazzella. I asked him where his alleged indoctrination occurred.

"At your home," he said.

"Was my wife there?" I asked. "Were my children there?"

"Yes," Mazzella said.

"Tell me how I taught you to kill people in front of my wife and kids."

"You didn't put up a poster and say, 'Shoot,'" he said. "You were more subtle than that. You do things a lot more discreetly.... It was more like brainwashing. John was basically telling me all the things you brainwashed him with.... You basically encouraged us. I passed out your paper and encouraged my friends and theirs to commit acts of violence."

I held up a number of *WAR* newspapers. I asked Mazzella if any of the articles directly incited him to attack minorities. Mazzella said that taken as a whole, the newspapers created the impression that violence against minorities was condoned.

"It makes you feel alienated," he said of the papers, "like everyone is against you. Eventually, the message is that you have to fight and die for the preservation of the white race. We weren't told not to do it. We were left hanging, so we said, 'Well, let's do it then.'"

Then I began describing Mazzella's ties and chapter leadership of the American Ku Klux Klan, in Oregon. I said that there were certain Klan members in Oregon who would not be opposed to having civil proceedings occur against the Metzgers. I was referring particularly to Bill Albers, a self-described underground revolutionary Klansman with whom I had a falling out several years ago. I warned

people to stay away from Albers.

I continued, questioning Mazzella about his role with the Klan while he was cooperating also with Dees. I said Mazzella had been working for the Klan before and after Seraw's murder. Mazzella denied there being anything wrong with that.

Court was adjourned. We held another press conference. I called Mazzella "a Judas." I accused him of perjury. I said Dees and the ADL obviously were paying him to testify against us, and I suggested Mazzella was receiving immunity from prosecution for his testimony.

We had the weekend to prepare further. We did not take it too hard, though. We went to see *GoodFellas*, starring Robert DeNiro.

Surprisingly, we started receiving positive press coverage over the weekend, at least from reporters covering the legal aspect of the trial.

Oregonian reporter Fred Leeson said I was "tackling with gusto" the chore of self-representation. He said I had won "grudging praise" from some lawyers at every stage of the trial to that point.

"Metzger's trial strategy is to portray himself as a lonely crusader constantly harassed by the IRS, the FBI, and the news media because of his political and philosophical views," Leeson wrote. "Appearing without a lawyer may well bolster that image before the jury."

Portland attorney Michael Simon, who helped the ACLU file a brief on my behalf, said, "I think he is doing a better job representing himself than most attorneys would do."

"There are some things he did really well," said one unidentified attorney. "He broke the ice. He got a couple jurors smiling."

"I think he is real folksy," said Richard Lane, an attorney with the National Lawyers Guild.

"During his cross-examinations, he is doing fine, slowly building up to his big questions," said Stephen Armitage, an ACLU attorney. "I like the way he refers to himself in the third person. It's almost like he has an attorney representing him."

The trial resumed Monday morning. Dees called WAR aide Carl Straight to the witness stand.

Dees asked Straight if his duties with WAR included training Mazzella, Barrett, and other skinheads to commit violent acts. Straight said no.

Dees then played a segment of the February 1989 *Morton Downey Jr. Show*, on which Straight appeared with Mazzella and Barrett. In the segment, Straight said, "I train these people to break bones and crush skulls."

Next, Dees called my son John to the stand. Under questioning by Dees, John denied advocating violence against minorities. He also denied that he or I sent Mazzella or anyone to Portland to organize skinheads.

"I never sent anybody anywhere," John said.

Dees asked of a taped telephone message, recorded one month after Seraw's murder: "Like Viking berserkers, if someone attacks, attack back. Go for it, destroy, beat the hell out of them. I'd rather be tried by twelve than carried by six."

John replied that Viking berserkers referred to "someone of my ancestry, of which I am very proud, who's not going to take it anymore. And they defend themselves, very properly."

Dees then asked why a man in Fallbrook, California, would try to influence skinheads in Tampa, Florida.

"It's important that someone stand up and start filling some voids," John said. "No one else was doing it."

When Dees was finished, I tried to admit into evidence an *Oregonian* news article reporting that Mazzella had been recruiting for the Klan over the weekend in an under-age Portland nightclub called the Confetti Club. One customer said Mazzella tried to recruit him into the Klan. That drew an immediate objection from Dees. Dees said he had been playing cards with Mazzella the night Mazzella was allegedly at the nightclub. Haggerty said the incident could not be discussed again in the presence of the jury, adding it had nothing to do with whether Mazzella was an agent of WAR at the time.

Days later, SPLC attorney Richard Cohen scoffed, "He wasn't playing cards with Mazzella."

The next morning, Tuesday, Oct. 16, Dees called me to the witness stand for questioning.

We started right in.

Dees asked why the targets in my newspaper attacks were always black. I said I attacked whites as well.

"Some of my worst enemies are white people," I said. "Like you."

Dees played a tape recording of a speech of mine to a skinhead group. At one point, I asked the audience why Jews are worried about skinheads. I answered, "Because they kick ass." The audience cheered.

When I said that I meant skinheads should only attack in self-defense, Dees handed me a transcript of the speech and said, "You look through that and see if you said anything about self-defense or not."

I looked at the document. "I don't know if I did or not," I said. "I'd spent hours talking to these skinheads before that speech, and they were all instructed on obeying the law and not getting their ass in jail. That wouldn't help the movement."

"You didn't say one word about self-defense, did you?" Dees asked.

"And I didn't call for imminent violence, did I?"

Dees later played a portion of another Aryan Update telephone message, in which I referred to Ken Mieske as a young freedom fighter who received life imprisonment for winning a fight with an Ethiopian.

I told Dees that I remained convinced the skinheads acted in self-defense during a street fight and were subsequently railroaded into pleading guilty.

"I truly believe they were given a raw deal and were legally hung," I said. "If they had been black, this trial never would have happened."

When Dees was finished, I remained in the stand and cross-examined myself. I read aloud a question from my yellow legal pad and then set the pad down while I answered the question.

"Mr. Metzger," I said, "have you ever been convicted of a crime?"

"No."

"Do you ever hypnotize, mesmerize, or otherwise take away anyone's free will?"

"No."

"Have you ever trained skinheads in the use of weapons?"

"No."

"Did you teach skinheads to commit violence?"

"No."

"Do you train anyone in weapons, knives, or baseball-bat violence?"

"The answer is no. I don't train anybody because I don't know how to train them. I don't do it, and I don't authorize it."

"Mr. Metzger, do you teach skinheads or anyone else to kill or hurt people?"

"No, never have. I only use legitimate means of persuasion, like my newspaper and my television show."

"Mr. Metzger, I am through with you."

As we moved toward the end of the trial, we continued to try to discredit Dees's star witness, Dave Mazzella.

I said in open court that I hoped to challenge Mazzella's credibility by suggesting to jurors that if Mazzella lied about being a reformed skinhead, he surely could be lying about our responsibility for Seraw's death.

Moments before I called Mazzella to the stand, I told Judge Haggerty, "Without Dave Mazzella, there is no case."

While the jury was still sequestered, I called Mazzella to the stand. I would have to review the questions I was going to ask him to allow Dees the opportunity to object to them before the jurors were brought back into the courtroom.

I approached the witness stand and showed Mazzella a letter he had written to a skinhead friend. The letter read, in part, "Morris is so cool. He's probably gonna have all the charges on me thrown out. He is so fucking rich & he has all kinds of influential friends in the government & law agencies [sic]."

Mazzella was serving the last of a sentence for misdemeanor battery and faced an assault charge in Oregon.

Dees objected to my showing of the letter. Haggerty sustained the objection,

saying the letter was not relevant to the case.

When the jurors were brought into the courtroom, I called as a witness Laura Dailey, a member of the Southern Oregon Skins group. Dailey told the court that Mazzella was not only associated with SOS during the time he was giving information to Dees but also led the group.

"He told me over the phone that he was going to get a lot of money" for testifying against me and my son, Dailey said. "And maybe a house. He told me he was doing it for the money."

I asked Dailey if she knew if Mazzella was unemployed at the time of his stay in Portland. When Dailey said he was without work, I asked her if Mazzella at that time had any money.

"Yes," she answered. "He had a lot of it. He was always going to the bank."

Rosenthal objected. Haggerty asked me the relevance. I said I was trying to show that Mazzella was a paid and bribed witness for Dees. Haggerty overruled the objection.

I asked Dailey if she knew Tom or John Metzger before the trial began.

"No," she answered.

I asked her if either of us had offered her money to testify in court.

"No."

I asked her if she volunteered to testify. She said yes. I asked her why.

"I volunteered to come here because I feel that Dave's lying," she said.

After Dees cross-examined Dailey, I called to the stand her boyfriend, Leif Barge, leader of the SOS Skins. Barge said Mazzella had told him that he was testifying against me and John "because Tom Metzger has to go under for not supporting me."

"He said you guys left him high and dry after the Portland incident and didn't help him out," Barge said, adding that Dees "would be mad" if Dees found out he was still working with the skinheads.

I asked if Mazzella ever wanted to destroy Tom Metzger.

"Yes," Barge said.

I had no further questions.

Early the next day, the last for testimony in the trial, I tried to get Dees to the stand. I told Judge Haggerty that I simply wanted to question Dees about allegations that he had bribed witnesses in other cases. Haggerty said such questioning would be "inappropriate." He said Dees would not be able to provide testimony relevant to the case.

"This is a witch hunt on Tom Metzger by Morris Dees," I said. "If we don't get him here, we'll get him somewhere else."

"Is that a threat, Mr. Metzger?" asked Rosenthal.

"I'm talking about in court, Mr. Rosenthal."

Dees at that point rested his case. His closing argument lasted an hour and fifteen minutes. He said, in part, "We hope that a verdict is reached that tells Tom Metzger and all other people who peddle and preach violence that this jury says no.

"The baseball bat that was swung and hit Mulugeta Seraw in the head started in Fallbrook, California. They were proud of the death of my client. It was nothing but a trophy for their trophy ring.

"The verdict that you are going to render is going to have very far-reaching effects. We hope that verdict will tell Tom Metzger and all other people who peddle hate and violence that this jury says, 'No, we're going to stop you right here.'"

Dees then asked the jury to award Seraw's family \$475,000 for unrealized future earnings, \$2 million for the loss to Seraw's family, and \$10 million in punitive damages.

When Dees was finished, John made his closing argument.

"Lot of talk there, Morris," John told Dees. "I almost laughed."

Facing the jury, John said, "I won't bore you or insult your intelligence by making a long closing argument. But you see this conspiracy. It's not something we dream up in our heads. It's real."

John said he considered the case against us to be a joke. "I'm not ashamed for anything I've said or done." He added that he thought the federal government and other private parties were persecuting us for our beliefs. John asked the jury, "How can I defend myself against people with that kind of prejudice?"

Faced with a shortness of time, I chose to make my closing arguments on Monday morning. I had the weekend to think over what I was going to say.

On Monday morning, Judge Haggerty called in the jury. When they were settled, I approached them and began my closing argument. I held up a plastic, black lunch box.

"This represents the case against me," I said. "It is empty. They've put together a case and colored it black; evil and sinister."

I flipped the box open and showed them the inside.

"But the plaintiffs' case is just like the inside of this box. Look inside. Nothing. It's not there. A lot of nothing has been put into this sinister black box."

At that point, I told the jury that I did not expect to win the case. "I don't think there are four people on this jury that have the guts to go home and tell your families that Tom Metzger is innocent. We need four people who have the guts to stand up and hold out. I don't think we're going to get it.

"This is not a case to provide for the future of the Seraw family. They are pawns in the game. They have been pawns in the game from the beginning."

I stood before the jurors and spread my arms out, like someone crucified. "Do you want to make me a martyr?" I asked. "Because that's what it would seem like to tens of thousands of people, maybe more."

"If I'm found liable, your own freedoms could be eroded. Any of you jurors could be sued for sending a co-worker out for coffee if that person then held up a convenience store. Under this loose idea of agency, you're all in trouble. Think about that."

I finished my argument. Judge Haggerty instructed the jurors on their deliberation procedures, and the jury filed out of the courtroom. Five hours later, they returned to the courtroom with verdict in hand. They voted 11-to-1 to award Seraw's family a total of \$12.5 million, every dollar the plaintiffs had requested.

The trial was over.

John and I left the courtroom. I found a phone and called Kathy. She said, "Well, we've been in this house for twenty-three years. It's time we did something different, anyway." My wife was wonderful, and always very understanding.

We spoke to the press in a room adjacent to the courtroom. I said the verdict was of little importance, adding, "We are political soldiers. We continue. Now I won't be restrained anymore about what I tell people. I'll be broke, and under the Constitution I can advocate violence now, and nobody can sue me anymore. So, all the things I'm accused of that I didn't do, I can do now.

"We knew it was going to happen. But this won't stop us. We will publish. We will broadcast. We will continue to get the word out. Persecution sometimes opens the door. Morris Dees made a fatal mistake. I think he shot himself in the foot."

John told the press, "I take this personally as another trophy in our showcase. My only regret is that they got me personally for only \$1 million."

I held open the black lunch box and told the press, "Dr. Caligari's box is open. I can advocate violence now."

My idea for using the box came from the 1912 science fiction thriller, *Dr. Caligari's Cabinet*. In it, the doctor asks, "Are you going to open up the black pit and look at its black bottom?" In other words, do you know what you are getting into when you open a closed and sinister pit and look inside?

I told the press, "If I am legal, I am sued for millions. If I try to create moderation with young people and tell them on a personal level not to go out and hurt someone, I get the crap. I will no longer do that. I'm free now. I don't have to hold anything back."

If you are legal, honest, and you do things right and still get screwed, what's the use? Now I am free to advocate violence. If somebody wants to sue me, fine. Get in line. As long as I do not cross that line into criminal conspiracy, I can say anything. I can defame anyone. I can slander anybody. I can call for the overthrow of the government. I can finally do exactly what I want.

This decision against us will travel far beyond the borders of Oregon. It is going to be part of U.S. history. Whatever happens from whatever decisions the jury made, they will have to contend with the fact that they opened the box.

Before I had given my closing argument, an attorney who had observed the entire trial came up to me, wanting to know what I was going to tell the jury.

When I showed him the box, he said, "Metzger, if you had ever gone to law school, you would have made the most dangerous trial lawyer this country's ever seen."

I said, "Why, thank you."

I feel that the First Amendment's right to free speech should have protected us against liability. I believe that Judge Haggerty made legal errors during the trial. And I know that David Mazzella committed perjury on the witness stand.

After years of appeals, we were finally denied and rejected by the U.S. Supreme Court. They wouldn't even take a look at the case.

Carter/*Eye of the Storm*

Appendix A

Tom Metzger on CNN's *Crossfire*, Jan. 3, 1992

CNN News Announcer: When a bomb three days ago murdered civil-rights lawyer Robert Robin, attention turned to white racists. Two other bombs were found before they exploded, one at the Atlanta federal courthouse, the other at the Jacksonville, Florida, office of the NAACP.

The FBI still has no suspects, but an Atlanta television anchorwoman received and read on the air a letter claiming responsibility for the bomb, from a group calling itself Americans for a Competent Judiciary. The letter threatened more assassinations of judges and NAACP officials. Are we seeing the rebirth of violent racism in America?

Some blacks, including one of our guests tonight, say yes, and not just among demented extremists. They say the plague of drugs in America's black ghettos may be the result of a purposeful conspiracy by the white establishment.

We'll get to that topic in a bit, but first to Mr. Tom Metzger, who joins us from Los Angeles. I can't believe that even you have come on "Crossfire" to defend the assassinations of federal judges. Have you?

Tom Metzger: I'm not here to defend the assassination of anyone. I'm here to talk about the tremendous crime rate by nonwhites against whites in the streets. Whites are getting fed up with it. Evidently, somebody has gotten *real* fed up with it. The courts and judges are making certain kinds of laws nowadays, so I guess some of the people are unhappy with that.

CNN: Well, now, one of these murdered judges was black and one was white. Here's your chance to say you oppose the murder of people for whatever reason, by whatever race.

TM: My main interest now is in white, middle-class America. I don't have enough tears to go around for everyone any more. I'm not shedding tears over bureaucrats or the regime that is slowly screwing the white race in North America. I have just

enough tears for the tremendous amount of white people being butchered in the streets by gangs.

CNN: [to Andrew Cooper, publisher of Brooklyn's *City Sun* newspaper] Mr. Cooper, don't you think these brutal letter bombs are actually hurting the white-supremacist cause, as represented by people like Mr. Metzger?

Andrew Cooper: I don't think I'm competent to say what hurts Mr. Metzger. What I would say to you is this business of a rebirth of violent white racism is certainly a misquote. There's no rebirth of violent white racism. It's always been here. It hasn't gone away. This is just another example of people who have absolutely no faith in democracy and who are on the fringe, the lunatic fringe, of the white race. This business about blacks murdering whites by the dozens in the streets is a lot of absolute nonsense. The victims of crime are black people. They're the victims of crimes by white people, for the most part, and by their neighbors.

TM: The white working people in this country are getting fed up with you, standing up for these beasts in the street who are disproportionately murdering and raping ten times the number of any white crime against blacks.

AC: Let me tell you something, Mr. Metzger. I believe in the electric chair. I believe in punishment by death. I defend that.

TM: Then why do you get so upset when they put blacks in them?

AC: There's only one thing I'd like to see, and that's an affirmative action electric chair. Let's put a fifteen-year-old white girl in the electric chair as a first time go around and then spread it out. On Tuesday, put a Mexican in the electric chair. Wednesday, put a white male in. Spread it out. Let's make it an affirmative action electric chair.

TM: I think we've had enough of your affirmative action. I think the backlash is coming.

AC: Of course, you do.

TM: We're going to show you a little affirmative action.

CNN: Excuse me, Mr. Cooper, for one second. Mr. Metzger, what do you mean by, "We're going to show you a little affirmative action"?

TM: Whites who are proud to be white are banding together coast to coast and are working for the Caucasian race and are trouncing these people in political office. Primarily, our problem is stupid white people who feel so guilty that they hate their own race. You've got whites in power who in effect are attacking their own people.

AC: This is what you have here in Mr. Metzger, a group of white people who have absolutely nothing else to lean on, so they resort to the bestiality that they come from.

CNN: Mr. Cooper, aside from people like Mr. Metzger, don't you think that with the election of black mayors across the South, a black Congressman from the Mississippi delta and now in Virginia, that race relations in this country and particularly in the South are improving?

AC: I'd say yes. There are progressive white people in this country who fully understand what democracy means and are practicing it. But people like Metzger are throwbacks. That's what they are.

TM: Is affirmative action democracy? I'll tell you what's a throwback. It's the massive crime rate in the streets against whites. They're sick of it. They're not going to take it anymore.

CNN: But here, Mr. Metzger, a white judge... I don't think it matters what race he was, but you do. A white judge, murdered -- we don't know by who -- and you don't even seem to care.

TM: No, I don't care, because we're in a white civil war in this country. The people who are giving the white people the worst time are the guilt-ridden liberals and conservatives who hate the fact that they're white. I'm not promoting bombs. I'm promoting white people to stand up and fight for what's theirs for a change.

AC: Well, if you're not promoting bombs, you're giving a good imitation of somebody who is.

TM: Look, I've heard people from your race over and over again make excuses for every kind of crime that people in your race commit. I don't hear of the NAACP ever going out and attacking black crime. They're never out there saying, "Yeah, we've got a lot of bad eggs in our race." They're always apologizing for the black race. White workers are tired of it.

CNN: First of all, I don't think that's an accurate representation of what the NAACP says, Mr. Metzger. But suppose it was. Do you take your cues from this kind of behavior? Do you think it's okay not to condemn violence by any source, by any race?

TM: What I'm going to tell you is, as the white people get beaten down farther and farther -- I'm talking about the white workers, not the elitists -- there's going to be a lot of spontaneous eruptions, and no organization will have anything to do with it. White people are getting fed up. When these people cannot feed their families, when they're out on the street, when the banks start taking their houses, there's probably going to be violence.

AC: Are you talking about socialism, or are you a capitalist? You're talking about banks and about people being beaten up in the streets. That's a lot of nonsense.

TM: I condemn capitalism *and* left-wing socialism.

CNN: Mr. Metzger, the newspapers report that over the course of the last ten years, there's been a great growth of white supremacy and white-supremacist activism in the United States. Is that your impression? Do you agree with that?

TM: Hopefully it's true. And I hope it quadruples. It's time that white working people in this country stand up and be counted. Let's get serious. We're in big trouble. In 1950, whites comprised nineteen percent of the world's population. By 1995, at the rate we're going, Caucasians will be two percent of the world's population. We've got a problem.

CNN: Mr. Cooper, do you agree with Mr. Metzger, that white-supremacy groups have increased in strength and influence over the last ten years?

AC: From what I can understand and from what I've read, that's accurate, yes. But there's always a resurgence of violent white racism from people who are threatened, who have very little talent, and who rely on their race to either make a living or to try to maintain whatever power they have.

TM: How do you think you got where you're at?

AC: This again is a resurfacing of people who have very little talent, very little education and have to rely on the fact that they're white and only that they're white,

in order to make a living and get someone to listen to them.

CNN: Mr. Cooper, you believe whites are intentionally allowing drugs to flow into the black community and devastate it. What evidence do you have of that?

AC: First of all, I said there's a widespread perception among black people that the narcotics epidemic was fostered by the government in order to keep blacks from becoming politically active in the '60s. That's what many black people believe. That's what I believe.

CNN: What's the evidence for that?

AC: It is empirical, sir. It is empirical.

CNN: Well, let's hear some of it.

AC: I don't see this government spending its money, its time or its resources to stop the narcotics epidemic. When it was a black problem and only a black problem, when it was in the ghetto and only in the ghetto, the government did nothing. When it spread to the white suburbs, then people began to become agitated, and the war on drugs was announced. It hasn't produced a damn thing yet. It's just been announced. Take the *Godfather*, if you've seen the movie or read the book. When the five families sat down to divide up the territories as to where narcotics was going, the one thing they said was, "We'll keep it out of schools and the school children, but let's give it to the dark people. They don't have any souls anyway." That's precisely what happened, and that's precisely what the powers-that-be in this country allowed to happen. It's still going on.

CNN: Well, Mr. Cooper, getting more serious about the drug war would involve putting more drug dealers in jail. The drug dealers who are doing most of the damage in the ghettos are primarily black.

AC: There's nothing wrong with that. I have no problem with that, if that's part of the problem. But it's a misconception to believe it's the only problem. Because the people who make the money and are shuffling it between the banks and Grand Cayman, for instance, are white. They have the money. I don't see the Bush Administration on the trail of those people or enacting any laws to stop the laundering of money. They still do it. If the government was serious, that's one of the first things they'd hit.

CNN: Let's get Mr. Metzger in here for a minute.

TM: Mr. Cooper says people who get excited about the problems of the white race are just people who are very ignorant and feel threatened. I'll tell you one thing. There are millions of white working people out there who feel threatened. They can't walk the streets of the cities. They can't go any place where your glorious race is in abundance. Of course, they feel threatened. But if you think that the people I'm dealing with are not talented, and if you think we don't have talented people in high areas, then keep on thinking that way. We hope you *all* think that way.

CNN: I was hoping to get your views about the drug war, because my impression is you feel the drug war is needless.

TM: The drug war is phony. The drug war is just a way for the central government to construct a police state. The federal government has been involved in drug trafficking for decades. We all know that. Blacks know that, whites know that, so what's all this nonsense about a drug war? It's *people* control. They'll pass a lot of laws to limit people's personal liberty, and then they'll make drugs legal and tax them. Less exercise of freedom, more tax dollars.

CNN: Mr. Cooper, you said the government is fostering drug abuse in the black community. Who in the government is doing this? Is it [former] drug czar William Bennett? Is it President Bush? Is it the black police chief of New York City?

AC: What you're asking for is me to pull out of my pocket evidence that [New York Police Chief] Joe Dokes or Joe Dokes's agents are involved in this. That's nothing that I can do. What I said was there's a widespread perception in the black community that the government -- the law enforcement people, people in decision-making positions -- help the narcotic epidemic to spread into the black community, in order to put the community to sleep.

CNN: Mr. Metzger, have you ever heard of Americans for a Competent Judiciary, the group that sent the letter to the Atlanta news anchorwoman?

TM: No, I haven't. I did want to comment again on the drug situation. I don't believe the black race controls the drug cartel; I know it comes from people in high places. It's government officials, and it's people being paid off from the top to the bottom. A majority of them are probably white. I agree with Mr. Cooper on that aspect.

CNN: But where you disagree is that he wants to do something about it. You apparently don't.

TM: I want to do something about it. But let's start right here in the United States. Let's have hearings and investigations from the top down. I believe along with Bo Gritz, the retired Marine, that the United States government has been involved with drug trafficking for decades through the CIA and other sources. Let's start getting them right here at home first.

CNN: Let's talk about a crime which seems to disturb you a lot less, these mail bombings. You must have heard something through the grapevine. Can't you tell us anything about who may have done this and who may be involved? What have you heard?

TM: I've really heard nothing, other than what I read in the paper and heard on the radio.

CNN: Mr. Cooper has been very generous about speculating with us. Why don't you speculate? Who do you speculate is this monster?

TM: Well, I know one thing. They're trying to pass Senate Bill 419, and that's another big slap against white people; the so-called national hate law. Every time there's a law that impacts white separatists or the white people in general, all of a sudden, these kinds of things occur. It happened during the civil-rights struggle, when many times FBI agent provocateurs were behind the whole thing. For all I know, this mail bombing was done to stampede the Senate into adopting this bill.

CNN: Mr. Cooper, you said in a 1988 interview with *Newsday* there was no chance that a black could be elected mayor of New York. Yesterday, David Dinkins was sworn in as mayor of New York. What happened?

AC: Well, there's times when I'm wrong. I don't have any problem with being wrong.

CNN: What happened in New York? Did you underestimate the state of race relations there? They turned out to be better than you thought.

AC: I didn't underestimate the state of race relations. I underestimated the coming together of blacks and Puerto Ricans in one effort that actually elected David Dinkins. That's what I underestimated.

TM: It has nothing to do with people coming together. The economy of New York is starting down the backside again. The power structure of Jews and white elitists set up poor ol' Dinkins to take the fall.

CNN: All right, all right. Thank you very much, Mr. Metzger. Thank you, Mr. Cooper. Race relations have gotten much, much better in the 1980s. The black allegation that there's a white [drug] conspiracy is merely tragically mistaken, and I think Metzger's views are beyond that. They're simply disgusting. Good evening.

Carter/*Eye of the Storm*

Appendix B

Tom Metzger on *The Wally George Great American Radio Show*
Labor Day, Sept. 4, 1991

Wally George: In a little bit, we'll be bringing in that racist scum, Tom Metzger, former grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, now leader of the White Aryan Resistance movement.

We're going to be discussing that TV special on ABC last week, *Black in a White America*. Metzger doesn't feel that blacks have a bad time in America at all. In fact, he'd like to give them a worse time.

Metzger doesn't believe that blacks have it bad in a white America, and I believe they do. Tom Metzger doesn't believe that blacks are equal to whites. He would like to return to the days before the Civil War, when we had segregation in our schools, restaurants, hotels, water fountains. I wonder how you feel about that.

I think Tom Metzger is a scum, and I think people like him are a disgrace to America. Do you agree with him, or do you disagree with him, like I do? Do you agree that blacks do have it much harder in America to advance because they happen to have darker skin, not because they are inferior?

Metzger thinks they are inferior. He doesn't think that they have the same kind of brain capacity, the intelligence that the white race does. How do you feel about that? Or do you agree with me that they're getting a bum rap? Give me a call. We have a few lines open right now.

We're now about to introduce that sicko, Tom Metzger, former grand dragon of the KKK and now the head of the White Aryan Resistance. Well, Metzger, what do you have to say for yourself tonight?

Tom Metzger: Well, I'll tell you. I want to say hello and Happy Labor Day to all those good ol' white workers coming down the freeway and back into the city.

WG: Come on.

TM: We know what your problem is, workers, and we're right behind you all the

way.

WG: We know what America's problem is -- you.

TM: What do you know about labor, Wally?

WG: Hey, I work damn hard over this microphone.

TM: Oh, yeah? Look at those pinkies. When's the last time you ever dug a ditch or pounded a nail?

WG: Being on the air in front of this microphone is just as hard as pounding a nail or digging a ditch.

TM: Oh, sure. Did you hear that out there, white American workers? Did you hear what he said?

WG: How many ditches have you dug, Metzger?

TM: Oh, lots of them. I still do sometimes, to keep in shape so I can do battle with people like you.

WG: You belong inside a ditch, with some of the mud poured back on top of you.

TM: Just remember. We've struggled for a hundred years to get these rights for white workers, and now you want to give it away to all the Third World scabs coming in here.

WG: You don't believe that blacks in America should have equal rights. Why?

TM: I think the blacks should have anything they're capable of. That's the secret. If they were capable, they'd have it.

WG: They're not capable to have equal rights?

TM: Of course they're not capable, because they've taken the position that the government's going to do it for them.

WG: How do you know that?

TM: The government won't do anything for them or for us, either. We have to fight the government most of the time.

WG: Do you know what equal rights is?

TM: That's baloney. That's nonsense. That picks your pocket. They tell you you've got equal rights. Sure. Number one, all you have is privileges.

WG: Well, that's a right.

TM: No, it isn't. A right is something that's supposed to come down magically from the heavens, like Jim Baker says.

WG: If you're an American citizen, no matter what color you are, Tom Metzger, you have equal rights.

TM: That's conservative nonsense, and it's putting the workers to sleep. Go into a court of law and see how equal and just it is. Go into the street and see the equality.

WG: Well, if it's not equal, we have to change it so it is equal.

TM: Right. So let's quit taking the guns from the people. We'll need them to use on this system in Washington -- La Cesspool Grande.

WG: You believe that blacks here in America are inferior to whites.

TM: Blacks are a minority in this country, but they're getting to be more and more a majority in a lot of areas. They have to struggle for their own, just like the whites have always had to struggle. You know, the biggest portion of poor in this country are white, not black. I get tired of hearing this sick, sick, sick, sad thing. Go to Virginia Beach. The other night they had a big riot there. These are all middle-class, college-educated blacks. These are not depressed blacks. They're doing the same thing no matter how much money they've got.

WG: A lot of white college kids are doing the same things, in Palm Springs and everywhere else.

TM: Yeah, but I'll tell you what. They get treated sometimes worse, because it's okay to beat on white people, but you've got to watch it on blacks. In Virginia Beach, they cleared out the press before they protected the businesses. We get

reverse discrimination.

WG: What I'm trying to say here, Tom -- and you'll never go along with this -- is you feel blacks are not as intelligent as whites. You feel they are inferior to whites, that they should not have equal rights, and that is un-American.

TM: Anybody should have whatever they're capable of, whether they're an individual or a race.

WG: But they deserve to have things as Americans.

TM: If they were able to have it, they'd have it. Take South Africa, where just a small percentage of white people control a population of millions of blacks. If black people were so good and had so many talents, they'd obviously be running America, just like the whites run South Africa.

WG: What I'm saying, Tom, is that you will not agree with me that every single American is on the same level and has the same rights. You can't take rights away from an American citizen.

TM: You know, Wally, for a big ol', right-wing, conservative person, you sound like a Commie. That's straight Marxism, what you're saying.

WG: That's Americanism!

TM: "All men are created equal." That's about as Marxist as you can get. In fact, even Karl Marx didn't go that far.

WG: Are you saying our Pledge of Allegiance is Communistic, where it says, "One nation under God, with liberty and justice for all"?

TM: I think it's just one of the ways to put the people to sleep, to make them think their government cares for them so they won't fight these crooks in Washington. We need to hang some politicians. That's our problem.

WG: You'd go back to the days of segregation, before the Civil War. And you'd have segregation again in America, where the blacks would be in the back of the buses.

TM: Let me tell you something, Wally. The first ship I would've seen on the horizon,

loaded with blacks... First, of all, I would've taken the white captain or Jew captain or whatever he was off the ship, hung him, took some other people off and sent that ship back to Africa. There never would've been one black slave in North America if I'd have been in power.

WG: So you wouldn't have let any blacks come to America.

TM: That's right.

WG: Why not?

TM: Except on short time for business and exchange and for ambassadors but not as citizens.

WG: But America is a melting pot of all colors and all creeds.

TM: No, it's not a melting pot. It's a garbage can. And the scum is rising to the top.

WG: Did you watch that special on ABC, *Black in a White America*?

TM: Very carefully; I reviewed it on video tape.

WG: I'm going to ask you some of the points that were on that show. One of them was that blacks cannot get ahead in America not because they're not smart enough, but because they have dark skin. That's why they can't get ahead.

TM: Oh, poor, poor boys. What about the whites who came here as indentured servants? What about the white Irish that were thrown into this country? What about all the Eastern Europeans and the Germans who came here? They didn't lay around crying. They went out there and got their heads broken, fighting the company cops, striking and fighting to get an honest day's wage. They fought for it. You've got to fight for it. The blacks missed the boat when they left Malcolm X and those black nationalists who were telling the truth pretty well straight on. Integration is going to screw them up really bad.

WG: You've got to admit, Tom. There are many blacks who apply for jobs, and there are prejudiced people like you who will not hire them just because they happen to be black.

TM: That's nonsense. The employers are scared stiff not to hire them. It's the white

people who go down to get a job and not only do the blacks get in front of them, but everybody else and the females, too. The white man in this nation is the individual who is most discriminated against.

WG: Would you ever hire a black person in your TV business down in Fallbrook?

TM: No.

WG: Why not?

TM: Because there are nine thousand white men who would do a better job.

WG: Are you trying to tell me you couldn't find one black person who could work for you?

TM: I wouldn't go out and search the whole black community, looking for somebody who could do the job. I'm saying when a minority population is among a majority population, the majority population is always going to beat them out.

WG: Tom, the reason you wouldn't hire a black at your TV business is because they're black.

TM: Let me tell you something. There are a lot of whites I wouldn't hire, either. A lot of these race-mixing, doped-up creeps need to be taken out and executed.

WG: Also, in that TV special, *Black in a White America*, it points out that many black children are bought up now, sadly, believing they are inferior because of what white America is teaching them, via magazines, television commercials and all that.

TM: I've got a two-part answer for that. Number one, all they've got to do is look around themselves and see how they're living. They know there must be a reason. All they see are black people living around them, and they're all in poverty, and they're all pushing drugs and everything else in the ghetto. The second thing I noticed on that show is that their advertising pinpointed blacks to buy cars and everything else. Did you see one free ad for the United Negro College Fund on that show? No, because of the greedy capitalists and conservatives like you. That show was just packed with pabulum-puking stuff, as Morton Downey Jr. would say.

WG: That man is history now. He's now known as Morton *Who*?

TM: Blacks are just whistling past the graveyard. They see what's happening to them in this country.

WG: No, they don't.

TM: Sure they do. Your conservative buddies made a black guy [Gen. Colin Powell] the chairman of the joint chiefs of staff. Then they talk about these great black fighter pilots in World War II. Let me tell you about those great black pilots.

WG: They were great.

TM: The Germans used to sit there in Italy and just pray for the Americans to send up an all-black fighter wing. The Germans ripped them to pieces.

WG: You can't stand the fact that President Bush has named a black person to be the chairman of the joint chiefs of staff.

TM: It's nothing but tokenism. The Russians and the Chinese must be laughing themselves sick.

WG: Are you saying you think the general isn't capable of the job?

TM: I'm saying there are many, many white men who can do a better job.

WG: How do you know that?

TM: I know that.

WG: But the man is a genius.

TM: How do you know that?

WG: I've looked at his record. He's a brilliant genius.

TM: Yeah. Right. They falsify those records every day. There are exceptions to every rule; maybe you're right. Once in awhile you see a white crow, but that doesn't mean all crows are white.

WG: [to the audience] Okay. You've been listening to what I have to say and to what Tom Metzger has to say. We're going to go to the phones, and you can talk to

me or you can talk to Tom Metzger and get in on this. Metzger doesn't believe that blacks have it rough at all. In fact, he thinks they're inferior to whites, and he favors segregation in America. We're going to go to the phones right now. Hello, Los Angeles. You're on with Tom Metzger and Wally George. Who's this?

Voice: This is Sharon from Van Nuys.

WG: All right, Sharon. Go ahead.

Sharon: I don't think blacks have it rough in America at all. I've known black apartment managers. I've known a black in real estate. I've known a black in law school. I've known a black working for the government, the DMV, the police department...

WG: You're saying a black, but you wouldn't agree that when a black and a white come up for a job that blacks have a tougher time getting the job because they happen to be black?

Sharon: I don't know. I never went up for a job against a black. I'm just telling you what I think.

TM: Even on that show the other night it showed a black man who was succeeding, and what was his claim to fame? He got government loans and government assistance to start the business, and now he's successful. How many of you white people out there can get a government loan? Have you ever tried to get a small-business loan, white people?

Sharon: I never went into business, so I wouldn't know.

TM: Right. But if you did, you'd find it's almost impossible for a white person to get a government loan.

WG: Tom, even if he got a government loan, he'd have to have the brains to make it successful.

TM: See? You don't like socialism, but that's socialism. The man can't make it by himself, so they finance him.

WG: But that isn't always the case. There are many blacks who start from a shoestring.

TM: Name some.

WG: I've heard stories of men who started shining shoes then worked their way up the corporate ladder.

TM: And I'll tell you what. Most of those kinds of blacks did it long before civil rights, back when they became heads of insurance companies and all kinds of things. The civil-rights movement and this junk today didn't make it for them.

WG: Hey, Sharon. Do you agree with Tom Metzger that blacks are inferior to whites?

Sharon: Tom Metzger's opinion on blacks' inferiority to whites is so old. He should be concentrating on illegal aliens and boat people that don't even belong here.

WG: You didn't answer my question. Do you believe that blacks are inferior to whites?

Sharon: Not really. I think it's so old when he keeps talking about blacks and Jews, because there are illegal aliens that don't even belong here.

TM: Well, let me get going on my favorite subject -- illegal aliens. We've got a half million Jews coming to this country from the Soviet Union. Now, they're going to give them all \$7,000 apiece. We've got a half million Vietnamese coming to this country, most to California. And Hong Kong's going to be closing down...

Sharon: How about them coming over the border?

TM: I'm with you all the way. I was the first one to put a watch on the border to really go up against this thing, if you'll remember a few years ago.

Sharon: Why don't you go up against them? Talking about the blacks is so old.

TM: Well, the thing is, blacks will not get involved with defending the borders of this country. Most blacks say, "We want more people of color in this country." Somewhere in their convoluted logic they think that's going to get them higher on the totem pole. Well, the Mexicans destroyed the strongest black labor union in this city, the janitors' union. The blacks used to make about fifteen dollars an hour. Now it's all Mexicans, and they're making about three or four dollars an hour. Black

people don't have their priorities straight.

WG: Black people are trying like everybody in America, Tom, to make a living. It's ludicrous for you to say that they don't have three strikes against them, just because they happen to have darker skin than you or me.

TM: I've tried to approach their organizations. I tried to speak before the NAACP years ago, when we were trying to stop this illegal immigration. They wouldn't even let me talk to them.

WG: But you were running around with white sheets on, burning crosses on lawns. That's why they don't want to talk to you.

TM: I didn't burn a cross on anybody's lawn.

WG: But you were the grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan.

TM: You'd better believe it, baby. I'm not ashamed of that fact.

WG: Then why should the blacks want to talk to the former grand dragon of the KKK?

TM: Let me tell you why. Because at the height of Klan power in this country, the leadership of the black organizations met with the Klan on many occasions, because they're the honest people. Malcolm X and Louis Farrakhan; they're honest. We're honest. We're not going to lie to the black people.

WG: You harass blacks. You burn crosses on their lawns...

TM: Oh, baloney. That stupid show the other night is simply the Corporate States of America's method of trying to put them back to sleep; or whatever they're trying to do. "Buy more Cadillacs. Buy more TVs. Buy more music," and whatever else.

WG: How do you think blacks feel when people like you and members of the Klan come dancing around their houses with flaming crosses, beating them up and killing them?

TM: How do you think the people of Los Angeles feel? They can't even go out of their houses at night. They've got ten locks on their doors. They've got millions of black gangs running down the streets, shooting each other, open warfare, and then

you, of course, advocate the police-state solution. And that's another problem I've got with you conservatives. Now that you've all allowed this thing to get in such a mess, you want the Big Brother solution -- the police state.

WG: That *is* the answer.

TM: Bring in the Army and take what's left of our freedoms away, right?

WG: Okay, let's go back to the phones. Hello, you're on with Wally George and Tom Metzger on KLAC. Go ahead.

Voice: Yes, I'm here. My name is Judy. I'm calling about the Ku Klux Klan and racism.

WG: Okay, go ahead, Judy.

Judy: My son goes to school in Downey, and there are a lot of neo-Nazis there; skinheads. Those children are cruel. They're cruel to the Jewish children. My children are half Asian. They're cruel to my kids. My oldest boy is a sheriff in Lynwood [east of Watts], with Operation Safe Street. And, I mean, these people are cruel. They're heartless.

WG: Of course, they are.

TM: Are the black gangs not heartless?

Judy: They're very heartless, and I think the National Guard should be called in, because the LAPD and the Sheriff's Department can't control this.

TM: I'm going to tell you, ma'am. This has all been set up for years in advance, to bring this country to a police state.

WG: What's all been set up?

TM: George Bush is the man to do it, the old spook who sat by the door of the CIA. He's the man who's going to bring Big Brother to this country. He's going to do it in the guise of bringing peace in the street. This is as old as the hills. Allow crime to go crazy in the street and then bring the military in.

Judy: Well, let me tell you something. In 1972, we were stationed in Meridian,

Mississippi. When I had my child, my half-Asian baby, in the hospital, people could not believe that was my kid. They questioned me. My father, who still lives in Mississippi, wouldn't allow my kids to play outside in the yard for fear that something might happen to them. When my baby got sick and I took him to a doctor, I was put on the black side. They have a black side and a white side.

TM: What did you expect, lady?

Judy: What do you mean, what did I expect?

TM: You're surrounded by a white community that actually likes to see white people.

Judy: Hey, I *am* white, and my children...

WG: You can't segregate this woman!

TM: You're a traitor to your race.

Judy: I am not a traitor to my race!

TM: Of course, you are. You married out of your race; not like my hero, Wally George, here. He married a beautiful, Nordic, blonde, English lady.

WG: That doesn't make any difference. You can't tell this woman that...

TM: And they're going to have a beautiful, white child.

WG: You can't tell her that she can't marry someone she loves.

TM: I'm not telling her not to. I'm just telling her what she did. She's a traitor to her race.

WG: How dare you say that to her!

TM: I'll say it again.

Judy: I'll tell you something, Mr. Metzger, or whatever your name is...

TM: You can take your gook-lettes right on back to Asia.

Judy: The Ku Klux Klan are a bunch of heartless, brainless idiots.

TM: We'll give you first-class accommodations back to the Asian homeland you love so much.

Judy: I lived over there for three years, and I'll tell you something, sir. The people were very hospitable. Yes, they're very poor, but my children were never threatened like we are here.

TM: Fine. We've got a boat leaving tomorrow morning.

Judy: And for your information, like I told you, my oldest son is working with the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department, with Operation Safe Street, and there's no way to control the gangs. The black gangs are heartless, and so are the white ones.

TM: Oh, come on. That's ridiculous. At the most, skinheads get in fist-fights. They're not running around with Uzis and AKs. But I'm going to tell you something. These are white, young, aggressive kids who are proud to be white. They're sick and tired of this mess that the conservatives and liberals together have made this country. They're fed up, they're aggressive, they're angry and don't mess with them. They fight back.

WG: How dare you say, Metzger, that this woman's little girl, who happens to be half Asian, should not be allowed to be in the hospital with everybody else; that she should be segregated. That's a horrifying thing to say.

TM: Well, it's not horrifying to me. I believe in a homogeneous state. I love my family, and I love my extended family, which is my race.

WG: But a little baby, to be segregated...

TM: Yeah, little babies grow up to be big babies, with political power.

WG: What a heartless monster. The phones are going crazy now, with this subject. Tom Metzger, a white racist, former grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, now the head of the White Aryan Resistance. He operates out of Fallbrook, California. His hatred for blacks, folks, is almost unbelievable. He says they're inferior to whites, and he wants them segregated. Would you be happier, Metzger, if we were back in the days of segregation, before the Civil War?

TM: No, because I would've been totally against slavery. That was the rich man's thing. One percent of the population of the South controlled ninety-nine percent of the wealth. That wasn't the bulk of the white people. Most of the white, working people were depressed because of slavery, which kept wages down artificially. When white indentured servants like the Irish died on the East Coast, they just kicked them in the ditch. But blacks were worth a lot of money.

WG: What I'm talking about is when the slaves were freed, they were segregated from hospitals, hotels, restaurants, drinking fountains, restrooms. You would've liked that.

TM: I would've followed Abraham Lincoln's plan for the black race. He was a racial separatist. He started a plan and actually got the ships together to take these people back to Africa. He told them we could never live in the same nation on an equal basis.

WG: I don't believe it.

TM: That's Abraham Lincoln. Why don't you people read what Abraham Lincoln said?

WG: Then why did he free the slaves?

TM: We started that as far back as Thomas Jefferson, with the establishment of Liberia. We established Liberia to move these people back. But all the money boys -- all your greedy conservatives -- wanted the black slaves to work here as scabs, to undercut white labor.

WG: Abraham Lincoln never had a plan to send the blacks back to Africa.

TM: Not only did he have a plan, he implemented it. He sent ships to the Caribbean, but the blacks there were killing them, so they brought them back. Lincoln didn't hate the blacks, but he knew we had to live separately.

WG: Oh, come on. Let's get back to the phones.

TM: Listen. If you want to hear more of it, call me.

WG: Hello, you're on the air with Wally George and Tom Metzger, on KLAC. Go

ahead.

Voice: Hi, Wally. This is Laura from Anaheim. I have a question for you. I was wondering, do you want to be a slave in the future? That's what the blacks plan to do to us.

WG: How do you know that, Laura?

Laura: It's called Black Power, Wally.

WG: But how do you know that the blacks want to make us slaves, Laura?

Laura: They're already segregating beauty pageants.

WG: That doesn't mean they want to make us slaves.

Laura: How do you know that, Wally?

WG: How do you know they do, Laura, you bimbo?

Laura: Bimbo!

TM: Remember, everybody wants to be on top.

WG: Racist bimbo, I might add.

Laura: Wally, I'm glad we have shows like this, because it shows how stupid and ignorant most Americans can be.

TM: We distribute a book called, *Might Makes Right*. I'd recommend all you people write in and get a copy.

WG: Don't give out any addresses here.

TM: Write to Box 65, Fallbrook, California, 92028.

WG: No commercials. Laura, are you a racist?

Laura: Yeah. What's it to you?

WG: That's what I thought. Okay, sicko. We know where you come from. One of your protégés, Metzger.

TM: You're going to talk about Jim Baker later tonight, and I think that's interesting. When I came into the studio, I thought there was something blocking the door. I thought it was you, Wally, under the couch and sucking your thumb, because you were worried about me coming on the show. You're really a lot like Jim Baker, aren't you?

WG: I'm for people getting a break.

TM: So the preachers can rip off the people?

WG: We're not talking about preachers tonight. Let's go to the next caller. Hello, this is Wally George. You're on with Jim Baker, I mean, with Tom Metzger.

Voice: Hi. This is Debbie from Van Nuys. I'm a white, middle-class American, and I've been living here for ten years now. There's suddenly been an influx of blacks in my area, and I just want to know if they're supposedly American, why can't they speak like Americans? They speak a foreign language.

WG: You're talking about Mexicans now, aren't you?

Debbie: No, blacks. They say, "You know," and their slang is so raunchy.

WG: They're talking American. They're just talking slang.

Debbie: If they're educated, and if they're equal, why don't they try to communicate?

WG: Well, a lot of white teenagers talk the same way.

Debbie: No, they don't.

WG: They have their own lingo. They say, "Like, man," and, "Like, what do you say?"

TM: Debbie, I'll tell you exactly what's happening in this country. This idea of lifting the blacks up, what they've really done is decrease the educational programs in this country down to the blacks' level. White kids are coming out of the schools now acting like some of the black kids, in many cases. We're not educating for

excellence. It might embarrass the Negroes.

Debbie: And another thing. Black men in particular come on sexually to white women.

WG: Come on, Debbie.

TM: Of course, they do.

Debbie: White men don't do that. They have more class.

WG: Are you crazy? Debbie, I've seen a lot of white men out with black women, holding their hands, embracing them. Don't tell me that. It's a two-way street.

TM: Not a pure Negroid, I'll tell you.

WG: It's a two-way street.

TM: If you look at these black beauty contests, the ones that win look like a white woman with a tan. A lot of them have a lot of white blood in them. A real Congolese Negroid could never win an American beauty contest, even in the black community.

WG: Do you have a bias against the black race, Debbie?

Debbie: I didn't, until the incidents that I spoke of happened to me. And I won't stand for it. I won't stand to let black people harass me and intimidate me and come up to me for money. They think that because I'm white, that I must have...

WG: Debbie, I get a lot of people coming up to me for money. A lot of them know who I am, and they come up and they say, "Wally, have you got a buck?" I'll tell you, it's half white and half black.

TM: And you won't give them anything, will you, you cheapskate.

WG: I do.

TM: How much? I'm sort of poor. How about giving me a couple of bucks?

WG: I'll give you bus fare, a one-way ticket to Tijuana.

Debbie: I live next to a park, and I don't see white people doing crack like I see blacks. They're on drugs, in public.

TM: Of course not, Debbie. Anybody who's white and can see clearly knows exactly what's going on. It's an insult to our intelligence even to debate the subject.

WG: Anybody who's listening to us right now knows what's going on. You are spreading hatred and racism here in America, and I say...

Debbie: And I support it. The blacks should go back to their homeland so we can raise our children in a safe environment.

TM: Thank you, Debbie.

WG: Well, Debbie, you know, I have a little present for you. [Sound of rapid bursts of machine-gun fire.]

TM: Peanut butter and rap music, that's it.

WG: Hello, you're on with Tom Metzger and Wally George on KLAC. Go ahead.

Voice: Hello? This is Jason from Burbank.

WG: Yeah, hello, Jason. You're on the air.

Jason: Yeah, I'm a white, working-class American, and my family has been in America since the American Revolution. As a matter of fact, my great-great-great-great-grandfather fought in the American Revolution. I believe that any person, no matter what color they are, should be able to get whatever they can out of America.

WG: Exactly.

Jason: That's what the system was based on.

WG: You bet.

Jason: But when the blacks in America are left to their own devices, they form gangs like Crips and Bloods. They sell crack. They have a degenerate society. They listen to degenerate music and are basically degenerate people.

WG: What about the white skinhead gangs?

TM: Leave the skinheads alone, Wally.

WG: What do you mean leave them alone? These skinheads are going out, raising hell with blacks and Jews...

TM: They won't take it any more, and you don't like that.

WG: Take what?

TM: It embarrasses you white wimps. Finally, there are some white males in society who will stand up and fight. Most white men today are a sick, sad bunch of losers. Their own wives are ashamed of them. We've got more white women really coming to the banner now, because they're sick and tired of these white wimps who won't fight for them.

WG: Listen, we here in America must fight for Americans, no matter what color they might be. You see, when you are a citizen of the United States of America... Metzger, we don't have first-class citizens and second-class citizens and third-class citizens. When you're an American citizen, no matter what color or creed or nationality you may be, you are a first-class American citizen. That's the way it is.

TM: You live in a dream world, Wally.

WG: That's the way it's supposed to be.

TM: No blacks, no whites, no working people are going to believe that. That's typical Ronald Reagan crap.

WG: Where does it say in the Constitution or the Bill of Rights or anywhere else that blacks are second-class citizens and should not have the same rights as whites? Where does it say that?

TM: It didn't mention them in there, because they weren't even considered. The Constitution explicitly counted them as four-fifths of a person. They didn't even count them as a person.

WG: The United States of America, Tom, whether you want to believe it or not, considers all American citizens and all races equal. That's the American way, and if

you don't like it, then that's tough.

TM: This is just another of the ol' rich man's way of robbing the poor man and the working people, by giving them that nonsense.

WG: It's not nonsense. It's American history. It's the Bill of Rights!

TM: It is? Read the book, *Facts of the Constitution*. Learn a little bit about the government. Today [Labor Day] is the best day to talk about it, because do you know the history of white workers in this country? They fought the unions. They fought the government. The military tried to destroy them. Rockefeller's thugs mowed them down with machine guns, and every white, laboring man out there today ought to thank his lucky stars that Eugene Debbs, Jack London, and the rest of the boys fought for what they have today. And now they're giving it away.

WG: I know many black people who are movie and television stars -- I won't name names, because that could get them in trouble -- and they tell me that they've got their name up on a marquee but can't get a room in that same hotel because they're black. That stinks. That isn't what America's about.

TM: Why don't you go to Zimbabwe, where we now have total black power in an advanced nation that was once called Rhodesia. See for yourself how blacks operate when they're in power. They become far more brutal and far more repressive than whites ever were.

WG: This is the United States of America, and it sickens me to think that a black could not use the same restroom as a white, that a black could not use the same restaurant as a white...

TM: If you allowed the blacks to take power, you wouldn't even have a restaurant to go to.

WG: Let's go back to the phones. Hello? You're on with Tom Metzger and Wally George on KLAC.

Voice: Wally, this is Tony from Hawthorne. You had a call a while back from a white woman who said black men were always trying to pick up on her?

WG: Yes.

Tony: Well, sorry, Wally, but it's absolutely the truth. I get tired of seeing it all the time. And if these white women don't want nothing to do with these black men, they're ready to get violent, or they start crying. "You're picking on me because I'm black."

WG: What about the white guys who are constantly trying to pick up on white girls and black girls?

Tony: Come on, Wally. Black men don't want black women. You can see the look in his eye when a white woman walks by. They'll always turn around. But if a black woman walks by, they hardly notice her.

TM: Yeah, and another thing, young man. These black men must have a real deep hatred for black women. I get calls from black women who are fed up with black men running after white women. Why do black men hate black women so badly? They're either...

WG: How do you know they have black women?

TM: Why are they dragging AIDS and everything else home, destroying black women? Why do black men hate black women?

WG: Why are you being so general?

TM: They do. Generally, they do.

WG: You say all black men hate white women?

TM: They hate black women, Wally. If they cared for them, they'd stay home and be a unit and have a family, but they don't. The first thing black men do is go out and want to get with either a white or an Asian woman. It's the black women who should get the rolling-pin out and start beating some of these guys over the head.

WG: There are a lot of white men and white women who I know who want to mingle with blacks.

TM: How many do you know, Wally? Give me a break.

WG: You've seen it. Hey, it takes two to tango.

TM: You were single for quite a while. How many black women did you take out?

WG: I'm not talking about that.

TM: Well, *I* am. How many black women have you dated?

WG: What I'm saying, Metzger...

TM: You're trying to get off the hook.

WG: No, I'm not. I'm saying if a black guy picks up on a white woman, the white woman has to agree to go with him or the other way around.

TM: I feel exactly the same way as Farrakhan and the black nationalists do. A black man who goes with a white woman or a white man who goes with a black woman, I hate them equally. Just as much as a black hates their own who does the same thing.

WG: What if a white happens to go with a Jew. Do you hate that as well?

TM: That's probably even worse.

WG: Even worse? But Jews are white!

TM: They're white, but they're Semitic, and they're Asiatic in their beginnings. But I'm not here to get into the Jews, unless you want to. You want to talk about Jews, Wally?

WG: No. We're talking about blacks tonight.

TM: Oh, okay.

WG: I just wanted to establish that you also have a hatred for other races, like Mexicans and Jews as well.

TM: I have a love for my race. If another race is destroying or being used to destroy my race, then we have a problem. Hatred can come out of love.

WG: What you are doing, and you've been doing it for years and years, is spending all of your adult life spreading racism, hatred, and segregation across America. I say

that's a horrible thing.

TM: We're spreading white consciousness across this country, for the white race. And we have the machine working all over the country. We have a cable-access television show, *Race and Reason*, in over sixty cities now. We've produced over one hundred and twenty shows. We're moving out, Wally.

WG: Never mind that you're moving out.

TM: The issues of the twenty-first century will be race and ecology.

WG: You'll be moving into jail before you know it.

TM: Race and ecology are the issues of the day; *Earth First!*, animal rights, all that.

WG: Jim Baker isn't the guy who should be in the mental hospital. It should be this creepo. Let's get on to the next caller. Hello, you're on with Wally George and Tom Metzger. Go ahead.

Voice: Yes, this is Steve from Westwood.

WG: Yes, Steve. You're on the air.

Steve: I'm not prejudiced at all. As a matter of fact, I was raised by a black man, like Buckwheat from *The Little Rascals* era. I mean, he used to feed me. He and my father were real good friends. The only thing I want to know is why, to this day, my friends who want to get on the police force are told, "You're going to take this test. You have to score a ninety-two." On this same test, Hispanics have to score eighty-five to pass, and blacks have to score seventy-five. Why is that?

TM: Wally wants you to think that's because we're all equal. Right, Wally?

WG: What I'm trying to say...

TM: What *are* you trying to say, Wally?

WG: What I'm trying to say is that everyone in this country has equal rights.

TM: Then why don't you give us equal rights and let the best man get the job? How come you have all these quotas and everything? What your system is telling whites is

that blacks and mexicans are inferior.

WG: No, it's not.

TM: Yes, it is.

Steve: I like blacks; they're fine. I really am not prejudiced. I'm just wondering about a system that says a white man has to score a ninety-two, a Hispanic has to score an eighty-five, and a black man has to score a seventy-five.

TM: That's because being anti-white is okay.

WG: No. Let me answer that. There are a lot of blacks in this country who haven't been able to get a proper education. Why? Because of a sense of poverty. A lot of kids who would have loved to go to high school and college had to quit at age fifteen or sixteen and go out and get a job and help to feed the family.

TM: What about all the millions of white people who have done just that? What about all the French, the Germans and the other people of Europe who came here in worse shape than any black is today? They made it.

WG: But they weren't persecuted the way the blacks have been.

TM: Even the Jews made it. And the Asians. They're going to walk right over the blacks and probably the whites, too, the way it's going.

WG: Okay, Steve. Thanks for the call. Hello, you're on the Wally George Show with Tom Metzger, on KLAC.

Voice: Yeah, hi. This is Steve from Yorba Linda. I happen to be a member of the Posse Comitatus out here.

WG: You're a member of what?

Steve: Posse Comitatus.

WG: What the heck is that?

Steve: In Latin, *posse comitatus* means, "powers of the county." We back up the sheriff in times of turmoil or insurrection.

WG: Good. You back up the sheriffs?

Steve: Yeah.

TM: Sounds like a vigilante to me, Wally.

WG: Okay. What's your comment on this? You want to talk with Tom Metzger?

Steve: Yes. We happen to be in total agreement with Tom Metzger. He has the answer to what's wrong with America.

WG: Oh, he does? Racism and hatred is the answer for America?

Steve: It's not a matter of hatred. It's a matter of when you have a problem, you have to overcome that problem. We believe that the Bible outlined all these problems. For example, in *John, 8:44*, Jesus tells the Jews, "You belong to your father, the devil, and you want to carry out your father's desire. He was a murderer from the beginning, not holding to the truth, for there is no truth in him." You're a Christian, Wally. How do you explain that quote from the Bible?

WG: I want to ask you something. As a fellow Christian, do you think Jesus Christ would be racist against the blacks?

Steve: Yes. As a matter of fact, I think Jesus as well as myself are probably two of the most bigoted people in America.

WG: You are a blasphemous, idiot creep, you stupid moron. [Sounds of machine-gun blasts and a scream.] Get off of my show, you blasphemous scum bag! How dare you say that Jesus Christ was a racist and would come out against blacks and say they're inferior. You dare to say that? You stupid moron. Don't ever call my show again.

TM: I heard about the Posse. What that started from was simply the power of the people to defend themselves. I think that's probably very correct. Instead of giving up those AK-47s, people should be arming themselves. They should protect their own neighborhoods. If you wait for the government to protect you, forget it. Not only are they not going to protect you, they're going to take away your rights.

WG: All right. Let's go to the next caller. Hello, you're with Tom Metzger and

Wally George. Who's this?

Voice: Hello, Wally? This is Bobby Hunter, from Los Angeles.

WG: Well, Bobby, I'm glad to hear from you. You are a black American, are you not?

Bobby: I am.

WG: I want you to go after Tom Metzger. What do you think about what he's been saying?

Bobby: Tom, are you there?

TM: Yes, I am.

Bobby: Tom, you've been saying that black women have been calling you up to say that black men don't want anything to do with them.

TM: Lots of them are being cheated on. A lot of these blacks are running after white women, and their women are very unhappy.

Bobby: Well, I can't speak for them, but myself, I think black women are the most beautiful [sic] women. I'm planning on marrying one. But, on the other hand...

TM: Then you're a good, respectable black man.

Bobby: I'm getting tired of all these callers saying it's just the blacks. I have a white friend. He won't have anything to do with whites. He just goes for blacks.

TM: Yes. That's rotten. Believe me, I'm not defending the whole white race. We've got plenty of bad ones in there. We've told the black people that if these white guys are coming down there, picking up on your women, we don't care what you do to them.

Bobby: Okay, listen. You keep saying that blacks are inferior. I consider...

TM: Wally's saying that. He's said it all night.

WG: I've never said that. You've been saying blacks are inferior, that they don't

have the intelligence of a white man. You've always said that.

TM: I'm saying if they were superior, they'd be running the country today. They've been here long enough to have taken over.

WG: Don't you ever say that I said they're inferior. Blacks are not inferior. In Metzger's mind they are. Bobby, do you believe blacks are not as intelligent as whites? That's what Metzger thinks.

Bobby: Tom, I think I'm just as intelligent as you and your son. Would you agree with that?

TM: I think you have a right to your opinion.

Bobby: But do you agree with that?

TM: I'm saying, generally, that...

WG: Do you agree with that?

TM: Of course, I don't agree with that. I don't even know the man. How do I know?

WG: Because he's black, you're...

Tom: There are exceptions to every rule. He may be a very bright black person. You act like I never talk to black people or deal with black people. I've dealt with some of the...

WG: Name me a couple of blacks who you think are as intelligent as you are, Tom.

TM: That's going to be very difficult.

WG: I thought so. Okay, thanks a lot. Let's go to the next caller. Hello, you're on with Wally George and Tom Metzger. Go ahead.

Voice: Yeah, hi, Wally. I'm Gene, from the Valley. How are you doing?

WG: Good.

Gene: I just wanted to say I think Tom Metzger is probably one hundred percent

right.

WG: Right?

Gene: Yes, it's unfortunate that there are so many people, especially of our own race, that agree with...

WG: What do you mean, race? What race are you?

Gene: I'm of the Caucasian race.

WG: But you're an American first, aren't you?

Gene: I used to be. I'm not any more.

WG: Then get out of the country, okay? Take a hike. I'll never stand for that. I said he should be an American first, and he says he used to be an American first.

TM: You know something, Wally, just give me the keys and go on home. Give me six months on this radio, fifty thousand watts, and I'll have this problem straightened out for you very quickly.

WG: Oh really? I have news for you. If you went on the air, in about six months, people would have you on a slow boat to No-Man's Land.

TM: I want to tell you something. If I went on the air, old people could walk down the streets of Los Angeles any time, day or night, without being attacked.

WG: Ol' Tom Metzger, that's his solution. Clean out the blacks, clean out the Jews, clean out the Mexicans, clean out the Orientals. White America? That's baloney. We've got some more phone calls. The phones are coming off the walls, so we'll go right back to them. Hello, you're on with Wally George and Tom Metzger.

Voice: Hi, this is Allen, from L.A. I want to comment to Mr. Metzger.

WG: Go ahead. You're on the air.

Allen: I believe there's good and bad in every race. But I've been walking down the street before and had one black hanging on my back while another one was reaching in my pocket. I know many people who've been savagely beaten and robbed.

WG: By blacks?

Allen: Yeah. And the lyrics of their rap music tell you exactly what they're into and what they want.

WG: In other words, you hate them, right?

Allen: When I walk down the street, it's, "Hey, peckerhead, honky. Gimme a quarter, white boy."

WG: Racist remarks. That shows where you're coming from. You don't dare go on my show and say racist things like that.

Allen: Wally...

WG: That tells me where you're coming from. You're a racist.

Allen: I am not a racist.

WG: You're a racist bum. You call them...

TM: He's just describing what he sees on the street. Anyone can go down there and see it.

WG: You know you're a racist. Say it. At least have the guts to say what you are.

Allen: You want to define racism? Take a walk alone through Watts tonight, and you aren't going to be alive in the morning. That's reality.

WG: I have news for you, pal. I'm a conservative Republican, and I want you to know something. The black community loves my show. When I drive through black Los Angeles, they wave at me and say, "Hi, Wally." They're my friends. What do you think about that?

TM: I'm going to tell you something, Wally. Give me fifteen minutes to speak to the black people of Watts about your rotten, greedy, conservative, rich...

WG: They wouldn't give you fifteen minutes.

TM: And you wouldn't make it ten feet into Watts. They'd rather have me come in there than you.

WG: No way. The black people in Southern California have been watching me for many years on television. They write to me. They stop me on the street. They say, "Wally, we listen to what you have to say. We agree with you."

TM: Oh, brother.

WG: They do.

TM: That just goes to show you how mislead they are by all these people who...

WG: No, because they know a real American.

TM: Yeah, right. You're always telling them how equal they are while you're picking their pockets.

WG: I'm standing up for all races, all colors and all creeds.

TM: Write to Box 65, Fallbrook, California, 92028, and get the straight scoop.

WG: Let's go back to the phones. Hello, you're on the air with Wally George and Tom Metzger.

Voice: Hello, this is Mark, from La Brea. I've had lots of problems with black gangs. I used to go to this 7-Eleven store, and there was this big football player about three times my size -- he used to play for the Minnesota Vikings -- and he used to come up to me because I was a skinhead, and I wore a swastika.

WG: Oh, that's what I figured, a skinhead with a swastika. I'll tell you, if you came up to me with your skin head and a swastika on your arm, I'd kick you in your butt.

TM: We're supposed to be free and equal, right? Why shouldn't he be able to walk around any way he likes?

WG: Not carrying a swastika.

Mark: Listen, Wally. I wear that swastika because I've got pride in my race.

WG: Because you love Adolf Hitler, don't you?

Mark: I didn't say that. My family came from Germany. It's a symbol of German pride.

WG: No, no, no. The swastika is a symbol of Nazi Germany.

TM: The swastika has been around for thousands of years.

WG: Do you know that right now the German people are ashamed of the Adolf Hitler era and that they think he's a disgrace to their country? I'll bet you look up to Adolf Hitler.

Mark: That's what the media want you to believe.

TM: Let's get off this Hitler stuff and get back to what it's like to survive in the streets of L.A. If you want to see what L.A.'s becoming, go down to a video store and rent *Blade Runner*, starring Harrison Ford. You'll see what L.A.'s becoming.

Mark: Let me tell you what happened to this black guy. He confronted me several times. The last time, I got sick of it. You know what I did? I pulled out a machete and...

WG: Get out of here, you stupid moron.

TM: See? White workers are fighting back. Wally, wait until you see a white riot. You think a black riot's tough? This country used to have white riots all the time. They'll make black riots look sissy.

WG: Are you trying to incite one?

TM: They had white race riots in St. Louis. The Air Force had to drop dynamite and bombs to break it up.

WG: So you want to have a riot in the streets?

TM: When white workers really get it up and say, "I'm mad as hell," they ain't going to take it any more. They ain't going to vote, they're going down to the streets.

WG: So you're trying to...

TM: I say, white workers, take back the streets. They're your streets. You paid for them.

WG: Now I know what your goals are. Not only are you spreading hatred and racism, you're trying to incite riots in the streets. You want blood in the streets, don't you?

TM: I want white survival. White survival.

WG: Boy, I'll tell you. He wants blood in the streets, folks.

TM: And you'll love it, because you'll be able to walk at night, anywhere you want.

WG: That's what he's calling for, folks. He wants blood in the streets. He's calling for riots in the streets.

TM: The way things look, it's either going to be their blood or ours.

WG: Oh, boy. You are sick. Let's go back to the phones. Hello, you're on the air with Wally George and Tom Metzger on KLAC. Go ahead.

Voice: Hi, Wally, this is Ray. I was on your show Saturday night.

WG: Yes, Ray. Go ahead.

Ray: Yeah, we don't agree too much, but I'm going to tell you, Wally, and I really mean this wholeheartedly. That guy you got on your show needs to be taken out somewhere. He needs to be.... Metzger...

TM: Come on down. Try it yourself, punk.

Ray: Listen to me, Metzger.

TM: Come on down.

Ray: You don't have the guts enough or the courage...

TM: Oh yeah?

Ray: To talk about a black person the way you talk about them...

TM: Let me tell you, fella. I appeared in Harlem on that great show of Morton Downey's. I was surrounded by a thousand black people, and none of them touched me. They had more respect for me than they would for these white traitors.

WG: Sure. They probably looked at you, Metzger, and got sick to their stomachs.

TM: Because I tell them the truth. Sometimes they don't like it, but at least I tell them the truth.

WG: Next call. You're on with Wally George and Tom Metzger. Go ahead.

Voice: My name's Robert. I'm from Glendale. I've lived here all my life. I don't know if you're familiar with this area, like Huntington Park, but I've seen it go white, black, brown; you know what I mean. I live in the city of Bell, and I'm white. On the rest of my street, there might be three other white families. The rest of them are wetbacks.

WG: Don't call them wetbacks.

TM: Join the crowd. My whole block is full of wetbacks, too.

WG: Metzger, you will not call them wetbacks.

TM: Greasers?

WG: Okay, Metzger. That's it. I've had it. Metzger, you are history. [Sounds of person screaming, rapid machine-gun fire.] That's the end of Metzger. He's gone. I'm not going to take any more of that racist stuff. I'm bringing in my next guest, which will be equally controversial to Metzger and his racism. Next up, we're going to have with us Rick Schooler from HATE, Humans Against Television Evangelists. Stay tuned.