

A White Man Speaks Out

by Glenn Miller

**The former leader of the largest active
White Rights Group in the United States,
Speaks out for White America.**

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Ponderable Quotes

"Experts say that Miller's group is the most active White organization in the South today
(*The Orlando Sentinel* - May 27, 1986)

Miller is by far the most aggressive White Power advocate in the nation today."
(*The Village Voice* - 1986)

"US Attorney Samuel T. Currin said the White Patriot Party was a paramilitary organization that obtains stolen military arms and explosives and planned to take over the federal government by force."
(*Raleigh News & Observer* - July 22, 1986)

"Glenn Miller towers over the White-supremacist movement, and with the Aryan Nations and the Order crippled as a result of a concerted 1985 FBI operation, authorities considered his White Patriot Party the largest and most active in the country."
(*Gallery* magazine - August 1986)

"(Robert Norman) Jones testified that another member of the White Patriot Party produced a duffel bag full of money..."
"One of the Order members told federal officials that he had participated in robberies of armored cars and that \$300,000 in stolen money had been delivered to Glenn Miller."
(*Raleigh News & Observer* - July 23, 1986)

"(Federal Judge Earl) Britt described Miller as a very articulate and intelligent individual. Britt said he often had been amazed by Miller's ability to present his views in court."
(*Raleigh News & Observer* - December 1987)

"Miller could have been charged with numerous federal offenses carrying potential sentences of more than 200 years, according to court documents."
(*Raleigh News & Observer*)

"Get you out on bond? Glenn, are you crazy? No judge in the country would let you out on bond. While you were out on the run, the federal courthouse here in Raleigh had so many guards around it, it looked like Fort Knox."
(My attorney, Thomas Manning, at our first meeting after my arrest.)

"Glenn, we got so much overtime pay trying to track you down, we all built an extra room onto our houses, and we call them the Glenn Miller rooms."
(US. Marshal William "Wild Bill" Dickenson)

Boys, if he runs again, yaw'll won't have to hunt him. I'll run him down and bring him in myself."
(My daddy to U.S. Marshals as he posted \$50,000 bond. December 1987)

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my daddy, the honorable Frazier Glenn Miller, Sr. From the rebel state of South Carolina the man I most wanted to be like when I was a child, and wish I had been now that I'm an old man Strong, decent, intelligent, honest, and brave, the man I admire above all others. And he taught me what I know. And,

- To my son, Michael Gunjer Miller, killed January age of 19 in a fiery auto accident. 6'1" - over 200 lbs. - body builder. He looked a Young Tarzan.
At 17, he firebombed a Negro crack house and went to prison, and he did much, much more
The words on his tombstone read: "Our young Anglo-Saxon Rebel Braveheart
Ride now and forever, my son, with the Valkyrie Angels in the Heavens."

And

- To William Fred Smith (Freddy), the best friend I'll ever have in this world — put his house up to get me out of the slammer and, of course,
- To my wife, Marge,
- My sons, Frazier III (23), Jesse (22),
- My daughters, Kimberly (31), Anna (16), Macy (8),
- ...and my grandson Joe (2) (Mike's boy)

A Message to White Youth

Stay healthy and strong. Band together. Drink a little beer, if you must. Avoid drugs like the plague. Study. Think. Talk among yourselves. Never doubt your superiority. True history and good eyesight proves it. Dr. Pierce and others will fill your young minds with truth. Set the example for the little ones, and love, respect and protect them. They are flesh of your flesh, and blood of your blood. They are you. And, in the future they will exceed your wildest expectations.

Your parents have proven by their apathy and inaction they care little about your future, your children's future, or future generations of your Race. To be like them means inevitable racial oblivion.

Stay free. Stay in school. Learn. Exercise your mind continually. Never become depressed. Be happy young warriors in this final struggle for the survival of our kind. And never doubt the truth as you will come to know that truth. Truth will open your mind and set you free.

Jew television is enemy intelligence. Watch it. Study it. And analyze it closely. The filth, evil, and animal-like degeneracy promoted by the "puke box" is plain to see. The Jews seek to lead you into ruin and racial suicide.

Keep your Race pure at all costs.

A strong man can defeat ten cowards. Study the martial arts. Lift weights. Look strong, be strong. Become obsessed with physical and mental power.

Respect your mate. Otherwise, no one will. And be faithful. Let the "others" wallow in filth and degeneracy while you become stronger, wiser and united.

Band together in groups. Your solidarity will inspire others. Defend, but do not attack. Truth is on your side, and truth spoken loudly and persistently always prevails.

Hidden within your young minds lies the solutions to all problems, and the path towards the survival of your Race and the spreading of your genes throughout the universe. Bringing forth and implementing that genius for yourselves and for future generations will not only give purpose and meaning to your lives, it is why the God who made you White, put you here upon this earth.

You were born in bondage to the Jews. Your parents are programmed and contented slaves too paralyzed by fear, intimidation, and ignorance of the truth to free themselves or you.

Therefore, you were born to fight.

Look into the beautiful light faces and innocent bright eyes of the little ones. That heavenly sight dictates what you must do.

Unite! Organize! Educate!

Expose the Jews!

Fight and no surrender!

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this book is to put down on paper, for posterity, my life within the White Right's Movement. I want my young'uns and grand young'uns to know what the hell I did for them.

The entire publishing costs will come out of my own pocket. Jewish control of the book distribution system will insure it is not widely read.

Just think, Whitey, in 1950 we were the most numerous race (of the three races) on Earth. Ninety percent of the U.S. population was White. U.S. laws on immigration guaranteed that at least 90 percent of new immigrants be White. Canada, Australia, all of Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia (all of Europe, in fact) were virtually all-White nations.

But, man, look at us now.

The Jews-media brags about the changing face of Europe and America, meaning of course, both are getting darker and darker.

There are now more colored aliens flooding into the U.S. than there are White infants being born. Never mind abortion, interracial cohabitation, faggotry, birth control and sterilization. Immigration alone will wipe us out.

The Earth's five and a half billion colored folks all want immigrate to where the White man lives. They all want a slice of the White man's pie. And, the jew-ruled western world welcomes them with open arms and plenty of welfare, compliments of White tax payers.

"Diversity is America's strength," is another Jews-media big lie that has been repeated so often the White masses have come to believe it.

"America has always been a nation of immigrants," the Jews-media proclaims over and over again.

But, Whitey, up until the 1965 Kennedy immigration bill, our leaders demanded that at least 90% of them be White. Now, over 90% are colored.

For those of you still living in ignorant denial of international Jewish domination, I offer the following two addresses where you may write for books, pamphlets, and videos proving the irrefutable fact.

I especially recommend the pamphlet, "Who Rules America," which documents Jewish control over the American national media and which, in my opinion, provides the most insight of any publication in the world. You can obtain a copy for \$2.00 from:

National Alliance

P.O. Box 330

Hillsboro, WV 24946

<http://www.natall.com> or <http://www.natvan.com>

The Truth at Last

P.O. Box 1211

Marietta, GA 30061

National Alliance also publishes a large catalog of books, pamphlets, tapes, and videos, which you should request.

Scary, isn't it Whitey?

You might actually learn the truth about Race for the first time in your life.

But I forgot. You don't want to know the truth, do you? You prefer living in ignorant bliss. Besides, the Jew-feds monitor the mail of all White organizations and will learn of your inquiry. Your name will go onto their list of potential subversives. Any White person who demonstrates concern about the demise of the White Aryan Race is systematically listed as an enemy of the state, by those who rule the state.

You'd better play it safe. Don't get involved. Don't even join the girl scouts, heh, heh, heh.

What's that you say? You can always move to Alaska?

Wrong again, Whitey. Alaska is now loaded with Blacks, Eskimos and "others." No matter where the White man goes to hide, the "coloreds" follow. The Jews see to it.

There is no place left to hide.

Randy Weaver proved it.

Remember how White Nebraska, Iowa, Idaho (the entire mid-west, in fact) used to be? Check them out now. Virtually every city and small town has growing colored populations. And, oh how they are growing. Multiplying like rats is perhaps too strong a phrase, but who can deny the similarity? Not only do the coloreds produce large families, the Whites there, and everywhere, are committing self-genocide through birth control and race-mixing. Colored women make colored babies and White women do too.

Sorry Whitey, there just is no place for you to hide. You're going to have to keep on kissing up while your country, your

women and your future are taken from you.

Fight? Ha, that's a laugh.

Thanks to a half century of Jews-media mind conditioning, the White man has become the greatest coward ever to walk the Earth. The world has never seen anything like we have become. Even the little Asians just arrived on our soil recognize every day the cowardice of the White man and they alternate between disgust, pity, and laughter at us.

White cowardice has become as American as apple pie. It is the national status quo. It's what's expected. We're the punching bag race.

If a sizeable number of White people suddenly rose up and demanded the survival of our Race or even equal rights, it would come as such a shock to the coloreds, that they would fill the streets with Aryan blood, while rioting and looting throughout the country in self-righteous rage.

The Rodney King riots would seem like a school yard scuffle, in comparison.

Speaking of the Rodney King riots, the Los Angeles Negroes took to the streets in the tens-of-thousands, burning, looting, and assaulting every White man, woman, child, and infant they could get their hands on. White cops fled for their lives. When it was over, fifty-five people lay dead. Twenty-three hundred had been dragged from their cars and beaten senseless because of the color of their skin, by Negroes who felt perfectly justified in doing so.

The Jews-media never called them racists, however, and indeed put the blame on White racism. California Whites are, and have been for decades, the most liberal Negro worshiping, and kiss-upping White folks in the whole world. See what it got them?

Those thousands of victims of Negro rage did receive some justice, though. There was one single trial. A White truck driver, Reginald Denning, was dragged from his truck, beaten unconscious, and had his head bashed in by a brick in an assault captured on video. This crime actually went to trial, by cracky, and the Negro assailant actually served a few months behind bars. See, see, see, White folks do sometimes get justice when assaulted by Negroes.

When I saw the White truck driver hugging the mother of his assailant on TV, I wished he'd been hit with a bigger brick. The truck driver was so terrified by the Negro-filled courtroom each day, he became suddenly filled with forgiveness and brotherly love. The typical cowardly White man. He wouldn't fight them, so he forgave them to save face.

Fifty-five people murdered, twenty-three hundred beaten unmercifully, thousands of buildings torched, and we got one trial. Whew, doggitt. Who says White folks don't get equal justice under the law?

If you liked the Rodney King thriller, you're going to love the 21st century in America.

Simple fourth grade arithmetic tells us that soon the U.S. will become seventy, eighty and then 90 percent colored, that is, if the U.S. lasts that long. This, naturally, means that these percentages will extend to the Armed Forces and Law Enforcement groups. The coloreds will have the guns and the authority to use them.

Now you know why the Jews are so frantic in their push to disarm us. They want to make damn sure that when they have us up the proverbial creek, we don't have anything to paddle with.

Do you really believe the coloreds are going to allow you to hang onto your nice house, in your mostly White neighborhood, your nice automobile, your good job or your false sense of security, when hundreds of millions of their own people in Africa, India, China and South America are living in filth and poverty?

Do you really believe that this 100 million horde of coloreds already in America who are gaining millions in number each year, while your race actually decreases, identifies with America or the White Race? In your wildest misguided fantasies, do you think they favor you over their own kind, their own brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews left behind in Africa, India, China or South America?

How could your mind be led to such incredible ignorance and blind apathy? And yet it has been.

This is more proof of the power of the Jews-media to control your mind. They play our minds like the fiddler plays music.

The White man doesn't believe his own eyes anymore, unless what he sees is verified regularly by Jew television.

And so the Jews have turned us over to the One World Government. The accurate term is Jew World Government because they rule it. It does not matter that the political faces which speak to us over television appear White, Black, Brown or Asian. If they are in national political office, it means they have been approved by the Jews. Simple as that.

He who pays the piper, calls the tune.

Not one of the 535 members of the U.S. Congress, nor the President and vice-president, nor anyone else working within the federal government for that matter, would be there if he or she had been opposed by the Jews.

No foreign or domestic policy would ever come about without approval of the Jews.

I invite the reader to the book, *They Dare to Speak Out*, written by former congressman Paul Findley, who served in the U.S. Congress for 22 years, but finally ousted by the Jews for his attempt to warn the American people. Findley states

virtually what I do, but of course, his prominence makes him far more persuasive. So, read his book.

By the way, while the feds were ordering tens of millions of White school children to mix with Negroes in public schools, all but two or three of the five hundred and thirty-five U.S. congressmen and senators sent their own children to private academies, in bold-faced hypocrisy.

One World Government. Scary, isn't it Whitey?

Our Race is barely 8% of the world's population, and even that figure is dropping fast. And we produce only about two percent of the infants. We buy twice as many caskets as cradles. Great future, huh?

But, on the other hand, look at Israel, where four and a half million Jews are surrounded by a billion Muslims. Armed to the teeth with one of the largest (if not the largest) nuclear arsenals in the world, these Jews dictate their will upon their Muslim neighbors.

There is a big difference, however, between Jew Israel and White America. Jew Israel is racist. They stick together. They fight for their own people. And, more important, they have the will to survive.

Why can't we be like the Jews?

Why can't we have the same racial pride, racial unity, and the will to survive as a people?

If the Jews can have a Jewish state of their own, then why can't we have a White Christian state of our own?

Well, Whitey, whatcha say?

How about Germany? That small nation the size of Montana, almost whipped the whole world, not once, but twice. Oh, what a people they were in 1939. No drugs, hardly any crime at all, no Negroes, no Hispanics, no Asians, no abortion, no pornography, and what Jews they had, either immigrated or were neutralized by law. Germany, 1939, a nation of healthy, happy, strong, united White folks, filled with the will power to fight for their survival.

But I forgot. We're supposed to hate the Germans, aren't we? The Jews-media tells us so, just like they tell us to hate Arabs. Those whom the Jews hate, we too must hate.

Let's see now... Adolph Hitler, Saddam Hussein, Momar Khadafi, Louis Farakahn, Ayatollah Khomeini, the Ku Klux Klan, the Nazis, the Skinheads... we must hate them all, because the Jews do. They are all perceived by the Jews to be their enemies. Therefore, they must be our enemies, as well.

Life is so simple, isn't it Whitey?

All we have to do is watch TV and listen to Dan Rather, Morley Safer, Ted Koppel, Mike Wallace, and all our other favorite celebrities. They teach us who and what to love and hate, and who to make war against and which "righteous" nations are deserving of billions of our tax-dollar grants.

Why think? Why get involved? Let the Jews do it for us.

Boy, we showed those Germans, didn't we? The nerve of those Germans, to want racial pride and to rule themselves free from Jewish domination. How dare they free themselves from drugs, minorities, pornography, alcoholism, crime, child abuse, obesity, Communism, venereal diseases, and everything else we Americans are accustomed to, and thanks to our Jew masters, are unable and unwilling to free ourselves from.

Thanks to World War II and the slaughter of forty million White folks by White folks, we convinced those Germans to be like us. Now, they're in the boat with us and without a paddle.

During my daughter's 9th grade mandatory class on The Holocaust, after the teacher repeated over and over again the figure of six million Jews killed by the Germans, she politely asked if he knew how many Americans had been killed. He didn't know. Then she asked how many Christians had been killed. He didn't know. Then, how many Germans. He didn't know. After my daughter said he wasn't much of a teacher, she was suspended from school.

I'm mighty proud of that gal.

Incidentally, I never held anything back from my children. They know what I know, because I told them everything. How they handle this awareness remains to be seen. But they know the truth.

How about The Holocaust? The Holocaust, of course, means holocaust of the Jews, according to everything we're taught on the subject.

The WWII slaughter of forty million White folks cannot be called The Holocaust. The murder of fifty million Chinese by the Communists cannot be called The Holocaust, nor can the murder of twenty million Russians, or fifteen million Germans.

But, why is the alleged death of six million Jews more important than the deaths of forty million Christians and fifty million Chinese combined?

The answer is simple. The Jews control the media. They teach us what to think.

Incidentally, The Holocaust is really the holohoax. Six million Jews did not die during WWII. This whole fabrication was

invented by the Jews to gain sympathy and to fleece the German people. Today, it's a multibillion dollar a year industry. The International Red Cross said only 300,000 Jews died during WWII.

International Jewish organizations wrote before the war that only four-and-a-half million Jews lived in all of Europe at that time. After the war, three-and-a-half million of them filed claims against the German government for persecution.

Those who are interested in knowing the truth about the so-called Holocaust should write to one of the two listed addresses. Dozens of books are available on the subject.

They prove conclusively that the so-called Holocaust is just another big Jewish lie.

Much of the book, *Diary of Anne Frank*, was written with a ball point pen. Ball point pens weren't even invented until 1950.

Shabbos Goyim, in Yiddish means, *stupid cattle*, and is what the Jews call the rest of us. And history seems to prove them correct. We are like stupid cattle, easily led around, and herded in this direction or in that direction, and stampeded into making war against this nation or that nation, and into becoming wimpish pacifists or war mongers against Adolph Hitler, Saddam Hussein or whomever the Jews sic us on.

The six trillion dollars we spent on defense and weapons development since WWII was not spent for the purpose of safeguarding America or Christianity or the White Race.

How could it be? We're dying out.

Those weapons are controlled by our political leaders who are controlled by the Jews.

Today, the military might of the U.S. and other Western nations are not only controlled by international Jewry, but are being used to subjugate the rest of the world and to force them into the One World Jewish government.

The so-called Cold War was another trick played on us by the Jews.

The Russian people were taught to fear annihilation by the Americans so they wouldn't complain when their Jew-ruled government spent trillions on weapons development.

And, the American people fell for the same trick.

The Cold War was never anything other than a Jewish plot to finance the necessary weapons and technology with which to enslave the world. And, it has worked gloriously for them.

The argument between Russian Communism and American Democracy was nothing but an argument between one gang of Jews who ruled Russian and another gang of Jews who rule America.

One gang believed Communism was the shortest path to world domination; the other believed democracy was.

The downfall of the Communist USSR simply means that World Jewry decided that democracy is the most advantageous system in which to rule the world. Democracy provides the illusion of freedom and more easily exported.

Communism has always been Jewish. Karl Marx, for instance, was a Jew.

The 1917 Russian revolution and the violent overthrow of the Czar would never have come about without Jew Communists. Jews invented it. Jews promoted it. Jews led it.

And Jews ruled the Communist USSR since it's beginning in 1917. One hundred fifty-million White Russian people have been slaves to the Jews all this time. And, it was the Jew Leon Trotsky who masterminded the murder of twenty million Russian people who resisted their Jewish slave masters.

I, of course, do not expect you readers to believe much of what I'm saying about the Jews. Space does not permit me to go into more depth nor will I offer proof for the reason stated previously.

The organizations listed should be contacted by those with the guts to know the truth. The rest can go to hell, for all I care.

Henry Ford Sr., founder of Ford Motor Company and a great American patriot published the four volume book entitled, *The International Jew*, in the 1920's. I highly recommend this masterpiece of expose on the Jewish subject. You can obtain a copy from National Alliance for \$10.

The terrible power of the Jews forced Ford to apologize to them, but never did he say he was wrong in what he wrote about them.

The list of patriots forced to apologize to the Jews is a long one. And, it is highly illustrative of Jewish powers of persuasion.

What's that you ask, Whitey? "But, aren't Jews White?"

It does not matter to me that some Jews look White. They damn sure as hell do not identify themselves with us. They have never sided with White Americans on anything, except when killing Germans and Arabs. The Jews have their own 'identity. And their identity is racial, religious, and fraternal.

Ford put it best when he said: "When a White man meets another White man, it means nothing to either, but when a Jew

meets another Jew, it means everything."

But, most important is that they hate our White Aryan guts. And if you don't believe that, it is because you're ignorant of history and Jewish control of Hollywood and the media.

Television, for example, spews forth a constant barrage of anti-White and anti-Christian propaganda. The TV series 'Roots' was produced by the Jew, Margolis. Other hundreds, if not thousands, of movies, documentaries, etc., foment racial hatred against us by Negroes, Indians, and the other colored races. The Jews-media bad mouths us every day, all day. Mountains of hate propaganda have been distributed concerning slavery in America, but hardly anything is said about others owning slaves. During the years of slavery in America, every single African nation had slavery. Every single South and Central American nation had slavery. China didn't outlaw slavery until well into the 20th century. Every single non-White people in the whole world either owned slaves or were slaves themselves. Negroes in Africa even today own slaves. In the Sudan, one can purchase a Negro child for as little as \$20.00. But, the Jews-media seldom utters a word about them, but rants and raves to no end about American slavery which ended over a century ago.

White liberals cry crocodile tears when the Jews-media reminds them how White settlers stole land formerly inhabited by American Indians. My daughters 3rd grade teacher proclaimed to her class of 8-year-old White students, "America would be better off, if White people had not come here."

But, the fact is, every people alive in the world today stole the land they now live on from a weaker people. It's the history of mankind. Further, every Indian tribe in America at the time of Columbus had stolen their land from another tribe, and they continued warring and land stealing until the White man put a stop to it. And, every tribe strong enough to capture them, owned slaves.

But, like every other historical fact, they are omitted by the Jews-media when these facts are not palatable to the World Jewish Agenda.

Weaken the White man. Make him ashamed of his history, forefathers, and Race. And, make his own children ashamed of their father. Put the White race on a guilt trip and never let them off. By making the White man weak, we become strong. Incite the colored peoples of the world to hate the White man. Study White history. Search out every detail of their associations with the colored peoples, and accentuate everything negative and leave out everything positive.

And, at the same time, glorify the colored races. Accentuate everything positive and omit everything negative. Teach them that the White man is their enemy, and that we Jews are their salvation and protectors, etc.

As a result of a half century of Jews-media anti-White hate propaganda, the violence against us by the colored races (and especially the Negroes) reached war-time proportions. The Negroes declared war against us, beginning in 1965, and this fact is proven by crime figures. Violent assaults against our people number in the tens of millions. And this carnage is the direct responsibility of the Jews who sicked them on us with their hate propaganda.

Make no mistake about it, the Jews intend to exterminate the White Aryan Race from the face of the earth. Their deep down guttural hatred for everything Aryan must be understood.

The Jews have committed so many atrocities against us, so much exploitation, and so much outrage, that they have no other choice. They must exterminate us to insure that future Aryan men do not come for their throats seeking to settle accounts.

It is no coincidence that every country in Europe, at one time or another, kicked the Jews out. After hundreds of years of Jewish exploitation, atrocities, and outrages, the people rose up in righteous anger, and threw them out, much like a healthy stomach expels rotten food.

There are parasites in the plant world, the mammal world, the insect world, the bird world, the fish world, and so too, are there parasites in the human world. And the foremost parasite among them all is the Jew.

Hitler said it. Henry Ford said it. Martin Luther said it. Mussolini said it. George Lincoln Rockwell said it. And, I believe it, because it is true.

If the shoe fits, it ought to be worn. The shoe fits the Jew.

If there are any good Jews in this world, let them come forward with the truth. Let them renounce with us the obscenities committed by their fellow Jews, and let them renounce the International Jewish plot to rule the world and exterminate the White Aryan Race.

All Jews are aware of what the "big" Jews are doing. Some support it. Others may not like it. But, all benefit from it. And, so they all keep quiet about it. And I despise them all.

We White Southerners had a shot at freedom back in 1861. Let me tell you my rendition.

The Southerner said to the Yankee, "We would like our freedom and independence from you. You look down your noses at us. You favor the Negro over us. You speak that alien dialect we so much despise. You steal from us with your outrageous cotton tariffs (60% of federal income came from cotton). We don't like you. So we want a divorce. What say?"

The Yankee replied, "Hell no, you ain't gonna have no independence. You will not divorce us. You're going to live with us,

whether you like it or not. We want to keep the union."

The vast majority of Southerners wanted independence, therefore, it should have been granted, that is if you believe in one-man, one-vote democracy. If the majority favors it, it ought to come about.

And so we fought the Civil War.

Five and a half million White Southerners fought twenty-two and a half million Yankees. That's four to one odds for those of you suffering from an integrated education. Plus, the South had three and a half million Negroes they had to hold down and keep an eye on, while they fought an enemy who outnumbered them four to one.

One would expect that the Yankees would be satisfied and confident with these odds, but lo and behold, they weren't. So they trained, uniformed, and armed 200,000 Negroes and told them to go kill White Southerners.

Damn, fellow White folks, just think. If the Yankees would do a thing like that then, just think what they'll do now, when we White Southerners have to fight a race war for our survival. In that event, do you really think the federal government will side with us?

Scary, huh?

And so, outnumbered four to one and with three and a half million Negroes hanging onto our coat tails, we attacked the Yankee bastards twenty miles outside La Cess Pool Grande, (Washington, D.C.) in July 1861 after running them out of Fort Sumpter, S.C. Seventy-five thousand of them marched out of Washington that July day, in their new blue uniforms, shiny boots, their swords and rifles gleaming in the sun. Oh how proud, and confident they were. They'd whip that traitorous rabble right quick and be back in the Capitol, drinking beer and kissing the gals in a day or two at the most. And of course, a victory parade. Oh glory day!

Hundreds of Washingtonians, men, women, and children packed picnic lunches and riding in their comfortable buggies, joined the Army in the march to whip the rebels. They'd watch the battle from hill sides while enjoying brunch and a little wine. (True story. I kid you not.)

General Stonewall Jackson and 60,000 country boys, mostly bare footed, but in high spirits awaited them on the plains near Monassas. When Stonewall saw the blue horde approaching, he told his men, "Boys, we'll give 'em the God damn bayonet." And, the boys grinned, agreed, and complied.

I always envision those boys to be much like the country boys I grew up with in rural North Carolina, young Anglo-Saxons, healthy, vibrant, confident, respectful of our elders, with names the same as those who fought at Monassas that July in 1861. Charles Martin, Mack Arnold, Freddy Smith, Gene Adams, Bill Allen, Emil Dyer, Ed Allen, Clayton Powell, Howard Herman, William Pope, Billy Joe Jeans, and others.

We're the same race, the same genes, the same last names and we all sprang from the same loins going back a thousand generations into the Anglo-Saxon bloodline. Those Southern men braced for battle on the field at Monassas were our fathers. How can I not recognize this, and identify with them? They were me.

Well, the two armies clashed that day and when the smoke settled, those Yankees not yet horizontal, were in a wild, frantic race to see who could get back to La Cess Pool Grande the quickest. Most threw away their rifles and packs to hasten their withdrawal from the scene. Stonewall's boys and their bayonets and musket balls, plus the rebel yells from 60,000 Southern throats had torn their nerves all to pieces. And, "Union" with the South was the last thing in the world they desired at the time. In fact, they wanted independence from those Southern boys. They wanted a divorce, and they wanted it now.

They ran like rabbits over hill and over dale, through the creeks and through the briars, all the way back to La Cess Pool Grande.

The Yankee picnickers saw them coming and thought they'd won a quick victory, but changed their minds when they saw their speed and the expressions on their faces. And they wouldn't slow down. World sprint records were set, broken, and then shattered.

One Yankee gal who had gone out to see her boyfriend in battle, later commented they all looked like they'd seen ghosts, and were pale as cotton. Her boyfriend ran by so fast, she didn't even see him. All she saw was blue blurs. About as many Yankee civilians were captured that day as Yankee soldiers. The soldiers were far more fleet of foot.

The headlines appearing in the next day's edition of the Atlanta newspaper, read in huge print, "The Great Skedaddle."

The Washington paper lamented that it took their boys two days to get to the battle, but only two hours to return.

We won that battle, and 80% of all the battles fought during the Civil War. The final score was 350,000 dead Yankees, and only 250,000 dead rebels.

One of my forefathers who fought, returned home in May 1865, minus his left arm, which he'd lost in battle near Appomattox, Virginia. His wife and five small children awaited him near the ruins of their burned out cabin. They had nothing but the ragged clothes on their backs, having lost everything to the victorious Northern soldiers who stole everything they could find during their march back north. Somehow, they survived, though.

Sometime later, sitting on the porch of his rebuilt cabin, my forefather wrote a poem. May I recite it to you? It goes like this:

I hate this Yankee nation, and everything they do,
I hate the Declaration of Independence, too.
I hate their striped banner. It's dripping with our blood.
And I don't want no pardon for anything I've done.
300,000 Yankees lay stiff in Southern dust.
We got 300,000 before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever and Southern steel and shot,
Oh, I wish they was three million instead of what we got.

Hain't that sweet, yaw'll?

Incidentally, the vast majority of slave ship owners were Jews or Yankees. They brought the Negroes over here and sold them to Southerners. Then they turned around and freed them without paying us back. Hell of a deal, huh?

Only 3% of Southern families ever owned slaves, because slaves cost several hundred dollars a piece. In today's money, about \$20,000 a piece. Good farmland could be had for as little as \$1 per acre, in comparison.

Multiply three and a half million by \$20,000 and you get an idea of just how much money the Yankees beat us out of.

We ought to demand reparations. And we would have, had yaw'll elected me governor in 1984.

What amazes me about American slavery is that Negroes of today don't want to forget it. They brag about it, constantly speaking of it on TV, radio, via newspapers, books, etc.

Hell, if my people had been slaves to the Negroes, I'd be ashamed and want to forget about it. I'd get mad if others brought the subject up. Wouldn't you?

Another book I highly recommend is entitled *The Bell Curve* written by two Jewish professors, published in the mid 1990's, and addresses Negro intelligence, or rather the lack of it.

Studies prove that the average IQ for the African Negro Race is 75; the American Negro Race is 84; and the White Race is 100. Of course the reason for the nine point difference between African Negroes and American Negroes is, without any doubt, due to American Negroes having some Aryan blood in their veins. Ninety percent of American Negroes do, you know. Only 10% are full-blooded Negroes. They went all the way with L.B.J., figuratively speaking.

The reason for low IQ's among Negroes is simple. The average Negroes' brain is smaller, lighter, and less complex, (less convoluted) than the average White. The average Negroes' brain weighs thirty-five ounces, the average White persons' weighs forty-five.

If the Jews-media would publicize just these basic facts about the Negro race, then very few White women or girls would mix with them. But of course, the Jews-media refuses to do so for the reasons I've stated.

The Bell Curve study combines the entire Caucasian race when calculating the average IQ of 100, including Spaniards, Italians, some Cubans, and the Slavic people. If they had confined their calculation to Aryans, it would be at least 110 and probably higher.

I do not wish to offend non-Aryan White folks, but honesty compels me to tell the truth.

My wife is Polish-Italian-German, and therefore is mostly non-Aryan Caucasian. Our five children therefore are Polish-Italian-German-Scottish-Irish-English. But, are full Caucasian.

By the way, the reason the Jews published *The Bell Curve* is to show the Negro who is boss, and to throw the White man a bone.

My stated ideal regarding victory and survival for our people has always been this: "The Great White Race, led by the Best."

That is to say, unification of the White Race must be based on truth about Race, that the Aryans are the best among us, generally speaking.

Example: If one would randomly select 1,000 blue-eyed blondes off the street, and 1,000 other Caucasians, then give all 2,000 the same IQ test, the result would inevitably be that the blue-eyed blondes would average around ten points higher.

Hitler said that intelligence-wise, the Jews are a close second to the Aryans. I agree, therefore, the survival of our Race depends upon Aryans leading us. It's our only chance of defeating the Jews.

Blue-eyed blondes belong to us; not to the Negroes, the Jews, or the Hispanics. They are ours. They are the best of us. And, we must preserve them.

The Jews-media spreads jokes about those groups which they hate most, i.e., blondes, Pollocks, Arabs, rednecks, etc., and

the Shabbos Goyim (stupid cattle) picks up on these jokes and they become part of the popular culture.

We must address the question: Do we want to climb up the ladder of evolution or down it?

American White folks have been down breeding ever since the Jews began their domination over us at around the turn of the century (1900). They have successfully prevented us from knowing the truth about Race.

All Caucasian peoples must come together, and our leaders must be the best among us. It's as simple as that.

The Jews especially hate blue-eyed blondes because blue-eyed blondes are the greatest threat to them. All one need do is watch Jew television to confirm this intense Jewish hatred.

If you White folks would watch TV for just one week, and while watching, assume that it is Jew dominated, you would see plainly not only Jewish hatred for us, but how they are destroying us.

Blue-eyed blondes ought to be placed at the head of the most endangered species list.

Another outrage brought about by the anti-White Jewsmidia is that it has driven many Southern White men to pretend they are part Indian. They want to escape the stigma of being White. Many Southern White women do the same.

These pitiful Shabbos Goyim come up with all sorts of stories explaining their invented Indian ancestry.

"Why, my great-great-grandfather was a Cherokee Chief." Most of them select Cherokee because it's easy to remember, and because of the popular song "Cherokee Nation" — So proud to live — So proud to die, etc.

These sick people even lie to their own children that they are part Indian and the children grow up believing it.

When the race war comes, we'll run these traitors onto Indian reservations and the real Indians will promptly and unceremoniously slit their lying throats.

Beware of those who suggest that we try and sneak up on the Jews, by not telling the whole truth about them. The Jews laugh at this historically frequently tried tactic. It does not work.

The only way to defeat the Jew is in his face. Hitler proved it. He whipped them good.

And besides, lying is dishonorable and will doom the effort from the start.

Another real danger to us is the probability that sometimes in the future, should the Jews sense that Whitey is getting fed up, the Jews themselves will begin White Rights organizations, and of course, lead them into defeat. This is an age-old tactic of the Jews. If they control both sides of the coin, they cannot lose.

Since 1973, when the Jews succeeded in legalizing abortion, White women have murdered around one hundred million of the White man's babies within formerly White nations, including the U.S., Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Australia, etc; thirty million in the U.S. alone, and two-thirds of all U.S. abortions are Caucasian. And, during the same period, the Jews have replaced these one hundred million murdered White infants with one hundred million colored immigrants which have flooded into these countries. That's a difference of two hundred million in just the past quarter-century. Hell, there's less than 500 million of us left in the whole damn world. And, these colored aliens are continuing to flood in by the millions each and every year.

Do you think this is a natural phenomenon? Are you that naive?

It is the Jews and nothing but the Jews who are responsible for bringing this plague among us. And every politician in Washington knows it.

The Jews-media promotes the spread of homosexuality because faggots do not procreate. I call them rectum-lovers. And the Jew ruled federal government seeks to dignify this perversion by forcing the rest of us to not only accept it, but to give them preferential treatment.

I ran for governor of North Carolina in 1984. Want to know what I'd have done if elected?

Using the power and finances of the state, I'd have united, organized, and educated 300,000 idealistic White youth.

Together, we would have marched, demonstrated, and raised hell all over North Carolina. In two years, no politician in the state would have gotten elected to any office without my endorsement.

Then we'd export our movement throughout the South, using the same tactics. In four years, we'd have educated the sixty million White Southerners to the point of armed revolution.

The military reserves and national guards would be in our hands and under my control.

Then I would have taken four or five million armed rebels to the steps of the Capitol in La Cess Pool Grande, and I would have said this:

"Mr. President, we're here to file for a divorce. We want national independence for one million square miles of Mother Dixie.

And, if it is not granted, and granted now, we will burn your God Damn rotten, crime-ridden, diseased, perverted, corrupt, Jew ruled country to the ground. What's it gonna be?"

The difference between the democrats and the republicans is that the democrats are leading us into the One World Jewish Government at 90 miles per hour and the republicans at 60 miles per hour. Politicians in both parties work to further the interests of the Jews. The arguments between them are to determine which gets to serve the Jews. You never hear both sides of any important issue. You hear two views of the same side. The White man's whole viewpoint is never heard. In the arena of public debate, Jewish rules have long been established and understood. For example, one may object to abortion by saying abortion is murder, but one may not say that two-thirds of the abortions are by White women, or that abortion is diminishing the White Race. One may object to forced busing of White school children by saying the bus rides are too long or neighborhood schools are best, but one may not say that White children should not be forced into violent jungle Black neighborhoods, where even White adults fear to go. One may object to two million immigrants entering the U.S. each year by saying the country already has too many people or that we cannot afford the financial costs, but one may not say that 90% of those immigrants are colored and that they are contributing to the demise of the White Race through race-mixing with our women. One may even complain that the national media causes increases in violent crimes and sexual promiscuity, but no one dare say the national media is Jewish controlled and dominated. The world must be left to believe that the White man controls it. The White man gets the blame for it even though he is the primary victim of it.

Jews are masters of the big lie. They have raised the art to world record heights. No group in the history of the world has ever come close in their attempts to compete with the Jews in whoopering.

All White folks tell little lies from time to time. We expect them. We exchange them and sometimes we are amused by them. It's part of life. But never in our wildest dreams would we tell the whoppers the Jews tell. Therefore, when we hear those lies, and when they are repeated over and over and over again via the national media, we come to believe them, hook, line, and sinker. And, through continuous repetition the masses of all races are stampeded into believing the most ridiculous lies ever told. The stampeding of the Shabbos Goyim is now the American Popular Culture. Examples: Racial diversity makes America strong. All men are created equal. American has always been a nation of immigrants. Abortion is a woman's right. The Germans murdered six million helpless innocent Jews. The great American melting pot. The Negroes built great civilizations in Africa. The White man invented slavery. No difference but skin color.

The list is endless.

Even when some of us finally recognize one or more of these gigantic lies, we look around and find that everybody else believes them, so we keep our mouths shut out of fear for our safety or fear of making fools of ourselves.

And so, the big lies win and not only become accepted by the masses as truth, but moreover these lies become the foundations for our national life and for future generations to come.

The Jews have become intoxicated with the successes of their big lies and compete among themselves in inventing newer and bigger ones. And, their control over the media insures they will not be exposed.

The Jewish domination of the White race long ago reached the level whereat the vast majority of us cannot earn a living without actively furthering the Jewish goal to rule the world. We are working like hell to destroy ourselves.

I haul cheap slave-labor Mexican and Chinese goods coast to coast. The little old Sunday school teacher works at the convenience store which sells pornographic magazines and videos. The auto mechanic hires three illegal Mexican laborers. The farmer hires thirty more. Two or three million government bureaucrats enforce and implement Jewish rules, regulations, and laws. (He who works for the government, works against the governed). White cops arrest or harass White youths for passing out pro-White literature. White teachers are forced to teach White children that their ancestors were evil, and that Negroes and Jews are morally superior.

Onward and onward we march like lemmings to our own destruction.

We are indeed stupid cattle (Shabbos Goyim), which is one thing the Jews cannot be accused of lying about.

And so fellow Aryans, it seems our kind is doomed to extinction. Thanks to the "chosen people" our future generations will be mud-colored, kinky headed, slant-eyed, flat-nosed, small-brained, two-legged featherless creatures, ruled by the "Jews." Since our species won't survive into the future, then I don't give a damn what the future holds. Do you?

I hope a meteorite about the size of Texas smacks them.

Chapter 1

Joining My First Racist Group (1974)

My wife Margie and I were visiting my father who lives near Lake View, South Carolina, during the summer of 1974 when I read a racist newspaper for the first time. The newspaper, entitled *The Thunderbolt* and published by Dr. Edward Fields of the National States Rights Party, was given to me by my father who had obtained it from one of his farmer neighbors.

Within two minutes of browsing through this 16-page tabloid, I knew I had found a home within the American White Movement. I was ecstatic. Here was formal, articulate confirmation of my own political and racial views. And, more important, it represented an organized group of White people, and an organization, to which I myself could join.

By this time, I was already an outspoken anti-Semite as well as a racist, having believed for years that Jewish people had a very heavy influence over the national communications media, and having lived through the violent Civil Rights years of the 60's and 70's. For example, I blamed the Jews directly, for the successes of Blacks in their Civil Rights struggles, and for the loss of the Vietnam War, the latter because I believed the national media and especially TV news destroyed the American will to win that war.

Anyhow, upon returning to our home in Angier, NC, I called the NSRP at their headquarters in Marietta, Georgia, talked with Dr. Fields, and after telling him how delighted I was with his newspaper, I asked how I could join the NSRP. He gave me the name and telephone number of the state leader for North Carolina; a Mr. Ken Poole from Rocky Mount, whom I called the same day and received an invitation to attend their next monthly meeting. Meanwhile, I mailed in my NSRP membership application form along with the \$20 annual dues.

Bear in mind here that I was an active member of the U.S. Army at this time, and in fact had been for the past 15 years. But, I saw no conflict or anything improper at being members of both. After all, Blacks, Jews, Indians, and Hispanics within the Army joined groups representing their people, so why couldn't I do the same?

Two weeks later on a Saturday night, my wife and I (we had no children then), drove the 70 miles to the Rocky Mount Chapter of the NSRP meeting hall, located in the country at the end of a long dirt path. Mr. Poole had given me the directions via our telephone conversation.

Margie and I were graciously greeted by Poole as we got out of our car. After handshakes and introductions, he invited us into the meeting hall, a 30 x 80 foot cinder-block building, built by NSRP members some 20 odd years earlier solely for the purpose of holding White racist meetings. Poole then went about the task of introducing us to the 15 to 20 adults there. An equal number of teens and younger children were also there or running around outside. Everyone was extremely nice and seemed genuinely happy to see us.

These people, like the vast majority of NSRP members (and the Klan, too for that matter), were lower income type people and understandably less educated as well. But, they were very nice and decent Christian working people. No profanity or miniskirts here.

Mr. Charlie Palmer was also present at this meeting. Charlie was a multimillionaire from Kingston, NC and was in his late 60's even then; who was a long time activist, and contributed money to several different White groups. Charlie was also in the Klan convoy during the shootout with Communists in Greensboro, five years later in 1979. Of the 40 or 50 times I've seen Charlie, only three or four times was he without his companion, Linda, a handsome blonde lady, 30 years his junior, who worked for Charlie, sharing his racial views, and driving duties. I've never personally seen evidence of anything dishonorable in their relationship. Charlie was the stereotype "Lil' Southern Colonel," but a very fine gentleman and Linda was a nice Southern lady. Short, stocky, and with flaming red hair, no White racist meeting in NC was complete without "Mr. Charlie."

I really enjoyed my first White racist meeting. It was good to talk racist politics with people who shared my views, and who actively engage in furthering them. Though, I was disappointed at the small crowd, I was pleased overall, because now finally, I had made the decision to become actively involved, and I had met others who already had.

Mr. Charlie, Ken Poole and I spoke together prior to the formal meeting for 30 minutes or so, and Margie chatted animatedly with several of the NSRP ladies.

And, then we all got in line to receive a delightful dinner of fried chicken, candied yams, turnip greens, black-eyed peas, and buttered biscuits, at a modest cost of \$3.50 each. Those without funds knew they were welcome to eat their fill anyway.

Ken Poole began the meeting with a prayer, followed by a one hour speech, filled with tirades against Jews, Blacks, and other non-Whites, and quoting Bible scriptures to back up his racial and political statements.

Poole also stated how happy he was to see two new NSRP members at the meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Miller of Angier, NC.

Poole's speech was followed by shorter speeches by two other NSRP leaders, all of which lasted a total of about two hours. Outside, two or three men with holstered pistols milled around smoking cigarettes and performing guard duty.

We also learned that there were two NSRP chapters in North Carolina, the other being near Louisburg, which also conducted monthly meetings. Margie and I promised to attend their meetings as well. We found out later, that with a few exceptions, the same people attend both gatherings.

The meeting was concluded with the last speech. Everyone was thanked for coming, and encouraged to pick up a few of the NSRP newspapers and pamphlets on display on one of the tables, to distribute among friends and neighbors.

And so, I had attended my first Racist meeting and met White activists for the first time. By the next meeting, I would have an official NSRP uniform which consisted of dark trousers, white shirt, black tie, red shoulder tabs, and a three inch in diameter shoulder patch, bearing a red streak of lightning inside a red ringed circle.

Being on active duty in the Army, though stationed at nearby Fort Bragg, I could not devote full time or attention to the NSRP, however, I attended at least one meeting per month, and I distributed literature. I ordered bulk copies of the Thunderbolt newspaper for distribution to the public, many months ordering 1,000 copies at a personal cost of \$55, and I mailed financial donations directly to the NSRP at Marietta, Georgia. I immensely enjoyed reading each monthly edition of the Party's newspaper, and I ordered and read several books recommended by the Party, such as *Mein Kampf* by Adolph Hitler, *Which Way Western Man?* by William Gayle Simpson, and *Dispossessed Majority* by Wilmot Robertson. Further, through associates met within the NSRP, I learned the names and addresses of dozens of active groups from around the country and even overseas. I was especially impressed with Wilmot Robertson's monthly magazine "Instauration" which means "to rise from decay," and William Pierce's "National Vanguard," also a monthly magazine. Both publications are highly articulate, professionally packaged, and extremely persuasive in their presentations of White Supremacy, and of a Jewish conspiracy to rule the world.

I developed an increasing appetite for knowledge about anything associated with what I called "The American White Movement," and I read everything I could get my hands on. Margie often became upset at the large amount of money I was sending to various White groups for books, pamphlets, newspapers and donations.

I became obsessed, totally, completely, and unashamedly, and I stayed that way for the next 12 years, right on up to April 30, 1987, the day they closed shut the clanging iron jail doors behind me, for declaring war against Jews, minorities, and the U.S. Government.

After 18 months or so with the NSRP, I became disappointed at that group's inability to attract new members. The NSRP well presented my views, but seemed somewhat complacent. Neither of the two NSRP Chapters ever did grow in number. The same faces appeared at each meeting, with few exceptions, and hardly any young people at all even came around.

And then out of the blue, and on a page of the *Raleigh News & Observer* came the story that Nazi Harold Covington, of the National Socialist Party of American (NSPA) had set up shop in Raleigh and was actively seeking members.

So, I dialed information, got his number, called and told him I was on my way, and high tailed it to Raleigh to meet up with this White Racist Nazi.

Chapter 2: Becoming A Nazi

I joined with Harold Covington and the National Socialist Party of America (NSPA), a Nazi group around February 1976, in Raleigh.

Looking much older than his twenty-six years and with a full beard black as coal, and weighing about 225 pounds on a 5'10" frame, Harold greatly impressed me with his intelligence and knowledge, in spite of his never having been to college.

Harold would run for the state Attorney General's office in the Republican Primary election in 1978, and receive a whopping 54,000 votes, and though he didn't win, this unprecedented large vote gained by a self-proclaimed Nazi really shook up the state Republican Party, and the media buzzed for months after the election.

Actually, it was a fluke. At least 98% of those 54,000 votes came from voters who did not realize Harold Covington was a Nazi. In fact, one small Black Republican group voted overwhelmingly for Harold, and when asked why after the election, their spokesman said they thought Harold's opponent was the Nazi because his name was Snyder, and Snyder sounds more German than Covington.

Anyhow, I joined the NSPA the same day I met Harold, and started attending weekly meetings held at Harold's residence, a rented frame house, three blocks off Glenwood Avenue in Northwest Raleigh.

The meetings varied, but usually consisted of Harold presenting an update on the group's activities, and of the American White Movement, in general, and the passing out of Nazi literature for members to distribute to the general public. Often, we'd all sit around and roll Nazi newspapers in rubber bands, and then drive around Raleigh throwing them on lawns and in driveways.

Harold also operated a telephone message unit from his house. This message unit contained a prerecorded two minute message by Harold, changed weekly, educating callers about the NSPA, and ending with Harold's phone number for those wanting more information, or to join. This message machine was quite popular, and judging from the fact it was busy most of the time, I estimate that it received around 5,000 calls per month, though it resulted in pitiful few members or supporters.

I never attended an NSPA meeting containing more than 40 members and the average was only around 10 to 15.

After four years with the NSPA, most of that time spent as a unit leader, and with my own message unit to attract members, I succeeded in signing up a grand total of three, two drunks and a man who was afraid to even wear a swastika armband.

And, I worked harder for the party than anyone else, save Covington himself.

Though I was in the Army at the time, I lived on an eighteen-acre farm I had purchased near Fuquay-Varina, driving back and forth to Fort Bragg each day.

To help the NSPA financially, I grew two acres of watermelons and cucumbers, doing virtually all the work myself, and I donated the proceeds from these, and from the sale of pecans from two huge trees on my farm. This amounted to a couple thousand dollars, and I also continued to send money to the National States Rights Party, ordering thousands of copies of their newspaper, "The Thunderbolt," which I continued to distribute all over the state.

In addition to NSPA meetings, Harold, myself and other members also attended rallies and meetings sponsored by North Carolina Klan groups and by the National States Rights Party. We often traveled in convoy to NSRP meetings in Rocky Mount and Louisburg.

I recall one such meeting in Rocky Mount in 1978. Prior to that night's meeting, and while passing out *Thunderbolt* newspapers around Raleigh, I handed one copy personally to a huge young Blonde redneck fellow at a tavern near Dorthy Dix Hospital. He was so impressed with the paper, he agreed to attend the Rocky Mount meeting with me. On his request, we stopped at a Raleigh ABC store and he bought a fifth of vodka, and in no time he became high as a Georgia Pine, and I wasn't feeling much pain myself.

Ten miles or so from the meeting site, we stopped at an old country store, which contained six or eight Black males and the White store operator, to get chasers. I had on my Nazi uniform, including a swastika arm band, and on seeing this, the operator informed me he did not serve Nazis in his store. On hearing this, the Blonde fellow ran back to my car, and came back with a huge .357 Magnum pistol I didn't even know he had, and started yelling at the operator and the Blacks, calling them all Niggers or Nigger-lover, while waving the pistol at the Blacks and pointing it in the face of the store operator.

With much pleading and consoling, I managed to get this fellow calmed down and back to my car without any blood shed.

"I'll kill all them sons-of-bitches," he yelled.

Down the road about two miles, as the impact of what had happened penetrated my senses, my right foot started trembling so bad I had to pull off the road, at which time I took a long swig from the vodka bottle, to steady my nerves, before proceeding on.

After pretending I couldn't find the meeting place, I turned around and headed back to Raleigh, and in thirty minutes I said

farewell to that redneck and never saw him or tried to again.

Though I never heard anything from the police about the incident, a Rocky Mount NSRP member told me later that he had not only heard about it, but that the store operator had been so shook up, he had closed his store down for good, saying he didn't know what in hell this country was coming to when Nazis could run around loose with guns.

It was also in 1978 (as I recall), that I got arrested for trying to start a riot in a bar on Hillsboro Street across from North Carolina State University in Raleigh.

I was sitting at the bar talking to two young uniformed soldiers who were on weekend pass from Fort Bragg, and the place was packed with about 150 college students.

I noticed a table over in one corner with what I thought (and I was correct) was seven or eight Jewish males, sitting around drinking beer and eating pizza, and I informed my two soldier conversationalists of the fact, while continuing on with my racist and anti-Semitic ramblings.

And, then I got loud and proclaimed to the whole bar, "Hey y'all, sitting right over there (pointing my finger), are a whole bunch of God's chosen people. Yes sir, aren't we all honored to be in the presence of these Jews and chosen people of God Himself. Look how beautiful they are. Anybody can plainly see why God chose them, with their banana looking noses, their beady eyes, and their dark skin."

The crowd was amused, strangely enough, proven by the large grins around the bar room. And, I heard a few giggles, too, all of which spurred me on.

I yelled again, holding my bourbon and coke in my left hand and orating with my right, "On second thought folks, these Jews are a ugly bunch. Next to the Eskimos and the Niggers, the Jews are the ugliest people on Earth. How odd of God to choose the rats."

There were even more giggles now from the college student audience, and those Jewish fellows were angry enough now to do something to shut me up.

Three of them came toward me with balled up fists, and I turned around and grabbed a beer bottle off the bar, waved it in the air, and told them to come on, that I'd whip them all.

Not wanting a fight, or just choosing to ignore me, they sat back down, at about which time the manager came over and informed me to shut up or get out, so I chose the former and while keeping an eye peeled on the Jewish students, I sat back down to resume sipping on my bourbon and coke and talking with my two soldier acquaintances.

And then, it was closing time, and I was wondering how I was going to get safely away from those Jews, since I was without a car, and having to walk seven or eight blocks to my mother's house where I was spending that night.

The two soldiers had left earlier and I didn't know a soul in the place.

When I looked over at those Jews, they were grinning and seemed to be thinking, "Now we've got you. We're going to kick your butt when you leave the bar." Obviously from their looks, they had forgotten nothing.

I resigned myself to a fight, but I didn't think they'd beat me up too badly in front of all those people leaving the bar together. I thought about running, but they were young and athletic looking, so that was out.

I walked out the front door as they were getting up from their table.

Outside, miraculously, sat four Raleigh police officers in two police cars, and they all got out on seeing me, arrested me for "attempting to start a riot," and hauled me off to the county jail.

Someone, probably the bar manager, had called them, and they had just waited, not wanting to arrest me inside the bar.

As we drove off, I grinned and waved at the Jewish students who were standing in front of the bar, looking somewhat rejected, but shaking their fists at me.

At the police magistrate's office, I signed my own release promising to appear in court on the designated date, and left on my own, after calling a taxi.

I was convicted, of course, and as I recall, I was fined about \$100 for this misdemeanor, in Raleigh District Court, which I felt was better from my point of view, than a butt whipping by those Jewish students, as would surely have been the case.

In 1981, a conspiracy was hatched by about twenty American White racists, including two members of the NSPA (Bob Pritchard and Larry Jacklin), to overthrow the government of the Commonwealth of Dominica, to set up a puppet government there, cooperative with the White Movement, and to establish a big vacation and gambling resort for Western tourists. The money derived from this endeavor would go toward financing those White groups worldwide, which were in agreement with the conspirators.

This conspiracy received international news coverage following the arrests of the perpetrators, which was carried out by undercover FBI agents who had infiltrated the group, and who arrested the men as they raced their boat, Nazi flag a-waving, headed for Dominica off the coast of Louisiana, loaded down with firearms of all sorts.

Among those arrested, in addition to Bob and Larry, was nationally known Klan leader Don Black of Alabama, also an acquaintance of mine, who wound up serving two years in a federal prison for his efforts. Bob and Larry served about a year each. Several years later, Don Black and I would appear on the TV show, "The Sally Jesse Raphael Show."

Three days before their arrests, Bob Pritchard was at my house near Angler, telling all about the plan to overthrow the Dominica, and trying to recruit me and others to go with him to Louisiana that same day. I declined his offer.

The Commonwealth of Dominica is a small island in the Caribbean Sea off the coast of South America, with 290 square miles of banana trees and 74,000 in population, the vast majority of whom are Black. However, as Bob explained it, this small country was communist-leaning, had only a small police force with no military at all, and not only would he and the others be doing America and Democracy a favor, but it would be easy pickings, to boot. But, he didn't convince me of all that, especially the easy pickings part, so I didn't go. However, I did remind Bob to remember me and my group when they started passing out that casino money, and he vowed he would.

At the height of the NSPA, Covington proclaimed a national membership of over 500, and I don't doubt his word, though I never met more than 40 or 50.

He mailed around 500 copies of his monthly newsletter to addresses all over the country and to several foreign countries.

These four years being a Nazi were both depressing and happy for me. I was depressed because the Party attracted so few supporters or even sympathizers for that matter and I suffered the blame along with the others who worked so hard to make it successful. But, I was happy in my family life, as evidenced by the birth of three sons in three years, whom I named Glenn III after myself, Jesse after my grandfather on my father's side, and Gunjer, after a Miller uncle who lived about 200 years ago. These three babies kept Marge and I (and mostly Marge) busy as one armed paper hangers in a wind storm, but they were the joy and glory of my life. Marge quit her job as a supervisor at Amoco Oil Corporation in Raleigh, a job she had held for over ten years, after the birth of our second son, the income from which we could ill afford to lose. But my boys were well worth it to me, and I'd have had a dozen more if I could have gotten the required cooperation from Marge.

We were not only blessed with three sons, but also a daughter, born in 1982, whom we named Anna after my Miller grandmother and Marge's mother Ann. All four weighed over eight pounds, and healthy and lively as puppies. Their baby pictures taken right after birth all looked like carbon copies of the same.

I lost my driver's license in 1976 for DUI and therefore, Marge had to drive me the 40 miles to Fort Bragg each morning and then return in the afternoon to pick me up. Getting up early, making breakfast, getting the babies ready, and then the drive, put a big strain on Marge, but she never complained.

Marge has never ceased to amaze me at how many tasks she can perform and at the same time, and she's the hardest working woman I ever met, bar none. She's the type of woman who has to be doing something all the time. I used to get tired just watching her. And, she can work and chat at the same time. But, she's a dangerous driver. I've seen her driving 65 mph on a country road, smoking a cigarette (Her only bad habit), nursing a cup of coffee, feeding a baby on her lap, and laughing and chatting up a storm, all while I sat terrified, both hands glued to the dash, my butt biting the seat.

Marge took an instant dislike to Harold Covington, mainly because I was in his Nazi organization, and she despised it, begging me on many occasions (to no avail) to get out of it. I invited Harold down for supper several times, and while she did her cooking duties, she didn't try to hide the fact of her dislike. And, she would usually just leave the room after supper until he was gone.

After the shootout with the Communist Worker's Party, the arrest of several Nazi Party members and the accompanying daily barrage of media condemnation against both the Klan and the Nazis, everybody, including myself, expected Harold Covington to close up shop and leave town. But, I've got to give him credit, he not only didn't quit, he spent \$5,000 of his own money to get one of the defendants out of jail on bond, and he launched a nationwide fund drive to help others get out, and to support their families.

Harold had inherited \$90,000 upon the death of his grandfather (according to Harold), and he announced he was spending it on the Party.

Not only did he help the defendants financially, he rented a large two-story brick building in West Raleigh at a rental cost alone of \$900 per month, for use as the Party headquarters, and as living quarters for several members.

Whatever is said about Harold Covington, one cannot say he was not a devoted and hard worker for the cause he believed in.

What he refused to believe, and this goes for me, too, at the time, was that no matter how much the average White American might agree with us, they just plain would not associate themselves with the swastika or with the word Nazi. It was this undeniable fact which caused me to quit the NSPA in December of 1980, and begin my own group, The Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Coincidentally, and not because I had resigned, Harold disbanded the NSPA at about the same time and left Raleigh and moved to South Carolina for a few months before traveling to Ireland and settling down on the Isle of Man where he married an Irish girl with two children.

On June 1, 1979, having completed 20 years in the U.S. Army, I retired with half pay in the rank of Master Sergeant, and immediately enrolled as a student at Johnston Technical College in Smithfield, under the G.I. Bill. Studying Agriculture for the next three and a half years, I was paid \$450 per month by the government for attending classes two nights per week. This, added to my Army retirement pay, enabled me to devote my full time working for the White Movement, and support my family financially, at the same time.

I moved my family from Fuquay-Varina to Johnston County (near Angier) in 1979, having purchased a 25-acre farm and having built a new home there.

One year later in early 1980, due to my involvement in the Nazi Party, the Greensboro shootout, and after dozens of telephoned death threats against myself and the family, Marge left me, taking the children, and returned to her family in Chicago, Illinois.

She would remain there for the next two years, obtaining a divorce in 1981.

I was living alone when I decided to quit the Nazi party and launch my own organization, The Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

Chapter 3: The Greensboro Shootout (November 3, 1979)

The Greensboro Shootout of November 3, 1979 was a deadly confrontation between factions of the Ku Klux Klan and American Nazi Party on one side and a group called the Communist Worker's Party on the other.

I was caught in the middle of the shootout and, in fact, the first gunshots were fired directly at me. The fight lasted 88 seconds and when the smoke settled, five communists lay dead or dying and another 12 communists were wounded. Two Klansmen were slightly wounded accidentally by shotgun pellets fired by other Klansmen.

I got involved with that affair by attending a White racist meeting in Louisburg, NC the week prior. A spokesman for the Christian Knights of the KKK also attended that meeting and during his speech, he announced that his group would stage an anti-communist demonstration in Greensboro the following Saturday (Nov. 3rd) in protest of a planned rally by the Communist Worker's Party. Myself and several other Nazis, and other activists there, promised to go to Greensboro to participate in the anti-communist demonstration.

And so, early on the morning of November 3, my wife Margie drove me the 25 miles from our home near Fuquay-Varina to fellow Nazi Jerry Hatcher's home in Raleigh, where all Nazi members who had promised to go were to meet, prior to driving to the Klan assembly area outside Greensboro.

No other Raleigh Nazis showed up. They all chickened out. So Jerry and I, taking his last four cans of beer, hit the road in his station wagon and headed for Greensboro.

I should say here that to my knowledge there were no plans on the part of our side to commit any illegal acts that day. We would simply stage a demonstration against the communists to show that at least some North Carolinians had the courage to stand up against Communists marching in the streets of our state. I did however, realize the potential for a violent confrontation, but not in my wildest dreams did I envision what would happen that day. The worse I expected was fistfights or maybe fights with clubs or baseball bats. But, neither Jerry nor I had any weapon of any kind whatsoever.

The Klan/Nazi demonstration was scheduled to begin at 11:00 a.m. and coincide with the CWP's planned march and rally. The CWP had billed their activities as a "Death-to-the-Klan-Rally," and they publicized the event with pamphlets and posters. They also mailed written invitation to several North Carolina Klan leaders, inviting them "to come out from under their hoods and face the wrath of the people." Their march was to begin inside an all Black neighborhood called Morningside Project.

Jerry and I arrived at the Klan assembly site, a small frame house belonging to a Klan member, just outside Greensboro, around 10:00 a.m. We found 60 or 70 people of all age groups already there, some inside the house and others milling around outside. A lot of Confederate battle flags were on display as well as several demonstration signs, one reading "God Bless James Earl Ray," though no one wore Klan robes or hoods. Everyone was in civilian-type clothing. I knew perhaps a third of those present, activists I'd met previously at various Klan and Nazi meetings.

After shaking hands with fellow activists, Jerry and I went inside the house where we found several men sitting around the kitchen table going over a map of Greensboro. Present, was Virgil Griffin, Grand Dragon of the Christian Knights of the KKK and his Security Chief, Eddy Dawson, who we were to learn, was the organizer and leader of this anti-Communist demonstration. Dawson asked Griffin a question and the answer was, "Hell, don't ask me, you're running this show."

One young redneck fellow offered Jerry and I a drink of moonshine whiskey "to booster our courage," but we declined, saying it was a little too early in the day. Another asked Griffin what we were to do if we were attacked by the Communists. Griffin said, "We'll just fight 'til we go down swinging."

It must be understood here that Eddy Dawson was, at this time, on the payroll of the Greensboro Police Department. This fact was revealed during the subsequent state and federal murder trials. This so-called Klan Leader, this Security Chief of the Christian Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, who actually planned and led the Klan demonstration, resulting in so much death and bloodshed, was not only a paid police informant, but his actions actually caused the deadly confrontation. Of course, none of us, with the possible exception of Virgil Griffin, knew this at the time.

Eddy Dawson gathered us all together outside the house a few minutes before 11:00 a.m. and explained briefly (and ambiguously) what was about to take place. "We're gonna demonstrate against the Communists," he said. Then he went on to explain that we'd drive in a convoy to where the Communists were to begin their march in Morningside Project; that we'd drive through and heckle them; and we'd then drive to a shopping center mall where the Communists had announced they'd stage their big rally. Then, saying, "Let's go," he jumped into a pick-up truck driven by another Klansman, and they pulled out onto the highway. Everybody going along quickly jumped into cars, trucks, or vans and followed behind. Jerry's station wagon with Jerry behind the wheel, myself in the right front seat, and two other Nazis (Melano Caudle and his nephew) in the back, took the convoy position directly behind Dawson's pick-up truck.

The distance to Morningside Project was several miles and the convoy of 9 vehicles moved slowly. Several vehicles,

including ours, were in CB radio contact with Dawson in the lead vehicle, though frankly, I don't remember much of the conversation. I just wanted to hurry up and get the demonstration over with. And, I was scared. Here I was in a Klan convoy about to drive through an all-Black neighborhood where Blacks and Communists were holding a Death-To-The-Klan rally.

After what seemed hours, but was actually only a few minutes, we arrived in Morningside Project. Dawson stopped his truck two blocks from the communist's rally site, and spoke over the CB. "OK folks," he said, "there are the communists just ahead of us, let's go." I could plainly see a large group of people in the street and on the sidewalks, and I started shaking a little in nervous anticipation. There were only forty or fifty of us, and there were hundreds of them.

As we closed in on the Communists, I yelled out, "My God, I don't have a damn thing but my hands to fight with." Melano Caudle, sitting in the back seat grinned at me, and handing me a wooden night stick, said "here, use this Glenn." I felt better.

As we drove slowly through the crowd of Communists and local Blacks, they didn't immediately recognize who we were, and moved out of the street to allow us to pass. But then all Hell broke loose. One Communist recognized us and screamed, "It's the Klan, Death to the Klan." His screams were followed by dozens and then hundreds. "Death to the Klan, Death to the Klan, Death to the Klan," they yelled.

My fear quickly turned to burning hatred, and I stuck my head out the window and screamed back at them, "Niggers, Jew-Kikes, Communist bastards... you ugly Jew Yankee bastards... Death to the Communists."

Jerry continued to drive slowly through the screaming Blacks and Communists for about 150 feet past the main crowd, down the narrow street. This street was not only very narrow, but was also one way. It was impossible to pass another vehicle or to turn around.

Just as I was beginning to believe we'd all get through the Communists without a fight, the unbelievable happened. Eddy Dawson stopped his truck, preventing any escape, since there was no room to pass. I couldn't believe my eyes, and I screamed at him to drive on. He just sat there.

I looked through the station wagon's back window and saw dozens of Blacks and Communists swarming over the trapped Klan vehicles. Some were on car roofs jumping up and down. Others, with long white clubs were beating on the sides of our vehicles. The cries of "Death to the Klan" were louder than ever. And we were trapped, unable to go forwards or backwards.

Melano Caudle yelled, "We've got to go back and help those in the rear, my son's back there!" Melano's 16-year-old son was riding with another Klansman in the rear of our convoy.

Frankly, I just wanted to get away from the Communists as quickly as possible. But, I was not willing to act cowardly, so I said, "let's go," and jumped out of the station wagon swinging my night stick and ran 60 or 70 feet toward the rear, thinking the three others were right behind me, but they weren't. They just stepped out of the station wagon and stood there viewing the scene. As I ran down the sidewalk, a White male communist wearing a plaid jacket and hard hat appeared 40 or 50 feet directly in my front, pointing a pistol at me. And he fired at least two shots. I saw the smoke coming from the pistol barrel and heard the cracks of gun fire. I then performed a mid-flight turn around and headed rapidly back toward the station wagon. There was gun fire now from both sides, and Melano yelled, "they're trying to kill us... every man for himself... let's get the hell out of here!"

Dawson's lead pick-up truck was gone by then so we all four jumped into the station wagon and sped away. Jerry drove down one block and hung a right, trying to find a way out of this Black neighborhood. None of us were from Greensboro, nor did any of us know our way around. No more than three blocks from where all hell had just broken loose, a car driven by a young Black male and meeting us head on, tried to run into us, but Jerry swerved and avoided the collision. How could that Black man have known so quickly what had just taken place, or that we were involved in it? I'll never know the answer to that, but I do know that he was willing to plow his car into ours head-on doing about 40 mph.

We were then safely away from the battle zone, but many others were fighting a battle to the death behind us. Based on later conversations with many Nazis and Klansmen, from newspapers and TV reports and from court testimony, I'll describe what transpired following my departure from the battle scene.

Because Dawson trapped our convoy in the midst of those enraged Blacks and Communists by stopping his truck, more than a dozen terrified, highly armed White men did what they thought they had to do in order to survive. Many others, unarmed, fought the Blacks and Communists with clubs and fists.

Those White men were justifiably scared half to death. They were trapped and surrounded by hundreds of screaming Blacks and Communists in the heart of a Black neighborhood. And the Communists not only attacked them with clubs, many were firing pistols at them.

Of the thirty-nine gun shots fired that day, nineteen were fired by the Communists themselves. Police ballistics tests and TV film footage proved that at the trials. The Communists not only started the fight by screaming "Death to the Klan!" at us and by beating on cars with clubs, they actually fired the first gunshots, when one of them fired at me.

Unfortunately for the Communists, they only had small caliber hand guns. The Klansmen and Nazis had high-powered rifles and shotguns. Also, many of the Klansmen and Nazis were military veterans, while the Communists were for the most part, intellectual city types, with little or no training in firearms. The Blacks simply ran, hundreds of them. This is why all the deaths and serious injuries were suffered by the Communists.

One windowless van in the convoy contained about a half-dozen Klansmen. They had sat quietly, unable to see outside the van, but could hear the "Death to the Klan!" shouting by the Communists, and their van being beaten upon by clubs, and what must have sounded like a hot Vietnam firefight. Being unarmed themselves, they were content to sit the whole thing out peacefully, until one of the Communists yanked the van's back door open and screamed "Death to the Klan!" at them. Then, with the instinct of cornered tigers, they poured out of the van and began fighting the Communist mob hand-to-hand. Several took clubs away from the Communists and began beating on them. Film footage of this club and fistfight was televised later over the whole country. Also televised, was Nazi Wayne Wood and others getting their rifles and shotguns out of a car trunk and firing at the Communists. Wood was shown with a grin on his face and a cigarette dangling out of the corner of his mouth. One unarmed Klansman actually took a firearm away from one of the Communists following a violent struggle.

Buela Taylor, an elderly White lady riding in the convoy, later described what she saw. "Glenn, when those first shots were fired, those Niggers scattered like that," and she illustrated by thrusting all ten fingers out. "It was the Whites that did all the fighting," she explained.

Of the five dead Communists, only one was Black. One was White, and there were two Jews and one Cuban. Paul Bermanzohn, a Jew from New York City and leader of the Communist Worker's Party, was shot in the head and though he was on the critical list, he survived.

The entire battle lasted but 88 seconds according to film footage taken by a local TV news crew. Newspaper and TV reporters were in abundance and dodged bullets like everybody else. One female reporter testified in court that she had wet her bloomers just before diving under a car. This same reporter suffered a lapse in memory and agreed to being questioned under hypnosis to improve her memory. Under hypnosis and forced to relive the shootout, she began crying, screaming and shouting words to this effect. "You Communist SOB's... you started it all... you crazy Communist SOB's, the Klan's gonna kill us all now."

When the police arrived, they arrested every single Klansman and Nazi on the scene, but not one single Black or Communist.

Virtually all newspapers published the following day proclaimed "Klan Massacre" and took wholeheartedly the side of the Communists, calling them Civil Rights Workers or Union Organizers. Newspaper and television news of the shootout gave the impression that armed Klansmen and Nazis drove to the scene and started shooting randomly at the Blacks and Communists, intent on killing everyone in sight.

The bias of the media was incredible and continued to be so even in the face of the acquittals of all Klansmen and Nazis following both state and federal trials.

The state trial of those men resulted in one of the most lengthy and costly trials in North Carolina history. Not one Klansman or Nazi was convicted of a single crime because the jury saw clearly that they had acted in self defense. Not content with the verdict, the federal government tried these men again, completely ignoring the obvious double jeopardy. And, once again, not one was found guilty of any crime committed on November 3, 1979.

Both state and federal officials declined to prosecute any of the Blacks or Communists.

Later, the Communist Worker's Party sued the city of Greensboro, and that city paid them around \$300,000.00, though they refused to admit any wrongdoing. City officials stated they just wanted to put the whole ugly incident to rest and that's the only reason they agreed to pay.

Why did Eddy Dawson organize the Klan demonstration against the Communists, and why did he trap them in the midst of an enraged Communist mob? Dawson, though a paid police informant, was a member of the Klan. The answers to those two questions were never answered either by the media or by the two trials. If Dawson had driven his truck through the Communists without stopping, there would not have been shots fired that day, and no one would have died, in my opinion. The Communists would have struck some of our vehicles with their clubs as we passed by, and they'd have yelled their "Death to the Klan" chants, but there would have been no gunfire.

Eddy Dawson was paid very little by the Greensboro Police Department, certainly no more than a few hundred dollars per month, at the most. His duties consisted of attending Klan meetings and then reporting the names of the attendees and what transpired at the meetings. For each meeting, he was paid \$50. I doubt seriously if he ever attended more than four or five meetings in any month, and the average was probably no more than two or three. Therefore, Dawson was not motivated by money.

The Greensboro Police Department knew well in advance of both the Klan and the Communist demonstrations, and of the locations. Dawson, in fact, obtained a parade permit and a city map from police officials. The Police admitted during the

trials that they knew all about the demonstrations, but decided not to be present at the Communist rally site because, "they didn't want to infuriate the Communists." There was absolutely no police present during the deadly confrontation.

In my opinion, police officials wanted a violent confrontation to occur, to enable them to swoop in and arrest the leaders of both groups, and thus weaken (if not destroy) the effectiveness of both the extremist Right and Left in North Carolina. I don't believe they expected shooting. They expected there would simply be a fist or club fight.

Eddy Dawson wanted to see a good fight. I don't believe he expected shooting either. He intentionally caused the fight, by trapping the convoy. There can be no doubt about that. Also, Dawson liked to see himself on TV, and probably looked forward to the newspaper and TV publicity, following a good street fight.

The Communist Worker's Party immediately began to scream "Klan-Police conspiracy," and convinced many people that was the case, though, of course, it never was. Newspaper and TV reporters as well as prominent Civil Rights leaders and even some liberal politicians, sympathetic to the Communists, echoed this conspiracy theory.

As the former leader of the largest White racist group in North Carolina, and an activist for 30 years, I can tell you there was no Klan-Police conspiracy to kill Communists. The highly publicized "conspiracy theory" was nothing more than Communist propaganda designed to win sympathy for the Communists, and to create even more hatred for the Klan and the Nazi Party. And, they succeeded, thanks to the liberal media in North Carolina and throughout the country.

A few days following the shootout, our group began a fund drive to support those Klansmen and Nazis arrested. I was a Unit Leader of the National Socialist Party of American (NSPA) at the time, and I served under its leader Harold Covington of Raleigh. We raised about \$10,000 and distributed it among the families of the defendants. After splitting from the NSPA and starting my own group (The Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan), in December of 1980, I raised about \$10,000 and distributed the money as before.

Chapter 4: Starting My Own Group The Carolina Knights Of The Ku Klux Klan

On December 20, 1980, I founded the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and signed up its first three members, Joe Cobb of Johnston County, James Lawson of Harnett County, and myself.

James, along with his wife Betsy had, like me, been members of the Nazi Party, and had both been hard-working activists for many years.

Joe was a bull of a man in his mid-thirties and was highly popular with the local rednecks.

I will say here at the onset that I never wanted to be the leader of any organization. I served under Harold Covington in the Nazi Party and under Ed Fields in the National States Rights Party for six years. However, it was the utter failure of those two groups and the failure of others familiar to me to attract the White masses, which forced me to reach the decision to either quit all together out of frustration and futility, or to try my own group.

Personal reasons played a big part in my reluctance to assume leadership of any White organization.

(1) I had previously been married to a non-White (Hawaiian), and had fathered a child by her. Being a brainwashed social liberal during my 20's in the Army, I had openly engaged in social integration with non-Whites, including non-Whites of the opposite sex. I feared the media would use that seeming hypocrisy to discredit me and the group thereby dooming both to failure from the beginning.

(2) I had a lengthy police record, though all were misdemeanor offenses, which I felt the media would also use against me.

(3) I doubted my leadership capabilities. Being shy and somewhat of an introvert, I had always been terrified of public speaking and felt inadequate in that regard. Also, I felt I lacked the intelligence and know-how necessary to build a successful organization or even one that would be an improvement upon existing ones.

None of the national White groups had shown me any promise of being able to attract the masses, with the sole exception of David Duke's National Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, based in Louisiana. But, he was far away.

There were many highly intelligent and articulate writers who published White oriented newspapers, magazines, and books, but they all seemed content with writing, and weren't making any serious attempts to organize the masses.

From the very beginning of my involvement in the White Movement in 1974, my vision of a successful organization very much resembled Adolph Hitler's German National Socialist Party. My organization however, would be without socialism and without the swastika, and would present an American image in general, and a Southern image in particular.

Regardless of what one might say about Hitler, no one can say he failed in his attempt to unite, organize, and educate the White masses. Hitler was a White racist and so was I. And, like him, I wanted to unite, organize, and educate the White masses.

In many ways, I would try to emulate Hitler's methods of attracting members and supporters. In the years to come, for example, I placed great emphasis on staging marches and rallies. It had been successful with Hitler, and I felt it would be successful with me.

My racist and anti-Semitic thoughts consumed me every day of my life. And, I was therefore, compelled to do everything possible to awaken White people, to organize them, and to try to save the White Race and Western civilization from those whom I believed were working to destroy both.

I knew that by going public with a White racist organization, I would be placing myself in danger, and not only from militant Blacks, Jews, and Communists. I also feared assassination and entrapment by federal officials. One need only consider the federal government's attempt to assassinate Fidel Castro and Moamar Kadafi to believe the possibility. If the U.S. Government would attempt to murder the presidents of sovereign nations because of differences in political ideologies, and going to great lengths and risks in the process, how could I ever doubt the possibility of them assassinating me for the same or other reason?

FBI documents opened to the public under the Freedom of Information Act in the early 70's revealed many examples of blatant FBI entrapment and frame-ups of Klan leaders in the 1950's and 60's.

During all my years in the White Movement, I feared the Federal Government far more than all other adversaries combined. Assassination was my biggest fear.

It would be my fear of assassination, among other things, that would drive me underground in March of 1987.

But, all things considered, I tossed all my fears and doubts aside on December 20, 1980 and threw myself into the task of building the CKKKK. And, being retired from the U.S. Army and financially independent, thanks to my retirement pay, I could devote my full time and attention to the task.

I had already installed a telephone message unit in my home while I was in the Nazi Party, and I immediately purchased another message machine and installed it in the home of a supporter in nearby Smithfield to broadcast two minute recruiting messages, giving my name, address and phone number at the end of each message for those wanting to contact the CKKKK. The messages were changed weekly.

To publicize the phone numbers of these units, I purchased thousands of copies of The Thunderbolt Newspaper and wrote the following notice in pen at the top of each before rolling them in rubber bands and throwing them on lawns and in driveways all over Johnston, Harnett and Wake counties: "FREE WHITE POWER MESSAGE, CALL 894-5230 OR 934-4493."

From those two message machines, 10,000 people learned of the CKKKK and how to contact us that first month alone. And, at the peak of our success in July 1986, I had a total of 28 of those message machines located in five Southern states, each of which was receiving an average of around 5,000 calls per month.

The Southern Bell Telephone Company did a survey on our message unit in Smithfield due to complaints they'd received from callers saying they had difficulty getting through because the line was always busy. And, as a result of that survey, the phone company sent me a letter advising me to install two more units in Smithfield to handle all the calls. That's an example of how popular my messages were and continued to be.

That first month, the CKKKK grew to about 25 members, mostly local friends of Joe Cobb, whom Joe brought to my house and had them fill out an application form and pay their \$20 annual dues.

The application form contained among other things, a statement, stating that the member understood that the CKKKK was not a traditional Klan organization. That is to say, it was not my intention to achieve our goals through violence or intimidation, though some of our members did commit acts of both, but against my stated wishes, and unbeknown to me.

Though the courts would disagree, I felt then and still do, that I should not be held accountable for that which I had no control over.

I could not legally order any member to do anything, and prior to my Declaration of War in 1987, I never did. If I had, I'd have been subject to prosecution for violating their civil rights. If I had even ordered a member to simply attend a meeting, I'd have been guilty of kidnapping. So, the idea of my issuing orders to Klan members was ridiculous.

My goals and therefore the goal of the CKKKK was simply to unite, organize, and educate White people. Then together, we would right the wrongs I felt were so destructive to America and to White people.

I wanted the great masses of White people to join together. I did not want to lead a small group of men in burning crosses and assaulting interracial couples or committing other illegal acts generally associated with "The Klan." I must admit, however, that I never objected when other groups did, and was pleased when hearing they had. But, I didn't want the CKKKK to engage in any illegal acts, because it was counter productive to our attracting the masses.

How does one convince the White masses to join a White racist organization? That, of course, was by biggest problem and challenge. In spite of the efforts of literally hundreds of White groups, it has not been done in America since the 1920's when around five million people joined a national Klan organization.

Even in the 1960's during the height of the violent Black Civil Rights Movement, White groups only managed to sign up around 200,000 members, all tolled. And by 1980, that number reduced to less than 10,000, according to national studies.

My plan to attract the masses into my organization was to use my message units, the newspaper I published (*The White Carolinian*, later named *The Confederate Leader*), the national and local media, political elections, and marches and rallies in an ever increasing degree, until the White masses finally awoke and seeing that Glenn Miller was right, would flood into the CKKKK.

Though my tactics for that end were flexible, my plan to win the minds and bodies of the White masses was unchangeable.

Money, I felt was really the only big obstacle. With enough money, I could purchase time on TV and radio, print my newspaper in millions of copies, run a formidable campaign for Governor of N.C., (I did run for that office in 1984), buy uniforms for thousands of marching and protesting activists, purchase and install hundreds of telephone message units all over the country, pay the salaries of full time employees, and do hundreds of other things to get my message of White supremacy and anti-Semitism to the masses.

That was my plan from the beginning and continued to be until July 25, 1986, when I was convicted of operating a paramilitary organization and ordered by a federal court to dissociate myself completely from the American White Movement.

By the Spring of 1981, the CKKKK had grown to about 150 members, so I held our first Klan rally on my farm, and advertised it through our message machines and through thousands of leaflets distributed around a 20-mile radius, for White folks to come out and join with the CKKKK. I offered a free pig-pickin', to boot (I supplied the pig and Joe Cobb cooked him).

Hoping my 25 acres would be big enough to hold the large crowd I naively expected, I organized early arriving members

into parking attendants. But, I quietly disorganized them a little later when the speeches started and less than 40 cars and trucks had materialized.

Dr. Ed Fields of the National States Rights Party in Marietta, Georgia was nice enough to come and be our special guest speaker. Dr. Fields and I both got embarrassed when in the middle of his long fire and brimstone speech, all nine of my cows lined up at the pasture fence next to the rally field, and tried to compete with him for the attention of the spectators, as they mooed, mooed, and kept on mooing until I sent several Klansmen to run them back to the barn and lock them in.

About forty CKKKK members showed up for the rally, plus about twenty others, four or five of whom joined our Klan that night.

We held a cross lighting ceremony, and while "The Old Rugged Cross" played over our loud speaker, about thirty of us paraded around it with lighted torches, wearing our Klan robes.

A young couple had just moved into a new mobile home across the road a few days earlier, and the fellow told one of my neighbors the next day, "Damn, I knew I was in Klan country, but nobody told me the Grand Dragon lived right across the road."

However, neither he nor any of my neighbors ever complained during the seven years I lived there. Though, but for two exceptions, none of them ever joined the CKKKK either.

I made my first speech that night, and though it wasn't a great one, what I lacked in elegance and experience, I made up in heartfelt sincerity, and everyone seemed pleased with it.

My obsessive racial and political beliefs gave me the courage and the determination to speak publicly, and to do so every chance I got. Gradually, I overcame my fear of speaking to large audiences, and I was never afraid again, even when I appeared on national television programs, or when sharing a podium with state politicians like Jim Martin who later became governor of North Carolina.

I'd run my mouth with the best of them, and was never in awe of anybody. On the contrary, I thought I was better than they, because as I saw it, I was working toward the solutions to the nation's problems and they were causing the problems.

And I was confident in my knowledge of most subject matters, and in my ability to field questions with articulate and persuasive answers.

My first TV appearance was as a guest on the thirty minute program "Pro and Con" at a WRAL TV studio in Raleigh, where I debated with an attorney by the name of Wade Smith, who later became Chairman of the N.C. Democratic Party.

The subject of the debate was "Does North Carolina need a White Political Party?" And, it was broadcast in March of 1981. A few weeks prior, the show had featured a Black lady who debated, "Does North Carolina need a Black Political Party?", so I called Joel Lawhorn of WRAL asking for equal time, and got it.

I thought I made a good impression, and it resulted in new members and supporters, one of whom was David Wallace, who after watching the show phoned WRAL and got my phone number, and after coming to my house, joined the CKKKK.

David would be murdered on November 20, 1983, following a Klan rally outside Siler City, N.C.

Within a year, the CKKKK had established seven or eight subunits, which I referred to as Klan Dens. Each den had from five to about forty adult members, the Den of David Wallace in Chatham County being the largest.

These Dens were located around Eastern and Central North Carolina. And, each held their own meetings, usually on a monthly basis.

Stephen S. Miller, soon to become Chaplain of the CKKKK and number two man behind me, first visited me in April 1981, and after several hours of feeling me out and satisfying himself that our political and racial views were compatible, he joined the CKKKK.

Steve would represent the CKKKK as a Democratic candidate for Lt. Governor of N.C. in the 1984 primary elections, gaining over 30,000 votes, which was 25,000 more than I received in my bid that same year for Governor, and proving (in my view anyway), that the more voters who know you're in the Klan, the less votes you get, me being more widely known than Steve. But, then again, what do I know about why people vote the way they do? The voters not only rejected me overwhelmingly in 1984, but they did the same in 1982 and 1986.

I was getting so few votes by the 1986 election that I told a precinct official when I went to vote, that if I didn't get at least two votes from that precinct, I was going to burn a cross in my wife's yard. And he though I was serious.

Steve is ten years younger than I and though we are both tall and slim, we are not related, as many who read about us thought. Intelligent, knowledgeable, a good speaker and organizer, and totally dedicated to his cause, Steve was a welcome addition to the CKKKK, and he and I became the best of friends, though we differed slightly in our views regarding how best to run the CKKKK.

Steve was also a veteran of the U.S. Army Special Forces, and a licensed pilot.

During the following five years, Steve and I would participate in hundreds of White racist activities. In 1987, he would be

convicted in federal court and sentence to ten years imprisonment.

The crime for which he was convicted was "conspiracy to rob a Pizza Hut for the purpose of obtaining money to purchase weapons with which to murder Civil Rights Attorney Morris S. Dees, of Montgomery Alabama."

At the time of his conviction in April 1987, I was on the run from the law.

In the summer of 1982, with about 300 members and supporters on the CKKKK rolls, I decided we were ready for our first public march and demonstration, though I feared we'd be physically attacked by Blacks, Jews, or Communists or a combination thereof.

Small Klan groups were often attacked when they tried to stage demonstrations in public. That's why so many preferred cow pastures.

The Benson Town Council turned down my written request for a parade permit, but changed their minds after myself and another Klansman attended their weekly meeting and assured them we weren't looking for trouble, and just wanted to protest Black violence against White people.

So, with our loud speaker blaring Dixie and martial music, 72 of us (that was the newspaper count), marched about twelve blocks through downtown Benson in the hundred-degree heat, about half carrying large confederate flags mounted on 11 foot flag poles.

The TV and newspaper coverage brought the CKKKK several more members and supporters, and the respect of many people who didn't think we had the courage to come out in public.

There was no violence or trouble of any sort, and we all returned safely to my farm for a pig-picking and celebration, nine miles away.

By that time, I had instituted a new uniform policy. Members could wear either Klan robes or camouflage fatigues. The fatigues would bear a Confederate flag patch on the left shoulder, and another patch worn over the left pocket which read "CKKKK." Combat boots and pistol belts were also worn with the uniform.

I remember that as we once marched through downtown Stone Mountain Georgia, a fat Black lady spectator cried out, "Laws haf mercy, der come de Ku Kluck Klan, and dey got de Army marching wif 'em."

During that first year, Steve and I traveled all over the state, meeting and speaking with small groups wanting to start their own Den, as we continued to do in subsequent years. We also installed three or four more telephone message units. And, I began a newsletter, which I called *The White Carolinian*. The first edition was dated January 1981, and like following editions, contained, in addition to my political and racial editorials, and newspaper reprints of our growing activities, notices of upcoming CKKKK meetings, rallies, marches or other activities and giving their dates, times, and locations, etc. That monthly newsletter was an essential tool for communicating with our members and supporters. The CKKKK also purchased bulk copies of "The Thunderbolt" newspaper from Dr. Fields on a monthly basis, for distribution to the public, and he gave us thousands of extra copies, free of charge.

I made *The Thunderbolt* the official political and racial newspaper of the CKKKK, selecting it from a dozen or so other national publications.

Though the CKKKK continued to improve in attracting financial contributions, over half of the cost of running the organization came out of my own pocket, that first year, but I didn't mind. The CKKKK was growing, and I felt I was awakening the masses who would soon come flocking into our ranks. I'd have mortgaged my house and farm to keep things going and growing.

Jerry Joseph, a former Nazi, moved in with me and helped me quite a bit, distributing literature and preparing for rallies and meetings, after the NSPA had folded. And he was a fiery tempered fanatical little rascal, but a talented worker. After about six months of conflicting personalities, I finally had to punch him out. Though I apologized, things were never the same again and finally I ran him off after he pulled a pistol on me due to his girlfriend, Charlotte, flirting with me every time she thought he was looking the other way. He left, moved back to Kansas taking her with him, later joined the Army, and they had several children.

After making two unsuccessful trips to Chicago in 1982, trying to talk Marge into coming home, I brought her and my three little boys back on the third, after much begging and promising. Our daughter, Anna was born eleven months after Marge's return. Another daughter, Macy, would follow in 1992.

For my second Chicago attempt, I had decided to kidnap my boys while Marge was out of the house, but that plot failed when Marge's babysitter, Libby, alerted that I might try something sinister, pulled a pistol on me after I'd burst into the house. And she ran me off. So I returned empty handed to North Carolina, sulking like a whipped dog with his tail between his legs, but determined to try again.

I treated Marge particularly good the first few months after her return, and kept my political views low key as much as possible, thus easing her back into the Klan lifestyle. Making good friends with the wives of several Klansmen while preparing food at meetings or rolling newspapers, Marge's objections to the CKKKK gradually eroded, and she became my

indispensable helper again.

For the next four years, Marge would take on increasing duties as the CKKKK grew in membership, typing, rolling newspapers, cooking, stuffing envelopes, answering the telephone, and doing a hundred other chores. By 1986, her Klan work alone required five or six hours per day, and she did complain, but did the work anyway.

No man ever had a more devoted, dependable, or faithful wife, nor a better mother for his children, I can say that, without any reservation whatsoever. And, I would, without hesitation, bet my life itself that all my children are mine, which few men can do this day and time.

Marge came from a strict Catholic family in Chicago, but converted to Baptist after our marriage and was baptized. And, though there was no connection, her sister and brother did the same.

Also, during those four years, Marge went with me to dozens of meetings and rallies, and with three boys in tow, she marched in Klan uniform through the streets of many towns and cities.

She really amazed me during the Beulaville, NC parade in 1985. Thinking her man was threatened and in danger from a Black marine whom I had confronted, Marge, screaming and with all ten of her claws slashing, tried her best to get at him. Myself and two or three others had a tough time pulling her away. Seeing that the Black was younger and much bigger than myself, Marge acted with pure shameless love and animal instinct, which made a big impression on me. She would fight for her man.

Steve and I were allowed to address the North Carolina Judiciary Committee at the state legislature in Raleigh in late 1981. Senator Hinson Barnes of Goldsboro had introduced a bill, written by the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, designed to outlaw so-called paramilitary organizations. Steve and I pleaded our case for five minutes each against the bill, but it passed by a vote of 16 to zero and later became law.

I wrote a letter to the then State Attorney General, Rufus Edminson, asking for a detailed list of the do's and don'ts relative to a Klan group, and he wrote me back saying to the effect, "Get a lawyer."

I met Mr. Edminson later during a "Meet the Candidates" forum at the Radisson Hotel in Raleigh, during the 1984 Democratic Primary for Governor. After the seven or eight candidates, including myself and Mr. Edminson, had each given ten minute speeches to members of the North Carolina Savings and Loan Association, Edminson confronted me, shook my hand, and said, "I admire you. You've got guts."

I also met and shook hands with then U.S. Congressman Jim Martin, who ended up winning that election and became governor.

I remember thinking, as Martin gave his speech, he'd never win, and that I'd probably beat him myself, showing once again how little I know about winning elections.

I did however, raise some eyebrows and frowns that night, due to my radical speech and my three uniformed bodyguards who sat, arms folded, at a table in the middle of the crowd of about 300 bankers.

In 1982, I started the CKKKK Special Forces, and allowed those who met my prerequisites to wear a green beret bearing a red background with a white cross sewn on the background. This military appearance really raised the media's attention and outrage. They then portrayed us as an elite, highly trained, radical militant group bent on building an army to fight a race war.

I didn't do much to discourage the media's exaggerations because it not only helped us grow in number and financial contributions as more and more people learned of our existence, but more important, it terrified much of the Black population of North Carolina. And, I didn't have to worry so much about being attacked by them on the streets when we held our public marches and demonstrations, which encouraged me even more.

Blacks were even afraid to drive by my house. Weeks would pass without my seeing one pass by.

Thanks to the media, the Blacks thought we were a bunch of highly armed and crazy White racist bigots, who wouldn't hesitate to kill any Black who tried to get in our way.

I've seen Black adult males cross the street to avoid having to pass by me, and virtually every Black person within 10 miles of my house knew me on sight, and not once in those six years did a single one of them ever speak to me in an unpleasant voice. And, I was recognized everywhere I went.

Black fear was a result of media sensationalism and intentional distortions.

The CKKKK or White Patriot Party marched through dozens of North Carolina cities and towns, and not one of us was ever assaulted by Blacks.

The media, of course, tried to turn people against us and to discredit my claim of being just a civil rights group for White people.

What the media didn't know or understand when branding us as an armed and lawless group of White bigots, was that there are thousands of rednecks who want to join just such a group. And, when some of them joined the CKKKK, I couldn't

convince them that we weren't. Some of them actually thought that by joining "The Klan," they received a legal license to commit violent crimes, along with their membership cards.

No matter how much Steve and I preached about staying legal, most of these men never believed us, and some would grin or wink as we spoke.

They thought the CKKKK was like the Klan group their grandfathers belonged to back in the 1920's or 30's, when members could get by with just about anything.

That ignorance about the CKKKK extended to the masses of people as well.

I received hundreds of phone calls from people wanting me to go out and assault this or that person, for wrongs perceived by the callers.

One 65 year old White man called, and after informing me his wife of 67 had left him and moved in with a younger man, demanded that I get some men together and, as the caller put it, "Go Klux 'em," meaning to commit some violent act upon them.

A Black girl from Angier called once, saying her boyfriend was dating a White girl, and asked me, "Whut you gone do bout it?"

Another elderly White lady called and said that her Black maid was stealing her jewelry, as if that was a classic crime for which the CKKKK should render traditional and just "Klan punishment."

It's really incredible.

I must admit however, that I did succumb once to perpetuating the myth, but against my better judgment.

A financial supporter who sold beer and wine illegally from his country grocery store was being blackmailed by an unknown individual. He found a note in his store saying, "We will tell the law about you selling beer and wine if you don't give us \$1000 in cash." And the note went on to tell him to put the money into a sack and drop it off a creek bridge, down a dirt road a few miles from his store.

The store owner asked me to find out who was blackmailing him, and I did.

On the date prescribed by the blackmailer, myself and another Klansman Joe Cobb waited in the woods 25 or 30 feet from where the money was to be dropped, wearing ski masks, and armed with shotguns. The store owner came by and dropped off a sack containing newspaper clippings, as planned.

A short while later we heard voices coming from two men walking toward the creek bridge. "There it is. I see it. Hot damn, we got us a thousand dollars," the young White man yelled and then both giggled and ran to pick up the sack, as we watched.

As one of them reached down to pick up the sack, my companion fired his shotgun into the creek and yelled, "Get your hands up or we'll shoot," and after they'd dropped their rifles on the ground, we ordered them to get on the bridge, and they did.

After we'd taken their picture with my Polaroid camera, standing on the bridge with their arms in the air, we let them go and they ran up the dirt road in the direction from which they'd come. One was about seventeen, the other about nineteen.

We gave the store owner the picture and he was pleased with our success. We all had a good laugh.

The two boys were well known in the community, but the store owner never confronted them about the attempted blackmail as far as I know. He was content to forget the whole thing, and continued to sell all the beer and wine he could.

The prerequisite for being a member of the CKKKK Special Forces was (1) To be a member for at least 90 days, (2) Have a good attendance record at meetings, (3) Be in good physical condition, (4) Pass out literature at least once per month, (5) Be proficient with firearms, and (6) Buy their own Green Beret. And, I took their word about everything except their attendance record.

The so called "Klan Para-Military Training Camps" the media ranted and raved about, for the most part amounted to little more than a bunch of us lining up and shooting 22 rifles at bull's-eye targets, while competing for a prize, which I'd later present to the winners.

When scenes like that were shown on television with the accompanying misleading and ambiguous narration, it became an Army of White racists training for race war, to TV viewers.

It is true however, that small groups of CKKKK members got together and trained more extensively in subjects such as map reading, first aid, firearms assembly and safety, self-defense, etc., but I was never made aware of training in anything illegal. The Boy Scouts are trained in those same subjects, so I saw nothing improper or illegal about it.

Unit leaders reported their training activities to me in their monthly reports, and I reported them in the CKKKK's monthly newspaper.

I instigated the idea of members getting together at training sessions for one simple reason, and that reason was to relieve

boredom.

A traditional Klan rally or meeting is one of the world's most boring events, once you've been to more than one.

I started the training to give members something enjoyable, entertaining, and useful to do at meetings, and as a reason to get together.

Training was one of the keys to the success of our group in comparison to the six or seven other White groups in North Carolina.

Our meetings and rallies were much more enjoyable, and that's why most people stayed in once they'd joined, rather than quite out of boredom or lost interest.

In 1982, I had a run-in with Claude Sitton, Editor of *the Raleigh News and Observer*. Claude just wouldn't print my letters in the frequency I thought they deserved. After he declined to print four or five in a row, I mailed him a letter on Klan stationery and told him I'd be happy to discuss the issue with him either at his office or his home. And, I included his address to let him know I knew where he lived.

On receiving my letter, Claude called me on the phone, and blessed me out, adding that no Klansman could ever scare him. After assuring him that I had no such aim and wouldn't dream of using intimidation to get my letters printed, (I fibbed), I asked if he'd grant me a short meeting in his office, and he said, "Come on up." And, I did.

Claude explained that he found some of my letters a little too inflammatory or as he put it "in bad taste," and that's why he didn't print them. And, he went on to advise me to "tone them down a little."

As always, he was polite and accommodating, and I spoke with him several more times over the years, when I dropped off letters or press releases.

Claude was generous in printing my letters after that, though he by no means printed them all. And his editorials about me and the CKKKK were downright insulting.

He once referred to my newspaper as getting "slicker and thicker," which I took as a big compliment.

I used a similar tactic on the Johnston County Education superintendent in 1982. Although I lived on the edge of Johnston County, I wanted my son, Frazier, to go to school in Coats, just over the line in Harnett County, because there were fewer Blacks going to that school. So, I went to the Johnston County superintendent's office in Smithfield and filled out a form requesting that an exception to the rule be made that would allow my boy to go to school in Coats. I only had one child in school at that time.

The superintendent denied my request in a long page-and-a-half letter that rambled on with bureaucratic rationale, stating why my boy must go to school in the county in which he lived.

So, I wrote him a return letter on Klan stationery, wherein I informed him that if anything happened to my boy in that Black-infested school in Johnston County, I was holding him personally responsible, and I signed my signature over the words "Grand Dragon, Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan," adding the P.S. "I request you reconsider."

I received his second letter in record time, and it had only two words in it: "Request granted."

My boy went to school in Harnett County for the next six years, and I never heard another word from Johnston County officials about it.

The CKKKK, from the beginning, attracted young people, unlike other North Carolina White groups. The average age of our membership was around 25, while the average for other groups was probably 45 or 50.

I attributed that to our training, the pageantry of our public marches, our camouflage fatigue uniforms and my open appeal to young people. Also, females comprised 20 - 25 percent of our membership, and they wore camouflage uniforms and marched alongside the men. Though most were wives of male members, many were single and good looking, which added even more to the CKKKK's appeal for new members and for good attendance records.

My frequent comment to Den leaders was "We've got to entertain them to keep them coming back to meetings."

I also demanded that everything be done with class and in a professional manner. And to the extent of our capabilities, things usually were done well.

For example, I made frequent uniform inspections of members, especially before public demonstrations, and I personally supervised the making of the crosses and torches, insuring that burlap was used instead of rags, that the pole was long and straight, that it was assembled properly and securely, that plenty of number two fuel oil and kerosene was on hand, that there was plenty of room, well away from any wooded area as a safeguard against spreading fire, placing someone dependable in charge of playing prerecorded music in correct timing to the cross lighting ceremony; placing military veterans at the front of our marching formations; and taking care of other details to insure well-executed operations.

The experiences of my 20 years in the Army were very helpful to me in running the CKKKK, not only in organizing activities, but also in the administrative aspect. (I can type 90 wpm, incidentally).

Membership cards were of a high quality, containing the member's full name, expiration date, and an assigned number, which provided a source of pride as many liked to show them off to friends and acquaintances. The cards were also laminated as an added professional touch.

I had CKKKK stationery with large letterhead, with which I wrote and answered letters, and I used preprinted form letters, also bearing the large, red CKKKK letterhead.

And, I kept financial records reflecting the name of the contributor, the amount, and the date of the contribution, with the stated policy of allowing inspection of the records by any member at any time. I was somewhat fanatical about insuring members that all money was properly accounted for.

Of course, I received no salary, though I did use small amounts of CKKKK money for travel expenses when the income allowed it, but I duly recorded the withdrawals in my financial debit records.

We attended a Klan rally near Louisburg in 1982, sponsored by Virgil Griffin, and the Christian Knights of the KKK, and I was embarrassed by the whole affair.

The cross they burned was only about 12 feet tall, very crooked, and was wrapped in rags of assorted clothing and blankets, and their dozen or so torches were made of small crooked tree limbs with used baby diapers wrapped around the ends. Equally embarrassing was the dirty, wrinkled robes worn by several, including their Grand Dragon, Virgil Griffin.

I heard Griffin speak at many gatherings over the years, and I don't think I ever heard one that didn't include, "And, if the governor don't like it, we'll hang him too." I've heard him make that idiotic statement at least a half dozen times.

Harold Covington once told me that while appearing on a radio talk show Griffin was asked what he thought about anti-Semitism and he didn't even know the meaning of the word. And, according to national newspaper accounts, Virgil appointed a Jewish fellow by the name of Gollub as his Grand Dragon for the state of Mississippi, but later fired him because of complaints by members.

Harold also told me another amusing story about Virgil. It seems that in the early 70's, Virgil's Klan group had a rival group led by Joe Grady of Winston-Salem. Those two groups competed for members and for publicity in North Carolina.

As the story goes, Virgil owned an old Cadillac which he thought the world of, and drove to meetings and rallies all over the state, keeping it in a high state of shine at all times.

Late one night, several of Grady's men stole Virgil's Cadillac and ran it through a car mashing machine, reducing it to about one-fifth its original size. Somehow, Virgil tracked his Cadillac down, and he and Grady became even bigger rivals. Virgil never did forgive him.

I met Joe Grady in 1977 while I was in the Nazi Party, and I took an instant like for him. He had been in the Klan for around 30 years even then, and he impressed me as being one tough White man, and always in the presence of a half dozen big burly armed body guards.

Joe and I always got along well together over the years, even when one of my biggest Dens quit en masse in 1985 and joined his because I had changed the name CKKKK to the White Patriot Party. My position was that I'd rather those men and women join with Joe Grady than quit the White Movement entirely.

Joe would sometimes bring 30 or 40 of his members to my rallies, and I'd return the favor by bringing a large group to his.

In 1985, Joe and a dozen or so of his men tried to bail a Black man out of jail who had been arrested for raping a White girl, in Statesville, North Carolina, and although it was just a publicity stunt (the Black flatly refused to be bailed out), charges were filed and Joe found himself in court several times on account of the incident. Though as I recall, neither he nor any of his men went to jail for it.

Virgil served six months in a county jail in 1983 for burning a cross in some White man's yard late one night, in an attempt to punish the man for some infraction of Virgil's sense of community decency. But Virgil was confused about the address and picked the wrong yard.

The judge took that inefficiency into consideration, but gave him six months anyhow, though he allowed Virgil out on work release each day. I heard that Virgil worked double shifts at a gas station during those six months to cut down on jail time, and time spent with Black inmates.

Joe and Virgil's Klan groups were somewhat secretive, in the old Klan tradition. At least both tried to give that impression. But many of Joe's men openly wore jackets bearing large bright letters, "Secret Knights of the Ku Klux Klan," which tended to contradict claims of secrecy, and reduce its effectiveness and credibility.

Frankly, I don't think there ever was much successful secrecy in any Klan group, after the 1940's. The State Bureau of Investigation had agents who did little during the 1980's except keep an eye on White racist groups. In fairness, they also monitored Black and Communist groups. Joe Momier, one of those agents visited my home several times, and I not only gave him an open invitation to attend all our meetings and rallies, but I also put him on the mailing list to receive my newspaper each month containing the dates, times, and locations of each. Joe paid the subscription price eagerly and promptly each time it became due, needless to say.

Also, every group in North Carolina, including ours, had informants who attended meetings, and who were paid by government officials. Though I cannot prove it, nor, except for Eddie Dawson of Greensboro fame, can I name any, but I am convinced that such was the case.

According to federal documents revealed by the Freedom of Information Act and reported by various newspapers, the government had enough paid informants in the largest North Carolina group during the 60's, to elect the state's Grand Dragon. And in one Mecklinberg county Klan den, six of the seven members were on the government payroll. I always admired that lone Klansman. He must have been a dedicated fellow.

I always felt that attempts at secrecy by White racist groups, were acts in futility, because of informants, government surveillance, modern technology, and the persuasive powers of prosecutors to turn White activists into government witnesses.

And, I repeatedly told prospective CKKKK members that if they wished to commit acts of violence, the worse thing they could do was to join a White organization, because by doing so they would greatly increase their chances of getting caught.

Government law enforcement officials routinely took pictures and license plate numbers during meetings of all White groups, but I would remind CKKKK members that since we were a legal organization, we had nothing to fear. And, we would jokingly take pictures and license numbers of those who were taking ours.

I haven't the slightest notion how so called secret Klan groups consoled their members when cops were all around taking their pictures and writing down their license plate numbers.

A typical CKKKK rally in those days consisted of speeches, a cross lighting ceremony, followed by a big supper (usually a pig pickin), accompanied by Country music playing over our loud speaker, and plenty of assorted beverages. And, usually just prior to the official rally, we'd conduct firearms competition with .22 rifles, and I'd present prizes (usually a new shotgun or rifle) to winners.

The cross was a minimum of 30 feet tall, and once we put one up 51 feet requiring a large dump truck with a hydraulic lift. And they were wrapped with two or three layers of burlap and soaked good with fuel oil and kerosene. The kerosene insured instant burning when fire was applied to it. And the torches were made from tobacco sticks wrapped with oil soaked burlap. We'd usually make between 100 and 150 torches, and during many rallies, over 100 men, women and young people carried burning torches around the cross during the ceremony, as "The Old Rugged Cross" played in the background. The CKKKK staged the most professional and enjoyable Klan rallies in the entire country, according to my good eyesight, and other Klan leaders, a fact for which I was intensely proud, and never hesitated to brag about. We did things right.

Various anti-Klan groups confirmed our successes by their constant condemnations of us in their publications and during their press conferences. I subscribed to some of those publications, under an assumed name, and they provided me with a continuing source of amusement and pride, as did their press releases when reported in the newspapers and on TV.

In mid 1984, an anti-Klan group by the name of North Carolinians Against Racist and Religious Violence (NCARRV), held a press conference in downtown Raleigh, demanding that the governor do something about it. After reading that in the *Raleigh News & Observer*, I held my own press conference in response to theirs, and issued the following challenge to the NCARRV: "I, too, am against racist violence, but I believe we ought to be concerned about Black violence against White people, as well as White on Black. And, if it's not a fact, that in North Carolina there are ten times more Black on White violence than White on Black, I'll disband the Klan and go work for the NCARRV, free of charge, for the next twelve months."

Previously, I had obtained a crime report from the North Carolina Police Information Network in Raleigh, showing statistically and clearly that I was right, and further as regards the violent crime of rape, that a White woman in North Carolina was 35 times more likely to be raped by a Black, than a Black woman was likely to be raped by a White.

I had that crime report stapled to my press release, and gave each of the six or seven TV and newspaper reporters present, a copy of both, after I'd run my mouth in front of the TV cameras for a while.

I also mailed copies to the governor, along with my letter encouraging him to comply with the NCARRV's demand to do something about racist violence in North Carolina.

The NCARRV declined to respond to my challenge and the governor declined to answer my letter, but my press conference was highly reported by both TV and newspapers, so I was satisfied with my exposure of NCARRV's hypocrisy.

Years later, just following my arrest and incarceration, for declaring war on the government, an NCARRV spokeswoman yelled during her TV press conference, "The only marching Glenn Miller will do now is around his jail cell," which was the only true statement I ever heard coming from that group.

I watched that TV news broadcast through cell bars at the Wilson County jail with squinting eyes, and much loathing for that woman.

I ran for the State Senate in 1982 in the district of Johnston and Sampson counties. Of course, I knew I had no chance of winning, but like other activities, it gained publicity for the CKKKK, and it presented a forum from which I spread my

racist and anti-Semitic views.

I had one hundred 3' x 2' campaign posters printed, and Joe Cobb and I posted them on telephone poles and barns over both counties. The posters read "VOTE WHITE," among other things, and had a big picture of marching Klansmen, along with an appeal to not only vote for Glenn Miller for the Senate, but to join the CKKKK as well, and listed my address and phone number.

I went around to all the newspaper offices in both counties, and they were obliged to do an article on me, along with listing my stance on the issues, I thought most important.

Several special interest groups invited me, along with my opponent, to address their groups to answer questions and present speeches, and I spoke over local radio stations, as well.

I lost the election, but wound up with 26% of the vote in a two-man race, after spending less than \$400 on the entire campaign, including the cost of filing. But, I estimate that 75% of that 26% didn't realize they were voting for a Klansman, and wouldn't if they had.

James Holder, a tall skinny country boy of about 30, from nearby Harnett County, joined the CKKKK that year. James, married and with two children, though with little education like most members, had a grinning and vivacious personality, along with a gift of gab that brought in dozens of new CKKKK members. And he and I became the best of friends. He and his family visited my home on many occasions over the next couple of years, and his wife Brenda and Marge became close friends as well.

James had that country redneck good ole boy way of life and demeanor I've always found appealing and enjoyed being around. And he was a very talented and dedicated worker, starting his own Den in Sanford after having moved from Harnett County, and in no time had several dozen members meeting each month at the home of one of his Den members.

Little did we know then, that in less than two years, James would be in prison for murder. I'll get to that story later.

Also joining the CKKKK that year were several dozen active duty Marines from Camp LeJeune, though virtually all of them as well as several who joined in later years, would either be kicked out of the Marine Corps for their racist views and activities, or would quit the CKKKK out of fear of being kicked out.

Among the exceptions, was Cecil Cox who was kicked out of the Marine Corps, but refused to quit the CKKKK, and he was chosen by me as leader of the White Patriot Party, immediately following my conviction in 1986 for operating a paramilitary organization, and exile from the White Movement.

We staged two outdoor Klan rallies near Camp LeJeune in 1982 and 1983, and we had three active Dens in that area, which resulted in much harassment against Marine Klansmen from Camp LeJeune officials.

Those Marine Klansmen, for the most part, were young beer drinking fellows who came to our meetings, rallies, and marches for the enjoyment of it and for the macho image, though five or six became genuine ideological adherents.

I placed Marines in the front of our marching formations during public marches, for the obvious reason they were trained in dismounted drill, had military bearing, and looked great in camouflage uniforms. Most looked like young Tarzans.

The U.S. Department of Defense instituted a service wide directive barring members of the military from joining White racist groups, and it was a direct result of Marines having joined my organization.

Attorney Morris Dees of the Civil Rights group called the Southern Poverty Law Center spear-headed the nationwide demand for that anti-Klan directive, following several court cases involving stolen military firearms and explosives, and following a barrage of media exaggerations and distortions which orchestrated national outrage against White racist groups.

The average citizen was led to believe that thousands of White servicemen were training masses of racist civilians, arming them with stolen military weapons, and were on the verge of starting a nationwide race war. That was the inferred scenario created by the national media, and it not only achieved their desired effect of barring servicemen from joining White groups, but also prodded the federal government into conducting more formal investigations into the activities of White groups all over the country, with mine at the top of the list.

The annual Farmer's Day Parade for 1982 staged in a small town in central North Carolina found 40 or 50 uniformed CKKKK members carrying Confederate battle flags, marching right along with the mules and buggies. We didn't ask permission, nor were we denied it, though the sight of robed Klansmen did raise some eyebrows and frowns, as well as quite a few smiles, waves, and shouts of "White Power" from the racially mixed crowd of more than 20,000 spectators.

We installed more telephone message units, and by the end of 1982 we had about eight scattered around the state, each receiving it's average 5,000 calls per month. Though I changed the messages each week and selected from a wide range of racial and anti-Semitic subjects, a typical message might include the following:

"Folks, this is Glenn Miller of the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. There are thousands of Nigger organizations all over the country working for the rights of Black people. Why don't you join an organization that is trying to work for the rights of White people?"

Nigger crime is out of control. Thousands of White girls and women are raped by Niggers in our country each year, and hundred of thousands of our people are savagely beaten by Niggers, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans or other mud colored mongrels.

Our schools have become crime ridden jungles where our children are beaten, molested or intimidated, and where they cannot get a decent education.

It is time for White people to organize, and in order to organize, you must join a White organization.

I am asking you to join the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan now, before it's too late. No Klan member will ever ask you to break any law, and you can quit anytime you want to.

For more information, please call or write. Our phone number is 894-5230 and our address is Route 1, Box 386, Angier, North Carolina 27530.

This is Glenn Miller... for White Power... the only way."

I sometimes used racial slurs in those messages, as well as racial jokes to entice people into calling and spreading the phone numbers around to their friends. And it worked. Those numbers spread like wildfire.

I would install a message machine in a new area, then write the number to call at the top of 200 or 300 *Thunderbolt* newspapers, spread them around the area, and in less than three days, the machine would be going full blast. I could prove that it was, by calling the number myself and see that it was virtually always busy.

At first, I thought the machines were out of order, or that some disgruntled caller was intentionally preventing others from calling, and I went to great lengths checking with phone companies, and inspecting the machines, before concluding they were in fact, working perfectly.

Much pressure was put on various phone companies to disconnect service for those phone message units, but citing the first amendment of free speech, the phone companies refused.

And, predictably, the messages resulted in many death threats, many coming from as far away as New York and California as the phone numbers spread by word of mouth all over the country.

At first the threats bothered me a great deal, so I slept with my shotgun laying with me in bed, but then as time went by, and nothing happened, I lost my fear and even began joking with the threatening callers. Some months, I'd receive a death threat per day, on average, and by 1986, Marge and I had received literally hundreds, all tolled.

I spent a lot of time on the typewriter writing letters to editors of newspapers, to voice my views or in response to anti-Klan editorials or news articles, as well as holding press conferences and issuing press statements to TV and newspaper reporters. We always managed to get a great deal of media coverage.

At first, many newspapers were reluctant to print my letters, and some downright refused to. So, I devoted considerable attention convincing them otherwise, by writing or calling editors or owners, and pleading the first amendment. In rare cases, I'd threaten them with a Klan protest demonstration in front of their offices. I also visited several and spoke with them eyeball to eyeball to achieve a more convincing effect.

The Sanford Herald at that time, allowed a local Black activist a large space in their paper once a week, in which to write lengthy articles under the heading "The Black Perspective." So, I drove to Sanford, met an elderly White gentleman in the Sanford Herald newspaper office, whom I assumed was the owner, and demanded that he allow me weekly space in which to write a "White Perspective" in the interest of equality. He refused, saying the paper was from a White perspective already because it was White owned. I asked him if that was an admission of racial bias in his paper, and he got hot and changed the subject without answering the question.

Seeing that I wasn't going to get my way, I stormed out of his office after informing him of my intention to stage a protest demonstration in front of his newspaper office, and lead a White boycott against some of his advertisers. But after a few days to cool off, I decided that the demonstration and boycott idea would require too much effort and probably wouldn't work anyhow, so I forgot the whole thing. I did however, continue sending that paper frequent letters to the editor, usually contradicting "The Black Perspective," and they were routinely printed, giving me some satisfaction anyway.

I always felt I'd succeeded in intimidating that paper.

On many occasions, I xeroxed copies of my letters and mailed them to 25 or 30 newspapers around the state. Many were printed, though most were not. However, I felt even three or four out of 30 was a good average, so I continued.

Another tactic to gain publicity, and therefore new members and supporters, was to issue threats.

Once I threatened to bring 500 armed men to Clayton, North Carolina to "put down that Black insurrection."

There had been racial violence involving several dozen Blacks and Whites in that town, resulting in some minor injuries, and seeing that it had received a great deal of media attention, I decided to get some of it spread to the CKKKK. So, I wrote a formal letter to the Johnston County Sheriff offering the services of our group, and requested that we be deputized. Hand delivering the letter, then driving on over to Clayton, I held a prearranged press conference in front of the public school

there, and read the letter for the benefit of several reporters gathered around.

I added that I had the 500 men already armed, mobilized, and standing by waiting for a call from the sheriff to swear us in. That story not only made the local TV news over much of the state, and published next day in all the state's large newspapers, it went out via Associated Press and United Press International all over the country.

Two men who read the story in Oklahoma, packed up their wives and children and moved to North Carolina to join with the CKKKK. In fact, they moved in with Steve Miller in Fayetteville while looking for jobs and another place to live.

The Sheriff, of course, informed the media that he had absolutely no intention of deputizing any Klansmen, anytime, anyplace, or for any reason, a fact which I knew all along and was much thankful for, because I couldn't have raised 500 armed men, if my life had depended on it.

But, I had achieved my objective of media attention, and as usual it resulted in new members and supporters.

On another occasion, I threatened to declare war on the state government, unless North Carolina legislators agreed to read some literature I'd hand delivered to them and to fill out attached questionnaires.

The literature was about the shrinking White population, and the questionnaires asked questions about where the legislators stood on the subject.

After giving it to the legislators, with written instruction to mail the questionnaire to the address indicated, I held a press conference outside in front of the legislature building, and told reporters that if the legislatures didn't mail in the completed questionnaires, I was going to declare war on the state government, because the government had proven they didn't care about White people by their refusal to fill out the questionnaires.

That story was transmitted substantially by the media as expected, and since I was not arrested, obviously the police as well as the state government had a sense of humor and declined to take my threat to declare war seriously.

Beginning in 1982, we built a sizeable CKKKK Den in Siler City, North Carolina, led by a giant of a man by the name of Tommy Teague, who was in his early thirties, and who established his Den headquarters on his father's farm in a huge garage which he converted for the purpose of holding CKKKK meetings.

Between 1982 and 1985, we held four or five large CKKKK rallies there, and marched through downtown Siler City on three separate occasions. That was one of our largest and most successful Dens with 60 or 70 members and supporters.

A young Black male was giving two White high school girls a hard time, intimidating them and was arrested for punching one in the face in front of a convenience store in Siler City.

The story I got was that the girls knew him from school where they'd been friendly with him, but wanted nothing to do with him after school, a rebuff which the Black would not accept. So, the Black fellow would call them repeatedly over the phone, and even go to their house several times in attempts to get dates with them.

The girls and their mother seemed terrified of the Black, and afraid to testify against him in court, so they contacted some of our Siler City members who called me.

After speaking with the girls and their mother, I concluded they were genuinely afraid of the Black fellow and in fact were considering dropping the assault charge against him out of that fear.

I assured the mother that I would escort her to court and take several Klansmen with us, and she agreed.

On the day of the trial, seven or eight local CKKKK members, one of whom arrived in a car with a huge sign affixed to the outside that said (in large letters), "WHITE POWER — KU KLUX KLAN," met me in the courthouse parking lot in downtown Siler City.

Several other Klansmen had picked up the mother and two daughters, and we all went into the courtroom which contained 200 or so people, about equally divided between Blacks and Whites.

That being a small town and the CKKKK well known there, word had gotten out that we'd be in court that day, so just about everybody there knew who we were, even though we were all in civilian clothes as we walked in and sat down.

The Black defendant was found guilty of assault and we were pleased with that and the sentence. He was given a jail sentence, but the judge suspended it, further ordering him to stay away from the two girls, their mother, and their house, and to not bother them in any way.

I believe our presence had an effect on the outcome of that trial.

I also used another intimidation tactic to get my way.

When members or other Whites called me about problems their children were having with Blacks in their schools, I would personally call school principals, and after informing them who and what I was, I would politely ask them to look into the problems. Or, in some cases, I'd write them on Klan stationery.

Most of the time, both myself and the White parents would be satisfied with the results of those calls or letters.

There was, however, nothing illegal about the tactic, as I saw it, since I made no overt threats. I just simply used my name,

and that of the CKKKK to get school principals to look into certain problems.

I'm sure they would have responded in a like manner, had the NAACP or other Black group called or written.

The main reason I engaged in these intimidation tactics, was to keep CKKKK members contented. And, though media coverage in some cases benefited our growth, I wouldn't have done them otherwise.

I wanted to unite, organize, and educate the masses. I didn't want to intimidate individuals, or go to court to protect White persons. I repeatedly made the statement at meetings that I didn't want to make Blacks behave themselves, because if Blacks became more civilized they would become even more attractive to Whites and there would be far more racial integration, which is an accurate appraisal. I stated further, that Black violence against Whites was a good thing, in that it would result in more and more Whites joining the CKKKK.

But, I never did manage to convince the majority of our members of that.

One of our Jacksonville Den leaders died in 1983, following an operation to remove excess fat from his body. That fellow weighed over 400 pounds and was a former Hell's Angel, who managed a tavern outside Camp LeJeune. He died while in the hospital recovery room, from heart failure.

Steve Miller, James Holder, Robert Austin and myself traveled to Charlotte, North Carolina and attended the funeral in our Klan robes, and Steve said a prayer over the grave.

Herbert (Chub) Sewell ran for governor of North Carolina in the fifties and received more votes than any previous Republican in the history of the state since reconstruction. He was also one of the youngest attorneys to ever present a case before the United States Supreme Court. When I met him in 1983, he was a retired judge, and practicing attorney in Carthage, though semi-retired.

I met him through a local CKKKK member who lived in the Carthage area, and who had made an appointment with him regarding some minor court case. I accompanied the Klansmen and after being introduced, and after discussing the fellow's case, I asked Mr. Sewell if he'd be kind enough to be a guest speaker at one of our Klan rallies.

He said that he would.

Chub Sewell was a living legend to many thousands of North Carolinians. I found him very much like U.S. Senator Sam Erwin, both elderly Southern gentleman lawyers, and both having been highly critical of racial integration of public schools and of other social changes in the South.

I attended Mr. Sewell's funeral in 1983, along with hundreds of prominent citizens of North Carolina and elsewhere, including U.S. Senator Jesse Helms, whom I took the liberty of shaking hands with at the grave site. As might be expected, I was not welcomed with open arms at the funeral, as evidenced by many frowns, but no one made any unpleasant comments to me, nor asked me to leave.

Mr. Sewell also gave me permission to use his name in advertising the Klan rally, which I did, and which brought Mr. Sewell criticism from his admirers as well as his critics around the state. But, his response was to say he had addressed all sorts of groups in the past, and since he was a firm believer in the constitution, he saw nothing wrong or improper with addressing Klan members or Black Panthers or anybody else, if and when he felt like it.

Before the rally, Steve and I, after calling for an appointment, met with Mr. Sewell at his home and had a lengthy conversation concerning the CKKKK in particular, and other racial, political, and social subjects in general.

Of course, Mr. Sewell never joined the CKKKK, and in fact disagreed with me not only concerning Jews, but in other areas as well.

But, he was against forced racial integration and the liberals, and I was content with that. I just wanted to use the name Chub Sewell to give the CKKKK much needed respectability.

Later, during a conversation in his van, awaiting the rain to subside on the rally field outside Sanford, Mr. Sewell stated that in his opinion the United States had already gone Communist, and that most liberals were working to further Communism, but didn't even know it. That, I concluded, was his general opinion concerning the federal government, and most politicians.

Steve Miller was also in the van at that time, and heard the comment.

That particular Klan rally in Sanford was rained out, but we held it on the same spot the following month, and Mr. Sewell gave a long and much enjoyed speech to the 300 or so Klanspeople and other spectators.

We had around 200 camouflage-uniformed men on the field that day, and I got the distinct impression that Mr. Sewell was pleased with the sight of all those young southern men standing together for a cause.

It was about that time that James Holder got fired from his job as maintenance foreman at a Sanford motel, after he had given a Klan calling card to an interracial couple he'd confronted in the motel parking lot.

And so, taking about fifty uniformed Klansmen, I staged a protest demonstration in front of that motel in downtown Sanford, carrying protest signs and confederate flags. That was after I'd issued an ultimatum to the motel manager, giving

him the choice of rehiring James or face the demonstration and a boycott of his motel, and he had refused.

According to subsequent reports from James and other local members, the boycott was successful to a brief and modest degree. Some Sanford Whites found another motel for liaisons with their girlfriends, and one big trucking company canceled their contract with the motel.

In any case, we made a big fuss with our two Sanford message machines, with leaflets calling for the boycott which we distributed around Sanford, and much TV and newspaper coverage.

We continued to gain more and more members and supporters from Sanford and the surrounding communities, and by my 1986 campaign for the U.S. Senate we'd have around 100. When the votes for that election were counted, I found that out of that 100, and the other 50,000 citizens of that county, I had received a grand total of ten votes.

I'll leave it to the reader to figure that one out, but it proved one thing to me, and that is "The rednecks don't vote," even those in the Klan.

Let me say something here about my use of the word "Red neck." I do not use the word out of contempt or facetiousness. In fact, I refer to myself as a redneck, and do so proudly.

To me, the word redneck describes a lower income, White working class man from the South, who is proud of the Southern tradition, history, and way of life. And, therefore, the word describes me perfectly.

Others, of course, use the word with contempt and disrespect, meaning to the effect, an ignorant and unreasonable racist bigot idiot.

The word "redneck," therefore is like the work "beauty" and comes from the eye of the beholder.

The media, of course, popularized the word redneck, along with the term WASP, meaning White Anglo Saxon Protestant. And the media uses both with contempt or facetiousness, to discredit this or that person or this or that idea. As a result, few people want to be associated with either, which is the intent of the media to begin with.

The CKKKK was highly active and visible throughout 1982 and 1983, staging rallies, demonstrations, distributing hundreds of thousands of newspapers and pamphlets, holding meetings and starting new Dens, recruiting new members, marching through a dozen or so towns and cities, and I increasingly appeared on television programs and radio talk shows to voice my views.

Prior to September, 1984, I confined the CKKKK to the Carolinas. I thought that one of the main problems with national groups was that they spread themselves too thin, trying to operate in too wide a geographical area. I felt our group should try something new and concentrate in North and South Carolina, although we never did make much progress in South Carolina, even after holding a big CKKKK rally in Columbia, after installing a couple of message units, and after saturating parts of that state with literature.

For whatever reason, South Carolinians were not as receptive to us as their northern cousins. One reason (and the one I prefer believing) is that I lived in North Carolina, and therefore able to devote much more of my time there, though I have always felt there is a big difference between the two populations of White people, but I won't get into that here.

Chapter 5: The Murder Of Klansman David Edward Wallace

November 20, 1983 is a day I'll never forget and one that has caused me much emotional pain ever since.

My friend David Edward Wallace, was shot dead by a shotgun blast fired at close range by James Holder, following a CKKKK rally outside Siler City, North Carolina.

That incident more than any other prior to that, gave me regret for ever having started the CKKKK.

David was one of the first to join my new group in early 1981, and from that day 'til his death, he worked hard, starting his own den, signing up dozens of members, and even holding full CKKKK rallies in his own back yard.

I could call David anytime, day or night, and he would do as I asked, even when it required making the 130-mile round trip to my house in Angier from his in rural Chatham County. He and I became very close friends as did our wives and families, and we were together on a hundred or so occasions.

I just liked the man. No, I loved him. He was the epitome of the devoted proud Southern fighter I wanted millions of. He made no apology to anyone for what he believed in, and he believed strongly in the CKKKK. And I must admit he felt much the same about me. David greatly respected me and what I was trying to do. He once told me that if I had been leading the Klan back in the 60's, the Black Civil Rights Movement would not have succeeded. Of course, that was a gross exaggeration, but it shows how much David thought of me personally.

David was also a devoted father and husband, and he worshiped his mother, speaking about her frequently in glowing terms. I had the honor of meeting her, but only briefly and under the unfavorable circumstances of the murder trial of James Holder in Tarboro, NC.

I found her just as David had described, a proud and gracious Christian lady in the traditional Southern mold. And, though she could understandably blame me in part at least for the death of her son because I was the leader of the CKKKK, she never did and spoke friendly to me there and at the funeral, saying that David had always spoken highly of me, and that she appreciated me coming.

Myself and 50 or 60 other Klanspeople attended the funeral. During the church service, the minister taking note of me and the large Klan contingent, made insulting comments directed at us in his sermon by telling short loving stories about Jews and Blacks. His comments were so obviously intended to make us feel ashamed, that rather than make a scene, I walked out of the church and waited outside for the burial ceremony. I thought he used extremely bad judgment and taste, and I was embarrassed for the Wallace family and especially for David Wallace.

James Holder and David Wallace just plain didn't like each other. Both were highly successful den leaders, and understandably there were some competitive feelings, both working very hard to attract new members into their respective dens.

On the day David was shot, I had planned to stage a motorcade demonstration through Sanford to protest the rape and brutal beating of an eleven-year-old White girl by a Black man. This demonstration was scheduled to take place in the afternoon before the CKKKK rally that night at Siler City, some 25 miles away. But, at the last minute, I canceled the motorcade demonstration, due to mix-ups in the planning of it, and decided to just go with the rally.

David was very much upset about the cancellation, and during the rally that night, made no secret of his displeasure as he complained loudly to myself and other members.

I don't know for sure if that anger played a big part in his death, but I always felt that it did.

The rally that night was a success, drawing 300 or so people, resulting in a dozen or so new members, and above average financial donations.

I left about 9:00 p.m., right after the rally, which was early, but not unusual when Marge and our three little boys were with me, which was the case that night. The boys were especially unruly. Marge was having difficulty with them, and I was tired of hearing her complain.

After the rally, many CKKKK members stayed to talk or drink beer, or both, and while standing around a fiery barrel to keep warm in the November air. A little after midnight, David and James got into an argument, and James shot him with a 12-gauge shotgun from a distance of about six feet, killing David instantly.

At the trial, James testified that he was terrified of David and had been threatened by him just before the shooting, and on many other occasions during the preceding two years or so.

Thirty or forty CKKKK members, including myself and Steve Miller, attended the highly publicized trial each day. Steve and a few others were called to testify as eye witnesses. Five or six of them had stood only a few feet away and had seen the shooting clearly and heard the argument.

James Holder was found guilty of second degree murder, and sentenced to 18 years in a North Carolina penitentiary.

During the eight months or so following David's death, I called and spoke with his widow several times offering money or whatever other help the CKKKK could provide, but she always declined, politely and kindly thanking me for my concern and offers. After that, I made no attempt to contact the Wallace family, though I did run into David's young son a few times, David Jr., a clean cut young, and he let me know he had no hard feelings toward me, and went on to say, "Glenn, you'll always be my main man."

Chapter 6: \$1 Million Dollar Lawsuit, Morris Dees, And The Beginning Of My Downfall

Morris Segelman Dees and the Southern Poverty Law Center of Montgomery, Alabama came to Raleigh in October 1983, and filed a \$1 million dollar civil lawsuit against Glenn Miller and the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, for violating the civil rights of Bobby Person (a Black) and conspiracy to violate the civil rights of Black citizens of the state.

This was the beginning of my downfall and the downfall of the organization which I had begun in December of 1980.

Though it would take Morris Dees and his friends in the U.S. Justice Department the next three years, they would succeed in destroying my organization, and in getting me forcibly exiled from the White Movement.

The Southern Poverty Law Center, with Dees as chief attorney and head of that group and it's subsidiary group "Klanwatch," was primarily a civil rights organization for Blacks and other minorities, and was known nationally for their successful court actions against White racist groups from around the country.

It was Morris Dees, for example, who succeeded in winning a lawsuit against Robert Shelton and his Klan group (the United Klans of America), and having their huge headquarters building in Tuscaloosa, Alabama awarded to the Black plaintiff in that case. Robert Shelton, during the 1960's headed the largest Klan organization in the entire country.

Dees also represented Vietnamese fishermen successfully in a court case against Mississippi Klansmen who were protesting against and harassing them on behalf of White fishermen who objected to the competition of new immigrants in, as they saw it, their fishing waters off the coast of Mississippi.

And, so Morris Dees, et al., came to North Carolina after Klansman Glenn Miller, and the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

This former chief fund raiser for presidential candidate George McGovern; this darling of the liberals; this close friend of the John F. Kennedy family; this Klan-hater who had recently been given a \$15 million dollar endowment by Eastern liberals "to combat racism" according to a report in the Charlotte Observer, was in North Carolina and out to get me. And, though I never admitted it to anyone, I knew he would succeed in the end, even though I was innocent of all the dozens of allegations contained in the civil lawsuit.

If I knew then what I know now, I would just simply have refused to participate in that court case, and surrendered to the judgment of the court.

Fearing lawsuits in the past, I had taken all my property out of my name. I owned nothing of much value, and at that time neither did the CKKKK, other than a few flags, tobacco sticks, message machines, an old typewriter, and other inexpensive odds and ends.

I should have just explained to Judge Earl Britt in the Federal District Court in Raleigh, who presided over that case, that since neither myself nor the CKKKK had money to hire an attorney, and we certainly weren't sophisticated enough to wage an equal court battle with the Southern Poverty Law Center on our own, that I just flatly refused to participate in the court proceedings.

I knew I couldn't be given a prison sentence because it was a civil suit and not a criminal one. And, Morris Dees and his plaintiffs couldn't get anything of value from us because we didn't have anything, even if they won the lawsuit.

By refusing to participate, the court would have had to render its judgement, thus ending the lawsuit, and ending further investigations of the CKKKK by Dees, at least for the time being.

Why in the hell didn't I do that?

Well, actually Steve and I and other CKKKK leaders did entertain this legal maneuver, but after pondering and discussing a multitude of possible ramifications of it, all conjured up in our judicial ignorance and paranoid brains, we decided to fight. We didn't have the benefit then, of the 20/20 hindsight I have now.

We didn't have a lawyer either, nor did we ever have one to represent the CKKKK, due to a shortage of capital with which to pay him.

This was almost a year before that problem would be solved with a sizeable cash donation from "The Order," in the nice round figure of \$200,000. More later about that.

Bobby Person, the only named plaintiff in this \$1 million dollar lawsuit, was, at that time, a prison guard at a state prison located in Moore County. The other plaintiffs were the two million Black citizens of North Carolina, whom I thought were neglectfully, though understandably, unnamed.

Since I had the constitutional right to face my accusers, I should have sent Judge Britt a motion demanding that Dees bring all two million Blacks to court, so I could face them, But him being the short-tempered Judge I would come to know, I'm

glad I didn't.

I thought I tested Judge Britt's temper enough during that case, when I sent him a motion requesting he order Morris Dees to undergo a test for AIDS, so I'd feel safe in the courtroom.

That motion, the story of which went out over TV news and the newspapers, not only tested Judge Britt's temper, but tended to make Dees even more determined to put me behind bars.

The reader is warned here that my story about Morris Dees and our court battles is somewhat lengthy, and may be a little boring, but for those who wish to fully understand why I later went underground and declared war against minorities and the government, and how my organization was destroyed, it is essential reading.

Plaintiff Bobby Person, a short and chubby Black fellow in his mid thirties, had, according to allegations contained in the lawsuit, suffered tremendous suffering and racial harassment at the hands of three members of the CKKKK, Mike Lewis, Gregory Short and Joann Short. Those three were also named as defendants in the lawsuit, along with myself and the CKKKK.

The lawsuit stated that those three Klanspeople had carried out a continuing campaign to threaten, harass, and intimidate Bobby Person and his family, by phone threats, by driving by Person's house in Klan robes, and waving shotguns, and by other Klan-like actions. There was no allegation of any actual physical harm at all.

Now I was familiar with those incidents because I had been to court with Mike months earlier where he was tried by the state for them. He had also filed charges against Bobby Person, and in fact, they were both tried together. Mike contended that Person had pointed a shotgun at him while cursing and threatening him. And, Mike had two eye witnesses who confirmed it.

After the Chatham County judge had heard both sides in that case, he found them both not guilty and dismissed all charges. Of course, I had nothing to do with the incidents at all, and the lawsuit did not even allege that I did.

In truth, I had heard about them from Mike, but not until after the fact, and not being empowered by the state or federal government to act as a law enforcement officer, I couldn't have prevented the incidents anyway. But, I did plead with Mike not to engage in further confrontations with Bobby Person, adding that it would harm the CKKKK.

It was obvious that Morris Dees was using Bobby Person and those three Klanspeople to get at me. In fact, Mike told me months later that he had been approached by one of Dees' assistants and told that the lawsuit against him would be dropped if he would cooperate, and further that they just wanted Glenn Miller anyway and not anyone else, and were willing to pay money for cooperation by CKKKK members who would help them achieve that end, though the Dees assistant did not mention how much money.

The lawsuit went on to list dozens of allegations of harassment, intimidation, or conspiracy involving the CKKKK. The vast majority of those allegations were based on information Dees had taken directly from my own newspaper, *The White Carolinian*. For example, where I reported that we had marched through a town to promote White voter registration, the allegation would state that the march was intended to harass and intimidate the Black citizens of that town. Or, where I reported that the members of one of our dens had gotten together and conducted training in map reading, firearms assembly and safety, and self defense, Dees alleged that they had gotten together in a Klan conspiracy to train themselves to commit violent acts against Black people. And, Morris Dees and his legal associates worded the allegations so convincingly, they would be easily believed by a judge or jury. He also stated names, dates, time, and places which he took directly out of my newspaper.

I reported all CKKKK activities, monthly in *The White Carolinian*, including training activities, as a means to inspire the White readers.

When we finally went to court, Dees presented as evidence, stacks upon stacks of blown up *White Carolinian* articles, to support his allegations.

When Judge Britt read the allegations, he had no way of knowing how truthful they were and, of course, had to give Dees the benefit of the doubt, by accepting the lawsuit rather than throw it out. But, by doing so, he gave Dees legal power to subpoena any CKKKK member or supporter he so desired and to interrogate them to his heart's content by way of "depositions."

Depositions, incidentally, are the same as subpoenas.

Dees would file the depositions at the Clerk of Court's office, and then local Sheriff's Departments or U.S. Marshals served them upon our members and supporters, requiring them to present themselves to Dees or Dees assistant at the time and date prescribed, usually at the courthouse nearest the member's residence.

I estimate that 70 or 80 of our members were subjected in this way to interrogation by Dees, between 1983 and July 1986 when the case finally went to court.

The really amazing thing about the entire three-year investigation by Morris Dees, who incidentally, was assisted in every way possible by county, state, and federal law enforcement officials, was that the most Dees could ever get me charged

with was "CONTEMPT OF COURT," a misdemeanor, with a maximum penalty of one year imprisonment. And he did in fact get me convicted for that, but not without using two lying witnesses, both of whom were serving active prison sentences at the time, and who testified in order to gain favor with their parole boards and for other benefits.

The biggest question of all is why Dees didn't file criminal charges against me in 1983 instead of civil charges, since civil charges could not result in a prison sentence. The answer is of course, he didn't know of anything criminal I'd done, and never learned of anything other than "Contempt of Court" during his entire three-year investigation.

But, Morris Dees was attacking White racism, which was the job he was paid to do. And since Glenn Miller was spreading White racism so successfully, then Dees was compelled to attack me.

Dees never really cared whether or not I'd done anything illegal. He just wanted me to quit spreading all that White racism, and he knew the only way to stop me was through the court. So, he filed a civil lawsuit in hopes that would get the job done.

Dees in point of fact engaged in a conspiracy with his civil rights associates and others, to deprive me of my constitutional rights which enabled me to work legally for the cause I believed in. This is exactly what he did, and any honest person who followed the case, will admit it.

Following the filing of the lawsuit in October of 1983, Steve and I and a dozen or so other members were subpoenaed to appear before Morris Dees at the federal courthouse in Raleigh. And, we showed up punctually, but in our uniforms of camouflage fatigues and combat boots.

Dees was visibly shaken when he saw us, as were his three or four associates, one of whom was a very thin and extremely flat-chested woman of about 35, who got mad when I inquired if she was a male or female. And, another got into a shoving match with a CKKKK member who had tried to take his picture with a Polaroid camera. After the shoving match, the CKKKK member went down to the magistrate's office and filed assault charges, which were duly served on the Dees assistant by a U.S. Marshal during one of the interrogations. And, he had to accompany the Marshal down several flights of stairs to post a signature bond, before being released.

All this innocent harassment on our part bothered Dees and company, and he later succeeded in obtaining a court order from Judge Britt, forcing us to stop them

One of Dees' objectives in filing lawsuits against White groups was to force those groups to spend money, time, and effort in court battles, thereby reducing their effectiveness at spreading racism. "Hit 'em in their pocketbooks," was his motto.

I knew that and was determined to minimize Dees success in that regard, by increasing CKKKK activities, and using the lawsuit attack as a means to chide members into working even harder for the CKKKK. Though, we lost a lot of members who quit out of fear of Dees investigations, we gained many more than we lost, and in fact continued to grow substantially in number through the entire three-year investigation. And by July 25, 1986, the day the court exiled me from the White Movement, our group would be the largest active White racist group in the entire country, and the fastest growing, with over 5,000 members and supporters.

Let me interject something here. I always felt that once we had 1,000 uniformed men marching in the streets on a regular basis, that the White masses, seeing this, would throw away their fears, and pour into our organization. They would be so inspired by us.

Fear, I felt, was the main obstacle holding them back, fear of being attacked by mobs of Blacks, fear of losing their jobs, fear that their children would be attacked by Blacks in their schools, etc.

But, the sight of 1,000 uniformed men marching in step, carrying large Confederate battle flags, while "Dixie" rang out over loud speakers, would give the Southern masses the courage, pride, and inspiration necessary to join with us.

We never did field 1,000 marching men, but we did manage to field around 500 men, women, and young people for two marches through downtown Raleigh, and 300 or 400 for marches in several other towns. And we managed to attract over 2,000 at one of our outdoor rallies.

From October 1983 to January 1985, when I signed an agreement with Dees in return for his dropping of the lawsuit, the lawsuit troubled me to no end.

Signing that agreement didn't get Dees off my back, incidentally, it just marked another stepping stone on my way to prison, as I'll explain later.

Every few days, I'd receive yet another batch of legal papers, which required some action on my part. There were court orders, memorandums, depositions, motions for this and that, and dozens of other types of legal documents. And, in the beginning, I was ignorant about all of them, as many were written in legal jargon only lawyers really understand.

By 1986, I had received a stack of these documents four or five feet in height.

The law firm of the Southern Poverty Law Center and Morris Dees had plenty of lawyers and paralegals to write those documents and no doubt, greatly enjoyed playing that judiciary game of cat and mouse with us.

Steve and I finally talked to two lawyers about taking our case. One wanted \$50,000 and the other \$20,000. And, the

\$20,000 one told us we probably didn't have a chance to win, pointing out that the Southern Poverty Law Center was a powerful and proficient law firm, with an excellent track record.

Neither of those lawyers really wanted to take our case, anyway, because of the adverse publicity they would receive for representing "The Klan."

I had one Raleigh lawyer tell me, "Glenn, this is off the record, and I'll deny I ever said it if you tell anyone I did, But there is no way you'll ever get a fair trial in Raleigh, North Carolina." That lawyer's name was Russell Dement.

Federal courts do not, under any circumstances, provide court appointed attorneys in civil cases. The lawsuit was civil, therefore, a free lawyer was out. I did in fact, file a motion to Judge Britt for a court-appointed lawyer, but he was prevented by Federal Rules and Procedures from giving me one.

Anyhow, I taught myself how to type court motions to respond to those filed by Dees. I just simply used his as my format. I'd type the court heading, the case number, and the subject of the motion, all in the proper format, and then state my case, in my own words, in the body of the motion.

For example, I might say, "Now comes defendant Glenn Miller, this 3rd day of October 1984, in response to plaintiffs' motion of 28 September 1984 for a court order which would place certain physical restraints upon the members of the CKKKK, and I do hereby make the following motion": (blah, blah, blah). And, I'd go on to explain my wishes, in my own words, the best I could.

Of course, I didn't know how to look up or cite Supreme Court decisions or other legal precedents, but I knew the U.S. Constitution, which I cited a great deal of in my arguments.

I'm sure my feeble attempts to communicate with the court, by way of the documents I submitted through the Clerk of Court's office, provided great amusement to all those there who read them, including Judge Britt.

The lawsuit did succeed in worrying the hell out of me, and took up a great deal of my time as well as that of other members, time I'd rather have spent working to build the CKKKK.

When filing my motions at the courthouse, I'd sometimes hold a press conference outside and give xeroxed copies of the motion to reporters, to assure all my redneck rooters, that I was fighting back.

Meanwhile, myself and the CKKKK continued to increase our activities around the state, staging marches, rallies, meetings, and other actions designed to get more and more people to join.

Not only did our number increase, but our finances did, as well. Donations from those wanting to help us fight Dees came increasingly, and by January 1984, we were taking in about \$1,500 per month average, all tolled, which wasn't much comparatively, but more than we'd taken in before.

We were progressing and growing, and that was what mattered to me.

By June of 1984, two anti-Klan groups in North Carolina (Klanwatch and North Carolinians Against Racist and Religious Violence), would proclaim during a press conference that North Carolina had the fastest growing Klan groups in the whole country, and described us as "dangerously burgeoning North Carolina Klans."

There were actually about seven different Klan organizations in North Carolina in 1984, but only four of any significant size, and the CKKKK had more members and supporters than all the rest combined.

Chapter 7: Running For Governor

I ran for governor of North Carolina in the Democratic primary election of 1984. Running for governor provided a multitude of ways to further the CKKKK. I was invited along with the other candidates to speak before dozens of special interest groups. I was invited to appear on television programs and radio talk shows. And, I was interviewed by dozens of newspaper and TV reporters who asked where I stood on political and racial issues.

Those same opportunities were also provided to Steve Miller, who ran for lieutenant governor, and we took advantage of all of them to the maximum extent possible.

I showed up at one "Meet the Candidate" forum in a town in northeast North Carolina, wearing a holstered pistol. Due to the increased publicity and death threats, I had grown a little more paranoid than usual, so I diddy-bopped into the school auditorium where they were holding the forum, and started shaking hands with my pistol dangling by my side, and, it was 30 minutes or so before a local policeman spotted me, and after recognizing who I was, he politely asked me to take my gun back to my car, that it was his job to protect the candidates.

The next day headlines of that town's newspaper said, "Candidates for Governor Show Up At School Auditorium, One Toting a Pistol," which I thought was amusing and got a big kick out of.

Later, after I had presented a five or six minute speech to a couple hundred members of the North Carolina Press Association at a country club in Southern Pines, Sam Ragan, a well-known ultra-liberal editor from that area stood up during the question and answer period, and whined "But, where are all the moderate candidates, aren't there any moderate candidates this year?"

I motioned to the moderator that I wished to field that question, and he nodded for me to go ahead, and I said, "Mr. Ragan, a moderate is the same as a middle-of-the-roader, and the only things in the middle of the road, are dead skunks and yellow streaks."

The crowd roared with laughter, and I felt pleased with myself.

Actually, I had gotten that one-liner from U.S. Senator Jesse Helms, who had been quoted in some newspaper as having made it.

There were about five or six other candidates on the stage in addition to myself, and we all gave speeches and answered eight or ten questions each from the audience. I thought I did well in expressing myself, and Steve who accompanied me that day, met me as I came off the stage with a big grin, and said "You aced it."

Steve had passed out a big stack of *The White Carolinian* newspapers while I was on the stage.

One middle-aged reporter called me aside and asked if I'd be willing to throw my support to one of the other candidates in return for concessions, if I decided I couldn't win the election myself, and I told him that I was open to any and all propositions.

That reporter obviously thought I was going to get a lot of votes, and his question brightened my day considerably, as I kind of floated out of the building, head bigger and higher than usual, and giggling with Steve along the way back to my car.

I was also invited to speak on a Black college campus, during that election campaign. The college chancellor of Fayetteville State University sent me a written invitation, as he did to the other candidates, asking me to speak for one hour on the university radio station. I'm sure, however, the chancellor didn't expect me to accept, but I did.

By then my face was known all over North Carolina, and especially by Blacks, so I was somewhat hesitant about going, but being the fanatical hard-charging candidate I was, I wasn't going to pass up a vote-getting opportunity, even when the voters happened to be Black.

I was confident I could think of something to say that would appeal to some of them, anyway, such as the advantages of self-rule for Blacks and the right of Blacks to control their own destiny free from the White majority, etc. I figured the college militants, especially those of the Black Muslim faith, might be receptive to the idea of voting for a Klansman for governor. And, besides, the radio broadcast could be heard by Fayetteville's White population, as well as the Black.

And so, with all things considered, I talked myself into going, driving, alone the 50 miles in my little ten-year-old 4-cylinder pickup truck, but treating myself to three courage-building Natural Lite beers along the way.

Arriving on the university campus, I was greeted by a crowd of about 300 students, all Black, and five or six big fat Fayetteville police officers, also all Black. The only White face I saw, was that of a small female reporter, who looked as concerned about the volatile situation, as I did.

The students began to chant as I opened my door, "Klan go home! Klan go home! Klan go home!"

The Black police officers tried to escort me through the crowd of students into the building containing the WFSS radio station, but were unable to because the students refused to move out of our way. Some even laid down to block our path.

The chants were getting louder, and one could almost smell the aroma of hate and violence, so seeing that I couldn't get through anyway, I turned around and headed back to my truck, got in and drove away.

After leaving the campus, I drove straight to a tavern on Fort Bragg Road, familiar to me and owned by a retired Army buddy of mine, Tom Louk, and called the local TV and newspaper offices. In twenty minutes they arrived at the tavern, After telling what had happened, I said that I was going to sue the university, and furthermore I was coming back with 500 armed Klansmen and speak over that radio station whether the Blacks liked it or not. Also, I said it only goes to show that Blacks don't believe in freedom of speech, and that now we all know why democracy doesn't work in Africa. I went on and on.

Predictably, the story generated much media coverage all over the state, especially the part about 500 armed Klansmen. Of course, I let the cooler side of my head prevail, and announced later that in the interest of law and order and peace, I had decided not to take armed Klansmen onto that Black college campus. And besides, the school chancellor had phoned and not only apologized, but arranged for me to speak over WFSS, but from a different location than Fayetteville State University.

About a month after the incident, I spoke over WFSS for a whole hour, from the Fayetteville Times newspaper building, where the broadcast equipment had been moved, solely for my benefit.

I went on to give dozens of speeches during the 1984 governor's race, all over the state.

The following is a two minute speech I gave on April 12 in Ovens Auditorium in Charlotte before the Central Piedmont Employers Association, a special interest group which sponsored this particular "Meet the Candidates" forum. This speech, though much shorter than most, is representative:

"Folks, I want to be your next governor, because I am the only candidate who will work in the true interests of the White majority. All the others are begging for the Black vote and promising more and more Black rights and special privileges. But not one of them will even utter the words "White Vote," or "White Rights."

We don't need more politicians. We need some courageous White men and women who will take a stand against the outrages being committed against White Southern People, by conspiring Jews, unreasonable minorities, and White race-traitors in the federal government.

Our state and our nation is sick from immorality, homosexuality, drugs, race-mixing, pornography, minority crime, and other social diseases. The other candidates won't even talk about these issues, much less actually do anything about them.

I am well qualified to be your next governor. I served 20 years in the U.S. Army, having retired in 1979 in the rank of Master Sergeant. I served two years in Vietnam fighting against Communism, and I served 13 years in the Green Beret paratroopers. I've led men in combat. I know I can lead bureaucrats in Raleigh. I have fifteen and a half years of formal education, and above all I have the courage to combat the outrageous insanities being committed against our People.

I've been the leader of the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan for over three years. You've got to admit, it takes guts to put on a sheet and run for governor.

Simply mathematics and good eyesight proves there is no decent future ahead for ourselves, our children, or for future White generations unless we act now.

American nor North Carolina is ruled in the interest of White People. America is no longer a democracy ruled in the interests of the White majority. America today, is a socialist tyranny ruled in the interest of minorities. Only blind fools, apathetic cowards, and deliberate liars refuse to admit it.

Let's say no to the politicians, the scalawags, the race-traitors, and those who have turned their backs on Southern White People.

By God, let's send them a message that Southern People are fed up.

Vote White. Vote for Glenn Miller for governor and for Stephen Miller for Lieutenant governor.

God bless you, and thank you very much."

The reader will notice that the word "Nigger" or other racial slur words were not used in the speech. I virtually never used racial slurs when addressing the media and non-Klanspeople. However, when speaking before Klanspeople, even at public demonstrations, I did.

The nine Klansmen and Nazis, who stood trial for the deaths of five Communists in Greensboro in November 1979, were all found innocent of all charges again in May 1984, after going through trials by both the state and the federal government. These men, I felt, had suffered four and a half years of judicial tyranny for charges none of them were guilty of. Both juries decided they had acted purely in self-defense.

The headline of the May 1984 edition of *The White Carolinian* read, "NOT GUILTY AGAIN... KLANSMEN

ACQUITTED." And, I devoted the whole page to that story.

I also held a press conference in Raleigh and announced the CKKKK demand that the Communists be tried next. I stated that since five people were dead, and since two separate juries had ruled that none of the Klansmen or Nazis were responsible, that only left the Communists, so therefore, the Communists must be held responsible and tried in a court of law, just as had the Klansmen and Nazis.

The authorities obviously did not agree with my deductive reasoning or pretended they didn't, because no Communist was ever charged with anything. But my highly publicized press conference made good reading for my members, supporters, and redneck rooters around the state and elsewhere.

All the anti-Klan groups whined to the press, saying that the acquittals would give North Carolina Klans "the right to kill." This ridiculous assertion was typical of anti-Klan groups, who I felt were Communist front groups, trying to gain favor with minorities, by attacking us in the press.

Several media reporters asked me if the acquittals didn't prove that the system works for everybody, even Klansmen. I responded by saying, "On the contrary, the system tried to crucify the Klansmen, not once, but twice. It wasn't the system that saved them, it was the White juries that saved them."

1984 was a good year for the CKKKK in terms of increased membership, activities, and media coverage, and although the Dees lawsuit hounded and worried me sick at times, I didn't let the members know it, and assured them we'd win it in the end.

Morris Dees had placed his reputation on the line, and that of the Southern Poverty Law Center when he filed that lawsuit to shut Glenn Miller up, and he wasn't going to disappoint his ultra-liberal admirers and financial backers by failure, no matter what he had to use to win, including lying jailhouse witnesses.

CKKKK crime patrols were another activity used to attract media attention and pacify members in 1984 and 1985.

One day in April 1984, I read in the local papers that a Black adult male had been arrested for being in a little girl's bathroom at a Sanford elementary school. This incident coming on the heels of the rape by a Black man of a 11-year-old White girl, had generated much concern among White Sanford residents, and was receiving a lot of media attention.

This was also a highly discussed topic at our meetings in the Sanford area.

Sanford Den leader, Rickey Nunnery, who had 50 or 60 members and who had held many meetings and rallies at his home prior to that, asked me what could be done about the problem, and I decided on the CKKKK crime patrols.

So, April 7, I rounded up about thirty local members and held a press conference in front of the Sanford Police Department. In addition to calling for better police protection for White people, I issued an ultimatum to the Lee County Board of Education. I said that if they did not hire a security guard for McIver school, the school where the Black man had been arrested, that the CKKKK would begin armed security patrols in that school area the following Monday morning to protect White school children. And further, I was calling for a one day boycott of McIver school on that day to get our point across and to show that the CKKKK had a lot of local White support.

My press conference was reported extensively over TV, radio, and newspapers, and the school board held a special meeting, after which they announced the hiring of a security guard for McIver School, but adding that it was not because of Klan threats, but because it was the right thing to do.

The boycott was somewhat successful. The normal absentee rate that Monday was doubled, according to *The Sanford Herald* newspaper. That paper quoted William Johnson, the school superintendent as saying that he didn't know whether students stayed home because the Klan had urged White parents to keep their children at home, or because the parents were concerned about the Klan's presence.

This CKKKK threat scared North Carolina Blacks, or rather the media's reporting of it did, and it prompted Frances Cummings, the Black president of the N.C. Association of Educators, to hold a press conference and state the following, "I am calling on Sanford law officials to take all possible measures to keep vigilantes off the school grounds and to protect the children and teachers at McIver school and all other schools from harm by intruders." Her comment is taken from the April 13, 1984 edition of the *Greensboro News & Record*.

One Black female school teacher who obviously had taken our threat very seriously, went so far as to conduct practice maneuvers by having the children get under their desks on her signal, similar to air raid drills of World War II.

I used yet another scare tactic on folk singer Pete Seeger in 1984.

I had decided that Pete Seeger was a Communist, and upon reading in the papers that he had scheduled a concert at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, I telephoned several media offices, including Associated Press and United Press International, and announced that the CKKKK would show up at that concert in force and stage an anti-Communist demonstration.

I really had no intention of doing so, because I knew that mixing Klansmen and liberal college students would create a high risk of violence. My purpose was to gain publicity and cut down on attendance at the concert. Many students planning to

attend would change their minds after hearing there might be a violent Klan demonstration.

In any case, I was convinced my threat had worked when I read later that only a few hundred students had shown up for the concert, when thousands had been predicted.

Of course, I informed inquiring reporters after the concert was over, that I had decided to cancel the CKKKK demonstration at the last minute. I stated the reason was that CKKKK intelligence agents had revealed a high likelihood of attack by leftist students and, being the nonviolent person I was, I had to do what I could to prevent that violence, so I had canceled the demonstration to show the public I was against violence, etc., etc.

I used this media-attention-getting tactic many times over the years.

Just prior to the annual "Greensboro Sit in" commemoration held each year at the Greensboro restaurant where Black students back in the 1960's had held their historical lunch counter sit-in to protest segregation, I called the media and announced the CKKKK would also be at that restaurant during the commemoration, to, as I phrased it, "ram integration down their throats." I further stated that since these Blacks loved integration so much, I wanted to see how much they liked integrating with us.

My announcement was, as usual, highly covered by the media, and again I seemed to have succeeded in reducing attendance at events which I opposed. Only a dozen or so Blacks, mostly elderly NAACP types showed up.

Of course, I canceled out at the last minute as I had with the Pete Seeger concert, explaining to the media this time that I had decided a Klan presence ran too high a risk of violence at that particular Black event.

I held several CKKKK demonstrations in 1984, as in other years, to protest this or that, and to gain campaign publicity and new members. And, I gave somewhat revolutionary speeches for the benefit of all, as did Steve and other CKKKK speakers.

One such demonstration was held April 28, 1984, on the steps of the legislature building in downtown Raleigh, with 25 or 30 camouflage-uniformed men holding large Confederate battle flags mounted on eleven-foot flag poles, to add a little color and drama for the expected TV audience and reporter photographers.

I prefaced my speech with, "This is my call for the spirit of Southern Nationalism to rise up." And, to better the chances of broad media coverage, I explained that this demonstration was also part of my campaign efforts to get elected governor that year.

The following is the speech I gave that day:

"I hereby state the only lasting solution to the critical problems facing White people. That solution, White brothers and sisters, is the Iron Broom of Southern Nationalism. These critical problems are: race-mixing, abortions, homosexuality, venereal diseases, violent crime, organized crime, corrupt politicians, non-White immigration, child abuse, school integration, pornography, the drug epidemic among our young people, and the absence of prayer and the Holy Bible in our public schools.

As the next governor of North Carolina, I will form a White Christian army of 100,000. This White Christian army will wear uniforms and they will be armed, And, they will come under my supervision, as governor of North Carolina. Our banner will be the glorious flag of the Confederacy — the Southern Battle Flag.

We will restore Southern honor, pride, chivalry, valor, decency, and morality. We will instill, within our people, the spirit of Southern Nationalism. This spirit will engulf North Carolina and then spread like wildfire throughout our Southland.

We will organize thousands of White youth, and we will send them throughout the South to spread the spirit of Southern Nationalism and Southern pride. Southern Nationalism is the idea whose time has truly come. It will be the wave of the future. Southern Nationalism will restore within our people, pride in their forefathers, their great Southern history, culture, heritage and in themselves. Southern Extremism in the pursuit of freedom, liberty, justice and racial survival is no vice.

I ask the people of North Carolina for four years. Southern Nationalism will solve all the major problems of our people during this period. Within just four years, there will be such tremendous Southern unity, Southern determination, and Southern Power, that we can demand the federal socialistic dictators in Washington, D.C. get off our backs. We will tell them we want our freedoms and liberties back. And, they will sink back in cowardly terror of the wrath of the awakened White Southern people.

I call for the unification of White Southern people under the spirit of Southern Nationalism and under the glorious Southern Battle flag. Together, we will swing the iron broom of Southern Nationalism. And, then the degenerates, the dope pushers, the pornography smut dealers, the Communists, the baby killers, and all the other anti-White, anti-Christian scalawags will flee from our land. And, then there will be peace, unity, morality, and prosperity throughout our Southland.

We will create with our White fists, a decent and moral future for our people. And, we will create a future in which

our children, their children, and future generations of our beloved people, can say truthfully, unashamedly, and from their hearts... This is my land, this is my people, and this we will defend...

If you agree with me, say 'White Power!'"

The 25 or 30 Klansmen then yelled "White Power!" three times, ending my speech.

Southern Nationalism had always been attractive to me, and I used the idea as a means to promote pride and dedication among our members, so they'd work harder.

I'd always felt that other White racist groups lacked the one big ingredient that would arouse the emotions of the masses necessary to bringing them into an organization. And, I felt the missing ingredient could be Southern Nationalism.

It was just not enough, I felt, to educate the masses through literature. Even if a group succeeded in educating the masses, they still wouldn't join. Their minds wouldn't lead them in, but their emotions, I felt, might.

While other groups devoted their publications to doom-and-gloom articles about racial problems, I would add a little joy and humor. We would be a happy Klan with happy warriors, I concluded. And, I filled my newspaper, *The White Carolinian*, with humorous racial stories and cartoons, as well as with "atta-boy" reports, and of course, with racial, political, and social propaganda.

Each edition would contain, for example, a Klansman-of-the-Month report, and reports covering individual as well as group activities, ranging from credit for passing out newspapers, to holding a pig pickin' to raise money. I'd list their names and locations, along with brief descriptions of what they'd done to help the CKKKK grow. And, in some cases, such as being selected Klansman-of-the-Month, I'd present the individual with a handsome Certificate of Merit Award suitable for framing.

We grew so big and active that by 1986 I was selecting five or six Klanspeople of the month. And, those selected were highly worthy of selection because of all the hard work they'd provided the CKKKK.

My "atta-boy" reporting did wonders to motivate members even into trying to outdo each other, and den leaders as well as individuals competed for write-ups in *The White Carolinian*, by conducting more and more literature distribution drives, recruiting drives, holding meetings and rallies, raising money through yard sales and cake-bakes, and other activities.

Eventually, our activities became so numerous, I could hardly keep up with all of them, as they reached me through written reports from den leaders, phone calls, or by word of mouth.

The heading of our newspaper contained, among other things, the following in large letters: "Monthly newspaper published by and for the Courageous and Dedicated Men and Women of the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, A SPECIAL BREED OF WHITE PEOPLE," and in early 1985 I would add, "DEDICATED TO THE CREATION OF A MIGHTY WHITE SOUTHERN NATION," clearly revealing my plan of eventual succession from the Union.

I tried to construct our newspaper to instill pride and dedication, so members would be enthusiastic in their work, but also and more important, to attract the masses with the same pride. I appealed to their emotions.

Our newspaper alone was printed and distributed to the masses in about 750,000 copies from 1982 to July 1986, and since I assumed about four people read each copy distributed on average, then we reached about three million people with our newspaper. This is my own estimate, but I am convinced it's a realistic one. And, we purchased and distributed tens of thousands of publications from other White groups, mostly the Thunderbolt newspaper, published by the National States Rights Party.

I used to fill feed sacks full of *White Carolinian* newspapers, haul them down to the Greyhound bus station in Dunn, and mail them by bus to people all over the country, for further distribution to the masses, many times, ten or twelve sacks full in a month's time. And, I mailed bulk shipments through U.S. Postal services.

At our peak in 1986, we had a total of 28 telephone message units operating throughout North Carolina and in four other southern states, each of which received an average of 5,000 calls per month.

This, plus the mass media coverage proved clearly that we were getting my views to a hell of a lot of people.

It was this demonstrated ability and fact, which far more than anything else, caused Morris Dees, and the U.S. Justice Department to begin their investigations of myself and the CKKKK.

They were far more disturbed about what I said, than in anything I ever did.

I printed one edition of *The White Carolinian* in 100,000 copies, and when they were loaded onto a large flatbed truck, they covered an area twenty feet long, six feet across and five feet high. I photographed that stack of *White Carolinians* and showed it off in my next edition.

I may have failed in the "uniting and organizing" part of my plan, but I sure as hell succeeded in the "educating" part. Millions read or heard my views.

Each newspaper contained my address and phone number, as did the recorded messages themselves, so the masses at least knew how to contact us.

Neither the rednecks nor any other Whites in North Carolina could continue the alibi, "Hell, I would join the Klan, but I don't know how to get hold of them."

I made them put up or shut up; to join the Klan, or quit complaining about the Blacks. Unfortunately for me and the CKKKK however, few chose the former.

Back to the governor's race.

The CKKKK held several marches and rallies during the campaign, to promote White voter registration and to voice our views. And, marchers carried large signs reading, "VOTE WHITE... GLENN MILLER FOR GOVERNOR," as well as Confederate flags.

I continued to loudly accuse the media of "silencing me to death," and they tried to discredit my accusation by giving me even more coverage, which was my objective in the first place.

One of my main campaign promises was that, when elected, I would form a 100,000-man armed Citizens Militia to combat crime and drugs and to prevent Communists from taking over the country.

Other promises included: Flying the Confederate flag on all government buildings; a state holiday to celebrate the birthday of Robert E. Lee; stop affirmative action programs in the state; to contribute my salary to charity; segregate public schools; expose Jewish control of the mass media; and, other promises which fit my racial and political agenda.

I referred to the other candidates as "race-traitor scalawags who had turned their backs on Southern White people," and who were all afraid to even utter the words "White rights," much less work for it.

To obtain even more media coverage, I held a press conference inside the building of the governor's office and informed TV and newspaper reporters that I was so confident of winning the election, that I had come to inspect the governor's furniture to see if it would clash with our camouflage uniforms.

In another instance, I threatened to stage Klan demonstrations at campaign rallies held in the state on behalf of Black presidential candidate Jesse Jackson.

The campaign was an incredibly busy period for both Steve and I. We crossed the state back and forth appearing on TV and radio programs, and giving speeches before special interest groups. This was in addition to our duties with the CKKKK, which we did not neglect. And dozens of reporters interviewed us for articles in their newspapers or on TV programs.

I also took advantage of the campaign by writing frequent letters to editors of newspapers, xeroxing them, and mailing them to 30 or 40 North Carolina newspapers. Since I was a bona fide candidate for governor, they were more obliged to print them and most did.

My middle son Jesse's third grade class held a mock election, and I came in second place in the eight-candidate field, which lifted my spirits and made him proud.

Frankly though, I did feel I would get between 50,000 and 100,000 votes because I believed there were at least that many registered White racist voters in the state.

The election was held on May 8, 1984, and when the votes were counted and reported, I found I'd only received a little over 5,000 votes. And even though I'd beaten two of the eight candidates, I was demoralized. It was not only a big disappointment, it hurt my pride, as well. I stuck my chin up, however, and refused to allow the rejection to adversely effect the CKKKK. Fearing the impact on members and supporters might cause them to quit, I made jokes and explained that White racists just weren't registered to vote, and that's why I got so few votes.

Prior to the election, I had been under the misguided illusion that there were tens-of-thousands, if not hundreds-of-thousands of fed up White people who would jump at the chance to vote for an openly White racist candidate. And the only reason they hadn't in the recent past was because no White racists had run for office.

The campaign brought in more members and supporters, though, and it provided constructive activities for the CKKKK.

So, I pointed this out to members and continued on with my real objective of "uniting, organizing, and educating the White masses."

Chapter 8

Shotgun Blasts Fired Into My Home

A person or persons unknown, fired two 12 gauge shotgun blasts of double-ought buckshot into my home at 5:30 a.m., on the morning on November 20, 1984.

A Johnston County Sheriff's Deputy later counted 19 holes in the side of the house, several of which narrowly missed my son, Frazier, who was eight at the time, by two feet, and my daughter, Anna of 18 months, by about four feet. Frazier had been asleep on a living room couch, and Anna just below him on a pallet on the floor.

Several shotgun pellets penetrated two walls and lodged into the third, and one broke an overhead light fixture in our bathroom, creating a loud explosion which woke the whole family.

I got up, ran into the living room where I found Frazier and Anna sitting up, rubbing their eyes, and after spotting the several holes in the wall over the couch, I got my shotgun from my bedroom, where I always kept it leaning against the wall next to the bed.

And, after running half naked and with no shoes, out into my front yard, in the cold November air, I found no sign of anyone. Whomever it was had fired the two shots from the highway some 80 feet from the house, and then driven away quickly. The deputy would find the two spent shotgun shells the following day, lying next to the highway.

No one was hurt, but I became infuriated as did Marge, when we realized how close the shots had come to hitting Frazier and Anna.

I called my one and only close neighbor, Donald Clayton who lived 500 feet or so away on the other side of the highway, but although he had been awakened by the shotgun blasts, he hadn't seen anything either.

A sheriff's deputy arrived in 30 minutes or so following my call, but other than take down the little information I was able to provide and inspect the scene, he could do little else, so he left and came back the following day, at which time he found the empty shotgun shells, took a few pictures, and questioned a few of my neighbors.

The deputy, of course, knew all about me and the CKKKK, and therefore realized that I had thousands, if not millions, of enemies with the motive of hatred for the Klan. I suspected the government. Either the FBI, CIA, or other federal agency had either tried to kill me or frighten me into quitting my activities in the White Movement.

Making a long story short, no one was ever charged with the crime, even though the case was supposedly investigated by the Johnston County Sheriff's Department, the State Bureau of Investigation, and by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. This failure or, as I concluded at the time, this refusal to charge anyone, added to my paranoia of government assassination as a means to shut Glenn Miller up.

Our CKKKK rally scheduled for that very same night in Robeson County, may possibly have provoked some anti-Klan fanatic into firing those shots into my house, in an attempt to frighten me into canceling the rally. If that was the case, however, it didn't work.

Chapter 9: Rallies In Indian Territory: Robeson County

There had not been a Klan rally of any sort in Robeson County in the previous twenty-six years, due to one reason and one reason only: FEAR OF INDIANS.

The last attempted Klan rally in that county had been in the summer of 1958 near Maxton, North Carolina, when about 50 Klansmen were sent fleeing for their lives, by about 2,000 Lumbee, Cherokee and Tuscarora Indians, many of whom came onto the Klan rally field carrying shotguns, clubs, pitchforks, or knives.

The Klansmen had not only run, but several left their wives and children behind in their haste. No one was killed, but several Klansmen were caught and beaten severely, and needless to say, the rally never came off.

This humiliation of the Klan, added to the fear inspired by the Indians, and the subsequent media coverage, so terrorized and demoralized the Whites of Robeson County, that all Klan gatherings ceased in that county completely for the next 26 years.

That story was not only highly publicized by the media throughout the United States, but in foreign countries as well. And, the story has been repeated over and over again by TV, newspapers, news magazines, and radio, as a continuing means to suppress the Ku Klux Klan and all White groups. Of course the 40 to one odds enjoyed by the Indians was never mentioned. By conveniently omitting the numbers involved in the fight, and by subtle half-truths, the media managed to portray a more or less evenly matched fight. Today, not one person in 1,000 who has been made aware of that fight, knows the truth about the odds.

Robeson County was roughly one-third Indian, one-third Black, and one-third White, which means it had the lowest percentage of Whites of any county in North Carolina and therefore, provided another good reason for not holding Klan rallies there.

Frankly, I'd just about as soon hold one in New York Harlem, but by November 1984, the CKKKK had about 75-100 members in Robeson County comprising three separate dens, plus two message machines there going full blast, and there naturally being a lot of Black violence against Whites owing to the small White percentage of the population, our Robeson County members pressured me into scheduling a full CKKKK rally.

So I reluctantly agreed, and set the rally for November 20, to be held on a large farm rented for the purpose, located in the Northern section of that largest of North Carolina's 100 counties.

We not only passed out over 10,000 *White Carolinian* newspapers all over the county to advertise the rally and to invite the White public to attend, but I also took out a quarter-page add in the largest newspaper in Robeson County, "The Robesonian," at a cost of \$700, in which among other things, I gave the precise directions to the rally site.

To reduce the likelihood of attack by Indians (I never could erase the vision of the 1958 incident from my mind), I included in the Robesonian add, a long message to the Black and Indian citizens of Robeson County. It went something like this, in part:

"The Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan will stage this rally because we want to organize the White people of Robeson County, the same way in which the Black and Indian people are already organized under various organizations which work solely in the interest of their Peoples.

"All honest and decent Blacks and Indians who love their own people cannot fault me for loving mine. Further, those Blacks and Indians who want to have organizations which work to preserve their culture and heritage, cannot in good conscience, try to prevent the CKKKK from doing the same for White people.

We of the CKKKK will hold our rally, and nobody will stop us. We don't want violence, but we don't fear it either. We will fight to defend our constitutional rights of freedom of speech, and freedom of assembly. The CKKKK is in Robeson County to stay, and nothing will prevent us from exercising our rights, etc., etc."

I went on and on with about 500 or 600 words of diplomatic appeal and common reasoning, which I felt would greatly reduce the chance of violence at our rally. And, I felt the article at least would prevent Robeson County Indians from losing face or from feeling honor bound to attack the us. That reasoning effort also extended to the two-minute messages being broadcast over our two Robeson County message units.

Commendably, our Robeson County members did not fear the Blacks or the Indians at least as far as I could tell, and they bravely went about the county passing out newspapers and spreading word of the rally.

One huge young redneck buck confided to me, "Hell, we'll fight the Indians and Niggers, too, if they mess with us."

All of our Robeson County members were good, decent, hard-working people, and were of the very best in the CKKKK.

They were simply fed up with Black violence, especially against their children, which was a big problem in all Robeson

County schools.

All my Miller relatives living just across the state line in South Carolina were of the exact same culture, and spoke the exact same Southern Accent, so those people were especially endeared to me.

Driving to the rally that afternoon, I feared it would end in violence, but I was determined to go on with it.

I felt that if the Indians, or anybody else for that matter, could prevent us from holding rallies, then we might as well quit, because without them, we'd never succeed in attracting the White masses to my cause. So, I had instructed our men to come to the rally heavily armed. I further told them that I didn't care if blood got knee deep on the rally field that we would not run, no matter what.

I arrived early, but Steve and several of his Fayetteville men and a dozen or so Robeson County members were already there and were going about their tasks of constructing a tall cross, and preparing the 150 or so torches. And, Charlie Reck, who was head of CKKKK Security, had organized about 25 heavily armed men in perimeter security, and checking each car before allowing in on the rally field.

Soon, we had around 150 uniformed and armed men, on the field, and part of the crowd of about 250 locals, who eventually would show up.

A friend of Steve's performed a skydiving exhibition as entertainment, and he floated to Earth under his parachute, receiving a round of applause. Country music played over our loud speaker, pending the start of speeches and the cross lighting ceremony, while more and more cars and trucks arrived.

Public law enforcement was also well represented. Several marked cars containing uniformed and civilian-attired officers from the state and local law enforcement offices, were parked nearby, but outside the rally field, some taking pictures or looking at us through binoculars, and others taking down license plate numbers. That surveillance was routine at all Klan rallies, but I was more pleased than usual to see them on that day, because if violence did breakout, it wouldn't be us who started it, and therefore, the cops would be good court witnesses, if it came to that.

I'd always felt that if the cops had been on the scene during the famous Greensboro shootout between the Klan and the Communists, that the Communists would have stood trial, and not us, because the cops would have seen that it was the Communists who started the fight.

I always tried to orchestrate rally speeches to end just at dusk, to be immediately followed by the cross lighting ceremony. That helps to avoid the blind confusion of crowds of people trying to find their way around in the darkness.

So, at the right time, I mounted the long flatbed trailer, with 12 or 15 uniformed Klansmen holding Confederate flags, and the other scheduled speakers. Steve, as always, began with an opening prayer.

As I waited for Steve to finish, I heard a commotion and looked up to see an Indian man in his thirties, in overalls, and obviously intoxicated, approaching me from the edge of the crowd of about 400 people.

I heard him say, "Man, I want to talk to that Glenn Miller. Where's he at?" just before Charlie Reck grabbed him by one arm, and another Klansman grabbed the other. I nodded to Charlie to take him away, and they escorted the Indian off the rally field, and kicked him once in the butt to speed him along.

This one drunk Indian was the only unpleasant incident of the entire day, with the exception of the two shotgun blasts of 5:30 that morning.

The speeches went well. Over a dozen more Robesonians joined the CKKKK afterwards, and a big crowd came up to me, shaking my hand and telling me how grateful they were to the CKKKK for having the guts to come to Robeson County.

One grinning teenage boy of about fifteen yelled out, "we ain't got to be shamed of the Klan nor more," obviously referring to the 1958 incident, and having decided that Whites in Robeson County could once again hold up their heads.

The 30-some foot cross fired up nicely, as around 100 torch-bearing CKKKK members paraded around it, and as the sound of "The Old Rugged Cross" filled the night.

We would stage another rally in Robeson County, at the other end of the county some 30 miles away, in 1985 to be very similar in attendance and publicity. And, that one would be held near the site of the 1958 Klan-Indian confrontation, in what some referred to as "sure 'nuff Indian country."

I canceled that particular rally after the first scheduling, due to a phone call I'd received from Sheriff Hubert Stone, the Sheriff of Robeson County, who incidentally is first cousin to federal Judge Earl Britt who presided over all my federal court cases and who is also from Robeson County. At least the kinship had been told to me by several residents of that county, and I believed it.

In any case, Sheriff Stone, having heard reports that I intended to stage a CKKKK rally in that particular section of Robeson County, called me and begged me not to go through with it because he had received phone calls from several informants saying that the Indians would attack us, if we did, And, he went on to say that he was thoroughly convinced from all his intelligence sources that we'd surely be attacked. He used the term "100 percent sure."

So, realizing the opportunity to make friends with Sheriff Stone, and deciding that I could use his pleading phone call as a face-saving excuse for canceling the rally, I did just that.

Five or six other CKKKK members were in my house and witnessed me talking to Stone over the phone, and one even listened in on the conversation from my phone extension.

But, low and behold, when I informed the Robeson County newspapers that I had canceled the rally because of Sheriff Stone's call, and they had in turn, called him to verify it, he flatly denied he'd made any such statements regarding an Indian attack.

Subsequent news reports in Robeson County then tended to give the impression that I was afraid to hold the rally, and it was believed by our Robeson County members. So, I had no choice but to reschedule it for the following month, which I did. And the rally turned out to be a virtual repeat of the first. There was no violence nor the threat of any, except normal routine telephone death threats I received during the days preceding all rallies.

One of those calls was from an elderly man, identifying himself as a Robeson County Indian, who after announcing his intention of killing me and my whole family, asked me, "Ain't you Catfish?"

Catfish, I concluded from the conversation, was a tough Klansman from the 1950's, who had in some way provoked the hatred of that particular Indian fellow, and he thought that I must be him.

The second Robeson County rally, being just across the line from South Carolina and near where almost all my South Carolina Miller relatives live, gave them all the opportunity to come out to one of my rallies. So, I put the word out through the Miller gossip-vine, and sure enough, two of them actually came, one aunt and one first cousin.

My Aunt Eunice, the oldest of my father's ten brothers and sisters, whom I loved almost as much as my own mother and who shared many of my views, came with a young Indian girl (of all people) chauffeur, and viewed our rally and cross lighting ceremony from the safety and vantage point of her car, never once getting out during the two or three-hour event.

I was so overjoyed to finally have a relative attend one of my rallies that I had one of my members go over to her car and present her with a brand new Confederate battle flag, with the message: "Compliments of Glenn Miller and the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan," after which I went over and hugged her neck in Miller tradition, and thanked her for coming.

My first cousin, Rock Miller, had come earlier in the afternoon, and after deciding he'd seen all he cared to, he left before the rally started.

Neither my mother nor father ever attended any of my events, nor did any of my other relatives, save that one aunt, and a couple of cousins, and believe me, I've got hundreds throughout both North and South Carolina, though more than a few ceased to admit the kinship when they learned of my political leanings and involvements.

My mother would always say, "I want you to get out of that 'ole White Power." And about all my father would say is, "They're gonna kill you. They're gonna kill you."

Once, my oldest sister Faye, was heard whining to my mother after reading about a CKKKK activity in the newspaper, "Well, I see Glenn made the headlines again, Momma, he's humiliating us."

I did, however, have one cousin who was an ardent supporter, though all of his support came from quite some distance, and was in no way tangible. What he did for years, was to confide confidentially to all his drinking buddies that he was not only Glenn Miller's cousin, but a member of the Klan, and the right arm of Glenn Miller, and the CKKKK, as well.

That cousin of mine was so good at keeping his support a secret, I didn't know it myself until after my arrest in 1987, when another relative told me.

Of course, I wasn't mad or even displeased. In fact, I got a kick out of it. At least he was proud of being related to me, which is more than I can say for the vast majority of my kinfolks.

While I'm on the subject of relatives, let me say a little about one of my favorites, my uncle Joe Miller, from Dillon County, South Carolina.

Uncle Joe died before I got involved in White racist groups, but he and I shared the same racial and political views, and spoke together for hours on end during my weekend visits to South Carolina when I was in the Army, and of course, I came to know him well while I was growing up.

Uncle Joe fancied himself as being one of the world's foremost authorities on history, politics, race, law, and any other topic one cared to bring up, and he'd explain his truth-of-the-matter in the slow-drawling Southern accent of the area, not even closely matched anywhere else on the face of the earth. I like to think of it as "correct English," because I love to hear it spoken. I could listen to him for hours, and relished every word that came out of his mouth.

Uncle Joe was like all five of my Miller uncles, a tobacco farmer, and he, like them had light hair, and about the clearest blue eyes I've ever seen, reflecting the German ancestry of the Miller Klan.

He could tell amusing stories for hours, and anyone listening who didn't know him, had some difficulty in deciding whether or not to believe the stories.

For example, Joe told of one local fellow who was bragging about being related to the Miller's which Joe found repulsive because that fellow's reputation didn't meet Joe's standards, so he decided to use a little Miller psychology to make him quit claiming kinship.

And so, as the story goes, Joe caught the fellow sitting around with four or five others one day outside a local country store, and he sat down with them, after opening his bottle of Coca-Cola, and announced that he was going to tell the story of how the Miller's came to settle in South Carolina.

Joe said that the fellow's ears perked up, and he was all smiles as he waited to hear the story.

"The Miller's didn't always live in South Carolina," drawled Joe. "They originally settled in Georgia, but they got run out of Georgia for being goat thieves. And, they all swam the Savannah River, with a goat under each arm, and never went back. That's how the Millers came to settle here in South Carolina."

Joe said that after that, the fellow not only didn't claim kinship anymore, but went around to all those he had and informed them he'd made a big mistake, that it wasn't the local Miller's he was kin to, after all. It was a different set of Miller's from the next county.

I always got as big a kick out of Joe's personality, as I did in his tales.

Once, after I'd informed him that I was getting married, he told me in his most serious voice, "Glenn, keep her barefoot and pregnant, and that way you won't have to worry about her running around on you. Not many men want a big fat pregnant woman."

Joe had eight children, so he could tell that type story from experience. Trying to equal his serious humor, I said, "But Joe, I'm going to get my wife a good job, so she can support me," to which he said, "Then in that case, get her a pair of tennis shoes. It's a sorry woman that can't support one man."

Joe really enjoyed playing the male chauvinist, but I don't think he'd have known the definition of that word, if anyone had asked him. It was just good humor to him, and all female Millers would consider the source, and be just as amused as the men.

Once back in the 1940's, Joe was convicted of some misdemeanor, and found himself bush-hogging weeds along the highway in Lake View, after being sentenced to 30 days "on the road" by the local judge. An elderly farmer came by and, thinking he recognized Joe, he asked, "Which one of them Miller boys are you," to which Joe replied with a perfectly honest face, "Frazier."

Of course, the Frazier he was referring to is my father, and Joe's brother. Joe, really didn't care who knew his predicament on the highway, never being overly concerned about his reputation in the community. He just wanted to brighten his own day by playing a little trick on his brother.

But, my daddy was not only highly concerned about his reputation, he has been a downright fanatic about it all his entire life.

When I asked my daddy about the incident, he said it was not only true, but for about twenty years afterwards, people would ask if he really did pull time on the road.

And, of course, when anybody asks Joe about it, he'd say, "It was Frazier all right, he just don't like to admit it."

Uncle Joe was the typical South Carolinian from the old school. He'd never admit to a lie. He was never wrong. And, he never apologized. This too, is the code of all the old, fiercely independent, tough, hard working, Southern White men, and when they're gone, the country will be the worse, with their passing.

Chapter 10: \$200,000 Cash Donation And Meeting "The Silent Brotherhood"

"I'm giving you \$75,000 now, and I'll bring you another \$125,000 in six weeks," said the leader of "The Order," Robert Jay (Bob) Mathews, as he sat calmly in my living room in mid August 1984.

"We've been getting great reports on your organization, and we want to help it get even better," continued the clean-cut, boyish looking 31-year-old Texan.

I stared back in wonder and disbelief, as I sat a few feet away in my favorite easy chair.

"Mr. Miller, I represent a group of people who want to help certain White organizations by providing large financial donations.

I found my voice, and inquired, "Is the money stolen?"

Quickly and without batting an eye, he answered, "Yes, it is, but it was stolen from ZOG's banks"

The word ZOG was widely known and used throughout the White Movement, so I understood what he meant. ZOG is the acronym for "Zionist Occupation Government."

That meeting with Bob Mathews marked my first knowledge of, and contact with, the neo-Nazi group called "The Order," or "Bruders Schweigen," which means Silent Brotherhood, in German.

It also marked my first deliberate step, as leader of the CKKKK, into the realm of felonious illegality.

I had engaged in fights, and on one occasion helped to expose two blackmailers, breaking several laws in the process, and I had committed many misdemeanors during my adult lifetime, but I had never, knowingly broken the law in my capacity as leader of a White racist organization.

Furthermore, there were no criminal charges pending against me.

This was my true situation, as far as the law was concerned when I met Bob Mathews in August 1984.

However, I was convinced by then that Morris Dees would win his civil case against me and the CKKKK, severely reducing our ability to unite, organize, and educate the masses. I also feared entrapments, frame-ups, and assassination at the hands of the federal government.

I was however, fanatical in my determination to continue building the CKKKK. So, all things considered, I decided to accept the money, knowing full well, I'd be committing a felony, and subjecting myself to possible imprisonment. But, since I was convinced the federal government was either going to throw me in prison on trumped up charges or kill me anyway, then accepting the stolen money didn't seem unreasonable, at the time.

And besides, I believed that the biggest limitation to the CKKKK was money. With money, and especially with \$200,000 cash, many of my dreams for advancing the CKKKK could become reality.

The Order was a secret underground neo-Nazi group of about 60 people, around 25 of whom formed the inner-circle, and committed the serious crimes.

Within less than one year, the largest trial of any White supremacy group in American history would be held in Seattle, Washington to try Order members for crimes ranging from murder and bank and armored car robberies to conspiracy to commit murder, and bombing porno stores.

Investigating and apprehending those men would require over 700 federal agents, working in 60 cities, and 18 states.

The Order robbed banks and armored cars, netting over 4.5 million dollars, more than half of which was never found or accounted for by the authorities.

At least two books have been written about The Order, and of course, The Order gained massive national and international media coverage that extended over several years, preceding, during, and subsequent to the manhunts and several trials.

Two hundred forty crimes were attributed to The Order by federal officials, committed during an approximate 18-month period.

One robbery alone netted 3.6 million dollars in cash, making it the largest armored car heist in American history. It was carried out by twelve members of The Order, near Ukiah, California in July 1984, just one month prior to Bob Mathews' first visit to my home.

The first trial alone cost the government over 6 million dollars, according to an estimate made by the author of one of the books, who attended the trial.

At least five deaths would be attributed to The Order, including the death of Alan Berg, a radio talk show host, in Denver, Colorado.

Berg, who was Jewish, was assassinated because of his public outspokenness against White racist and anti-Semitic groups and leaders. Two Order members would be convicted for his murder, and Mathews was involved, having done most of the planning, according to testimony, and statements he made to me.

Why did Bob Mathews decide to give Glen Miller \$200,000, and how did he know of my existence and whereabouts?

Actually, I had been visited by two Order members four months prior to my meeting with Mathews, but they neglected to inform me who and what they were.

Andy Barnhill and Denver Parmenter, two clean cut young men, came to my house in late April. I had been in the woods 100 yards or so behind my house, feeding my livestock and was on my way back, when I met them halfway.

After shaking hands and the introductions (I don't recall what names they used, but they weren't their real names), they said they'd heard about my group, and had decided to stop by for a chat, being from out of state and traveling through.

I didn't think anything unusual about it. I had received hundreds of out of state visitors, who dropped by for visits and updates on the progress of the CKKKK and to discuss racial, political, and social issues, And, I'd always politely, and enthusiastically shown them my newspaper, my telephone message unit and other tangible evidence of my group's success, spending much time and effort in convincing them that the CKKKK was the best White racist group around, in hopes they'd join or make a financial contribution.

After an hour of talking with Barnhill and Parmenter, and showing them what the CKKKK had to offer, one of them asked me to step outside for a private conversation.

In the backyard, Parmenter, the taller of the two, said "Mr. Miller, we're really impressed with you and your group, and we'd like to give you a little donation," while handing me \$1000 in cash.

I was flabbergasted. I'd never received a donation nearly that large before. I think I stammered something like, "Are yaw'll sure you can afford it?"

They didn't look all that prosperous, being in blue jeans and looking like average, working class rednecks.

They both smiled and one said they'd have to leave then, so I walked them to their car parked around in front of my house, detouring on the way to get several back issues of my paper which I gave to them.

Driving away, they smiled and gave the Heil Hitler salute, which I returned with some gusto.

Bob Mathews would not live to see his 32nd birthday. Alone, wounded, and surrounded by over 100 federal agents in a rented frame house in Washington State at 6:00 a.m. on December 8, 1984, after having held the police off with machine gun fire for thirty-six hours, refusing to surrender, a helicopter dropped flares onto the roof, igniting the house and the thousands of rounds of ammunition inside, creating an exploding inferno, which burned him alive.

To provide the reader greater understanding of Bob Mathews and The Order, I will reprint here, a letter written by Mathews and mailed to the Congress of the United States, a few days prior to his death.

Mathews also wrote poems, and I'll begin with one of his shorter, though more revealing, ones:

Give your soul to God and pick up your gun
It's time to deal in lead
We are the legion of the doomed
The army of the already dead

The following letter, written by Mathews, reveals his views of the national, political, racial, and social situations, and, the view shared by other Order members.

By reading this letter, the reader will be able to form a more clear insight into what motivated Mathews and his followers to come together and commit over 240 acts the average American finds reprehensible.

BOB MATHEWS' LETTER TO THE U.S. CONGRESS

All of you together are not solely responsible for what has happened to America, but each of you, without exception, is partly responsible. And the day will come when each of you will be called to account for that responsibility.

The day will come when your complicity in the betrayal of the 55,000 Americans who were sacrificed in Vietnam will be called to account. Whether you were a "hawk" or a "dove" will not carry much weight then. All that will matter is that you played politics while they were dying. All we will ask you is why you failed in your responsibility to them and to America, why you failed to use the full power of your office to expose the treason of your colleagues.

The day will come when your subservience to the Anti American "Israel Lobby" will be called to account. Your votes to strip American arsenals so that Zionists can hold on to stolen land; your acquiescence in a policy which has turned all our Arab friends into enemies, seriously jeopardized our oil lifeline, and bankrupted our national economy — those things are inexcusable. And no plea that you "had to do it," that the Jewish pressure on you was

too great to resist, will acquit you.

The day will come — if America survives — when you will pay dearly for having weakened America and strengthened our Communist enemies all over the world. And don't try to tell us that Henry Kissinger is the one to blame for that. You confirmed Kissinger's appointment knowing full well what his policies were. You went along with Kissinger. You could have stopped him any time you wanted to.

The day will come when, above all else, you will pay for betraying your race. Most of you will say that you are against the forced racial busing of school children, that you are against the Black terror which stalks the streets of our cities, that you are against the "reverse discrimination" which takes jobs away from Whites and gives them to Blacks, that you are against the flooding of America with illegal immigrants, because you know all these things are unpopular. But you brought every one of these plagues down on our heads. You passed the "civil rights" laws which gave us busing in the first place, and then you refused repeatedly to specifically outlaw this monstrous crime against our children. It was your scramble for Black votes and your cowardice in the face of the controlled news media which allowed our cities to become crime-infested jungles. You set up the requirements that employers had to meet racial quotas. And you passed the immigration laws which started the flood of non-White immigrants into America — a flood which is now out of control.

We hold you responsible for all these things; for every White child terrorized in a racially-mixed school, for every White person murdered in one of our urban jungles, for every White woman raped by one of the arrogant "equals" roaming our streets, for every White family hungry and desperate because a White worker's job was given to a Black. Each day the list grows longer, but the day will come when the whole score will be settled and you will pay for every one of these debts in full.

Don't try to explain to us that you voted right some of the time, that government is a game of give and take, and that you had to vote for the bad laws in order to get others to vote for good laws. All we care about is that you have collectively ruined America and put our whole race in jeopardy.

We know what America used to be and what it could be today. And we can see what it has become instead — and you presided over that transformation. We placed our trust in you, we gave you the responsibility for our future, and you betrayed us.

You know how to lie smoothly and convincingly, how to talk out of both sides of your mouth at the same time, how to switch sides without blinking an eye, but when the American people finally rise up in righteous wrath and demand justice, none of your trickery and deceit will save you.

Whether you were an instigator of the treason or whether you just went along for the ride will make little difference to us. We will not listen to your explanation that you were really on our side all the time... We will only remember that you could have stopped what has happened to America, and, for whatever reason, you did not.

No, when the day comes, we will not ask whether you swung to the right or whether you swung to the left; we will simply swing you by the neck .

With these things said, let the battle begin.

We, the following, being of sound mind and under no duress, do hereby sign this document of our own free will, stating forthrightly and without fear that we declare ourselves to be in a full and unrelenting state of war with those forces seeking and consciously promoting the destruction of our race.

Therefore, for blood, soil and honor, for the future of our children, and for our King, Jesus Christ, we commit ourselves to battle. Amen.

(Signed by Order Members)

By August 1984, the CKKKK was widely known and respected by White racists all over the country, due mainly to our activities being published in *The White Carolinian*.

And, since all Order members were associated in one way or another with some of these groups, they learned of me and the CKKKK in that way.

Andy Barnhill and Denver Parmenter had visited me for the purpose of checking me out personally, so that Mathews could decide whether or not I was worthy of receiving Order money, and of closer association with The Order.

Obviously, I passed their inspection with flying colors, because The Order decided that the CKKKK would receive more money than any other group in the country, and they gave money to about a dozen.

Several Order members, who became government witnesses following their arrests, stated that I was supposed to have received \$300,000, but only \$200,000 was ever delivered to me. The only other group close to that, was Tom Metzger's California based (White American Resistance) group, which received \$250,000, according to those same witnesses.

I don't know what happened to the other \$100,000. But I was never in a position to complain, so I didn't. I was happy with what I got.

I sat with Bob Mathews in my living room for about three hours that August day, chatting about the CKKKK, Jews, and racial matters.

His girlfriend Zillah Craig, eight months pregnant at the time, who had accompanied him, sat in the kitchen talking woman talk with Marge over cups of coffee, while our children ran in and out of the house, playing and trying to draw attention to themselves.

Zillah would give Bob a daughter and the only child he ever fathered, though he also had a young adopted son of about seven, whom I met and shook hands with at a meeting in Michigan a year or so later.

Bob told me that he and some friends would be in the Raleigh area for several days, and could I recommend a good motel nearby. So, I phoned the Day's Inn motel, nine miles away in Benson, and made reservations.

Shaking hands at the door, Bob informed me he'd give me the \$75,000 the following day, and would call me the next morning.

As soon as he left, I began thinking "FBI trap." Mathews sure looked the part, but having a pregnant woman with him didn't, so I was confused.

In any case, the dollar signs in my eyes got the better of me, so after Bob's call the next morning, I high tailed it to Benson in my pick-up truck, in much higher spirits than was my norm, though I was still suspicious.

It so happened that I had received a call that morning from the Mount Olive printing company saying my August edition of *The White Carolinian* was printed and ready for pick up, so upon arrival at the Day's Inn, I asked Bob to ride with me the 70 miles to Mount Olive. He accepted, without so much as a "why not," and jumped into my truck.

At that time, *The White Carolinian* averaged about 15,000 to 20,000 copies per month, but it was about to improve dramatically. Bob helped me load the papers into the back of my truck, once I'd backed it up to the loading platform, and he browsed through one on the way back to Benson, making several favorable comments about the content. In fact, he seemed impressed with the CKKKK, in general, especially after I'd explained about our message units, marches, rallies, and other activities, and showing him pictures of crowds of people in camouflage uniforms carrying Confederate Battle flags, cross lighting ceremonies, and other activities, which were in that *White Carolinian* edition, or in the several other editions I'd brought with me.

It was during that three-hour trip that Bob Mathews told me, in some detail, about The Order, and about some of their illegal activities, including the murder of Alan Berg, the California armored car heist, and at least one bank robbery which Bob said he'd carried out by himself. But, he rounded out his story by saying The Order was mainly interested in providing above-ground White groups with money, and that the Berg murder was just a one-time thing, owing to Berg's particularly obnoxious tirades against White groups and leaders.

This revelation of illegalities, especially the murder, really shook me up, and I seriously considered refusing the money, and to try and forget I'd ever met Bob Mathews. While he was talking, I was panicking, but hoping my nervous jerks weren't noticeable.

"Glenn, we're sitting on three-and-a-half million dollars," said Bob (they had by then dispersed or spent about one million) "and, we've got teams operating all over the country," he continued.

"We're working on a \$50 million dollar bank job, and we've got men working for that bank on the inside. I hope we can pull it off. If we do, we'll be bringing you a lot more than \$200,000," Bob said, while I struggled to keep the truck on the right side of the center line and out of the ditch, but listening and trying to concentrate on the magnitude of what he was saying so casually, at the same time.

"Bob," I said, "about that money you're going to give me, there are no strings attached to it, are there?"

Quickly, Bob answered, "Oh no, we just want you to continue on with what you've been doing."

I was relieved to hear that, but I continued, "As you can see, I'm in the above-ground movement, so I'm very vulnerable. The feds and the FBI watch me like hawks all the time."

Bob responded, "Don't worry, Glenn. We don't want you to do anything illegal. Your job is to work for the Movement aboveground, so you have to stay clean. You know, in a way your work is more dangerous than ours because the Jews and the Niggers and the feds know where to find you, but we're secret. Nobody even knows what we're doing or where we are."

He then went on to explain how he and his men all had obtained new identities, new birth certificates, new drivers' licenses, and about technical equipment they used to avoid arrest, such as police scanner radios, with which they monitored law enforcement agencies, and voice stress analyzer machines which they used to screen members of The Order.

By the time we reached the Benson motel, I had decided that I would accept the money, and gladly. It was like a dream come true. Money, and lots of it, and there were no strings attached. After all the years of scraping and begging for small donations, the CKKKK finally would have some real capital to work with. I was ecstatic and glowing with optimism and gratitude, as I envisioned mountains of *White Carolinian* newspapers, and hundreds of telephone message units, and other tools that would bring the White masses into the CKKKK.

Getting out of the truck in front of the motel restaurant, Bob stuck his head back through the window and said, "I'll call you later on today. By the way, is there an airport anywhere near here?"

The only airport I could think of was the one in Angier, so I said, "Yeah, there's one near Angier, about seven miles the other side of my house."

"OK, buddy," Bob replied, "I'll call you in a few hours," and with that he turned his back and walked off.

I drove away wondering why he hadn't yet given me the \$75,000, but confident that he would.

Back at my house, I unloaded the 20,000 *White Carolinians* and stacked them neatly in a corner of my living room as I did each month, preparatory to mailing some to members and supporters and rolling the rest in rubber bands for distribution to the public.

Marge was busy sticking address labels onto envelopes, and sorting them by zip codes which was a requirement of the local post office. Soon, we were both stuffing the latest edition of *The White Carolinian* into the envelopes, licking them shut, and making neat stacks, after which we could place rubber bands around each stack, and place them into postal shipping bags. I would then drive them to the post office in Benson, fill out a form, and turn them over to postal employees for mailing.

At this time in August 1984, our entire mailing list amounted to no more than 400 or 500 addresses. By July 1986, we'd have over 5,000 members and supporters, and the mailing list was well over 2,000. In many cases, more than one member, and in some cases four or five, resided at one address, so I would just mail one copy per address, to cut down on work and expense. By 1986, the CKKKK's monthly mailing filled ten or twelve large postal bags, and the work of sticking, licking, folding, sorting, and stuffing, etc. would require 30 to 40 man hours, or in our case, woman hours, because Marge did most of it by herself. Sometimes, the Rickey Nunnery family or others would drop by to help, but that was infrequent.

The speed and efficiency with which Marge accomplished this task never ceased to amaze me, especially the sorting by zip code part. Marge would have the living room and kitchen floor completely covered with stacks of 9" x 13" envelopes, each stack bearing the same first three digits in the zip code, and she knew exactly where each was located, as she stood in the middle pitching envelopes here and there, never missing the right stack. And, she did this while smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee, and watching four little children at the same time.

Bob telephoned on schedule, "Buddy, something's come up. Some of my friends are flying in tomorrow, could you go with me to the Angier airport and pick them up?"

"Sure, be glad to. About what time?" I asked.

Bob answered, "Ten in the morning. I'll come by your house about 9:30. By the way, they want to see the expression on your face when we give you a little donation. Do you mind?"

I paused a bit, but said, "That'll be all right, I guess."

With the benefit of hindsight and better sense, I wished later that I had declined that request, because it meant that more than one person would witness my receiving stolen money. But not wanting to jeopardize the donation or offend him, I agreed to the request.

Bob arrived on time the following morning, and I led the way in my truck to the Angier airport. Bob and his companion, Zillah followed behind in a new four-door sedan, which he drove.

The Angier airport is very small and has a dirt runway, located about two miles north of Angier, just off highway 55.

We were early, or the plane was late, so we spent the time sitting in Bob's car discussing various topics, including Bob's "suggestions" concerning how best to spend the \$200,000 he planned to give me.

The airport looked deserted except for two or three small one-engine planes parked nearby, and one elderly man who peeped out at us occasionally from inside a small storage building some 50 to 60 feet away from where we sat parked beside the runway.

Bob spoke softly, but business like, "Glenn, I have several requests. I won't tell you what to do with the money, but I want to offer a few suggestions and we'll see if you agree with them. First, I'd like for you to put six men on your payroll, including yourself, and pay them \$400 per week. I want you to buy two good vehicles and spend about \$7,000 or \$8,000 for each, and one of my men wants you to send one of your members to school to learn how to play bagpipes. We've heard about your marches and rallies, and he's a nut about Scottish bagpipe marching music."

I answered, "Sounds good to me, Bob. I will do all that, but I think \$400 a week is too much, I can get them a lot cheaper than that, and I can save money on the vehicles, too. About sending somebody to school to learn how to play bagpipes, I'll have to look around to find a school, but I won't have any problem finding somebody to go. Maybe, I'll send two or three."

Bob said, "Just make sure you get vehicles in good condition. Don't be too cheap. I like the four-door sedans, myself. They're perfect for travel."

Then he added, "I'll be back in six weeks to bring you the other \$125,000, and if you don't mind, I'd like for you to make a

list of what you've spent money on, and what you plan to do with the rest. It doesn't have to be too elaborate. We'd just like to know roughly what your plans are."

"OK Bob, no problem." I answered.

We spent an hour talking about the White Movement and various leaders around the country, and I stated my intention to print large numbers of *The White Carolinian*, and have them distributed by full time employees, and to greatly increase the number of our telephone message units.

Bob listened patiently to my ramblings about how I would bring more and more people into the Movement and turn them into dedicated activists.

I sensed that he wasn't much interested in organizing the White masses, though he didn't say that. He had somewhat of a far away look in his eyes, as if he envisioned something else entirely. But, he pacified me with an occasional, "Good, Glenn, that sounds good."

A plane circled overhead, then swooped down in a perfect landing, and four young healthy buck-looking White men in jeans got out and came toward us, all grinning when they recognized Bob and Zillah.

Meeting them halfway between the car and plane, some 150 feet, Bob smiling, embraced each in turn in a strong manly fashion, and there were "Hail Victory" greetings all around.

Turning to me, Bob introduced us, and I shook hands with each saying that it was a great pleasure to meet them.

One said, "Mr. Miller, it's good to finally meet you. We've been hearing a lot of great things about you."

Getting back to our vehicles, Bob asked me to lead the way to their motel, and that since he had a lot to discuss with his friends, they would all ride with him.

Arriving at the motel, some 30 minutes later, everybody except Bob and I went into the rented room, one closing the door behind them.

Standing outside together, Bob said to me, "come back tonight at 9:00 and we'll give you the money then."

"OK, Bob, that'll be fine. It's better that I not be seen too much with yaw'll, since my face is known just about everywhere I go, especially here in Benson, and I might draw the cops to you."

I left then, but returned promptly at 9:00 p.m.

After knocking and being allowed into the motel room, I found them all sitting around on beds or chairs or standing beside the dresser on which sat a machine, which I was told was one of their voice stress analyzers, a modern version of a lie-detector machine.

They would give me this machine the following day, explaining that it was the best on the market, and sold retail for \$8,000. It appeared brand new.

They greeted me with smiles and "hail victories," which I returned and after a few minutes of small talk, Bob handed me the small paper sack containing the \$75,000 in large bills. The stack of money was no more than eight or ten inches high.

And so, they all got to see my facial expression, and I didn't disappoint them. Grinning and looking grateful and sheepish, I told them that words could not describe my appreciation, and that I hadn't known that America still had White men willing to put their lives and freedoms on the line for our Race, as they were doing.

One Order member came to my rescue, and said, "Don't worry about it Mr. Miller, what you are doing is more dangerous than what we're doing, because you're out in the open." I appreciated his words.

Thanking them again, I turned to the door, indicating that I was leaving, and Bob followed me outside to my truck.

Seeing that I was somewhat in a state of awe, and emotionally moved by the experience of being in the presence of all those revolutionists, Bob patted me on the back as I sat behind the steering wheel, and said, "Take it easy buddy, everything's going to be all right. Don't worry about a thing. I'll call you tomorrow."

I said "Hail victory," raising my hand in that salute, smiled my thanks and drove away into the night toward home.

With the gesture of taking the little brown bag, I had doomed myself to prison. Within a few months the arrests of Order members would begin, and several including Zillah Craig and Denver Parmenter would become government witnesses and tell federal agents about my having received the stolen money. Six were actual eyewitnesses to the transaction, thanks to their desire to "see the expression on my face."

Not only was I then guilty of receiving stolen money, I was also guilty of harboring murderers, bank robbers, and terrorists, and thereby subject to at least a 10-year prison sentence, if not more. And that wasn't the end of my involvement, by any means. Five months later I would help hide Order member, David Lane, from the authorities, and solicit another man to assist me, committing other felonies in the process, bringing my total exposure to at least a 20-year prison sentence. And, there would be plenty of Order members willing to testify against me. Of the 25 or so inner-circle members, over half would become government witnesses, following their arrests. And, even those not actually witnessing my crimes were

informed of them by those who had, and could therefore be "corroboration" witnesses against me in court.

I was to learn later that The Order had plans for me, other than just being a recipient for their stolen money. They wanted me to provide them with recruits from within the CKKKK, which was their intention from the beginning. The money was just the enticement to get me involved, and they intended to use it to convince me to comply with their "requests" in the future.

All this was revealed by a Bob Mathews' associate by the name of Thomas Martinez, who not only became a cooperating witness, but wrote a book about The Order, as well.

He stated Bob Mathews had informed him that the money given to White racist groups such as Glenn Miller's CKKKK would bring them into The Order as allies in his armed revolution. And, at least one Order member told the authorities "they" had intended to go to North Carolina and get men from Glenn Miller's group, but were arrested before they could.

I refused to cooperate with the authorities for three years after I'd met and learned about The Order, and could easily have struck a deal during any of that time, and received complete immunity from prosecution authorities. Not only would I never have spent one day in prison, I could have kept the \$200,000 and received financial "assistance" from the government as an added reward. Thomas Martinez was given \$26,000 in "assistance," just after he'd agreed to become a witness, according to his own admission in his book.

Following the arrest of Order members, I was subpoenaed to appear before two separate federal grand juries in 1985, one in Seattle, Washington and the other in Fort Smith, Arkansas. I took the Fifth Amendment both times, refusing to provide information against anyone.

Also, in 1985, FBI agent Jack Knox and U.S. Attorney Samuel Currin interrogated me in Raleigh, trying to gain information, but I refused to give them any. Knox informed me that according to information he had already received, I was facing 20 years in prison, even then.

The day after giving me \$75,000, Bob Mathews dropped by my house, as he'd promised. And, he was alone.

Standing in my living room, he said, "Glenn, you need a code name I can use in case I need to call you about anything. Do you have a nickname or can you think of one I could use?"

I thought a few seconds, then said, "Yeah, Rounder, you can call me Rounder."

The name Rounder is the nickname of one of my favorite uncles, and in his case, it implied someone who gets around a lot. My cousin Bill Allen and a best friend schoolmate Freddy Smith and I got into the habit of calling each other by that name while we were growing up because we all thought highly of that uncle.

All Order members had code names. "Carlos" was the code name chosen by Bob Mathews, and others went by names such as Lone Wolf, Grey Fox, Mr. Closet, and The Watchman, etc.

The word Rounder alongside the name Glenn Miller written down on paper by Order members would show up at their trial in the form of evidence. Mathews would give me yet another code name, which was "Swamp Fox," and that, too, was documented by Order members and subsequently became evidence for government prosecutors.

Mathews had gotten the code name "Carlos," from the internationally famous Palestinian terrorist, whom he admired.

Bob left my house after only a few minutes visit, saying that he had many places to go and things to do, but adding, as he got into his car to leave, "I'll see you in six weeks, with the rest of the money."

With that, he was gone and I could sit down in calm concentration and plot what to do with the money, to further the CKKKK.

Marge was totally ignorant about the money then. I had told her nothing, and I succeeded in keeping the money a secret until after several weeks of spending much more than the CKKKK was taking in. She got suspicious, and began accusing me of being up to something illegal. After my alibis failed to convince her, she became increasingly more suspicious, and I finally got tired of her constant accusations and nagging, so I told her the money was a big donation from a group of businessmen who demanded to remain anonymous, but that the money was absolutely legal.

Somehow, I convinced her that this story was the true one, so she was content for a while. She would not learn the truth until she read it in the newspaper, following the arrest of Order member Bruce Pierce and after he had informed federal interrogators that I had received money from The Order. Pierce recanted later and did not become a government witness.

Not being a gullible woman, Marge put my new found wealth together with the newspaper report, and figured out the truth by herself.

And, when she did, she screamed insulting phrases at me over a three-day period, which included, but were not limited to the following: "Are you crazy?... You mean you took money you knew was stolen?... Oh, my God, I married an idiot... What do you mean, bringing stolen money into my home... How dare you jeopardize me and the children... My mother and sister said you were crazy... Get that money out of my house now... No, you get out of my house, and take that damn money with you ... Oh, Lord, what can I do? I married a fool... He's going to put us all in prison... I'm going home to my mother

and I'm taking the children, and I never want to see you again... No, this is my home, you get out... Oh Lord have mercy on us all... He's a fool and an idiot... How could I have married such a man?..."

That was only a few of her exclamations. I omitted the more graphic ones. And I didn't mention the things she threw around the house, while she was saying them.

Marge, being from Italian ancestry and raised in a strict Catholic family, was not inclined to greet certain family disasters with gentle words of kindness, nor the family member who caused it.

After several days of alternating periods of screaming and the silent treatment, Marge finally relented, and realizing there wasn't anything she could do to change things, she became my sweet wife again, determined to keep the family together no matter what.

Anyhow, there I was sitting on \$75,000 and expecting another \$125,000 in six weeks. How best could I further the CKKKK?

The first thing I did was to sit down at my kitchen table and do the layout for a special introductory edition of *The White Carolinian*. Taking the very best photographs of our marches and rallies, and selecting good propaganda articles written by myself and other writers, plus many other things such as cartoons, a big application for membership form, and a strongly worded appeal to the masses to join or support the CKKKK, etc. I put it all together, and drove it over to the Benson Printing Company and ordered a whopping 100,000 copies. The cost was over \$7,000.00

It required a large flatbed truck to move this mountain of newspapers, and I gloried in taking snapshots of it, and in distributing them by the thousands to our den leaders and to individual members and supporters for passing out to the public.

Steve Miller, Chaplain and number two man in the CKKKK, who lived near Fayetteville wanted to renovate a large garage into a meeting place, improve upon our loud speaker system, and engage in several other projects to further the CKKKK, so I gave him \$10,000 and told him to get to work on them. I gave him an additional \$800, and informed him that from then on he'd receive that amount in monthly salary, in exchange for his full time services, plus additional money for special projects.

Steve would eventually receive about \$30,000, all tolled, in salary, expenses, and for special projects.

It so happened that two Oklahoma men who had read about the CKKKK in an Oklahoma newspaper, had recently relocated for the purpose of joining us. They met Steve, and moved in with him, along with their wives, and one small child each.

Steve thought highly of these two men and recommended that I put them on the payroll also, because they were hard workers and their wives were willing to pitch in, free of charge. And, all four were highly dedicated and knowledgeable about the Movement, Steve explained.

These two men were Douglas Sheets and Jack Jackson, who, on April 30, 1987, were arrested with me in Missouri, following my Declaration of War and a nationwide federal manhunt.

I agreed to Steve's recommendation and while speaking with them, I explained that the money was from wealthy contributors who wished to remain anonymous, and furthermore, I didn't want other members to know anyone was on the payroll. That was to be kept a secret between us.

I had met and spoken with both Doug and Jack previous to that, but only briefly, and I too had been impressed with them.

Both were bull-like men, weighing over 200 pounds. Though Doug was 38, he looked 25 and Jack was only 23, but the dominant personality of the two. Both men stood 6' 1".

In the coming months, I came to know them well and their wives became friends with Marge as we all got together frequently at my house or Steve's and at marches and rallies.

I concluded they were intelligent, talented, and dedicated to our cause, and I grew to admire Jack and Doug, more and more. They were two tough, dedicated White men, and I wanted millions more like them.

Steve immediately put them to work rolling 20,000 *White Carolinian* newspapers, and distributing them around a 100-mile or so radius of Fayetteville. Steve lived in a fairly large farmhouse in the country, and had a huge yard and two out-buildings, so they had plenty of room in which to work and hold meetings. Steve's Den would eventually have around 25 to 30 members, and they helped to start other Dens in the Fayetteville and adjoining Robeson and Harnett County areas.

Jack and Doug were soon arrested for littering, while throwing out papers in Florence, South Carolina. The local police obviously had received complaints and wanted to discourage the CKKKK from operating in their city.

When I learned of this, I wrote the Florence mayor a letter on Klan stationery, saying that passing out literature was an expression of freedom of speech and therefore, protected by the First Amendment. And I quoted the U.S. Supreme Court ruling on the subject. Furthermore, I wrote, that if he didn't drop the litter charges against my men, and pay them \$1000 in damages, I was going to stage a Klan march through the center of his city, and sue the city for one million dollars.

A few days later, I got a call from the Chief of Police, who apologized for the arrests, asked me to have Jack and Doug

come to Florence and pick up their \$1000 check, and that anytime in the future we wanted to pass out literature in Florence, to "come on down anytime," and that they'd be glad to have us.

To rub it in and set an example, I reported the whole affair to the Florence paper, and it was printed in their next edition.

A few weeks after that, Jack and Doug read in their local newspaper that there had been a race riot between Blacks and Whites in a small town in Robeson County, so they dressed up in their camouflage uniforms, rigged up two large Confederate flags to Doug's Bronco Jeep, and loaded it with shotguns and assault rifles, and drove to that town.

Jack and Doug informed me later that the White townspeople, recognizing what they were, had cheered them from the sidewalks, and a long line of admirers had followed them to a convenience store, where they stood around cheering. Seeing the opportunity to sign up new members, they passed out *White Carolinians*, and several joined the CKKKK on the spot. They were so inspired, they not only joined, but got together later with Jack and Doug and began their own CKKKK Den.

Oddly, neither Jack nor Doug ever actually joined the CKKKK. They were members of another national group called "Posse Comitatus," which means power of the county. The gist of Posse Comitatus was that the U.S. Constitution provided for only one legal law enforcement agency, and that was the county Sheriff's department. All others were unconstitutional, and therefore illegal and void.

Since county sheriffs' had the authority to deputize, the Posse Comitatus reasoned that Black crime and all other anti-White acts could be corrected by bands of armed White men, deputized by county sheriff's. And, that no power was constitutionally empowered to stop them.

There was, of course, much more to the Posse Comitatus and they published stacks of legal documents to back up their claims, but their "power-of-the-county" approach formed the basis for the group.

Unfortunately, Posse Comitatus was not successful in attracting many members, so Jack and Doug decided to work with the CKKKK, though declining to actually join it.

But, that was fine with me, as long as they did their work.

Actually, the CKKKK had lots of people who wore camouflage uniforms and marched and rallied with us, but for various reasons, would not officially become members.

Equally unusual was my policy that allowed people to join through the mail. All one had to do was to fill out an application form provided in our newspaper, and mail it in along with the \$20 dues, and I'd send them a full membership card. Since the CKKKK was a legal, above-ground organization, I thought, why not?

We no doubt, had Blacks, Jews, and Communists on our mailing list due to this policy, but I didn't worry about that, either. The Blacks would be immediately recognized and thrown out of any meeting, and they all had to pay money to the CKKKK for the privilege of being on the list.

As for the possibility of Jewish or Communist infiltrators, or government infiltrators for that matter, there was little I could do about it but warn members, which I did constantly. But since we were legal, the only harm they could do was lead others into committing illegal acts, or commit acts of sabotage themselves, in which case, they'd be breaking the law, not us.

I warned members about that hundreds of times. It was a regular topic of my speeches at meetings through those years.

I bought a large 3-seater diesel-powered three-year-old station wagon for \$5,200, and paid cash for it.

I never put a cent of the \$200,000 in the bank, for obvious reasons.

I disliked the station wagon, and after a couple months, I gave it to Steve, and purchased a brand-new 4-cylinder Chevrolet, which cost \$7,400.

I've always been a fanatic on saving gas money, and the station wagon was having mechanical problems, which I felt Steve, Jack, and Doug were better capable of handling.

I phoned a dozen or so Den leaders, asking them to pick up bundles of *White Carolinians* for distribution within their areas, and for the most part, I provided the papers free of charge, although I required those I felt could afford them, to pay the usual \$40 per thousand, which was about the cost of printing.

I mailed bundles to those unable to make the trip, and soon the bulk of the 100,000 was in the hands of the public, so I got to work on the next edition, and had it printed in 50,000 copies.

Meanwhile, Steve and I continued traveling around the state meeting with members and starting new Dens. By July 1986, we had almost 100 Dens.

I also had several more telephone message units installed around the state, having purchased a half dozen at the local Radio Shack. I put the word out to Den leaders that the CKKKK would not only pay for the machine, but also installation charges, deposits, and the monthly phone bills as well, if members would allow them to be installed in their homes.

This led to a rapid increase in the number of message units. However, most members insisted on footing their own expenses, and did so for several years.

We had a total of 28 message machines operational by July 1986.

Many times, I drove hundreds of miles to install them myself, and throw out hundreds of *White Carolinians* in the area to advertise the phone numbers to call. This never failed to get them going full blast, and I never ceased to be amazed at their popularity, although I knew that most people called them out of curiosity or for entertainment.

However, I never admitted it to members or to news reporters, choosing instead to proclaim loudly, that I was educating the masses, and if they didn't believe me, they should try calling one of the numbers and they'd see for themselves that the machines were almost always busy, delivering a different 2-minute message every week to tens-of-thousands of people.

About 200 uniformed CKKKK members attended the national Klan rally in Stone Mountain, Georgia, held annually over Labor Day weekend, for the previous 56 years. White racist groups from all over the country converge for this annual gathering, to hear speeches, renew old acquaintances, make new ones, exchange literature, and participate in a cross lighting ceremony featuring three huge crosses.

Steve and I were asked to present formal speeches, along with 20 or so leaders representing other groups, as was the case in '82, '83, '84, and '85, which were the years we attended.

At that particular rally in 1984, I was called aside and asked to meet with Texas Klan leader Louis Beam in a nearby motel, for the purpose of videotaping an interview. Beam was, at that time, taping 30-minute interviews with various leaders, for broadcasting throughout the country via public cable TV.

Beam, along with 13 others, would stand trial on federal charges of Sedition, in Fort Smith, Arkansas in 1988, but they were all acquitted.

I met Beam at the motel as requested and did the interview. And, a few months later, I did a similar taping for another group of White activists associated with The Order. The later taping was conducted in a Holiday Inn motel room near Cohoctah, Michigan, in conjunction with an annual meeting sponsored by Bob Miles, leader of a group called The Mountain Church.

Bob Miles was a widely known and respected leader, who had previously served 6 years in a federal prison for bombing empty school buses in protest of forced busing of school children in Pontiac, Michigan.

Steve and I and other CKKKK members attended two rallies on Miles' farm in 1984 and 1985, and I found him to be a highly intelligent, articulate, and effective speaker and leader, though I differed with his religious views.

Miles, as well as Pastor Richard Butler leader of the nationally known and highly publicized "Aryan Nations," whom I also met and spoke with on several occasions, were acquitted in 1988, along with Louis Beam on Sedition charges.

The Stone Mountain, Georgia rally of 1984 was more successful than either the 1983 or 1982 ones, and 1985 was even bigger, indicating that the National White Movement was growing in number.

That annual rally was an accurate gauge, in my opinion.

By 1984, the strength of the CKKKK prompted Georgia rally coordinators to add a public march through downtown Stone Mountain, to the rally held on private property. And, since my military experience was known, I was chosen from among the 25 or more national leaders, to form the marchers into formation, and lead the public parade.

I did this in 1984 and 1985, and both marches included 300 or 400 people, dressed in assorted uniforms. Some wore Klan robes, some camouflage fatigues. I had brought 150 or 200 of our Confederate flags mounted on flag poles, and these were carried by marchers. CKKKK members being the more experienced and best dressed in their camouflage fatigues, combat boots, and green berets, were placed in front, and in both 1984 and 1985, the CKKKK made up over half the number of marchers.

With the use of my bullhorn, the sound of loud martial music, added to the flags and uniforms, I was able to orchestrate very respectable looking parades, which were captured on video by our two CKKKK camera men, Tony Wydra and Jesse Radford. Wydra was killed in 1989, under mysterious circumstances.

Just after the parade, Charlie Reck was arrested on a firearms violation, and Steve and I had to bail him out from the county jail, costing the CKKKK \$500. Reck was a tough, young former Marine who was our Security leader, at that time.

Sanford, N.C. Den leader Rickey Nunnery rented a Greyhound-type bus and a driver in 1984 and transported CKKKK members to Stone Mountain. Other members traveled in convoys or in individual vehicles. Each year, I advertised the Stone Mountain rally in *The White Carolinian*, and placed large emphasis on the importance of a big CKKKK turn out to increase our prestige and to attract new members and supporters, even though the trip from North Carolina was long and costly.

Returned home to Angier, I didn't have long to wait for the second and final donation from The Order.

One day late in September, I answered the phone to hear, "Hey Buddy, this is Carlos, how you doing?"

Not even trying to hide my joy, I said, "Fine as wine, and twice as strong. How the hell are you doing?"

Bob replied, "Ok. I'm at the location where we met the last time. I was wondering if you could drop by for a few minutes to

see me. I'm in the same room as before."

I responded, "Sure, I'll be there in 15 minutes," and hung up the phone.

Bob had only one other person with him this trip. It was Andy Barnhill, one of the two men who'd given me \$1000 the previous April.

I found Bob to be his usual charismatic, confident self, which is really remarkable under the circumstances. He knew by then the FBI was hot on his trail, but he didn't speak of it to me. To hear him talk, one would think he was immune from any interference, and that he would continue for years to rob banks and armored cars, and build his secret underground Army of White resistance soldiers.

He exuded confidence and efficiency. And he impressed me as being brilliant, fanatically healthy, and incredibly perceptive. I would put him in the class with Hitler, Rommel, Stonewall Jackson, and Nathan Forest. And I am not exaggerating, he was an awesome man.

Looking back with the benefit of hindsight and having studied the chronology of The Order's activities in detail, I am convinced that at that stage, Bob Mathews knew his days were numbered and that he would soon die for his Cause. And, not only did he believe it, he looked forward to the confrontation.

I often since then fantasized a scenario wherein he and I were leaders in a great above-ground organization, with hundreds of thousands of members, and with millions of dollars with which to build the Cause of racial unity, strength and survival.

We would have huge modern headquarters buildings scattered throughout the South, with Confederate flags mounted on 100-foot flagpoles in front. We'd stage mass marches and rallies, participated in by tens of thousands of young, healthy and enthusiastic people screaming their racial pride and solidarity, totally consumed with the determination to fight on and to overcome any obstacles that stood in our way.

We would have the best young minds leading the growing formations of awakened White people in every community, town and city throughout the South, and their fanaticism would create inspiration and social upheavals that the White masses would overcome their fears and brainwashing and would love and support them. And, we would all march triumphantly to the Capitol of every state in the Confederacy, and demand sovereignty and independence from the federal government of the United States, with the absolute blessing and support of The Southern White masses.

Bob greeted me at the door of his motel room in Benson with a big warm smile and a firm handshake.

"How yaw'll doing?" I said as I shook hands with Bob and Andy Barnhill.

"Things couldn't be better, Glenn," said Bob, sitting down on the edge of one of the two beds.

Barnhill sat down in a chair near the window.

I walked over and sat down on the other bed, near the phone and night stand.

"How's everything going with you, Glenn? What you been doing for the Cause?" Bob asked.

I handed him the latest edition of *The White Carolinian*, and showed him the picture of the 100,000 newspapers stacked on the flatbed truck, which I knew would impress him, and I went on to explain my actions since his last visit six weeks prior.

I said, "Bob, things are really going great with our Klan. I bought that station wagon you see out front. That stack of newspapers you see, is 100,000 copies. I paid a little over \$7,000 for that. I bought a video camera to record our marches and rallies, and two VCRs, and I gave Steve Miller, my number two man, \$10,000 for a few projects he's working on. I've got four men on the payroll now, including myself, and I'm paying them \$800 a month. Let's see now... oh yeah, I'm working on buying some property and I plan to build a headquarters building on it. I've found a bagpipe training school in Raleigh, but haven't got anybody enrolled in it yet, but I will soon. I've decided to give the station wagon to Steve, and I'll be buying another one for myself. I want to get something a little better on gas. I ordered 300 more large Confederate flags and I've already got the flag poles for them. I've got members all over passing out our newspapers, and new members are coming in faster than ever before. I bought six more message units, and I got three of them installed already and they're going full blast."

Bob interrupted, "Sounds good, Glenn, you've been pretty busy since I last saw you. We heard you were at the Stone Mountain rally and that you guys put on a great march down there. I've been traveling quite a bit, and I've got men scattered all over, and it's getting to be a job keeping up with them, but I promised you I'd see you in six weeks and here I am."

I replied, "I don't envy your job, Bob. Yaw'll have really blown my mind. I still can't believe it. I didn't know our Race had men like yaw'll left. It's just incredible to me. By the way, I want you to call my latest recorded message. We've got 17 units going now. Here, I'll dial one for you." And, I dialed the number to discover it was busy, so I tried again and finally got through on the third or fourth dial, and handed the phone to Bob.

He listened to the two-minute message, and I could tell he was pleased because he insisted on Barnhill hearing it. So, I redialed and handed the phone to Barnhill.

"Great message, Glenn. They should really be effective. Get all those going you can." Bob said.

"Glenn, here's a document I want you to read and memorize, then burn it after you have. It'll tell you some of the things I want you to do and a little about what we're doing and how we operate. And, one other thing, I want you to write down a telephone number. It's our message center. If you need to get a message to me, just call this number and give your code name Swamp Fox. This is the new code name I want you to use," explained Bob, as I listened closely, and wrote down the number on a piece of paper.

After I had taken the document, Bob said, "Glenn, we hate to rush off, but we're in a bit of a hurry, you understand. I'll be in contact with you when I think it's necessary."

"Ok, Bob," I said, "One final thing, and I hate to bring it up, but, I need to know, so I'll know whether to spend the \$200,000 fast or to conserve it. Can we expect any more money?"

Bob answered, "We'll probably get more money to you, but it may be a while. But in any case, don't depend on it. Nobody knows what the future holds, but we'll do the best we can."

From his tone and words, I concluded there probably wouldn't be any more and I dropped the subject.

Bob then got up and picked up a medium sized cardboard box sitting on a table in one corner of the room, and handed it to me saying, "Glenn, here's the rest of the money. Use it as a tool to further our Cause. Never look at it as money, just as a tool."

Taking the cardboard box, I said, "I understand. God bless you and all your men. I just don't know how to thank you and if I try, I'll probably start stuttering, so I won't try. Yaw'll be careful, and God be with you."

I shook hands with him at the door, holding the box under my left arm, and Barnhill leaned over and shook my hand, and said, "Good luck, Mr. Miller."

I walked out then, sat the box in the front seat of the station wagon, got in and drove away.

That was the last time I ever saw Bob Mathews. In less than 2 1/2 months, he would die a horrible death, burned alive in a burning house, intentionally set by agents of the FBI. His last act was to squeeze the trigger of his machine gun in defiance, as the smoke and flames engulfed him.

Andy Barnhill would be arrested soon afterwards in Montana, and would be one of only 12 Order members who refused to cooperate with federal prosecutors. He was sentenced to 40 years in a federal penitentiary.

Other Order members turning government witnesses would either be given much lighter sentences, placed on probation with no active prison sentence, or receive no punishment at all.

The 12 loyalists received sentences ranging from 40 years to life..

As I said, there have been at least two books written about The Order. The one I found most interesting and complete was *Talked to Death*, written by Stephen Singular.

That book describes, step by step, the really incredible story of those brave men who called themselves, The Silent Brotherhood.

On the way home, I pulled off the highway and parked for a few moments to inspect the contents of the cardboard box. Opening the flaps, I saw that the box, which was about two feet long, ten inches wide, and ten inches high, was completely full of neatly stacked bills of all denominations. Except for the one dollar bills, thick rubber bands secured each bundle of about three inches high, and held small slips of paper on which was written the amount of money in the bundle. The eight or ten bundles of ones held no slips of paper, but were secured with rubber bands. Other bundles held 5's, 10's, 20's, 50's or 100's.

It was an awesome sight, and the experience of seeing and fondling those thick bundles of money is one I'll never forget. I felt the desire to gather up the bundles in my arms, hug them to my chest, and hum and swoon.

The next day, I purchased two plastic pipes, normally used by plumbers for septic tank lines, about three feet long and five inches in diameter. The pipes were rounded on one end and had screw-on caps at the other. I would bury the money, minus the one-dollar bills, in those pipes.

Using a post hole digger, I placed the pipes containing the money into the ground, with the pipe caps pointed upward. That way, when I needed cash, I didn't have to dig up the whole pipe. I'd just dig down a few inches, and unscrew the cap.

The document given to me by Bob Mathews contained several things: Code names; a suggestion that my group expand to cover nine listed Southern states; a request that I maintain a record of how money was spent; and a statement indicating how future stolen money would be divided. As I recall, about 60% would be divided among those doing the robbing, and 40% divided among selected above-ground groups, which judging from the number of code names amounted to ten or twelve.

I read the document five or six times, then burned it.

I decided to comply with the document. It did not ask me to break any law, and it placed no demands on me, only recommendations, so I figured, why not?

In October 1984, I changed the name of our group to The Confederate Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and I organized literature distribution drives in South Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia. Soon afterwards, phone calls and membership applications from those states began to trickle in, and within a few months, we had at least one Den established in each. Still later, we established Dens in Florida and Louisiana. We also installed telephone message machines in Virginia, Tennessee, South Carolina, and Georgia. And they soon became as popular as the others.

Those machines, for the most part, were installed in large cities like Atlanta, Columbia, Richmond, Raleigh, Charlotte, Tallahassee, and in smaller, though populous, cities such as Jacksonville, Kinston, Asheville, Fayetteville, Statesville, Sanford, and Rocky Mount, North Carolina. This meant that about seven or eight million people could call at least one message without having to call long distance.

I changed the name of our newspaper from *The White Carolinian*, which like the name Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, was obsolete, to *The Confederate Leader*.

Newspaper distribution and increasing the number of message machines was then, my most important objective because they delivered my views directly to the White masses, and they brought in the bulk of new members, supporters, newspaper subscribers, and financial donations.

Everything else was of secondary importance.

Consequently, I cajoled, pleaded with, praised, bribed, paid, and even insulted members into distributing more and more of our newspapers to the White public. I was fanatical about this, and members learned that if they wanted to stay on my good side or get an honorable mention in my paper, they'd best become fanatics too, or give me the impression they were.

To set the example, I distributed thousands myself. Hundreds of times, I'd go out with large feed sacks full of rolled up papers and throw them on lawns, in driveways, or near mail boxes. Everywhere I went, I took papers with me.

Marge and I and our three boys spent days rolling papers in our living room. And, I placed pictures of us and other members amid piles of papers, in our newspaper, as an incentive and inspiration.

Driving alone, I could easily throw out 5,000 papers in an 8-hour period and did so many times, with my shotgun and .44 magnum pistol within reach.

I often pondered the financial and mathematical results. How many new members, supporters, subscribers, and dollars resulted in, for example, the distribution of 1,000 papers? I reasoned that if the dollars received equaled the dollars spent, then the possibilities were limitless. And, if enough dollars received would enable me to hire full time distributors plus pay the other expenses involved, then we could get millions of papers to the public monthly, free of charge or even show a profit.

So, I started keeping track as best I could, and concluded that one member, supporter, or subscriber resulted from the distribution of 1,000 papers. We weren't even near to breaking even, and we never did. I was greatly disappointed at this realization, but not discouraged, because I always felt it would eventually improve and gain momentum along with our membership number. I felt that we needed only to get out more papers.

And, I discovered that a meeting or rally brought about \$1 per attendee in donations. A rally of 300 people would result in about \$300 in donations. It was really uncanny how close this trend seemed to be.

Thanks to The Order, however, in August 1984, my financial discouragements decreased dramatically.

To give the reader some idea of where the \$200,000 went, I'll list some of the expenditures here:

•Steve Miller for salary, expenses & special projects;.....	\$30,000
•Computer,.....	\$2,300;
•Video camera and VCR's,	\$3,000;
•Newspaper printing,	\$40,000;
•Salaries of three people, not including Steve's,	\$30,000;
•10 acres of land I intended to use for a training camp,.....	\$12,000;
•Two vehicles	\$12,600;
•Money spent underground,.....	\$10,000;
•Used school bus, insurance, two motors, maintenance, etc.,.....	\$3,500;
•Travel expenses for myself and others,	\$5,000;
•Confederate flags for parades and uniforms given to members,	\$2,000;
•Literature and books purchased from other groups,	\$3,000;
•Donations given to other groups and individuals, including Zillah Craig and Richard Butler,.....	\$3,000;
•Blank video and message cassettes, cameras, film, loud speaker system and other equipment,.....	\$4,000;
•Cost for message machines, installation and service charges,.....	\$4,000;
•Miscellaneous office supplies, typewriter, paper, rubber bands, etc.,	\$2,500;
•Political campaign expenditures,	\$4,000;

- Money given to Marge to keep her contented and working hard for two additional years,\$6,000;
- etc., etc., etc.

The preceding lists the large expenditures that come to mind. There were, of course, hundreds of minor expenditures, such as bail money, legal expenses brought on by Morris Dees, charity money I gave to members and their families, money spent on burlap, fuel oil and other things preparatory to rallies, meetings, and marches, food and beverages for large gatherings, gas money given to members during literature distributions, air plane rentals for Steve and I to make trips, paying Louis Beam to train members in use of computers, buying rifles and shotguns given away as prizes, three firearms to protect myself and my family, rental of Confederate uniforms for public marches, cost of photo developing, etc., etc., etc. Of course, money also came into the CKKKK on a daily basis in the form of donations, dues, and the sale of T-shirts, flags, patches, video tapes, books and other items. The monthly income all tolled increased from about \$800 to \$1200 in August 1984 to between \$3,500 to \$4,000 in July 1986, but our expenditures always exceeded our income many times over, after August 1984.

And, I will admit I spent a few thousand dollars out of the \$200,000 on my family, but it amounted to no more than that. I kept records on Order money until it was reported over the news that Order member, Bruce Pierce, had informed federal prosecutors of my association with that group. Then I burned everything in writing that even hinted of that association, including financial records, and for good and obvious reasons.

I even burned three one-hundred dollar bills because they bore the name of a California bank, stamped in ink.

I am certain that among all the groups and individuals who received money from The Order, none came close to me in either the effective use of money in spreading racist and anti-Semitic propaganda, or in the percentage of Order money spent on The American White Movement.

My record of success and growth proved it. The whining of Klanwatch, the Anti-Klan Network and Morris Dees proved it. The attacks by the media proved it. And, state and federal investigations confirmed it.

And to top it off, I borrowed \$25,000 from my father in April 1987, when the last of The Order money ran out, so I could go underground and declare war against the federal government.

Being in the White Movement also cost me my home and 25-acre farm in Johnston County in 1986. I was waiting to begin a six-month active prison sentence and it was too dangerous to leave my wife and four small children at that widely known address. So, I had to sell out quick and move them to a safer location, and lost \$20,000 when doing so.

My family moved from a nice house and a 25-acre farm in my home state, to a mobile home and a 1-acre lot in Hillsville, VA.

By the time of my arrest on April 30, 1987, I was not only broke, I was indebted to my father for \$25,000. And according to news media and prosecutor predictions, I was facing a 200-year prison sentence, to boot.

In August 1984, when I received Order money, the CKKKK had around 1,000 members and supporters, and our mailing list contained 400 to 500 addresses. Twenty-three months after that, we had over 5,000 members and supporters and our mailing list contained over 2,000 addresses. Our numbers increased fivefold in that short period.

The tremendous growth was due mostly, of course, to the money. But I must add that it was also due to the hard work of many dedicated members.

U.S. Attorney Samuel Currin hit the nail on the head in early 1986, when he was quoted in the Raleigh newspapers as having said, "They're gaining momentum and prominence."

Beginning in November 1984, federal agents began the arrests of Order members, and their crimes unfolded in the newspapers and on TV news. The media hounded me about the Bruce Pierce confessions, but I denied it, even to friends.

The story was so prominent in the news that in early 1985, Forrest Sawyer of CBS's *Good Morning America* TV show, phoned and invited me to appear on his program. He neglected to inform me, however, what the topic of conversation would be, so Steve and I boarded a plane, at CBS's expense and went to the Big Apple. I thought I was being given a grand opportunity to voice my racist and anti-Semitic views.

But, as I sat under the bright glaring TV lights at the studio, Sawyer leaned over, and live before ten million viewers, asked me, "Mr. Miller, is it true that you received stolen money from The Order?"

Prior to going on the air, neither he nor anyone else at CBS had mentioned a word about The Order, so I was surprised by the question. But, since it wasn't the first time I'd been surprised by questions from reporters, I didn't panic, and instead, answered, "Of course not. That's ridiculous and nothing more than Jewish propaganda designed to discredit legitimate and legal White leaders." And, I answered several more questions by injecting racist and anti-Semitic statements into the 5-minute conversation, much to Sawyer's discomfort.

Prior to going on the air and while waiting in the CBS lounge, Steve and I rubbed elbows with Harold Brown, the then U.S. Secretary of Defense, who was waiting to go on the same program to explain the military's position on servicemen joining

White groups. He came in for a cup of coffee and Steve and I were already there drinking ours.

I didn't immediately recognize Brown, so I asked Steve, "Steve, who the hell is that? I think I've seen him before."

Steve informed me, and Brown (a Jew) overheard the conversation and frowned at us in indignation. He had deduced or recognized who we were, and he was visibly shaken.

By this time, Morris Dees, et al., were off my back, but only temporarily. I signed an agreement with him in January 1985, in exchange for his dropping the law suit. This meant that the investigations and depositions by the Southern Poverty Law Center ceased, and that myself or other members weren't being dragged into court every few days.

After 15 months of investigating Glenn Miller and the CKKKK and finding absolutely nothing criminal to charge me with, Dees offered me a deal in court one day.

"Glenn," said Dees, "I'll drop the lawsuit, if you'll sign this piece of paper."

He, I, and two of his associates went into a small office and I sat down and read it over. The agreement began with words to the effect; "I, Glenn Miller, as leader of the Confederate Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and of any subsequent White supremacist organization, do hereby agree to comply with the following agreement":

The reader should remember the words, "as leader of," because they are the words which would eventually get me exiled from the White Movement and destroy my organization.

The agreement went on to state that I agreed not to assault, harass, or intimidate Black citizens, march through predominantly Black neighborhoods, or break either of the several North Carolina anti-Klan laws, which were listed by statute number. Since I did not intend to do any of those things anyway, I was willing to sign it, just to get Dees off my back so I could devote my full attention to my organization.

Later, I would proclaim to members and to the media, "Hell, I'd have signed that thing in the beginning for a \$25 donation and saved Dees a million dollars in investigation costs."

I felt that if I broke the laws listed in the agreement, I'd be arrested anyway for breaking the laws, so why not sign a piece of paper saying I wouldn't? What difference did it make?

The difference was of course, that by signing the agreement "as leader of," I was accepting legal responsibility for every single member and associate of my organization.

All Dees had to do then was go back to Alabama and wait for me to publish a few more editions of my newspapers, so he could charge me with operating a paramilitary organization in violation of the agreement. He could hold me legally responsible for the actions of every member and associate of my organization.

But, even with all that, Dees would never have succeeded in getting me convicted without the use of two lying witnesses, Robert Norman Jones, and James Holder, who were coaxed, rehearsed, and persuaded to testify against me, and in my opinion, they were also paid money by Dees or one of Dees' associates.

Before the agreement could become legal, it first had to be approved by Judge Britt, so Dees and I went before him that same day. Judge Britt had to determine if we both understood what we were agreeing to, so when he asked if I understood, I explained my interpretation of the agreement. Of course, I had no attorney because I couldn't find one willing to take the case for less than \$20,000, and the court couldn't provide a free one because it was then a civil case and not a criminal case. It wouldn't become a criminal case until months later, when Dees charged me with violating the agreement.

Nevertheless, I explained to Judge Britt that I wanted him to understand that I would not accept responsibility for the actions of other members and that by signing the agreement, I was simply agreeing not to break the laws myself. I even posed a hypothetical situation wherein a member of the CKKKK went out and broke the law without my knowledge or consent, and asked Judge Britt if, in that situation, I could be held responsible in a court of law.

He was evasive and did not give a clear answer, so I assumed my interpretation was correct, but it was not. Incidentally, every word spoken at that hearing is on court records, and therefore readily verifiable.

At that time, it was beyond my comprehension that any American citizen could be held legally responsible for the actions of others whom he had no control over. Hell, I couldn't force anybody to do anything or not do anything they wished, without violating their civil rights. And, the idea that I could, was preposterous to me.

Incredibly, the 4th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Richmond, Virginia would agree with Judge Britt that I could be held legally responsible for the actions of other people. After my conviction in July 1986, I appealed on the grounds that while some of my members may have violated the agreement, I did not, so therefore I was innocent. The appeals court disagreed, and the following newspaper report of their ruling was published in the August 18, 1988 edition of the *Raleigh News & Observer*:

"On appeal, Miller raised several issues relating to whether there was sufficient evidence to prove criminal contempt. Among them was his contention that he was not directly involved in activities by White Patriot Party members that allegedly violated Britt's Order."

"But a unanimous three-judge panel of the 4th U.S. Circuit of Appeals said Miller, as head of the organization, had an obligation to put a halt to the prohibited activities."

"We believe that the jury could reasonably infer that Miller knew the prohibited activities were continuing and that he tacitly approved their continuance in dereliction of his obligation pursuant to the court order," the panel said."

Now, I ask the reader, is that a fair or constitutional ruling?

The court ruled that I "had an obligation to put a halt to the prohibited activities," of other people. Of course, the court declined to advise me just how I was supposed to put a halt to the activities of other people. They just said that I had a legal obligation to do so.

It appears to me that since the court required me to control other people by halting this or that activity, then the court also should have given me the legal power to do so, by making me either a U.S. Marshal or Deputy Sheriff.

Not only did Judge Britt, and the appeals court dictate that I was legally liable for the actions of 5,000 other people, the U.S. Supreme Court did, as well, because they ruled on my appeal by allowing the conviction to stand.

The leader of The Little Old Ladies' Sewing Association couldn't operate under those conditions. Nor, could the Wake County Baptist Deacon's Committee, because surely one or more of their 5,000 members would break some law sooner or later, and the leader of those organizations would go to jail along with the member who had broken the law.

Assuming the reader understands the preceding described situation I found myself in, after July 1986, then the reader also understands why I went underground and declared war against the bastards.

That judicial outrage, far more than anything else caused me to reach the conclusion that I had no other choice but to resort to illegal action.

And, not only had the court placed me in the impossible situation of being legally responsible for 5,000 other people, the court went even further and ordered me to dissociate myself completely from all the members of my group and all the members of 28 other groups, which the court listed. And the court sentenced me to prison, to boot.

So, I said to hell with all that obvious and blatantly unconstitutional conspiracy to shut Glenn Miller up, and after steaming for eight months about it, I did what I thought I had to do, and that was to declare war on the conniving sons-of-bitches.

After signing the Dees agreement and the meeting with Judge Britt in January 1985, Dees shook my hand, and asked if I'd give him a ride to the airport. He was returning in triumph to his home in Montgomery, Alabama. I agreed to give him a lift, thinking I would pick his brain a little during the one-hour ride to the Raleigh-Durham Airport, and gain more insight into that international darling of interracial brotherhood.

"Glenn," said Dees, as I drove along, "you could really do me a big favor, if you would."

"How's that, Morris?" I said, trying to sound friendly and receptive. I was, in fact, rather happy to be dropped from the lawsuit, and therefore, in a good mood.

Dees continued, "Glenn, I'm really not a bad guy. Hell, I'd defend you or any of your members for nothing if I felt your rights were being violated. That's the kind of guy I am. I'm spending a fortune on security, Glenn. If you would tell your friends in the other groups that I'm not a bad guy, I wouldn't need all that security. Some of them have threatened to kill me. Do you think you could help me out on this?"

I replied, "I guess so, Morris. I'll be talking to some of them, and I'll do what I can."

Listening and talking to Dees, I had accidentally made a wrong turn, and we found ourselves on a lonely dirt road outside Raleigh. Dees about had a nervous fit and raising up in his seat looking around, told me that I must have made a wrong turn and to turn around.

I did, and got back on track headed for the airport.

Dees calmed down a bit, and resumed the conversation, "Glenn, I own a 2,500 acre farm outside Montgomery, and I'd like for you to come down for a visit sometimes."

I replied, "Hey, that sounds great. I'll try to do that."

Then I began a conversation about Blacks and other minorities. "Morris," I said, "I just don't understand you. You're obviously a White man. How can you work so hard against White organizations? Don't you realize that the White race is dying out? The Blacks and Browns are multiplying at three times our rate. The country is being flooded with tens-of-millions of non-White aliens. And, abortion has already killed over 15 million White babies. Don't you worry about things like that?"

"But Glenn," said Dees, "it doesn't matter how many niggers there are. We'll always be on top because we're more intelligent than they are."

Dees was trying to appease me by using the word "nigger," and I pretended that he had, but I continued chiding him for his

attacks on White racist groups and individuals. But, the conversation remained calm and friendly, and finally we arrived at the airport, and I dropped him off.

A few days later, I received a very friendly letter from Dees, along with a gift, two expensive green camouflage-colored ink pens. Later, in court in July 1986, my lawyer would show the letter to Dees and ask if he'd written it. And, he reluctantly admitted that he had since his signature was on it, but he flatly denied ever having ridden to the airport with me. However, at least one person saw us leave the courthouse together, a young lady whom I recognized as being one of the court clerks.

The CKKKK held the biggest public march in its history in January 1985. We had plenty of money then, thanks to The Order, and I spared no expense in preparing and advertising for it.

More than 500 of us marched ten blocks through downtown Raleigh, and held a rally and gave speeches in front of a huge Confederate memorial. Hundreds of members wearing camouflage uniforms and combat boots and carrying 3 x 5 foot Confederate battle flags mounted on 11-foot poles, more or less in step to loud martial music. I led the march with my bullhorn, counting cadence and leading periodic shouts of "White Power." Our video cameraman Tony Wydra did an outstanding job of capturing the march and speeches on film, which I reproduced later and sold copies of to members and the public.

Although we passed out 25,000 copies of *The Confederate Leader* to advertise the rally and to invite the White public to join with us, only a hundred or so spectators showed up, which was not unusual. A handful of protesters showed up also, and heckled a little, but they posed no problem or threat, whatsoever, thanks to at least fifty cops who were on hand, and to the sight of hundreds of young marching rednecks.

I also advertised by way of all our telephone message units, and through paid broadcasts on two separate radio stations. But, for whatever reasons, the White people around Raleigh never showed up in sizable numbers at any of our rallies, meetings, or marches.

Later, just following our January 1986 march through Raleigh, I received 2 or 3 separate phone calls from men saying they'd tried to join our march, but were stopped by Raleigh police who told them only members were allowed at our assembly point, and turned them away. I remember concluding at the time based on what they'd told me, that it was a deliberate action by some Raleigh cops to lessen our number of marchers. But I was so engrossed in other major problems at the time, I never got around to investigating. Who knows how many others were turned away, as well?

The morning after the march, I saw it again on a national news broadcast and it looked even more impressive, as it showed expert film footage taken from in front of our eight-abreast marching formation, with the accompanying sound of dynamic German martial music, which I had taped from a record entitled, "War Songs of The Third Reich." I remember being amused at the realization that hundreds-of-thousands of New York Jews also watched that scene and heard the TV moderator explain that neo-Nazis had marched in downtown Raleigh, North Carolina. And the film made it look like there were thousands of us.

Even Claude Sitton, editor of the liberal Raleigh News and Observer, told me later when I'd called to make my usual complaint about his news coverage, that the march was, in his words, "very impressive."

I made it a habit in those days to call various reporters and criticize their reporting of our activities, to put them on the defensive and to make them aware they had offended "The Klan," though it never succeeded in causing them to say or write anything good about us. It did, however, succeed in getting them to at least publicize our activities. So, I thought it worthwhile to call or write them frequently and punctually.

Five hundred marchers might not seem like much, but believe it or not, that's the most people participating in a public White racist demonstration in at least the preceding twenty years, in the entire country. And, except for our group, none other has managed that many demonstrators since then.

Even the Stone Mountain, Georgia public march failed to draw five hundred, and that march represented dozens of groups nationwide.

Rallies held on private property were, of course, a different matter. The CKKKK managed to attract as many as 2,000 at a rally. And, a few other groups managed 500 or so on rare occasions, but they were few and far between.

At the time, I attributed small turnouts to the apathy and cowardice of the White masses. I felt that though many millions sympathized with our racist Cause, they were afraid of Black mobs attacking them on the streets, losing their jobs, or of some other adverse repercussions, and that's why they stayed away from us. I was confident, however, that the more demonstrators we could put into the streets, the more people would overcome their fears and join with us. And, I was convinced that once we were able to field 1,000 uniformed men on a regular basis, that the White masses would be so inspired and so encouraged, they would begin flooding into the CKKKK and we would begin a gigantic momentum that would sweep the South. The momentum would create such a revolutionary spirit, that the masses would be stampeded into our ranks, much like people were stampeded into the ranks of the anti-Vietnam war movement, and the Civil Rights Movement.

I was also confident that once our numbers got into the tens-of-thousands with the corresponding finances, that the better

educated and more capable Whites would join our ranks. Those people, I felt would form the leadership, and together with the masses, would constitute a formidable organization capable of achieving my goal of uniting, organizing, and educating the great White Southern masses.

That, of course, was my plan from the beginning, and I never changed, nor lost sight of it until my court conviction in July 1986.

1985 found us branching out into states other than North Carolina. We marched or held rallies in Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee, as well as throughout North Carolina. And, we saturated large areas of those and other Southern states with tens-of-thousands of our newspaper, *The Confederate Leader*. Those activities, plus our telephone message units brought increasing numbers of members, supporters, and financial donations reaching into a total of around thirty states.

Full CKKKK membership was restricted to the South, but I had no objection to outside money and supporters.

I purchased a used school bus for transporting members and for advertisement purposes. Removing the front half of seats, I replaced them with soft couches. Steve, Jack, Doug, and Charlie Reck painted the outside camouflage, and I hired a printer to print in large yellow letters: "WHITE PATRIOT PARTY — CALL 894-5230 — WHITE PRIDE, WHITE UNITY, WHITE POWER," on both sides and the rear. Later, I added: "GLENN MILLER FOR U.S. SENATE."

After wiring two 11-foot flag poles holding large Confederate flags onto the bus, we drove it through dozens of towns and cities, but this activity being somewhat provocative, I always included at least a half-dozen heavily armed men. Once, we parked it in the WRAL TV parking lot in Raleigh, where I held a press conference. The bus was defective and broke down several times, and I wound up buying two additional motors, plus paying for other repairs, but we managed to get thousands of miles out of it.

I scheduled one big march or rally for every single month during 1985 and early 1986. That was in addition to routine meetings, spontaneous demonstrations, and other activities. Some months, we marched through as many as two or three cities in one day and staged a rally the same night.

The city police in Forest City, North Carolina gave us a hard time and harassed us a little in efforts to discourage us, so I had an extra march through that city the following month in protest, and they were much nicer the second time around. I was determined to make our public demonstrations as acceptable to the authorities as were demonstrations by Black groups, and I believe I succeeded to some large degree. White law enforcement officials were not especially against our Cause, they just disliked the bother and extra work involved with our parades, and like most other Whites, they felt we were trying to "Stir up the Negroes," which was never my desire or intent.

In any case, I was nice to all authorities, complying with their city ordinances, and obtaining necessary permits. I did however, on occasion, chastise arrogant police officers over my bullhorn when I felt they were interfering unnecessarily with our marchers. And, I would usually meet with city police chiefs or their representatives prior to marches, to coordinate parade routes, to familiarize myself with their local ordinances, and to establish good working relationships.

The Raleigh police were especially accommodating because I let them know that I would cooperate with them if they'd cooperate with me. An unruly mob can be extremely troublesome to the police and they well knew it, as did I. But, more than one Raleigh police officer confided in me that the CKKKK was the most orderly and clean crowd of demonstrators they'd ever worked with.

We held large marches and demonstrations in downtown Raleigh in both January and February 1985, the first being to protest against the Martin Luther King holiday, and the second to protest against forced racial school integration. And, we held a dozen or so other demonstrations in Raleigh over those years. The police didn't like it, but they were kind and cooperative.

The South Carolina and Georgia police were the exact opposite. During our rally in Columbia, which about 400 people attended, the local police showed up in the hundreds, and many stopped vehicles and harassed members and others en route to the rally site. And, at the rally site, they forced members to open the trunks of their cars for random searches. Hundreds of Whites turned around and left out of fear and intimidation, which was blatantly the intention of the police to begin with.

During our Georgia rallies, the police had the legal authority to come onto our privately owned rally fields and harass members by looking into vehicles, writing down license plate numbers, taking pictures, and intentionally looked menacing at the rally attendees.

The police in Georgia and South Carolina were well aware of our prominence in North Carolina, and they were determined to discourage us from extending that prominence into their states. They wanted us out of sight and out of mind, so to speak, and therefore no problem to them. They had enough problems with Black groups, and they sure as hell weren't going to allow their problems to double with White ones, if there was any way to prevent it. Of course, I could understand their point of view, but I thought they should have at least considered our constitutional right of Freedom of Speech and assembly, anyhow. And, I rammed it down their throats through press conferences before TV, radio, and newspaper reporters, and letters to the editor to the largest newspaper in South Carolina and Georgia. And I threatened them with Klan marches through downtown Columbia and Atlanta, which I knew they dreaded much more than any private property rallies.

Given time, I believe I could have convinced police officials in other Southern states to accept us, just as I had convinced North Carolina officials. But, because of my 1986 court conviction, I was not given the time.

Chapter 11: Hiding Out A Murderer Of Alan Berg

Order member David Lane, with the FBI hot on his tail, contacted me in late January or early February 1985. He phoned and I met him at the same Benson motel I'd met Bob Mathews a few months earlier. When I arrived, he was standing in the middle of the motel parking lot, between parked vehicles.

The last person in the world I wanted to see at that time was an Order member, especially one involved with the Alan Berg murder. Lane was later convicted of that crime.

David greeted me with an embrace and a "hail victory", which I returned. He looked haggard and desperate and had a pleading look in his clear blue eyes, which had an effect on my good judgment. But, I said, "David, I just cannot do that. You know I'm legal and above-ground. I'm sorry, but I will not hide you out".

He quickly responded, "Well then, can you drive me to Idaho?"

Thinking later about his quick response, I was convinced he had that alternate "request" planned, and was using the money given to me by The Order as subtle blackmail to obtain my help.

But I was moved by his pleading demeanor and I just couldn't muster the nerve to turn my back and walk away, so I said, "I can't drive you David, but I know somebody who might. Can you wait here for about an hour? I'll be back then, but I can't promise you he'll do it".

David replied, "Okay, I'll wait here". And, I drove away headed for Steve Miller's house 30 miles away.

Steve, Jack, and Doug were there when I arrived, and I asked Doug to step out into a field some 100 feet from the house for a private conversation. "Doug," I said, "You don't have to do what I'm suggesting. I'm not even sure I want you to, so there's no hard feelings if you don't. But, one of The Order members has contacted me and he wants somebody to drive him to Idaho.

Serious and with some excitement, Doug quickly answered, "Where's he at and how much time have I got?"

I said, "He's at a motel in Benson and waiting right now."

Doug said, "Give me five minutes to pack a few things, and I'll be ready," and he turned to head back to Steve's house.

I called after him, "Don't tell anybody where you're going, even your wife."

Doug nodded and walked rapidly into the house. Five minutes later he came out carrying a suitcase, and when he came over to me, I gave him \$600 for trip expenses.

Doug followed me in the station wagon, and 30 minutes later we arrived at the motel and saw Lane standing as before.

We got out. I introduced them, and asked Lane if he needed any money. He said he didn't, so I waved farewell and drove away.

And so, thanks to Lane's subtle blackmail, I was even more deeply involved with The Order and had gotten Doug involved, as well. And, that still wasn't the end of it. They never got to Idaho. David phoned ahead and was told that things were too hot in Idaho, so Doug returned to North Carolina and was hiding Lane out in a mountain cabin just over the Virginia line from Western North Carolina. The cabin was owned by, a North Carolina activist, who later cooperated with federal officials, and who had met Doug at a previous rally.

Lane was arrested in early April as he was leaving a Winn Dixie supermarket in Winston-Salem, NC.

Chapter 12: The White Patriot Party

I held a press conference in downtown Raleigh on March 15, 1985 and announced that I had changed the name of the organization to the White Patriot Party.

The reason for the name change was I felt it would attract more members and supporters. The name "Ku Klux Klan" turned too many people off, and I was tired of apologizing for everything the media found wrong with it. Since the media insisted on lumping all 100 or so different Klan groups together and blaming every single member of every single group for the actions of a few individuals, then I would reduce the media's adverse effects upon us by changing our name.

Predictably, the media and Morris Dees accused me of trickery. They speculated that I was trying to maneuver around the prohibitions imposed upon the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, by the Dees agreement and the federal court order. But, actually I hadn't even thought of that idea until they brought it up. The fact was, a name change couldn't change anything since the court order specified: "and any subsequent organization." Therefore, their accusation was mute. It had no basis in logic. But, some of our members believed the accusation, and concluded Glenn Miller was a brilliant tactician to have thought of such a slick move.

Other members and supporters, and there were many, quit the organization because they felt I had betrayed them and "the Klan." Anticipating the dissenters, I encouraged them to join Joe Grady's Klan group, and I called Grady and informed him of the change; that there were no hard feelings about my members joining with him; and that we should continue supporting each other. Grady, delighted at his good fortune, was in total agreement.

I felt it was important to stay on good terms with Grady, if for no other reason than to spite Klanwatch and the anti-Klan Network who always whined to the press about North Carolina Klan groups sticking together and supporting each other. Plus, I didn't want my car squashed.

I further informed our members at meetings and via my newspaper that I preferred them going with Grady if they preferred the name Ku Klux Klan, because I didn't want dissenters. Discontented members are worse than non-members, I felt, because they spread their discontent among good members. So, I told them to leave with my blessing.

And, many did. Except for two men, Richard Vanderfort and Sterling Hinson, our entire Siler City Den quite en masse, and joined Grady's group. Only one week prior to their quitting, I chose them as "CKKKK Den of the Year" for 1984, and I awarded them a Certificate of Merit, and a 10-x-7 foot Confederate battle flag. Vanderfort and Hinson, incidentally were two of our most dedicated and reliable members and they stuck with me to the end.

Many others quit, but except for two or three, none had the courtesy of informing me. I just never saw or heard from them again.

In a short time the quitters were replaced by new White Patriot Party members, so there was not a reduction in the number of participants at our marches and rallies. And the membership quality improved as a result of the name change as I expected.

Nothing else about the organization changed except for minor administrative changes and our uniform patch which read "CKKKK." Steve ordered hundreds of new patches from his Fayetteville source, reading "White Patriot," and we passed them out at our frequent gatherings. Some members began to wear both patches to show they'd also been in "the Klan." Those patches were worn over the pockets of camouflage shirts, and positioned parallel to the ground. Confederate flag patches were worn on the left shoulder.

Den members could also wear military rank insignia in the form of pin on Army stripes, which were pinned to each collar, upside down from that worn by U.S. Army enlisted personnel. Den leaders were made Staff Sergeants; assistant Den leaders were Sergeants; and Den security leaders were Sergeants, etc. And, Den leaders had the authority to promote members beginning at Private First Class, as an incentive for hard work and good attendance records. My own rank was First Sergeant. Steve's was Master Sergeant. Our Security leader was a Sergeant First Class, and so on and so forth down the line.

Morris Dees, of course, pointed to that obvious military trapping as court evidence that we were a paramilitary organization. But, I contended that even the Boy Scouts wore rank on their uniforms and for the same reasons we wore them; to show hard work and good attendance.

I never considered my group to be either military or paramilitary, whatever paramilitary means, for the reason that neither I nor anyone else had the authority to order anyone to do anything. In fact, no member ever did, to my knowledge.

Just like our uniforms, the flags, the patches, the Certificates of Merit, and my selections of Klansmen-of-the-Month, etc., the rank insignias were just another tangible incentive, and something to promote pride, unity, and purpose among members.

I felt the government had no constitutional right to tell us what we could or couldn't wear, or what we could or couldn't

wear on the clothes of our choice. And, when we got together to teach our friends, wives, girlfriends and children how to shoot guns properly, or how to read a map, or how to physically defend themselves against attackers, I felt it was none of the government's business, or the business of Morris Dees, Klanwatch, the Anti-Klan Network or the Little Old Ladies Sewing Circle, or anybody else.

The final activity of the CKKKK was to stage a march and demonstration in downtown Raleigh on February 24, 1985, to protest the forced racial integration of school children. About 350 of us participated, and in the usual fashion with flags, martial music and uniforms, etc. An unusually large crowd of spectators for a Raleigh demonstration showed up, but about half of that crowd of 300 or so were hecklers, including about two dozen really loud ones, who yelled anti-Klan slogans while myself and others tried to speak.

I accused them of being Communists, and said I must be doing a good job to have the Communists against me. And, I led our side in loud shouts of White Power to drown them out.

Eyeing several whom I decided were Jews, I lambasted the Jews in my speech. And, I referred to the Black hecklers as bubble-lipped, blue-gummed niggers, and I said they should open their ears instead of their mouths so they'd learn something. I also told them to jump anytime they felt froggy.

Charlie Reck, during his speech told them that if they wanted another Greensboro, we'd give them one there in Raleigh.

Finally, I got tired of their loud interference and told the police officer in charge that I wanted them removed from the scene because they were interfering with our exercise of freedom of speech. The police escorted a few of them away, and the rest quieted down substantially. We completed our speeches, and there were no further difficulties.

During a march through Whiteville, N.C. a few months later, we were greeted by thousands of protesting Blacks.

By then, we had a large Den near Whiteville led by a former Klan leader by the name of Jeff Cartret, who had his own Klan organization of about one hundred members. He joined the White Patriot Party and brought his entire group with him. So, to show my gratitude and to recruit even more people from that area, I scheduled a May march through downtown Whiteville, and a rally just outside Whiteville.

Cartret being an intelligent and reliable man of about 35 years old, I asked him to coordinate the march route and other arrangements with the Whiteville Police Department. He called me a few days later saying the city council had disapproved his request for a parade permit, so I drove down, and in the company of about 40 local uniformed WPP members, I attended the subsequent city council meeting, where I informed them that we were determined to stage a march in protest of Black violence against White school students; that we wanted a peaceful demonstration; but that we were going to march through Whiteville, with or without their permit or permission. The council voted again on the issue, and it passed in our favor, unanimously. When they announced their decision, WPP members applauded them for their wisdom, and I shook their hands and gave each an envelope containing literature.

That was another example of elected officials trying to discourage our organization from operating within their geographical areas or responsibility and power. So, just as I'd done in Florence, SC and in other areas, I called the local newspapers and rubbed the offending politicians' noses in their own thwarted conspiracy, by forcing them to recant and to suffer the embarrassing criticisms of their constituents.

Three hundred fifty Party members and supporters, almost all in camouflage uniform and carrying Confederate flags formed up for the Whiteville march at one end of Main Street, which I observed was the White end, because no Blacks were in sight.

I formed them up four-abreast, and I placed four sharply uniformed, Tarzan-looking Marines in the front rank. The marching music began, and I yelled out the command, over my bullhorn, "White Patriots... ah... ten... hut! Forward, march!" And as always, I yelled for marchers to get in step and to stay directly behind the person in front of them to insure a better marching appearance.

"Hup... two... three... four," I bellowed, as we marched along.

"White Patriots," I hollered, "Let 'em know why we're down here... White Power!" The marchers yelled "White Power!" back in response. And, we repeated that yell frequently throughout the march, three or four times in succession.

For the first two blocks, I didn't see a single Black person, which swelled my head with courage and optimism which prompted me to yell to the large crowds of White spectators, "We thought yaw'll had some niggers down here. Where're they at?..... hup... two... three... four."

And, then I saw where they were at. Beginning on the third block, crowds of Blacks as many as eight deep lined both sides of the street, and I didn't ask "where the niggers were at" again. The biggest number of spectators that had ever turned out for one of our marches filled the sidewalks, about equally divided between Whites and Blacks. Viewing the video of the march later, I estimated over 10,000 all tolled, and Whiteville was a relatively small town.

The Blacks jumped up and down and jeered us with shouts of Black Power, and many of the White spectators yelled White Power and gave us the White Power salute as we marched past. White youths carried small Confederate flags, and others

wore camouflage shirts or caps to show their support of us. The video showed crowds of Whites jumping up and down and cheering us, while standing among crowds of Blacks, which was a highly unusual sight. Four elderly White women actually left the sidewalk and came out into the street to shout White Power and to raise their arms in White Power salutes.

We marched eight blocks down Main Street and hung a right. Jeff Cartret had previously settled on a parade route agreeable with the Police Chief, and he had described the route to me in terms of number of blocks that would bring us back to our original starting location.

After hanging a right and going down one block, I gave the command to hang another right, and that's when I realized that we were headed straight through the edge of an all Black neighborhood. And, hundreds of them were lined up beside the street, several deep and waiting for us to march past. Several hundred more Blacks from Main Street had cut across ahead of us and were also waiting.

My bodyguard, a large bear of a half-Indian fellow by the name of Jerry Hatcher, who had been with me for years, including during the Greensboro shootout, was marching directly behind me to protect my rear.

Seeing all those Blacks up ahead, I felt certain they would attack us, so I told Jerry, "If those niggers attack, I'm going to shoot the sons-of-bitches."

I had my .38 caliber revolver in my right front pocket, and Jerry knew it, so he replied, somewhat nervously, "Oh, hell no, Glenn, don't do that. We'll just fight them with our fists."

The cops were present, but scarce and stationed wide apart. I counted no more than a dozen all together, so I knew they could not prevent a violent confrontation if the Blacks attacked and that we'd be on our own. Of our 350 marchers, about 250 were men, but we were still far outnumbered. And, I never counted on outside help from other Whites.

We marched through the crowds of jeering Blacks, and after I had gotten past, I gave the bullhorn to Jerry and ran back to see if those in the rear of our formation were getting past safely. If our rear was attacked, I'd have to stop those in front, and bring them back to where the fight was. But, our luck held and thanks to the years of media sensationalism and distortions about our violent potentials, the Blacks were afraid to attack and contented themselves with shouting and shaking their fists to save face.

I finally got the marchers stationary at the starting point, and gave them "at ease," while I got my breath. Jerry had counted cadence during my trip to the rear, but I'd caught back up to him.

I hadn't taken more than a few relaxing breaths, when Jack Jackson came running up to me and exclaimed, "Glenn, about four or five hundred niggers are crowded up together back there in the middle of the street, and they're heading this way."

Neither of us could see, because they were on the next street over and shielded by a block of buildings between us. But I looked down the street we were on, and saw five or six uniformed policemen going toward where Jack had pointed. After a minute or so, it was obvious the Blacks had changed their minds, or had them changed by the police, so I went on with my usual end-of-march speech, and in between tirades of racist rhetoric, I orchestrated loud shouts of White Power, which could be heard all over Whiteville.

After my ten minutes or so speech, we all got into vehicles and drove slowly in a convoy down Main Street and out of town to our rally site some five miles away.

More than 2,000 people attended our rally that night, making it the biggest we ever had, and 88 new members signed up. About 50 uniformed members provided security, carrying rifles or shotguns, several of whom patrolled the highway next to the rally field or directed traffic. And, following seven or eight speeches, we staged a cross lighting ceremony, featuring a 40-foot cross, and by over 100 torch-carrying members who slowly circled the cross as "The Old Rugged Cross" played softly over the loud speaker. Our video cameraman captured the march and rally on film, and as always, upon my return home following a march or rally, I sat before my TV screen 'til the wee hours of the morning watching it over and over again, while dreaming my dreams for my beloved Southland, and her 60 million Aryan folk.

While it was true that we sometimes "stirred up" the Blacks, such as in the case at Whiteville, that was never my desire or intent. I wanted to stir White people into joining our group, not stir Blacks into committing acts of violence. Actually, I feared attacks by Blacks. I felt that if we should ever get into a violent confrontation with them in the streets, that our members would quit by the hundreds, and we'd all be judged guilty of "stirring up the Blacks," thereby damaging our image even further. White racist activists could seldom win in court, I felt. I remembered what happened in Greensboro in 1979. We got the blame even though the Blacks and Communists had clearly started the fight. Racial confrontation to me, was a no-win situation, so I preached against it. I reminded members constantly not to resort to violence or other illegalities, saying it was counterproductive to my goal of uniting, organizing, and educating the White masses. I did not want to force Blacks to behave themselves. On the contrary, I wanted them to continue their violent ways, so more Whites would join us. The White masses, and most of our members always thought that Glenn Miller was out to punish Blacks or to intimidate them into acting more like Whites. They thought that because of the name Ku Klux Klan, and because the media constantly drilled it into their minds. And, no matter how much Steve and I, and other leaders preached otherwise, we never got through to the majority of them.

Even when I explained my nonviolent position to millions via TV and radio, hardly anyone believed me.

I spoke as a guest over many radio talk shows, sometimes for two or three hours at a time, and I was a caller-in hundreds of times to talk shows like the nightly program by WPTF in Raleigh, and others similar to it.

Incidentally, Bart Ritter of WPTF once hung up on me 17 nights in a row, but that was before I became a leading spokesman for the White Movement.

After that, I was usually (but not always) allowed to speak.

Radio talk shows from all over the country invited me to be a guest speaker, and I was able to speak from my home phone to callers-in for hours at a time while sitting in my favorite easy chair. Those shows advertised in advance that they were having a Klan leader on the program, which greatly increased their listener-ship, and thus their financial revenue from advertisers. They made money on me, but I didn't mind as long as I was able to spread my views.

During some months, I spoke as a guest over five or six different radio talk show around the country, and for one, two or three hours at a time. And, in addition to spreading my views, I was always allowed to state my address and phone number along with a recruiting message to White listeners to call or write for a free copy of our newspaper. As a result, incidentally, from hundreds of thousands of radio listeners, I'd usually receive only about a dozen letters per talk show containing requests for a free newspaper and maybe \$10 or \$15 total in donations. That was about the dismal average.

I also appeared as a guest on several national TV programs, such as *The Sally Jesse Raphael Show*, *West 57th*, and the *Good Morning America Show*, and others.

In late 1985, I flew to St. Louis, Missouri and appeared along with Klan leader Don Black of Alabama, on the *Sally Jesse Raphael Show*, a 30-minute national program. TV producers of course paid all our expenses, including the price of luxurious hotel rooms, but we did not receive money from them. Later, I referred to Sally Raphael as a "super bitch" because she was so proficient at interrupting me, and she reduced my actual speaking time to less than three minutes of the 30-minute program. She also planted a huge "aunt Jemima" looking Black woman in the front row of the audience, who screamed illiterate outrages at Don and I to the loud applause of the predominantly White audience. That scene was really amazing. The Black woman was making statements such as, "Don't you axe me nuttin. I didn't interrupt you when you was talking, and you ain't gonna interrupt me when I'm talking." That kindergarten statement brought a thunderous round of cheers and applause, as did her other similar ravings, equally kindergarten-ish.

But, when Don and I made calm, reasonable and articulate statements, the audience would "oooooh, aaaah, or boooo" in phony, self-righteous condemnation and disapproval, while frowning and shaking their heads in the negative. And if Don and I had a sympathizer in the audience of 300 or so, he or she succeeded in keeping it a secret.

However, in between the orchestrated boo's and Raphael's interruptions, Don and I were able to make a few uninterrupted comments, and per the agreement before the show, both our names and addresses were flashed on the screen. As a result I received almost 300 letters from around the country. The letters contained, in addition to hundreds of requests for literature, several hundred dollars in donations, as well. And at least 90% of the letters were favorable. I also picked up several dozen new members, supporters, or paid subscribers to our newspaper, so all things considered, I chalked up the trip to St. Louis as a success.

The return trip, however, was a disaster because I got arrested at the Raleigh-Durham airport for carrying a concealed weapon, a loaded pistol.

Knowing that Raphael had advertised my visit to St. Louis, I felt I needed some protection from anti-Klan fanatics, so I carried my .38 caliber revolver in my suitcase, which was transported through the baggage department, and therefore not required to go through the metal detection machine. I got outside the Raleigh-Durham airport okay, but Marge was late in picking me up, so thinking she had forgotten, I went back into the airport to phone her. And, I completely forgot about the pistol in my suitcase. In order to get to a phone, I had to go back through the metal-detection machine, and I placed my suitcase on the counter for processing through the machine. The lights started flashing and my memory of the gun did too. Immediately searched and then arrested, I was taken to the Raleigh Police Department in handcuffs, and required to post bond.

Months later, I pleaded guilty in court to the misdemeanor and paid the \$100 or so fine. The adverse media attention paid to the affair further damaged my image in the eyes of everyone except my redneck rooters, whose view of me as an armed and violent revolutionary was even further heightened.

But in spite of the hostile media, and thanks to The Order, the White Patriot Party began a continuing momentum which increased with time and accelerated until my July 1986 conviction and exile.

Throughout 1985 and half of 1986, new members, supporters, and paid subscribers from virtually all over the country, were added to my mailing list in steadily increasing numbers.

However, because of the great distances separating the vast majority of members and supporters from myself and our marches and rallies, only a fraction of them ever physically participated in them. They simply wouldn't make the long and

costly trip, but that was understandable, though regrettable to me. Even when we reached the 5,000 mark, no more than 500 or so showed up for any one march, and we only averaged 300 or 400. But, even that was more than all other White groups combined could muster for any single public march or demonstration. So, I was not overly discouraged.

In April of 1985, we left the state and marched through downtown Canton, Georgia, and held a recruiting rally on private property that night. Bill Roland, a young former marine, and our main Den leader in Georgia did an admirable job for us in that state, but because of incredible police repression and harassment of members and those attempting to attend our gatherings in that state, we never managed more than two or three dozen uniformed Georgia members. However, Bill and others got together for frequent recruiting activities such as pig-pickins and meetings and they invited the White public to attend. And, they also conducted public road blocks to pass out newspapers and to solicit donations. And they staged a few public demonstrations. Bill was an energetic go-getter and intelligent as well. And, on several occasions, he brought a dozen or more of his members in uniform to North Carolina and they marched and rallied with us.

In June 1985, I decided to try marching through three cities in one day and stage a rally the same night, in an effort to step up our recruiting success even more. That being no small coordinating and planning endeavor, I went to great effort and expense in setting the thing up. But, since we had several well-led Dens in the West-central part of North Carolina, and I had decided on Gastonia, Shelby, and Forest City, I was confident of maintaining our long-standing record of proficiency and success.

We advertised those events well in advance by passing out thirty-five or forty thousand *Confederate Leaders*; by way of our local telephone message machines, and I purchased space in local newspapers, and time on two radio stations, in attempts to entice the White masses to join with us.

Jerry Hatcher and I loaded 250 or more Confederate flags attached to flag poles into his pick-up truck, and he drove us to Shelby, the site of our first march, some 200 miles from my home in Angier.

Steve Miller and several of his men, as usual, brought the loud speaker system and other essential equipment.

Selected Den leaders and their members carried out the tasks of preparing the large cross, the torches, a suitable stage for speeches, and obtaining a large field on private property for our night rally, along with all the other preparations, tangible and otherwise.

The day was hot, but clear and about 400 marchers showed up in high spirits and festive, happy moods. And, we began the Shelby march on schedule and in good coordination with city policemen. The loud speaker blared out martial music, including Scottish bagpipe, and Nazi music, and the songs "Dixie" and "Onward Christian Soldiers." As always, I led the marchers using my bullhorn and leading thunderous shouts of White Power, as we marched along the 12 or 14 blocks throughout downtown Shelby, before smiling White crowds and frowning Black ones totaling thousands, who lined the sidewalks.

Although the White masses refused to join with us or vote for us, I always felt that deep down they liked what we were doing, and in fact, wanted us to do more. I felt they sympathized with us, but for various reasons, stemming mainly from fear, they kept their sympathy to themselves or among families and friends. When they saw us marching down the street, many would pretend to ignore us so as not to reveal their true feelings to others who might be watching. A minority, mostly the White youth, would openly show their support and admiration by cheering, smiling, or waving and shouting White Power. Not once, during all our marches and public demonstrations, can I remember seeing one single White teenager showing any sign of hostility or even displeasure toward us whatsoever.

The adult White masses, I felt, had lost all hope of ever seeing a segregated society or a society without rampant Black crime and violence, and Black activist groups marching and demonstrating for their "civil rights." The White masses had, I felt come to accept all those things, and had become totally convinced by decades of media propaganda, that White groups were little more than feeble efforts in futility, and had no chance of changing anything. Whites had become hopeless, and contented in their hopelessness. I would change their hopelessness to hope, by showing them that White people could get together and organize, and in ever-increasing numbers. One thousand uniformed men in the streets standing shoulder to shoulder and carrying Confederate battle flags, and demanding White rights, I felt would be the key to unlocking their hopelessness and the trigger that would unleash and free the White masses from their hopelessness and despair so they would join us.

It seemed to me that most Whites had become virtual zombies as far as resistance to wrongs done to them, was concerned. They accepted anything and everything said, written or done against their Race, history, or their Southern culture, without uttering a mumbling public word in protest. The mass media filled their ears and eyes with what I referred to as "guilt trip propaganda," designed to make them feel ashamed, and therefore unwilling and incapable of waging any type of resistance to whatever the liberal social planners threw at them, be it immigration, abortion, interracial marriages, forced school integration, affirmative action programs for minorities, or other planned and orchestrated social phenomena, so despised by the vast majority of White Southerners.

The Shelby march ended without difficulties, and thousands of people, mostly White, had come out to view our parade or

cheer us on.

Getting more than a hundred vehicles from one city to the next and at the correct location, was no simple maneuver, but it was accomplished, and all three marches were large, loud, and colorful. I figured that we'd lose a few marchers in between cities due to exhaustion or from getting lost, but actually we seemed to gain a few in number as we continued.

The Forest City police gave a few members a hard time, and even arrested a couple on misdemeanor firearms violations, but we had them out of jail in a short time. In retaliation, we held a second march through Forest City the very next month, and I lambasted the police through press statements and letters to the editor, saying among other things, that since the police in Gastonia and Shelby had been so cooperative and courteous to us, we wouldn't march through their cities again that year, and would instead, devote all our attention and activities to Forest City. I likened the Forest City police to the Gestapo and accused them of having little respect for or understanding of the U.S. Constitution or of our rights as citizens and tax payers, etc., etc., etc.

The rally that night went off without a hitch, and although the crowd was only about 450, we signed up a dozen or so new members and supporters, and our local members were happy and inspired by the day's activities. All in all, I was pleased as punch and fired up emotionally to drive on even harder.

By the time Jerry and I arrived back home, I was too exhausted to even watch the video of the marches and rally, and I passed out as soon as my head hit the pillow. But, I spent most of the next day watching it while relaxing and sipping on Natural Light beer. I watched the marching men and women, the flags, the pageantry, and the cross lighting ceremony and heard the shouts of White Power and the inspiring speeches and dreamed my dreams and plotted my next moves.

Our public marches had the opposite effect of "stirring up the Blacks," at least to the point where they resorted to violence. With the single exception of Whiteville, Blacks were less arrogant and hostile toward Whites in the towns and cities we marched through. My conclusion was based on talks afterward with police officers, members, local Whites and my own good eyesight.

Blacks feared us. Of course, that fear was overwhelmingly due to media distortions, but it was fear, nonetheless.

Whiteville was an exception because we made the mistake of marching through the edge of an all Black neighborhood. But, even the Blacks there became less hostile toward Whites during the weeks and months following our march.

Black civil rights marches historically had the effect of suppressing the spirits of Whites and raising the spirits of Blacks. Our marches, though to a much lesser degree, had the opposite effect. Our marches raised the spirits of White people, especially the young, and suppressed the spirits of Blacks.

Of course, Blacks living within the towns we marched through, did get stirred up because of our marches, but they didn't direct their hostilities toward White citizens. They confined their hostilities to verbal complaints and directed them at local authorities, the media, and to their own Black leaders.

Our marches and raffles tended to give Whites a little courage and inspiration that resulted in them sticking together even more against Blacks, especially in public schools. Black marches and demonstrations had for the past several decades, had that same effect on Blacks. I referred to all that at the time, as "mob psychology."

That "mob psychology," I felt, had been used for decades by the mass media and minority groups to keep Whites in a constant state of racial suppression while at the same time succeeded in keeping Blacks in a constant state of organized hostility toward Whites.

Blacks were instilled with racial pride, awareness, and solidarity, while Whites were instilled with racial shame and therefore disunity.

Our marches tended to remove some of the White racial shame and disunity, and consequently the media and the Blacks hated us, and did everything they could to stop our activities.

White elected officials only wanted peace, harmony and a continuing of the status quo. And, since we represented a threat to peace, harmony and the status quo, then they felt compelled to attack us by trying to prevent our marches. Elected officials were also terrified of massive Black retaliations if we were allowed to continue. They were mindful of the Black riots and insurrections of the 1960's and 1970's and were afraid it would happen again, triggered by Glenn Miller, and the White Patriot Party, Even though some White elected officials were racists, their fear of Blacks was stronger than their racism, so they acted on their fear and against their weaker feelings of racism.

The government, in general, consequently wanted to shut me up and stop our activities. Since the government had not succeeded then in stopping me in a legal way, I was convinced they'd stop me in an illegal way, by assassination, or through frame-ups and trumped up charges in court.

Both the White and Black masses also wanted to see an end to Glenn Miller and the White Patriot Party, though the White racist minority secretly cheered us on. The masses wanted peace at any cost, which is the inherent desire of all economically tranquil masses. The White masses lacked the ability, I felt, to develop an interest in anything that didn't involve them directly as individuals. Immigration, abortion, interracial marriages, and other issues which I felt were

destructive to Whites, did not move the White masses, and in fact the mere mention of those issues by me infuriated most of them because they resented being forced to think about doom and gloom issues which were depressing to them, and which they felt they couldn't change, anyway.

The White masses reminded me of the Roman masses of the later days of the Roman Empire. When the Roman messengers came running into the city of Rome and other cities with news of the atrocities being committed throughout the empire by hordes of uncivilized barbarians, the Roman city masses became infuriated at hearing the frequent depressing news, and started hanging the messengers. Just as the American White masses hated the carriers of depressing news, so too did the Roman masses.

Glenn Miller was the same as the Roman messengers, and like the Roman messengers, the masses wanted me to shut up, and for the same reason. I not only brought bad news, but I also angered those who caused the bad news, and that made the White and Black masses hate me even more.

Now, if those ancient Roman messengers had large armies of Roman fighters at their disposal, capable of defeating the rioting hordes, the masses would not have hanged them, and instead would have cheered them on into battle against the hordes. Of course, the Roman masses would not have gotten involved with the fight personally, but they were perfectly willing to allow the messenger and his armies to do the fighting for them. And should the messenger have won the battle, the masses would have eagerly allowed him to become Emperor of Rome. That, is an example of the psychology of the masses, or as I would have preferred to call it, "mob psychology." Consistent with that "mob psychology," I felt that if I could show the White masses large numbers of uniformed White Patriots, and if I could convince them that we had a good chance of becoming able to change the "bad news" to "good news," then they would cheer us on and eventually vote us into political power.

That may seem to some as a gross oversimplification, but it was basically what I had in mind during those years. I felt that though it may not have been much of a plan, at least it was a plan. And, I didn't see anyone else with any plan at all.

Whatever else one might have said about me, they could not say I didn't have vision. My vision may have been clouded by the impossible, but it was vision nonetheless.

I was ever mindful of Hitler's success, and the success of others in the past. Hitler started with only seven members and broke, but with the power of his strong will and determinations and his brilliance, he won the hearts, minds, and bodies of the German masses, and conquered the entire continent of Europe. His visions, like mine, seemed cloudy with the impossible at the beginning.

I never ego-tripped with illusions of brilliance, however, because I was well aware of, and openly admitted my own limitations, but I did have a strong will and determination. And, I was convinced that my demonstrated successes exceeded those of any other White leaders. Therefore, I represented the best hope of uniting, organizing, and educating the White masses, at least in my own mind. That view was obviously shared by my opponents. Mabs Segrest of NCARRV (North Carolinians Against Racist and Religious Violence) stated via a news conference in January 1988 that Glenn Miller was "the most effective (White racist) leader in the country." Danny Welch of Klanwatch, at the same news conference said, "In 1985 and 1986, the White Patriot Party was phenomenal in its growth and its activities." Welch went on to explain to reporters that while during that same period other White groups were dropping in number and in activities, Miller's group was growing phenomenally, and that our newspaper, *The Confederate Leader* was one of the best White racist newspapers in the country. He also paid me another compliment by saying, "What it (Miller's success) boils down to was Glenn Miller was not lazy. Where some of the old leaders would sit back and depend on others, Glenn Miller would do things himself."

Federal prosecutor Michael L. Williams was quoted in the *Raleigh News & Observer* of January 3, 1988 as saying, "This guy (Glenn Miller) was a hero to all those White supremacists and Klan members nationwide. They idolized Glenn Miller. They had pictures of him on the walls of White supremacist members all over the country."

Those comments plus the comment made by U.S. Attorney Samuel Currin, "They (the White Patriots) are gaining momentum and prominence," should suffice to show how my opponents felt about me and my organization. It should also provide a little understanding of why I felt so paranoid about either being assassinated or framed. If the reader will agree that government officials have resorted to assassination and frame-ups in the past, then it must be conceded that as leader of the most "effective" White racist group in the country, I had some justification for my paranoia, and not only from the government, but from my other opponents, as well.

But, in the face of those justifiable fears, added to my fears generated by almost daily phone threats on my life and the lives of my wife and children, I didn't quit. On the contrary, I continually accelerated my activities and the growth of my organization, until I was forcibly exiled from it by a federal judge. And I didn't quit even then. I went underground.

I'm not writing these seemingly vain statements out of self adulation, but rather to show why I felt I was more capable than anyone else in the Movement, of organizing the White masses, and why I later went underground and declared war on the government.

My analysis of my own capabilities was often revealed to members when I said: "Hell, I might not be much, but I'm the

best you've got available." And, that was about the way I felt about myself and the so-called "National White racist Movement."

That analysis was a reflection of the incredible weakness of the White Racist Movement, and did not elevate me in my own eyes in the slightest.

Comparing the White Movement to the Black Movement, the Jewish Movement, the American Indian Movement, or even to the Homosexual Movement was to me about like comparing a gnat to great blue whales, because of the numbers of people actively involved in them.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for example, just one single Black Power organization, had over 40,000 members in North Carolina alone, and 400,000 nationwide. That one Black group, and there were hundreds more, had more members in one state than all White groups in the entire country had combined.

Financially, Jewish groups had at least 10,000 times more money with which to advance the interests of Jews, than White groups had to advance the interests of White people. And, many Jewish groups actively and openly used much of it to suppress White groups.

For me to have been swell-headed with vanity at being the leader of 5,000 lower income rednecks, would have required the absolute height in blind gullibility and ignorance of third-grade arithmetic.

In late 1985, a WPTF TV producer invited me to appear as a guest on a 30-minute program entitled, "Race Relations 1985." Black attorney Floyd McKissick was also invited. McKissick had been commissioned in the 60's by President Nixon to build a Black city in Warren County, North Carolina, which McKissick promptly named "Soul City." And he was a well-known national civil rights leader, as well.

I showed up at the WPTF studios in downtown Raleigh in my green beret and camouflage uniform along with about ten uniformed body guards. I almost always took along body guards when making public appearances to discourage would-be attackers or to fight off determined ones. In this case, I wanted them as a psychological prop so I wouldn't feel intimidated by Black cameramen, Black janitors, or other Blacks at WPTF, and I could therefore run my mouth as radically as I saw fit, free from the fear of being hit up side my head in mid-sentence.

The program consisted of questions presented by a panel of three local reporters and by the Black moderator, and of McKissick and I answering the questions.

The moderator, Richard Spaulding, a Black conducted the program in a fair and unbiased manner, providing me plenty of time in which to express my views, free from interruptions or other distractions. Consequently, it was my best TV appearance ever, and I addressed many of the racial issues I'd always felt were so important.

I won the debate convincingly, at least in my opinion and in the opinion of hundreds of people who called or wrote me subsequent to the broadcastings of the taped program. It was broadcasted on at least two dates; once about two weeks after the taping, and again a few months later.

I obtained a copy of the tape, reproduced it using two VCR's, and offered copies for sale in my newspaper. I eventually filled five two-hour tapes with TV appearances, marches, rallies, speeches and other items of racial interest, and sold copies for \$25 each, which along with the sale of flags, T-shirts, patches, Confederate license plates and books, was a fairly lucrative enterprise for the Party.

I also, purchased racist books, magazines, and newspapers published by other groups and frequently handed them out free-of-charge to members as part of my program of maintaining a continuing education for them. My favorites were the monthly magazines, *Instauration* by Wilmot Robertson and *National Vanguard* by William Pierce. Those two writers were the absolute best in the movement, in my opinion.

I also purchased seven or eight hundred copies of Pierce's book, entitled *Turner Diaries*, and passed them out free or sold copies through my newspaper. *Turner Diaries* was a fiction account of a future America in which Black crime was out of control; the government instituted "thought control police," to combat White racists and to confiscate privately owned firearms; and the book further described other anti-White government actions and programs. In response, a secret underground White racist organization called The Order, rose up and after much killing, bombing, and other violent actions, succeeded in gaining world power.

I liked the book because it provided a vivid and frightening, and in my view, an accurate prediction of future America as regards Black crime and an anti-White government. To me, the book was an eye opener. It forced the reader to see the future.

I did not necessarily envision a bloody revolution as did the book, but my vision of just about everything else was in agreement. I wanted to win White victory through legal means. The book portrayed White victory through illegal and violent means. I had no qualms with the book's ending because it ended in White victory. But I simply didn't believe it would be achieved in the way the book described that it would. I bought the book for one reason and one reason only; it was an eye opener. And, I wanted the eyes of White people opened so they'd join the White Patriot Party.

At my trial in July 1986, Morris Dees used the fact that I had purchased and passed out large quantities of the book as evidence that I was building a paramilitary organization to carry out the violent White racist revolution as described in the book. Dees even had an FBI agent certified by Judge Britt to be an expert witness on that one book, Turner Diaries. And the agent read parts of it to the jury. Further, Dees gave copies of the book to two prison inmates, Robert Jones and James Holder during his interviews with them in prison, so they'd make better witnesses in court. And, they both testified that "sure 'nuff" Glenn Miller was following the book's "blueprint" of building a White racist army of killers. Jones and Holder both were more familiar with the book than I was because I'd only read it once, and that was seven years earlier in 1979 while I was still in the U.S. Army. I learned more about the book during my trial than I'd remembered from reading it.

Morris Dees, being a highly convincing actor as well as a brilliant and experienced Jewish lawyer, and with the added eager assistance of two well rehearsed lying convicts, was able to convince the gullible jury that I was not only guilty of contempt of court as charged, but also guilty of plotting to overthrow the government through a violent revolution with the book as my blue print.

Jones was such an astute and well-rehearsed liar, I found myself believing some of what he was saying during the day and a half he was on the stand, even though I'd never even seen him before in my life, and knew he was lying.

Holder, serving 18 years for murder in a state prison, presented such a pitiful sight with his constant gazing at Dees for an approving nod, and his lapses into tears, that I actually felt sorry for him. He obviously had been promised a good word by Dees and government prosecutors for his parole board or other benefits, and he tried so hard to please them that he discredited much of his testimony in the process.

There had been for years a joke circulating among Party members describing American Blacks being shipped to Africa on leaking ships. Holder changed the joke to truth and added the air bombing of the leaking ships half way to Africa by Glenn Miller and the White Patriot Party. And with a solemn expression, he testified that was one of my official Party plans to get rid of Blacks. Incredibly, jury members took the story in without laughing and they even gave the facial expressions of believing it, as they frowned and shook their heads in sympathy for poor Blacks being drowned by the shiploads.

Holder went on to say that while a member of Glenn Miller's Klan he had been a racist and in agreement with my so-called revolutionary plans, but that while in prison, he had become "a born-again Christian," and that's why he was there to testify against me.

North Carolina prisons are predominantly Black, and Holder's Klan past was known by his fellow inmates. By testifying against me and the White Patriot Party, he would be treated much better by Black inmates. Also a written report of his testifying would be made a part of his parole records, which would no doubt please his parole board and in Holder's prediction, help free him from prison sooner than would otherwise be the case.

Holder and I and our families had once been close friends for over two years. I understood his predicament, and consequently, I couldn't find it in me to hate him for testifying or for lying at my trial. I could only find pity, and besides, he wasn't a good witness anyway.

Jones, on the other hand was an amazingly astute and convincing liar, plus I had never met, much less known him, so I loathed his every word.

David Duke, former Nazi, and former leader of the largest Klan organization in the country in the middle and late 1970's, was miraculously elected to the Louisiana legislature in 1989. I met Duke for the first time in 1981 when I took a contingent of the CKKKK in support of his speaking appearance at an auditorium in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. I had known him previous to that, but only by his good reputation as a Klan leader.

Duke stunned the nation and the world in 1989 by his election, especially in view of the fact that he was openly opposed by just about everybody in the national Republican Party, including President George Bush and Republican Chairman Lee Atwater. Duke's election made national news for several weeks, witnessed by me from my prison TV set and by prison library newspapers.

Following Duke's 1981 Winston-Salem speaking engagement, which only drew about 150 people incidentally, he invited me and several CKKKK members out to eat and he and I had a long chat at a nearby restaurant.

I also had the opportunity to speak with him during two national Klan rallies at Stone Mountain, Georgia. And, he and I spoke about various concerns related to the White Movement during infrequent phone conversations over the years, 1981 through 1986.

In 1979, he changed the name of his group to The National Association for the Advancement of White People, and I read in a 1989 newspaper that by then he had around 30,000 members or supporters on his national mailing list, which I thought was quite extraordinary.

My analysis of David Duke concedes that he probably represents the best hope of organizing the White masses into anything remotely resembling a successful White racist organization, though judging from statements he made following his election, that organization will be far less racist and less anti-Semitic than groups existing now or in the past.

I found Duke to be a highly intelligent, articulate, and dedicated man. He is also young, handsome, and presents himself and his views extremely well before the mass media.

The one thing that stands out in my mind about David Duke is his stated agreement with me in 1981 that America must bring about a total separation of the Races, if the White race is to survive.

I am fairly certain, however, that Duke has never changed his mind about working legally within the system as opposed to armed revolution. He's legal and peaceful to the bone. He just wants to work for the advancement of the White Race in his own chosen way, by getting elected to office and by his speaking and writing activities with the NAAWP.

Duke and I also shared something else in common; a beautiful blonde blue-eyed lady by the name of Elaine Jackson. Elaine and Duke dated in the late 1970's after she began working as a volunteer for his organization. In 1980, she attended a Harold Covington Nazi meeting in Raleigh along with several other White activists from Louisiana. And I met her at that meeting. That was, incidentally, after my separation and divorce from Marge, so I was perfectly free and available at the time. She had broken off with Duke, and she and I hit it off so well, she moved in with me several months later, after moving her belongings from New Orleans to my house in Angler.

Elaine was what I called a Valkyrie. I reserved that term for the 10% of the White population whose light complexion, blue eyes, and blonde hair places them in my category of being the very best racial stock. And she was absolutely breathtakingly beautiful in a bikini, to boot. What she saw in me, I didn't know and didn't care as long as I had her all to myself. I proposed, she accepted, in spite of being 10 years my junior, and everything was dandy until after several months when she returned to New Orleans for the purpose of making some money at her old job as a union stage hand for the many New Orleans theaters, for which she was paid a handsome salary.

She said she'd return as soon as she'd accumulated a nice little financial nest egg, and I believed her. But, whether the nest egg just never got big enough or whether the adage out-of-sight, out-of-mind proved correct in her case, I'll never know, but her love for me faltered, and she broke off the engagement.

Elaine called me from New Orleans three or four months after her arrival there and informed me that she'd suffered a miscarriage of my child. I had known she was pregnant and that the child was mine, because her cycle and faithfulness proved that to be the case before she left Angler.

She was one in a million; bright, beautiful, educated, modern, and almost as big a racist and anti-Semite as I was. But, things worked out for the best. Elaine was really a single person in heart and lifestyle anyway, and I got my true love Marge and my children back a year or so later.

The rest of 1985 found the White Patriot Party staging a march and rally every month, and increasingly accelerating our other activities. In fact, our Dens and individual members were conducting so many Party activities, I found that the mention of all of them in our newspaper was taking up too much space, so I began to omit the less significant ones, to allow space for essential propaganda articles and other more important items.

Quarreling among members was one of my biggest problems in running the organization, and the bigger we got, the bigger the problem became. Of course, I knew all along that there was bound to be personality and personal conflicts among people who got together frequently, but at times some got completely out of hand.

For example, a married male member got involved with another woman following our Columbia rally and was late getting home. One of his own Den members told his wife, which not only caused a fight, but also gunshots into one's home and subsequent court battles and a choosing of sides by other Party members in that area of the state. At one point, things got so heated, one called me up terrified, and demanded that I bring armed members to protect him and his family. I refused, and luckily no one was ever seriously hurt, but the incident resulted in about half the area members quitting the Party.

Quarreling, or course, resulted in the shooting death of Den leader David Wallace by James Holder, as I described earlier in the book.

Members constantly phoned or called me aside at meetings to complain about this or that other member.

Jealousy was a problem. Members flirted with the wives or girlfriends of other members. Den leaders and individuals became jealous of other Den leaders and individuals because of promotions or "atta-boy" write-ups in the newspaper. Some members didn't meet the character standards of other members and demands were made to kick people out of the Party, and in some cases ultimatums were issued to me. Some members hated alcohol. Others demanded the right to drink beer after meetings, etc., etc., etc.

Consequent to the quarreling problem, I had to issue policy statements in order to keep members happy, dedicated, and in the Party. I knew I couldn't solve the problem, but at least I could try to reduce the adverse effects upon the Party. So, I went to great lengths and spent much time in convincing Dens to split up and form smaller Dens which would contain members more compatible to each other and to pacify members. I explained as an example that beer-drinking marines couldn't possibly get along within a Den with bible-toting Baptists, so they should split up for the good of the Party. If a Den member couldn't get along, he or she should try another Den, and to try and leave without ill feelings, or start their own Den by recruiting four other members.

Regarding alcohol, I allowed Dens to make their own rules for Den meetings, but as for Party-wide activities, I allowed beer, but only after the official Party activity had been completed. Foul language in front of women and children was strictly forbidden, and I was highly vocal and forceful in my frequent reiteration of that prohibition and my prohibition of drugs of any kind.

I tried to word my policies as inoffensive as possible, but reduce the quarreling problem at the same time. Neither I nor Den leaders could order anyone to do anything. We could only try to reason with them, and set reasonable behavioral policies that would benefit the continuing growth of the Party.

Though my policies did not stop the quarreling problem altogether, they did reduce them to an acceptable level that permitted the Party to grow in number and to operate efficiently.

I remember an accusation made once by a young redneck following a Den meeting and following my long speech about what I expected of members. The fellow called me aside and complained, "Glenn, you're just trying to use us."

My somewhat loud angry reply was, "Hell yeah, I'm trying to use you, and I want another million like you so I can use them to. I don't give a damn about you. I care about your children and their future and the future of you Race and your country. Your little personal problems don't interest me in the least, and I don't even want to hear about them."

He responded with words to the effect, "Hell, I ain't never thought about it like that before," and strolled away with his nose pointed to the ground. But, I was pleased to note years later that he had not only stayed a member, but became an increasingly dedicated one as well.

Security at meetings, rallies, and marches was another concern to me. I never lost my fear of eventually being attacked, and possibly with firearms or maybe even with explosives. There was little I could do to prevent it except to try to present the appearance that we were well prepared. I believed our military type uniforms and our heavily armed security guards presented the correct appearance to discourage most would-be attackers, but not the more determined ones such as members of the Jewish Defense League, the FBI, or the Israeli secret police organization known as the Mossad, or others vehemently opposed to organized White racism and anti-Semitism. I never felt much fear of Black groups. I felt Blacks were somewhat apt to attack us during public marches, but not in a premeditated, planned, and organized manner. Theirs would be strictly spontaneous, whereas others would be planned and therefore, much more effectively executed.

But I was determined that no threat or perceived possibilities for attacks, would adversely affect my activities, so I went about my business and left most of the worrying to my body guards, our security leader, and to law enforcement officials. I did, however, maintain a sizable stockpile of firearms and ammunition within my home, and I usually carried a pistol and a shotgun in my vehicle wherever I went. I also familiarized Marge with a 12-gauge pump action shotgun, which I kept leaning against the wall beside our bed. The barrel was sawed off to further enhance the probability of successful firings. I explained to her that all she had to do was push the safety forward, point, pull the trigger, and then continue pumping and pulling the trigger. I also insisted on her periodically firing the shotgun so she wouldn't forget how.

After the November 1984 shooting into our home, Marge became more determined than ever not to allow threats to prevent us from exercising our rights, and like me, she came to accept them as part of our everyday lifestyle, as did the children.

Strangely, except for one minor incident, the children were never harassed at school, even though everybody there, including the principal, teachers, and Black students knew who and what their father was. If anything, they were little celebrities because of it.

A Black male teenager much older and larger than either of my three sons, threatened them on the school bus one day in the summer of 1985. I went to the Coats, N.C. school the next day and explained the incident to the principal, who investigated the matter and then suspended the Black from school. En route to the principal's office, I had to walk down a long hallway and thereby passed a half dozen open-doored classrooms. The students recognized me, and later it was reported in the newspaper that Glenn Miller had been roaming up and down school hallways for the sole purpose of frightening Black students, which was, of course, ridiculous. But, it was believed by many, especially by local Black parents.

Six months after that, I rented the auditorium, cafeteria, and grounds of that school and held a "Glenn Miller for U.S. Senate" campaign rally, which was participated in by over 500 people, mostly in camouflage uniforms. Even though I paid the school around \$700 rental, and we injected additional money into the town's economy over the two-day rally, some town residents and all the Black ones, screamed their protests to the school board and to the media. However, it was a bona fide political rally, and since other candidates used public school facilities all the time and all over the state for the same purpose, there wasn't anything they could do about it except complain. I couldn't have cared less about their complaining, so I didn't worry much about it. I was, however, disappointed that so few Coats residents attended the rally. Coats was only six miles from my farm, and I knew many of the Whites there personally. Fear and apathy, I concluded kept them away, just as was the case just about everywhere else.

Coats, like Angier eight miles away, was a small town and both were mostly White. My family and I lived in that general area for around 12 years and I was a well known White racist leader for over six of those years. But, except for a very few hostile looks, my family and I were always treated politely and friendly by all local Whites. And, many of the rednecks,

both male and female were overtly and extra friendly to us at food marts, on the streets, at the bank, or wherever else we met them. On a few occasions there, as well as in other places around the state where I was recognized, people actually asked me for my autograph, to which I gratefully and graciously complied. Many openly bragged to me that my presence in the Harnett and Johnston County community greatly reduced Black crime, violence, and intimidation directed toward Whites. And I am convinced that was the case. The Blacks didn't know which rednecks were or weren't members of the White Patriot Party, and probably thought most were, which added to their fears and perceived threats even more. Harnett and Johnston County Blacks, just like Blacks all over the state, were convinced by the constant barrage of media distortions that Glenn Miller had an army of half-crazed racist bigots just waiting for an excuse to slaughter Black people. And, when they called my telephone messages and listened to me rant and rave about "niggers" this, and "niggers" that, they were doubly convinced that I was a complete homicidal racist maniac and the leader of thousands more, all armed to the teeth with everything from law rockets and claymore mines to hand grenades and machine guns, which was, in fact, the highly publicized allegation of Morris Dees and the Southern Poverty Law Center, as well as federal prosecutors.

When I found myself in the close presence of Blacks in food mart or convenience store checkout lines, I could literally sense their terror of me.

A busload of uniformed members stopped at a Raleigh Hardee's restaurant en route to one of our 1985 Raleigh demonstrations, and dozens of Blacks immediately vacated the restaurant and parking lot.

Jesse Radford, after the Party bus had broken down on the way to the Rockingham, N.C. Raceway where he and several others were headed in uniform to pass out 15,000 newspapers in 1985, went into a Black country church for mechanical assistance, and the Blacks in the church ducked behind the pews when he ducked into the front door of their church. Finally, one elderly Black lady raised up and informed Radford that while she'd sure help him out if she could, she was not a mechanic and neither was anybody else in the church. They'd all seen the bus through church windows, though they didn't know it was broken down until Radford came and inquired about a mechanic. The Black churchgoers thought the bus which was flying two large Confederate flags and its White camouflage uniformed occupants had stopped to do harm to them or to their church.

Radford then left and hitchhiked to the nearest phone to call for a wrecker and an elderly Black man picked him up thinking, from the looks of his uniform, he was in the U.S. Army. The man asked Radford what Army outfit he was in, and Radford told him the Ku Klux Klan, which of course, scared the fellow. He was so nice however, that he insisted on waiting for Radford to make the phone call so he could drive him back to the bus some four or five miles back. Getting back to the bus, Radford said it was surrounded by highway patrol men and flashing blue lights, so not wanting to get arrested for carrying a pistol, he asked the Black man if it was okay to leave his .357 long barreled magnum pistol on his car dash while he went and talked to the highway patrolmen, to which the Black fellow happily agreed. Radford then pulled the pistol out of his uniform pocket, laid it on the car dash and left to go talk to the cops. Radford said the Black gentleman waited alone, patiently and quietly, for over an hour in his car, and afterward said he was glad to help Radford out, before speeding away at breakneck speed, and probably thanking God for sparing his life.

Driving through a Black Angier neighborhood, also in 1985, Joe Cobb sat behind the wheel of our Party bus, wearing his Klan robe and tall pointed Klan hat, smoking a big cigar, and dozens of Black children saw him and ran screaming into their houses.

Cobb was in a Klan group back in the 60's, and told me stories about how they used to throw live 'coons, possums, porcupines, or ganders into Black houses at night in attempts to run them out of Johnston and Harnett County. Cobb said that late one night, he and three or four other local rednecks snuck up on the house of one Black family, peered through the window and saw a huge Black woman sitting in front of a TV watching *Gunsmoke*, with a gang of children all around her. The window was open and Cobb threw a live possum in her lap. Cobb said she squalled about the loudest and longest he'd ever heard, and jumped about four feet up in the air. Cobb then ran and jumped into a nearby ditch to observe what would happen next, and it wasn't long before they saw the Black woman bust out of the back door and run across a cotton field with a trail of children behind. Cobb said she was as wide as three rows of cotton, but fast and agile. She outran all the young'uns.

The very next day, according to Cobb, the Black man of the family walked into a nearby country store carrying the possum in a gunny sack, and demanded to know which of the 10 or 12 White men sitting around in the store, owned the possum. But none of them could even recognize the possum, even after looking down at it sitting at the bottom of the sack, nor did they know who might own the animal. But, they all agreed and sympathized with the Black fellow that it was a sorry and low-down stunt somebody had pulled on him and his family the night before.

Cobb said that on another night, he and company threw a large black gander through the window of another Black family's house, and the loud squawks of the gander scared them so bad, they left and refused to go back without the protection of armed deputy sheriffs, to whom they swore they'd seen a devil or monster of some sort that had wings, because the thing had flown right through their window.

A riled up gander does make a terrific amount of loud noise, especially when thrown into the darkness among human

strangers, and Cobb said it was still squawking when a deputy poked it out with a broom from under one of the beds where it had sought safety, and as it went hopping and flopping out the front door and into the nearby woods.

Joe Cobb was quite a redneck character. Once he and I were riding around Johnston County, in his brand new 1984 Ford pick-up truck, passing out newspapers and stopping at country stores trying to sign up new members. Cobb always kept his truck clean as a whistle and spic-and-span shiny.

Driving slowly through the countryside, we approached a Black fellow in his mid thirties, riding a bicycle and carrying a shotgun across the handle bars. Cobb passed him, but had to stop within a short distance for a stop sign. The black fellow, obviously a little intoxicated didn't react quickly enough and plowed into the rear end of Cobb's new truck. Cobb immediately shifted his gear into park, got out and walked back to the Black fellow, cussing him and his mother for every vile name he could think of. And, he hit the Black fellow upside his head with his fist, knocking him to the ground, and then threw the shotgun 60 or 70 feet out across a field planted with soy beans. Still rednecked and cussing, Cobb then got back into the truck and drove off, mad as a wet settin' hen about the few scratches on his truck. I was afraid the Black fellow had made a mental note of the license plate number, but I was confident he didn't get a good look at me because I stayed in the truck. However, we never heard anything else about the incident. I chastised Cobb for the assault, knowing it wouldn't do any good because Cobb not only outweighed me by 50 pounds, he was totally independent minded anyhow. I had about as much control over Cobb as I did over the Federal Reserve Bank or the New York Times.

Once, I had to pull a shotgun on him because he was intoxicated and refused to leave my house, even after I'd politely and impolitely asked him to, several times. The shotgun in his face didn't faze him. But, when I called the Johnston County Sheriff's department and asked them to come and get Joe Cobb out of my house, that did faze him, and he left. He stayed away for several months, but came back one day and we became good friends again. Cobb joked with his friends that Glenn Miller had fired him from the Klan, and knowing how he was, they all thought it was highly hilarious.

Cobb was by no means a fanatic about attending meetings. If he was in the mood to come, he did. And, if he wasn't, he didn't. That's just the way he was. But, he was a talented man and a big help to me over the years, barbecuing pigs, acting as my bodyguard, and signing up members, etc. And, I thought the world of him. He was tough, racist, humorous, fiercely independent, and as Southern redneck as they come. So, I naturally liked him.

Cobb could be charming or aggravating, whichever suited him at the time. His idea of a successful parade was one in which he was at the front, leading the marchers in his Klan robe with a big cigar in his mouth. I jokingly told him once that I wanted him to lead one of our marches in just that manner, and he took me seriously. It was months later during our march through downtown Fuquay-Varina. I had just gotten our 300 or so marchers in formation at the edge of town in preparation for the march to begin, and using my bullhorn I was giving them last minute instructions. I had conducted a quick uniform inspection, and had selected four sharply camouflage-uniformed clean-cut Marines for the front rank, when Joe Cobb and three of his cronies, late and dressed in Klan robes, came strolling up to me. Cobb was swaying, and I could tell he was drunk because of that, and by his tall pointed Klan hat sitting crooked on his head. And, he had a large unlit cigar in his mouth, which he was chewing on and rolling around in his mouth.

Getting up to me, with a big optimistic grin on his face, he whispered, "Glenn, I'm ready to lead this thing, where you want me at?"

Several TV and newspaper reporters stood watching just a few feet away, and one or two video cameras were filming the whole scene.

Thinking quickly, I said, "Joe, I'm glad you're here. I need some tough men to bring up the rear because I think there's a good chance we'll get attacked today. So, how about taking your men back to the rear?"

Cobb's grinning optimism of leading the parade turned to frowning growls and grunts, but seeing I wasn't going to change my mind, he walked on back toward the rear, with his cronies, who were about equally disappointed, trailing along behind him, and with Cobb explaining in his own alibi, why they weren't going to lead the parade after all.

Cobb repaid that rejection however, but I didn't find out how until that night when I viewed the march video. I saw that he and his cronies had left a gap between them and the other marchers of about 100 feet.

They had trailed along behind, giggling and elbowing each other in the ribs, while strolling down the main street of Fuquay-Varina all by themselves.

I was angry at Cobb for that obvious display of spite, but I quickly got over it because I knew how he was, and after a while I found a little amusement in the whole affair. I had slighted him, and he was bound and determined to slight me back. That's just the way he was.

The beginning of 1986 found me busy as a one-armed paperhanger in a wind storm, and highly optimistic about the continuing growth of the Party.

Over 500 of us marched through downtown Raleigh in January in our annual anti-Martin Luther King holiday parade. Included in that parade, in addition to hundreds of camouflage uniformed members carrying Confederate flags, was our renovated school bus, which was painted camouflage, and had two huge Confederate flags mounted on it, and bearing, in

large letters on both sides, "GLENN MILLER FOR U.S. SENATE." Leading the parade was six stout young Party members wearing complete Confederate Army uniforms, which I'd rented from a Raleigh costume store for \$165.00. I felt the sight of them leading the parade to the tune of "Dixie" would add much pride and inspiration. Again, we highly advertised the parade, and again only a couple hundred Raleigh spectators showed up to support us. However, no hecklers showed up at all. In my speech, I informed everyone and especially media reporters, that as leader of the White Patriot Party, I did thereby proclaim the Martin Luther King holiday null and void, and I replaced it with a holiday honoring Robert E. Lee. Therefore, I continued, White folks could go right ahead and take the day off from work each year to celebrate Lee's birthday, and not have to feel guilty or ashamed about taking that day off. Lee and King's birthdays are only a few days apart, so my proclamation was timely reasonable as well as appropriate, I surmised. I went on to state that King was a Communist whose Communist record compiled by the FBI, was so bad that the government locked it up for 50 years so nobody, including U.S. Senators and Congressmen, could read it.

Steve Miller, our Party Chaplain, marched at the front of the formation on the right flank, as he always did, carrying his large Bible in his left hand, tucked under his arm. And, as always, he presented a fairly long speech, highlighted with Bible quotes. His speeches were so long, I used to half jokingly tell him I was going to build a trap door behind the podium with a 10-minute timer as a means to shorten his speeches.

Steve was, like many of our more dedicated members, a subscriber to the religious doctrine called "Christian Identity," which claimed, among other things, that White people are the true chosen people of God, and not the Jews. Though I shared that particular belief, I didn't agree with others. For example, Steve thought that the traditional Christmas celebration was blasphemous because it was too commercial, and that Santa Claus was a lie and therefore blasphemous as well. He and I once got into a small argument about Santa Claus. There I was trying to get the redneck Christians to join our group, and Steve was blessing them out about taking their children to see Santa Claus and putting up Christmas trees, which Steve said were terribly sinful things to do. Steve agreed not to bless out Santa Claus during speeches again, but vowed he'd bless him out as much as he pleased in private conversations with members and others.

Steve also maintained a strict diet and preached that eating pork and certain other foods was strictly forbidden by God and the Bible. I always tried to pacify Steve and his beliefs as much as I could for the sake of Party solidarity, but I'd been a fool about country ham and gravy all my life, and I couldn't muster the faith to quit eating it. Steve detested that, as well as a few of my other habits, such as beer drinking, but he too was conscious of Party solidarity, so he overlooked them, at least in public. But he continued to preach to me privately, in hopes of eventually changing my sinful habits of eating ham, drinking beer, and telling my children that Santa Claus was real.

Oh, how I used to dread seeing him pull into my driveway around Christmas time.

Steve was liked and respected by just about everybody in the Party, though most, like me, refused to give up Santa Claus or their country ham. Steve was a quiet, easy-going, and personable man whom everyone found charismatic and likeable. And they found him to be of high moral standards as well as fanatical in his religious beliefs.

January 1986 also found Steve and I filing for public office. I held a press conference in Raleigh and announced my candidacy for the U.S. Senate and Steve filed in Fayetteville for the state legislature. The White Patriot Party also fielded four other political candidates for that primary election.

Jesse Radford of Wake County, and Cecil Cox of Jacksonville filed for seats in the legislature, and two other members filed for County Sheriff; one in North Eastern North Carolina, and the other in Shelby.

I wanted as many members to run for office that year as possible to show Party progress and credibility, so I begged, enticed, cajoled and succeeded in getting 6 of us on the ballot.

Previous to filing, I flipped a nickel before reporters in front of the court house one day, to decide whether I'd run as a Republican or Democrat, saying there wasn't a nickel's worth of difference between those two parties, anyway. The Democrats won me, though hardly any of them considered me a win, judging from the April vote tally.

We staged several White voter registration and campaign marches, and held several outdoor rallies, marching through downtown Fuquay-Varina, Erwin and other towns. And, of course, we engaged in the usual campaign activities, as Steve and I had done during our 1984 campaigns. I won't bore the reader with repeat descriptions. So let it suffice to say I gave a lot of speeches before special interest groups, and I graciously granted interviews to dozens of TV, radio, and newspaper reporters. I also ran campaign adds for all our candidates in the monthly *Confederate Leader* newspaper, and used our telephone message machines to urge Whites to register and to vote for our candidates.

Jesse Jackson's North Carolina supporters held various public activities in support of more Black voter registration, so I used Jackson to chide more Whites into registering also. Later, a spokesman for Jackson was quoted in the newspapers as saying that the best way to register more Whites in North Carolina was to hold Black voter registration drives, because far more Whites registered that year than did Blacks. Of course, I demanded that the media give me and the White Patriot Party our due credit for all those new White voters. But, I'm sure now that for every White who registered on my account, at least 100 registered on Jesse Jackson's account. In fact, if the truth was known, I managed to register far more Black voters than

White ones. I believe thousands of Blacks registered and voted just to spite me. And, the Blacks hated me a lot more than Whites hated Jackson. It would have benefited Jackson greatly to pay me to hold White voter registration drives all over the country as a grand way to register more Blacks, because that would have worked better than anything he or his supporters ever schemed, devised, or tried.

Texas Klan leader Louis Beam, later tried and acquitted of Sedition, came to North Carolina and spent about a week with Steve to train him, and several other members, in the operation of a computer bulletin board. Beam who allegedly received \$200,000 from The Order was implementing his idea of installing computer bulletin boards all over the country, as a means for White racist groups and individuals to communicate and advertise by way of the computers. The computers provided information such as dates and locations of meetings, lengthy propaganda articles, status of court trials, the names and addresses of anti-Klan groups, and other information deemed of interest to White racists and anti-Semites. Steve's job was to input his computer with local information so others around the country could keep up to date on the happenings in North Carolina and within the White Patriot Party.

Steve became somewhat of a fanatic about his computer and would spend hours at a time reading computer items or typing his own into his computer. I paid Beam \$2,000 for a new computer, and \$1,000 to cover his week-long expenses and travel costs.

Those computers generated national news coverage, and reporters speculated they were being used to promote the murders of anti-Klan activists or bombings of anti-Klan organizations. And those allegations seemed to have merit because some computer items included not only the names, addresses, and locations of anti-Klan groups and leaders, but also contained thinly veiled threats against them.

Frankly, I didn't like the computer bulletin board idea anyway, because it was too costly, time consuming, and didn't result in new members or supporters for the White Patriot Party. Also, it provoked even more interest from law enforcement agencies and the hostile media, and provided them with more evidence that we were violent racist revolutionaries.

I looked upon the whole computer scheme as little more than a Louis Beam hobby, designed to give the impression he was engaging in a grand project to further the American White Racist Movement, when all he was really doing was fooling everybody. There I was busting my butt and risking my life out in the open trying to unite, organize, and educate the masses, and there Beam was traveling around in high style anonymity, installing computers, and video taping motel room conversations with me and others. And, he was making a profit in the process by charging cash for his computers and for his training service.

Further, of all the leaders who presumably received money from The Order, I felt none were using it nearly as effectively as I was, to further the Cause. And, I felt that many were keeping most of the money for themselves, because except for a few computers and videos, I could see little or no tangible results, especially in the form of new members or supporters, which I considered was the only real gauge of success and progress.

In fairness to Beam and others however, the videos were shown probably to millions of people all tolled, around the country by way of Public Cable Television, during subsequent years.

By 1986, my Order money had dwindled substantially, even though I had taken Jack Jackson and Doug Sheets off the payroll around April or May of 1985. However, I continued paying Steve \$800 per month in salary plus other monies for expenses and special projects.

Jack moved to Georgia for a while and assisted Den leader Bill Roland in White Patriot Party activities there, but soon followed Doug, who had moved back to Oklahoma, where his parents lived. I hated to lose them because they were both talented and dedicated men, but they had become too much of a financial burden. And besides, by then I had plenty of members working hard for the Party who would offset their loss, and at no cost to the Party.

Morris Dees laid a bombshell on us in April 1986, on the eve of the primary elections, by filing criminal charges against me, the Party, and against Steve Miller, for violation of our agreement of January 1985 and of the federal Court Order. The agreement I signed with Dees had come back to haunt me.

The legal term for the charges was "Contempt of Court." We allegedly violated the court order, and therefore, we were in "contempt of court." And, though contempt of court is a criminal offense, in our case it was only a misdemeanor and not a felony. Further, it was judged that the maximum punishment Steve and I could receive was 1-year in prison, if convicted on all counts.

In other words, Morris Dees and the federal and state governments, spent three years investigating Glenn Miller, Steve Miller, and the White Patriot Party, including the interrogations of 75 or 80 members, and Dees had spent an estimated one million dollars, and after all that, they decided to charge us with a mere misdemeanor which had a maximum penalty of 1-year imprisonment.

The contempt of court charge alleged that we had operated a paramilitary organization and broken two state laws. And in doing so, we had engaged in a series of intimidating acts throughout North Carolina with the purpose of preventing Black citizens, from freely exercising their rights.

The reader should ponder the obvious question that since Dees and the government felt we had committed all the crimes listed in the contempt of court charge, why in hell didn't they charge us with the crimes themselves instead of contempt of court? The federal crime of intimidating Blacks and preventing them from exercising their rights is a felony and carries a maximum penalty of life imprisonment. And, violation of the two state laws also constituted a felony offense, with much more punishment than one-year imprisonment. Why didn't the state charge us with violating those two laws, or with any of the other dozens of pertinent laws related to "the Klan" or related to the protection of Black North Carolina citizens from White racists?

I'll tell you why. Dees knew I had not broken those laws, because if I had, he'd have demanded that the state charge me with them. And, if my organization had really been an illegal paramilitary organization, he'd have demanded that the state charge me with that also. If, according to his so-called evidence, I was guilty of breaking those laws, all he had to do was present his evidence to state authorities and to the media, and they would have been forced to try me for several felonies, the penalties for which amounted to a sentence of over 20 years in prison.

Morris Dees wanted only one thing. He wanted to shut Glenn Miller up. It was as simple as that. Since he couldn't find solid or competent evidence that I'd broken any state laws, he could only charge me with federal "contempt of court." So he did just that. And, he was confident that with the help of his two lying jail-house witnesses, he would succeed in legally putting a stop to my White racist and anti-Semitic activities. That's all he wanted anyway. He used the federal court, to shut Glenn Miller up.

Now Title 18 of the U.S. Civil Rights Code says, among other things, that "it is a felony to conspire to interfere in anyway in any citizen's exercise of any right guaranteed by the United States Constitution," and the maximum penalty for that conspiracy is life imprisonment.

Why didn't Dees charge me with that? It's broad, vague, and ambiguous enough to include the activities of just about any activist leader of any sort, in the country, especially those of White racist leaders.

The fact is, Dees and his crowd of so-called civil rights lawyers, were guilty themselves of violating that very federal Civil Rights law against me and against the members of my organization for three long years. If Dees didn't conspire to interfere with my constitutional rights of Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press, and my Freedom of Assembly, then there isn't a cow in Texas, or a faggot in San Fran-sissy-ko. He not only conspired to violate my rights, he did, in fact, violate the hell out of just about all of them. And, not only did he conspire and violate, he succeeded in having the court order me to completely dissociate myself from all members, supporters, and associates of the White Patriot Party, and those of 28 other similar groups around the country, thereby preventing me from exercising my rights then or during the following 3' years of the court ordered probation and imprisonment.

What is even more incredible, is the fact that those same constitutional violations were committed against Steve Miller, who never signed a thing including the agreement with Dees. Steve, was bound to the agreement even though he not only didn't sign it, he wasn't even in favor of my signing it. He was charged with the same criminal charges I was charged with, simply because he was a member of the White Patriot Party and because Dees selected him. By that very same judicial reasoning, the other 5,000 White Patriots could just as easily have been charged and convicted as Steve was.

In other words, Glenn Miller signed a piece of paper and agreed to it becoming a court order, and presto, 5,000 people who had absolutely nothing to do with it, and who did not even give me permission to sign on their behalf, became legally liable for what was on the piece of paper. And, further they became subject to a fine and imprisonment, just like Steve. I signed the thing thinking I was speaking for myself alone, but the court ruled I was speaking for 5,000 people. I was not only taking on the legal responsibility for the behavior of 5,000 other people, most of whom I'd never even see, but those 5,000 people took on the legal responsibility for my behavior and all with a stroke of my pen.

Incredible as that may sound, that is exactly what three federal courts dictated; the federal court in Raleigh, the 4th Circuit of Appeals in Richmond, and the U.S. Supreme Court.

Dees filed the charges two days before the primary election. His timing was blatantly intended to have a strong adverse effect on my candidacy for the U.S. Senate, and on our other Party candidates, which proved to me even more, that Dees considered me a highly effective White racist leader. He thought I was going to get a lot of votes and he wanted to reduce the number.

The allegations stated in the charges, of course, were publicized in detail in the following day's newspapers all over the state, and through radio and TV news broadcasts. And, reporters included the allegations of my association with The Order, the \$200,000 donation, my having obtained illegal weapons, and of my so-called paramilitary organization which Dees claimed I planned to use to start a Race war.

Dees intention, when filing the charges two days before the election, was to frighten White voters who may have been entertaining thoughts about voting for me. Whether or not, or to what degree his plan worked, was anybody's guess.

My public response to the charges was, of course, to deny everything, and I accused Dees of carrying out a continuing conspiracy to interfere with my free exercise of Constitutional rights. And, I pointed to Dees timing and the fact of the

filing of the charges, as proof.

To try and nullify some of the adverse media effects on the election, I announced to the media that if I failed to get at least 10,000 votes, I was leaving the state. When reporters asked where I would move, I told them Georgia, because I'd always "liked and admired those Georgia Crackers," and would get along just fine with them. I made the threat of moving, as a way to put pressure on White racists to vote for me. I was giving them an ultimatum. They could either vote for me that election, or they wouldn't have another chance in the future, because I would take my racist services to Georgia where I'd be more appreciated. At the time, I thought that threat was a brilliant stroke of my genius, and that it would cause my redneck rooters to flock to the polls.

Of course, I had no intention of moving, regardless of how many votes I got, but I was very confident I'd get over 10,000 votes out of the more than two million registered North Carolina democrats. By then my name was a house hold word, so surely, there being hundreds of thousands of White racists in the state, at least 10,000 of them would vote for me, especially after I threatened to move if they didn't. After all, I had conducted White voter registration drives all over the state, and the media coverage of those drives and of my candidacy had reached into just about every home. No one in the state could say they didn't have a White racist candidate to vote for. So, all things considered, I was confident of receiving far more than 10,000 votes.

Several North Carolina polls had predicted I'd receive less than 1% of the vote, but I alibied them away by saying White racists were too afraid to reveal their racism by telling pollsters they planned to vote for Glenn Miller, and that in my view, all polls were controlled entities designed to influence the outcome of elections, not just predict the outcome, but that White wouldn't listen to them on election day, and would vote for me and the other WPP candidates by the tens of thousands. I even predicted to reporters that I'd win, although of course, I didn't really expect to, by any stretch of my own gross and naive overestimations.

I received a little less than 9,000 votes in that primary election for the U.S. Senate, proving once again that the more voters who know you're a White racist, the fewer votes you get. All the election proved was that I was widely known in North Carolina.

Our other five candidates came out comparatively, about the same. Steve, running for the state legislature in his small two-county area wherein he was known, fared worse than he had in his statewide race for Lt. Governor in 1984, wherein he was known by a much lesser percentage of the voters. Though the overall percentage of the votes received by our candidates varied a little, all the outcomes convinced me that White racist candidates could only achieve a minute percentage of votes cast by White who knew they were openly White racists. The more who know you're a White racist, the fewer votes you get. Aside from all the other considerations and variables in voting trends among registered voters, that was the bottom line.

However, and it is a big however, the vast overwhelming majority of lower-income, under-educated Whites were not even registered to vote. I doubt if even 10% of them were. And, I couldn't even convince my own Party members in that class to get themselves registered, much less convince the other million or so. Lee County election results proved it. There, we had around 100 members and supporters, and I only received a total of 10 votes from that entire county. The proof of my assertion that poor Whites don't register, much less vote, was in the pudding of my White racist organization itself, wherein even poor Whites there refused to register. Though I did much better in my home county of Johnston, than I had in Lee County, the trend of White registered voters proved my bottom line assertion, and that poor Whites weren't even registered, and therefore, didn't vote.

I was still reasonably confident, however, that I could somehow inspire poor Whites to register. I felt that our Party's increasing growth and visibility would somehow eventually inspire the poor White masses to not only register, but to join our organization simultaneously.

The election results were naturally very depressing to me, but I tried to not let it show. I confidently mouthed my alibis to our members and to media reporters, and predicted it was only a matter of time before Whites came to their senses and elected us to political power. Meanwhile, I said, we'd continue on with our program of uniting, organizing, and educating the White masses.

Reporters held me to my promise to move out of the state, so I told them I was packing up and looking for a buyer for my house and farm so I could move to Georgia and continue to lead the Party from there. That news story went out all over the country, including to the state of Georgia. Amusingly, an agent of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation read the story, and phoned me to ask just where about in Georgia I intended to settle down. I told him it was none of his business, and asked if he called every new Georgia resident before they moved there. He tried to be nice about his inquiry, and I understood he was just trying to do his job by keeping tabs on a nationally known White racist leader who had publicly announced his intentions of moving into his area of law enforcement responsibility. But, still sulking from the elections, I was in a sour mood, so I blessed him out over the phone. And, I accused him of plotting to violate my rights which enabled me to operate a White racist organization, before I even got to his state. I felt, with some justification, owing to the FBI's harassing treatment of Bill Roland and other White Patriots already there, that the FBI agent was, in fact, planning actions to discourage and disrupt the establishment of Glenn Miller and the headquarters of the WPP within the state of Georgia. He

wanted to nip us in the bud, so to speak, and it would have been easier to nip me in the bud, if he knew exactly where in Georgia, I intended to live. I ended the phone conversation with the FBI agent, by telling him I'd be sure and notify him of my whereabouts when I moved to Georgia.

After a few weeks had gone by after the election, I notified the media that I had received so many calls from grieving White North Carolina citizens who had practically begged me to stay in North Carolina, that I had reluctantly reconsidered my moving plans, and lo and behold, had been so moved by the callers, that I had decided not to move, after all.

Newspaper editorials called me all kinds of a liar and a hypocrite, and N.C.'s anti-Klan groups called me worse, during their interviews with the media on the subject of my recantation about moving.

Morris Dees criminal charges got my attention much more so than did his previous civil suit, because of the real possibility of my going to prison. Consequently, I felt spurred to try a lot harder to find an attorney to represent me, Steve and the Party.

So, I got out the yellow pages and went down the list of Raleigh attorneys and started contacting possible lawyers to represent us. Over several weeks I either phoned or visited with at least 50. And, every single one of them refused to take our case, by making this or that excuse. But their bottom line, though cleverly veiled with ambiguous verbiage, was that they didn't want to touch us with a ten-foot pole, because representing White racists was highly detrimental to keeping their clientele, much less increasing them. It was simply bad for their business.

I made a list of lawyers whom I'd contacted and who had refused to represent me, and submitted it along with a motion to Judge Britt for a court-appointed attorney. He approved it and appointed William (Bill) Martin, who was then the assistant federal Public Defender for Eastern North Carolina.

Steve, stubborn as a mule and confident he would whip Dees in court on his own, decided to act as his own lawyer.

The Party would have to go without a lawyer to represent it, because Judge Britt was forbidden by court rules from court appointing an attorney to represent any organization, and I couldn't find any lawyer who'd do it for money. Besides, our Order money had, by then, dwindled so much, I couldn't afford one anyhow.

That meant we went to court with only one attorney to fight against Morris Dees, two or three other attorneys from the Southern Poverty Law Center, U.S. Attorney Samuel Currin and his staff, and against attorneys from the U.S. Justice Department, all of whom contributed to the prosecution. And, to make matters even worse if that were possible, my own attorney Bill Martin was on the payroll of the U.S. Justice Department, as were all the rest including the judge, save Morris Dees and his crew of civil rights attorneys and paralegal assistants.

Anyone who failed to detect the one-sided, unfair, and biased trial circumstances against us, desperately needs lessons in real-world common sense, reasoning and logic. The trial was overwhelmingly stacked against us and no reasonable person could deny it. But just about everybody, including the media, did. The media portrayed a sort of equal tit-for-tat judicial battle, with of course, them the good guys and us the bad guys, but roughly equal in every other respect.

I even contacted the state's ACLU, in my desperate attempts to find help. The head of that group informed me that our's just wasn't the type of case they got involved with, and other vague, ambiguous gobbledygook, cleverly worded to convince me they were really interested in everybody's rights, including the rights of organized White racists, but that our case lacked this or that ingredient which would qualify us for ACLU representation or other assistance. I'd always considered the ACLU as Communists working for the rights of leftists and minorities, and who in about 1/10th of 1% of their cases represented a White racist or anti-Semite, as a sly and cunning way to convince the gullible masses that they worked to protect everybody's rights, regardless of political or social leaning or involvements.

That's how desperate I was to get Dees and the Justice Department off my back, and how weak I felt compared to them. I'd have accepted the help of Black or Jewish groups or maybe even Lucifer's, if I'd thought it would help our case.

No help was forthcoming, however. We went it alone, except for our single federally paid and financed public defender, whom I never trusted for a minute.

The period January to July 25, 1986, in terms of Party growth and activities was indeed phenomenal for the WPP. We literally doubled in number during that short 7-month period, going from around 2,500 in January to over 5,000 by July 25th. That growth was in spite of the Morris Dees attack and our poor showing in the elections.

Each day the mailman brought a stack of letters containing money and application forms from new members, supporters, or subscribers to our newspaper. In some cases, Den leaders or individual members signed up five to ten members at a time and sent all their application forms inside one letter. Whole families, including children as young as 10, which was the youngest I allowed, joined the Party. The administrative task of processing them required so much of mine and Marge's already busy time, we recruited my oldest son Frazier to laminate membership cards.

White Patriots were working harder than ever to build the Party. And, most poor Whites seemed to love us more than ever. During one Party march through a small town in Western North Carolina, about 200 young people came from the sidewalks and marched with us, to the loud cheers of everybody.

My phone rang day and night with calls from people all over the country wanting literature or to join. And, of course, the number of telephone death threats increased parallel to our growth.

It was during that period that U.S. Attorney Samuel Currin was quoted in one Raleigh newspaper as saying, "They are gaining in momentum and prominence," referring to the White Patriot Party, implying that the federal government should and must do something to stop us.

Samuel Currin viewed us the same as did Dees and virtually all politicians and government bureaucrats. Whether or not we'd broken the law was not the issue to them. The issue to them was the very fact of our existence and the fact we were "gaining momentum and prominence." We upset their status quo. We made them nervous. We embarrassed them. We said things which many of them felt, but were afraid to say themselves. We were a blot on the "New South" image. Because of us, new out-of-state industry and foreign investment might be scared away. We were a threat to the system. Our marches and other activities might provoke the Blacks to riot, etc., etc., etc. That is how the White Patriot Party and Glenn Miller was viewed by the state's system leaders, both elected and appointed.

We were simply a problem to them, which had to be solved in the interest of peace, tranquility, and the status quo. And, to hell with the U.S. Constitution.

The sight or news of 400 or 500 White patriots, marching through towns and cities all over the state, carrying Confederate battle flags and screaming "White Power," enraged system leaders. It was unacceptable. It simply had to be stopped. And, besides it wasn't happening anywhere else in the country.

The national media, the minorities, and all the nation's civil rights groups and anti-Klan groups were screaming outrage at North Carolina for allowing such blatant and overt White racism and anti-Semitism to flourish and to "gain momentum and prominence." The pressure and publicity generated by those groups and thrown constantly into the faces of North Carolinas system leaders was enormous. Consequently, they felt compelled to act; to shut Glenn Miller up, and to destroy the White Patriot Party. So, they all jumped on me.

Glenn Miller's constitutional rights of freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of assembly was just something the system leaders would have to somehow get around. Of course, they knew that neither the media, the ACLU nor other so-called bastions of civil rights protection, would put up much of a fuss about my rights being taken away, because they hated me and everything I stood for anyway. The media not only didn't utter a mumbling word in protest of that entire 3-year period of judicial tyranny against myself and The Party, they giddily applauded Morris Dees as being a great civil rights activist and humanitarian. And, Dees and everybody else associated with the prosecution became instant media heroes.

The media, in fact, tried and convicted me before the trial even began, with their almost daily barrage of distortions, half-truths, and innuendoes suggested to them as facts by Morris Dees and other anti-Klan spokespersons.

The trial itself was, from the beginning, nothing more than a foregone conclusion, and the system's formality of destroying the largest, fastest growing, and the most effective active White organization in the country.

Chapter 13: Sentenced To Prison And Forcibly Exiled From The Racist Movement

The 5-day trial began in the U.S. District Court in Raleigh on July 21, 1986. Steve Miller acted as his own attorney. Bill Martin represented me. And there was no representation for the White Patriot Party.

Arrayed against us was special prosecutor Morris Segelman Dees, U.S. Attorney Samuel Currin, and several other lawyers representing either Dees or the U.S. Justice Department.

I felt like a church mouse among giant buzzards.

Believe it or not, but the court actually appointed Morris Dees as "special prosecutor" and paid all his legal fees and expenses. He worked for a private independent Civil Rights group and therefore had no legal standing with the government at all, at least as far as either he or the government would admit. But, nevertheless, the court saw fit to appoint him "Special Prosecutor" to prosecute Glenn Miller, Stephen Miller, and the White Patriot Party, and allowed him to lead and orchestrate the prosecution, over the bureaucratic heads of the U.S. Attorney and the U.S. Justice department.

That was a whale of a sweet deal for Morris Dees. Not only was he paid by the Southern Poverty Law Center, he was paid by tax payers to boot, and he got to do what he loved most in the world; destroy White racists. It's amazing he was able to restrain himself from doing cart wheels and giggling spasms all over the courthouse.

During the jury selection, my lawyer tried to keep Blacks off by citing the fact that all Blacks in North Carolina had been "class-action plaintiffs" in my original case, and because Blacks could not be fair and impartial as required of jurors by the U.S. Constitution. Martin stated that everybody in the state including Blacks knew of Glenn Millers racist organization and activities, and therefore Blacks could not be fair or impartial toward me.

Prospective Black jurors were asked by Judge Britt if they could be fair and impartial, and "sure 'nuff," they said yes, and he took their word for it. By that same procedure and reasoning, Jews could be allowed to sit on juries trying Nazis accused of holocaust crimes, if those particular Jews said that they were fair and impartial. That is, of course, impossible. But, it's no more impossible than fair and impartial Blacks sitting on my jury and the jury of Steve Miller and the White Patriot Party.

The court even said that Blacks had no greater interest in Glenn Miller than other members of the public. Anyone who believed that, should have been at our Whiteville march where thousands of Blacks jumped up and down and screamed their hatred for me.

"Special Prosecutor" Dees called his first witness: one Robert Norman Jones who was then serving time in prison on a firearms conviction. Jones testified he met me on three occasions and that I had given him \$50,000 in cash for illegal weapons ranging from Law Rockets and Claymore mines to hand grenades. He also stated he knew Steve and other Fayetteville members, and had trained dozens of them in the use of explosives and other illegal weapons, during the time he lived in Fayetteville. Jones also confirmed Dees' allegation that I was building a White racist army to wage war against Blacks, Jews and other minorities, as described in the book, *Turner Diaries*.

On the second day of Jones' testimony, Dees had his assistants bring in a big pile of guns, explosives, and ammunition, which had been confiscated from Jones' house at the time of his arrest. And, Dees presented each of the weapons to the jury while Jones described their awful and powerful potentials. Of course, Dees did not even allege that any of the weapons belonged to me. He just pointed out how destructive they could be "in the wrong hands," in order to prejudice and inflame the jury. And, Jones testified that those were the type weapons he had sold to me, though Dees never did bring in a Law Rocket nor did the government ever find one, even though Jones testified I'd purchased 13 of them from him at a cost of \$1,000 each. If the government believed Jones, then they must believe I've still got all those Law Rockets now; because they never did show up. The fact was, I didn't even know what a Law Rocket looked like, and wouldn't have recognized one if it had hit me up side my head.

In truth, I had heard talk about Robert Jones, though I'd never seen him. Jones had become friends with Steve, Jack Jackson, Doug Sheets and other members in the Fayetteville area. On visits to my house, they sometimes mentioned Jones, but only as a good 'ole boy who was a dealer in legal guns and in military equipment such as pistol belts, camouflage uniforms, army boots, etc. Steve had described him as a fellow who sold legal guns at low prices, and once he purchased a .38 caliber pistol for me from Jones. That was the extent of my knowledge of Robert Jones. Not only had I never seen the man in my entire life before the trial, I underwent a polygraph test just after the trial and proved it. I gave copies of the written polygraph test to TV, radio, and newspaper reporters in Raleigh. Currin's predictable response was "polygraph tests don't always work right."

When Jones was testifying on the stand, I couldn't tell when he was lying or when he was telling the truth, except when he made statements concerning me personally.

I didn't know what illegal dealings he'd had with other members, but I knew he'd had absolutely none with me. However, due to the court's ruling that I was legally responsible for the actions of everyone even remotely associated with the Party, then the jury only had to find one of them guilty of violating the court order, to find me guilty as well. But none of them were on trial.

The case was an extremely confusing one for the jury as well as for our side, because Steve and I weren't charged with possession of illegal weapons. We were charged with contempt of court by operating a paramilitary organization and violating two state laws. In order to find me guilty, the jury had to be convinced beyond all reasonable doubt that (1) I ran a paramilitary organization with the intent of causing civil disorder, and (2) that I knowingly, willingly, and intentionally violated Judge Britt's court order, by operating an illegal paramilitary organization and breaking the two state laws. The bottom line was that Dees had to prove I had the intention of causing civil disorder.

I would have had to be an absolute idiot to knowingly, or willingly, or intentionally violate any order of Judge Earl Britt. I was scared to death of the man. I admitted all along that I may have accidentally violated his order, and asked to be informed how I had, if I had. But, I did not do so intentionally, so I was therefore innocent of that charge.

As for operating a paramilitary organization with the intent of causing civil disorder, I knew I was innocent of that, as well. I wanted to unite, organize, and educate. I did not want to cause civil disorder. In fact, I did everything possible to prevent civil disorder by doing everything from taking out \$700 adds in the Robesonian newspaper to plead with Indians not to attack us, to pleading with members to refrain from illegalities because it was counter productive to my goal of uniting, organizing, and educating the White masses.

James Holder testified, after being brought in chains from the state prison where he was serving 18 years for murder. Sitting in the witness chair, he looked to all the world, like a little lost puppy whining for it's mommie's attention. In Holder's case he was whining for the attention and approval of Morris Dees. Holder, of course, confirmed every word that Dees put into his mouth during the trial, and during Dee's prison visit rehearsals, rehearsals which Holder admitted to when my lawyer asked if Dee's had spoken with him prior to the trial.

An Effram Zimbalist, Jr. clone in the person of an FBI agent testified for the prosecution that he was an expert on The Order, and on the book *Turner Diaries*, and that Glenn Miller was definitely a member of The Order, and, I was carrying out the Turner Diary blue-print plan of violently overthrowing the government. He went on to describe in gory detail many of the crimes attributed to members of The Order, implying that I was as guilty as they.

Any reasonable person attending the trial should have wondered why I was not being tried for Treason, Murder, and Armored car robberies, not to mention the lesser felony crime of possession of illegal explosives and firearms, instead of the misdemeanor of contempt of court.

I took the stand in my own defense, and of course, denied all the charges against me. Dees smirkingly asked why I hadn't worn my camouflage uniform and combat boots to court, and I told him it was because I was scared to death of making Judge Britt mad at me, if I did. I got the impression Dees regretted asking the question, because my answer tended to help prove I was innocent of intentionally showing contempt for Judge Britt's court.

My lawyer also called a few White Patriot members to the stand who testified that I'd never asked them to break any laws, and that ours was entirely a legal organization.

Dees had stacks of blown-up reprints of articles I'd published in the Party newspaper, showing marching White Patriots, and others holding rifles and shooting at bulls-eye targets. Dees contended that the marches were intentional acts designed to intimidate Blacks from freely exercising their rights, and the pictures showing members with guns became pictures of violent revolutionaries training to wage war on minorities and the government.

Dees also introduced as evidence, an article I'd written in one edition of *The Confederate Leader*, which concerned my recommendations to Southern Whites in the event of certain national catastrophes. In the article, I described a future America in which there would be food riots, race riots, drug riots and other bloody upheavals brought on by the collapse of the government due to bankruptcy and the government's incapability of protecting law-abiding citizens. In that eventuality I wrote, Southern White people should and would join with the White Patriot Party in putting down the insurrections, and in placing the White Patriot Party in political power throughout the South. I continued, that we would, under those circumstances, declare our independence from the union, and form our own nation which would be named The Southland, and which would be comprised of the Southern states' 1 million square mile of territory. The Southland, I wrote, would be an all-White nation, and a bastion for oppressed White People the world over.

Dees presented that article to the jury as proof that I was planning to violently overthrow the government and take political power by force of arms. And, he did so with a perfectly straight face, without even the hint of a giggle, which I thought was an extraordinary masterpiece in self control. Dees looked at the jury with such sincerity and patriotic fervor and contempt for my article, and they responded with such cow-eyed zombie agreement with him, I was afraid for a second that they were all going to charge and hang me on the spot for treason.

The jury, incidentally was composed of 11 Whites and 1 Black, which will strike the reader as a fair jury. Not so. Because,

since the court ruled that Blacks could be fair and impartial, that meant my lawyer had to use all our peremptory challenges on prospective Black jurors, to keep them from becoming actual jurors. Consequently, we had no peremptory challenges left to keep the White liberals off. And, since the prosecution used their peremptory challenges to keep the rednecks off, the result was a whole bunch of White liberals and one Black one sitting on the jury. Redneck jurors were scarce as chicken lips in a wolf's den. I counted two. One was an elderly white man who steadfastly refused to even look me in the eye for more than half a second at a time. The other was a woman of about 28 years old, who, to my delight, smiled occasionally when our eyes met. Hers was the only friendly face on the jury. The other 11 all had the same facial expressions when they looked at me, as my mother had when I was 6-years-old and brought her a still-bleeding dead cat I'd found in a sewage ditch. I'll never forget that facial expression.

The trial's closing arguments found Dees and Currin both convincing the jury of our guilt, not that the jury needed either. Most of them had decided I was guilty when the words Ku Klux Klan were first uttered during the opening presentation.

Dees almost managed to bring forth wet tears a couple of times during his closing arguments. But, the real clincher came when Sam Currin said, "I'm the United States Attorney, and I think he's guilty." When Sam said that, I saw every head in the jury box bob up and down in agreement, except that one redneck gal, and even she looked at me a little suspiciously.

The jury deliberated for only a couple of hours. I told Steve during the recess to refrain from showing any emotion and to hold his head up, even if the jury announced guilty verdicts, because I knew our reactions would be reported in the newspapers and over radio and TV news. And, sure enough, they were the next day.

The jury, of course, found Steve, myself, and the White Patriot Party all guilty, as charged. And, during the announcement of the verdicts, all the jurors, save one, had changed mean-looking facial expressions to that of a cat who had just eaten a fat, juicy rat. They all looked highly pleased with having done their patriotic duty, and they relished seeing me hear about it in the form of their verdicts.

Steve and I managed to hold our heads up and we kept our nausea inside our stomachs, and off our faces.

After the rendering of the verdicts, and the dismissing of the jurors, Judge Britt called a recess to give him time to decide whether Steve and I would be carted off to jail then for six or eight weeks while awaiting formal sentencing, or to let us go free on bond.

From the time the verdicts were announced, all I could think about was clanging doors, iron bars, Black inmates, and empty beer cans. I believed I was going to jail that day. After all the time, money, aggravation, and effort spent by the government to get me convicted, I was convinced that Judge Britt was surely going to give me the maximum one year, and being mad about the one year limit, he was going to get me started in on paying that year, right away.

During the recess, while sitting with my lawyer in a private room off to the side of the main courtroom, I walked a Dees' assistant with a written proposal stating that Dees and the U.S. Attorney would recommend to Judge Britt that I be allowed to go free on bond while awaiting sentencing, if I would sign another agreement with Dees. It stated that I agreed not to associate with members of the White Patriot Party or with members of other groups, during the time I was free on bond awaiting sentencing. Steve was offered the same deal.

My lawyer, Bill Martin, advised me that it was a reasonable agreement and that he didn't know if Judge Britt was going to send me to jail that day or not, with or without a good recommendation from Dees and the U.S. Attorney.

I was reluctant to sign another agreement with Dees. I hadn't forgotten about the last one I signed, nor where it had gotten me. So, I talked it over with Steve. Steve and I reasoned that the agreement was only for a few weeks anyhow, and besides, if we went to jail, we couldn't associate with members or anybody else anyway, except through the bars. Therefore, we asked ourselves, why shouldn't we sign it? And I started thinking about full beer cans again.

We both signed the agreement and Judge Britt accepted it and allowed Steve and I to go free on \$10,000 signature bonds. He set the sentencing for a date in September, about two months away, to be held in Fayetteville.

Anticipating going to jail, I had already appointed Cecil Cox as Leader of the Party, during my absence, and Gordon Ipock as number two man under Cox. Cecil had been a highly dedicated and hard working capable Den leader for several years, and I felt I could trust him. Gordon was a relative newcomer but was intelligent, capable, and an experienced journalist who had worked on two North Carolina newspaper staffs, so I felt he was capable of publishing *The Confederate Leader* newspaper and taking care of the other administrative duties.

In September, Judge Britt sentenced me to six months active imprisonment, with six more months suspended, and three years probation.

Steve was sentenced to six months imprisonment, but it was suspended, and he too received three years probation.

The Party was fined \$2,000.00

And, then came the lightning jolt from Judge Britt. He ordered that the Dees agreement, word for word, be made an order of the court as part of our punishment, meaning that from that day until the end of our probation which was at least 3 1/2 years in the future, neither Steve nor I could have any contact whatsoever with any members, supporters, or associates of

the White Patriot Party, or with those of 28 other groups. And Dees provided the court with the list of those other groups. Steve and I believed that our exiles from the Party was only temporary and would become null and void on the day of the sentencing, because that is precisely what the Dees agreement had stated. However, Judge Britt decided on his own to continue the exile. And, his exile was described in the exact same words provided to him by the Dees agreement, which, was written by Dees himself.

We were not tricked into signing the Dees agreement. That agreement expired at the sentencing. Judge Britt would have exiled us at the sentencing anyway, and whether or not we'd signed the Dees agreement.

Although Judge Britt took the words and the idea of the exile from Dees, it was Judge Britt himself who made it part of our sentencing and who made it extend for at least 3 1/2 years past the sentencing date.

Steve and I both, of course, gave immediate notices of appeal and we were again released on the \$10,000 signature bond, while awaiting the appeals ruling.

Meantime, we were completely exiled from the movement.

The U.S. Attorney gave me permission to send one final letter to Party associates, and permission to meet with Cecil Cox for the purpose of turning over Party records.

I wrote the letter informing everyone of what had transpired at the trial and of mine and Steve's forced exile. And, I met with Cecil Cox and Jesse Radford in Wilson, NC where my probation officer worked, and turned over all Party records, save one. That one was a copy of the complete Party mailing list, which I kept hidden safely away for use in the future if I decided to use it.

Since Steve and I were co-defendants, the court ruled that the exile did not apply to our association with each other. And, the court also allowed me to associate with two close neighbors, Jerry Hatcher and Frankie Johnson, who were Party members.

And, so there I was, separated from the White Movement, for the first time in 12 years.

The court had even prohibited me from speaking to media reporters, as leader of The White Patriot Party. That prohibition or "shut-up-order," incidentally, should provide the reader with more credibility to my long-time claim that the government was out to shut me up.

Why else would the court order me not to speak to the media under any capacity?

However, the fact remained, I could still speak to the media, as Glenn Miller, "former" leader of the White Patriot Party, and I did just that, but it didn't achieve any purpose, other than speaking my mind. I could no longer associate with the organization which took six years of my life to build, nor with close friends and members who had helped me. I was forcibly exiled from them all.

A producer from WPTF radio in Raleigh called and asked if I'd be willing to appear as a guest on an upcoming radio talk show program. And, I said yes. My trial was a hot topic in the news, and WTPF advertised the fact of my radio appearance for about a week in advance. And, they rigged up their equipment which enabled me to speak directly from my home phone and from the comfort of my easy chair.

On the night of broadcasting, the radio producer informed me that due to their prior advertising of the event, that he estimated a listenership of 1.5 million people, which I thought was both amazing and appropriate.

The program was intended to last for two hours, from 8:00 to 10:00 p.m., but due to the many callers, the producer requested, and I agreed to stay on the air for an additional hour. I could have talked all night, which was the case every single time I was ever given the opportunity to run my mouth over radio or television.

During that 3-hour program, I spilled out my guts and told listeners exactly how I felt about my trial and forced exile from the White Movement. I said that I expected to be murdered in prison either by federal agents or by Black inmates, and that my trial and conviction were all orchestrated by those wanting to prevent me from exercising my Constitutional rights, etc. I didn't leave anything out. I said just what I felt like saying, which was what I'd always done.

Uniquely, the vast majority of the 25 or 30 callers were on my side, and only a few made unpleasant or hostile comments to me.

U.S. Attorney Sam Currin told me later in court, that he had not only listened to that 3-hour radio broadcast, but had recorded it on tape, to boot, which flattered my ego considerably. Sam had the reputation in the media of being a right wing conservative, but he never said anything to me to cause me to believe he shared any of my right wing conservative views.

After my exile, I began to worry that many White Patriots might quit the Movement entirely because of dissatisfaction with Cox and Ipock. So, I had the Party mailing list xeroxed into several copies, and I mailed a copy to each of several other White leaders around the country, including David Duke of the National Association for the Advancement of White People, Ed Fields of the National States Rights Party, William Pierce of National Alliance, Tom Metzger of White Aryan Resistance, Bob Miles of The Mountain Church, and Richard Butler of Aryan Nations.

I wanted my 5,000 White Patriots to continue receiving regular doses of White racism and anti-Semitism through the literature published by those groups. And should some of them decide to quit the Party for whatever reason(s), they'd have several other groups from which to choose, and many would join one of them rather than quit the Movement entirely.

I met with or phoned Steve frequently to discuss our exiled predicament and the court case. Once, I met him underneath a bridge on 301 highway, over Cape Fear River, just outside Fayetteville, and asked him if he'd be interested in going underground with me. I wanted to know where Steve stood on the underground idea.

Steve flatly rejected the whole idea of going underground or of engaging in any type of illegal activities. And, after I'd posed my suggestion to him, he said, "Hell no. I'm still going to whip Dees in court."

That statement by Steve, along with everything else I knew about him, convinced me he was framed on the conspiracy charge which sent him to jail in December 1986, and which resulted in his conviction in April 1987 and a 10-year prison sentence.

The months following my exile slowly passed while I sat around my house or walked around my farm sulking about my lonely situation and about my pending imprisonment. I had no confidence at all of winning the appeal. I sat, walked or drank beer while pondering and plotting what I should do. I felt that my whole world had fallen apart, and I didn't know what to do with myself. I even phoned my father and suggested to him that I move to South Carolina near him and start farming some of his 550 acres of land. By engaging myself in the hard and long hours of farm work, I felt I could become contented away from the White Racist Movement, and free my mind from all the racist and anti-Semitic compulsions that had consumed me for the past 12 years.

My father's response to my suggestion of moving to South Carolina was, "there's nothing for you down here, son," and his rejection was somewhat painful to me.

I would be recognized in Dillon, South Carolina where my father lived, and I always felt he'd prefer I not live there because of my notoriety. And, his telephone rejection confirmed it.

I knew I had to move my family away from my house and farm near Angier, before I went to prison or underground, because that address of Route 1, Box 386, Angier, NC, had been publicized all over the country by way of my newspapers and telephone message machines, not to mention the mass media's disclosures over the past six years. Marge and the children were never safe even with me there. So, with me in prison or underground, and unable to protect them, I felt they'd be in even more danger from my fanatical anti-Klan enemies.

And so, I started traveling around the state in search of a new place to move my family. Marge and I and the children spent several days in Western North Carolina looking at houses and land, but didn't find anything suitable.

I drove alone back to Western, North Carolina, still searching, and I randomly decided to get on 1-77 North and try Southwest Virginia. Driving across the state line into Virginia I began to admire the beautiful rolling hills, so I stopped at a tavern in Hillsville, Virginia and discovered through conversations with local rednecks that the county was over 99% White. So I visited a realtor and wound up buying a 1-acre lot, situated on a mountain, three miles from town. Paying cash for a new mobile home, I had it moved onto the lot, while Marge and I began the process of selling our Angier home and farm and moving to Hillsville. Unable to find a buyer through newspaper advertisements or local realtors, I was forced to sell out to a neighbor and I lost an estimated \$20,000 in the quick process.

After settling down in Hillsville, in January 1987, I continued to ponder the pros and cons of going underground. The alternative was to begin a completely new White organization that would be separate from the White Patriot Party and all other similar groups, which was an alternative not prohibited by the terms of my court-ordered exile. I would begin from scratch just as I had in December of 1980 when I founded the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan with only three members.

And so, over a period of about a week, I sat at my kitchen table writing the rules and by-laws of my new organization, and completing the lay-out for an 8-page newspaper tabloid and introductory edition of my newspaper which I entitled *The Dixie Leader*. Contained therein, included a long editorial appeal for members, an introduction to myself and my activist history, and selected pictures of marches and rallies taken of the White Patriot Party, as well as other articles and items which I deemed attractive. My new organization which I named "the Southern Patriot Party," was similar to The White Patriot Party in ideological, and racist and anti-Semitic propaganda, but had one very distinct difference. My new group would not accept members over 29 years of age, and would not accept anyone who had previously been associated with any other racist group.

I had the newspaper printed in 15,000 copies, and went about the task of distributing them throughout Southwest Virginia, by throwing them in driveways and next to mail boxes, and by giving stacks to tavern owners to pass out free of charge.

I also installed a telephone message machine in my home to recruit members and to spread my views.

I included in the newspapers, a big membership application form, along with my phone number and Hillsville P.O. Box address, which obviously contradicted my plan to keep my family's whereabouts a secret. But, since I couldn't think of any other way to build a new organization without prospective members knowing how to contact me, then I simply had to make

a choice. And, my choice was dictated by my racist and anti-Semitic obsessions. So I provided my phone number and a P.O. Box address.

I even went so far as to purchase space in the local newspaper where I ran a fairly large ad advertising my new organization and trying to recruit members. And, I wrote several lengthy letters to the editor which were published.

After all the work and expense and several weeks of trying to start a new organization, I failed to attract even one single member.

About all I succeeded in attracting was the hatred and hostility of local citizens, as evidenced by their letters published in the area's newspapers, and phone calls to me. However, in fairness to Hillsville's citizenry, my family and I were treated well by everyone we met personally, and several shook my hand and said they liked my newspaper and my letters published in local newspapers. But still, no one was willing to join my new group, nor was anyone willing to attend meetings at my home when I advertised two such meetings over my telephone messages and invited anyone interested in at least hearing what I had to say, to come to my home at such and such a time and date.

After 5 or 6 weeks, I just gave up in disgust and quit all my efforts to start a new group because it had no success at all, and because my heart and soul was still with the White Patriot Party and North Carolina.

On January 18, I drove to Raleigh, and Marge and the children marched in the Cecil Cox-led, Annual march and demonstration in downtown Raleigh. Though I was prohibited from any association with White Patriots, I saw nothing illegal with Marge and the children marching with them, nor of my being a spectator watching the parade from my parked car. And, when they marched past me, I yielded to the temptation posed by the Confederate flags and the martial music and I got out and gave the White Power salute, in full view of them and several Raleigh police officers and SBI agents, one of whom had come over earlier and shook my hand.

Cecil Cox had managed to assemble around 150 marchers, and I was pleased that he and Gordon Ipock seemed to be holding the Party together better than I had expected. Cecil changed the name of the organization to "The Southern National Front" soon after my exile, and he made other doctrinal changes which he felt would give them a better chance of surviving attacks by Dees, federal prosecutors and anti-Klan groups. He did away with the camouflage uniforms and other aspects of paramilitary appearances and emphasized legality as the basis of the group.

Cecil was unable to phone or write me directly, but he could phone Marge and mail her their newspaper. Gordon Ipock published a few editions, and I thought they were top notch. Gordon was a much better writer than I'd ever been, and he knew how to do a newspaper layout, all owing to his prior experiences in college and while working on the staff of regular North Carolina newspapers.

Cox phoned Marge regularly. She was still a member of the group, and not under court orders, so her rights were intact. Cox gave Marge updates on the group, and she passed them on to me.

According to Cox, the group was continually going down hill in terms of numbers and financial income, but that he, Gordon, and other hard-core members were doing the best they could.

I became convinced that it was just a matter of time before the whole group collapsed and disbanded. I came to that conclusion from reading their newspapers, from Cox's phone conversations with Marge, from reading between the lines of media reports, and from my own experiences and knowledge gained during the previous 12 years. And I was right. It disbanded in less than one year.

All that I had worked so hard and long to build was going down the drain and there seemed nothing I could do about it. But, I thought to myself, as I sat in my easy chair, sipping on my Natural Lites, or staring at the ceiling, there was still one thing left I could try...

Chapter 14: Going Underground And To Prison

What to do? What to do?

I left my home and family in Virginia on March 18, 1987, after taking out a \$100,000 life insurance policy, giving my wife power of attorney, and providing her with \$10,000 in cash. The house and land were paid off, and she would receive my monthly Army retirement check.

I decided to go underground and wage war against the Jews and the federal government. Since they wouldn't allow me to fight them legally above ground, then I'd resort to the only means left, armed revolution.

I drove to Oklahoma City and picked up two hard core members of the White Movement, Jack Jackson and Doug Sheets. Jack's half brother, Tony Wydra, joined us later in Asheville, North Carolina.

Using a rented copy machine, we printed 2,000 copies of my Declaration of War, inside our rented apartment in Monroe, Louisiana, and then mailed them to around 1,900 selected members of the WPP, other White groups, the Associated Press, U.S. Attorney Sam Currin, the U.S. Congress and Senate, SBI, FBI, UPI, Associated Press, CBS NBC, ABC, and the New York Times, and a dozen or so other newspapers around the country.

Allowing three days for receipt of the declarations, I phoned U.S. Attorney Sam Currin via Mike Blackmon, of WPTF radio, in Raleigh, NC and listed our demands. Mike taped the conversation.

Among my demands were (1) \$888,000 in damages for violating the rights of 5,000 members of the White Patriot Party, (2) Restoration of my constitutional rights, (3) Release of Stephen Miller from prison, (4) A meeting with the State Bureau of Investigation and U.S. Attorney Sam Currin, with media present, (5) An investigation into the Southern Poverty Law Center and Morris Dees for malicious and illegal use of the federal courts to persecute members of the WPP, (6) Null and Void my July 1986 conviction for operating a paramilitary organization, (7) Allow me to return as leader of the White Patriot Party unhindered by federal authorities, and (8) an apology.

Should any of our demands be denied, we would immediately commence violent revolution against the federal government, Jews, and all colored races. We would start a race war and make the White man fight. My Declaration of War had already ordered members of the WPP to begin the revolution.

After 48 hours, I phoned for the federal response, using a third party intermediary to avoid tracing.

All our demands were denied.

What happened between that denial and our arrest weeks later is left blank here for reasons which ought to be obvious.

At around 6:00 a.m., April 30, 1987, we were awakened by a loud bull horn while inside our rented mobile home at an Ozark, Missouri trailer park.

"Glenn Miller, Jack Jackson, Douglas Sheets, Tony Wydra, this is a United States Marshal. You have three minutes to come out with your hands up, or we will commence firing."

The feds had flown in two SWAT teams; one from Kentucky, the other from Louisiana (40 in all, plus the Marshals and local authorities) to make the arrests.

We were surrounded.

I had a hang-over, couldn't find my pants, and had to pee, bad.

Jack said, "Let's get our shit, and fight them." Doug and Tony said nothing but there is no doubt in my mind but that they would have done just that had I not said, "No, we will turn ourselves in."

Before we could, however, tear gas pellets were fired through the trailer windows, and it quickly filled with tear gas smoke. Thinking they were firing live ammunition, we all dove for cover inside the front bedroom.

Coughing and eyes burning and unable to breathe, we crawled to and then out the living room door and surrendered.

Inside the mobile home and in one of our vans parked outside, the feds found C-4 plastic explosives, dynamite, pipe bombs, hand grenades, fully automatic M-16 and AR 15 machine guns, sawed off shotguns, pistols, cross-bows, and around a half-ton of ammunition, to list some of it.

One hour later, inside our cage at the Springfield, Missouri jail, found us all doing push-ups to prepare ourselves for the ordeal which lay ahead.

Dying for a cigarette, Doug was nice enough to roll me one from our issue of Prince Albert rolling tobacco. I never did learn how to roll those things, though I sat on my cot many a night trying to. Doug was a pro.

After six weeks on the run, I was a physical and psychological wreck. Losing 15 lbs. from my already skinny frame, and having shaved by forehead for disguise purposes, I looked like something the cat drug up. My nerves were tore all to pieces. Paranoia is a gross understatement.

I'll say something here about my three comrades in arms. When the race war comes to America, I pray to Odin, that He provide our Southland with many more such as these.

Having served 20 years in the U.S. Army, including 13 years in the green beret paratroopers, and two tours of duty in Vietnam, I have never been in the company of men as fearless, courageous, and as dedicated to a cause as Jack Jackson, Douglas Sheets, and Tony Wydra.

I admit freely that all three are stronger men than myself.

Jack and Doug wound up serving 6 1/2 years each in federal prison. Both are free men today, and I believe live somewhere in Oklahoma.

Tony, only 19 when arrested, died from a bullet in the back in 1989. The authorities ruled it an accident.

Cecil Cox, whom I named as my replacement to lead the White Patriot Party after my federally ordered exile, is now serving a life sentence for murder, according to information given me by a U.S. Marshal. Seems Cecil got into a political argument which resulted in his imprisonment. I do not know the details. Cecil, too, was an incredibly strong and dedicated man.

Weeks after our arrest, while sitting in my cell in solitary confinement at the federal prison in Butner, NC, a guard handed me a copy of the Raleigh News and Observer. A news article quoted an attorney from the U.S. Justice Department as bragging they had 200 years of crimes stacked up on Glenn Miller.

Then one day, I received a phone call from my attorney. The Justice Department had offered me a plea bargain deal.

I was to plead guilty to one count of felony possession of a hand grenade and answer all questions posed to me by the authorities. In return, they would recommend a 5-year prison sentence, immunity from any further prosecution by either state or federal authorities, and entrance into the Federal Witness Protection Program which included the financial support of my family while I served my sentence.

A five-year sentence sounded a little more palatable than 200, so I accepted.

As a result of my plea bargain and subsequent interrogations, not one single soul ever served one day in jail on account of me and not one single soul was ever indicted for any crime whatsoever on account of me.

I got myself out of prison without putting anyone else in.

Jack Jackson and Douglas Sheets would have accepted the same deal had it been offered to them. Deep down in their hearts, they know this is true.

After one particular interrogation, Sam Currin followed me back to my holding cell inside the federal courthouse in Raleigh and yelled the following:

"I want you to go back to your cell and get a good night's sleep. And when you return here tomorrow morning, you had better know a hell of a lot more than you told us today."

I yelled back, "Give me a lie detector test right now. I told you all I know. Get the examiner in here right now and give me the test."

Jack and Doug were convicted of possession of illegal weapons in 1988 at their trials in Springfield, Missouri.

I did not testify at either of their trials.

I wound up serving a total of three years behind bars (almost to the day), most of which was spent inside the Federal Corrections Institute in Otisville, New York. I called it my Yankee cage.

There were no romantic overtures directed at me, in case anyone wonders. My cell block unit was crammed with New York Italians ("the Mafia"). Negro inmates do not mess with Italians, I soon found out.

One-half hour after my arrival, an Italian delegation, led by a former Mafia leader from Philadelphia entered my cell.

Holding out his hand, he said, "Glenn, welcome to Otisville. We've been expecting you. And, I want you to know that if you should ever need anything while you're here, I live in that cell right over there, the second from the end. Come see me anytime."

Then he introduced me to five or six of his Italian associates.

After breakfast the following morning, he escorted me around the prison unit and introduced me to every Italian there (about 30) and to the other White inmates. This Mafia Chieftain was befriending me openly, as if to say, "Look, Glenn Miller is our friend. Don't mess with him."

Every one of the 80 or so inmates there knew all about my case, having read reports from the New York Times, the Washington Post, news magazines and TV news.

Those Italians compare the Klan favorably with the Mafia because both are secret organizations. And, I learned quickly, Italians do not like Negroes.

Within a months time, I had put on over 20 lbs. I grew a beard to look mean. And I lifted weights for an hour or more, three

or four times per week. At 191 lbs. stripped, with big arms and legs, I looked and felt better than I had in years. I spent much of my prison time reading. I must have read over 200 large books, mostly fictional stories about the American pioneers, the Vikings, Mafia, etc.

As long as I was engrossed in a book, I was not in prison. Reading was my escape.

Those who worry about aging too fast should consider prison. I assure you time will drag by very slowly for you.

The quality of life for a White man in prison is determined by the percentage of inmates who are Negro. Federal prisons have fewer Negroes than others and much higher financial budgets.

I was fortunate in that Negro inmates never exceeded 20% in my cell block.

The Italians dominated, and I got along well with them.

Because Negroes did not dominate, there were no sexual assaults. I never even heard of one single case the entire time I was there.

Of course, I received literature from several national White groups, and I passed them on to White inmates. There was no censorship by prison officials.

August 23, 1990 — FREEDOM.

I joined the family in Sioux City, Iowa, and 11 months later my wife presented me with my sixth young'un, a little gal whom I named after my mother — Macy Jane Miller.

A federal court order and the conditions of my 5-year parole barred me from residing in any Southern state.

I enrolled in truck driving school, and after completion began my career as a long haul truck driver and I've been trucking ever since. And I love it. I've never had a job I enjoyed as much.

After prison, the freedom of the open road is gloriously exhilarating.

Boy, what a beautiful country, huh Whitey?

Too bad it doesn't belong to us anymore.

Hitler said those who rule the streets, rule the country. Take a look at American streets now, especially the streets of large cities. White Aryan faces are becoming fewer and fewer.

Whitey, you and I were born with an inheritance. America was given to us by our forefathers, who fought, bled, and died, and who endured incredible hardships so they could pass on this great country to us, their posterity.

We have sat by like timid cowardly sheep and allowed it to be taken from us.

All the White man seems to care about now is satisfying his belly, pocketbook, and genitals and allow himself to be entertained by the Jews-media while the noose around his neck gets tighter and tighter.

The Jews give us sex, drugs, and rock-and-roll, while they rule over us and lead us toward oblivion.

What has never ceased to amaze me about our people during my 30-year struggle to awaken them is that virtually all hate me for what I say. They hate me for saying what the Jews are doing to them, but they don't hate the Jews for doing it. Like the citizens of Rome during the fall of the Roman empire, they want to hang the messenger for bringing bad news.

I once drove team for a large trucking company, and teamed with around 50 different White drivers during the two-year period. All but one of them refused to ride with me a second trip, and he had a skin disease. They flat refused to ride with that racist Nazi and most bad-mouthed me to the boss. One Arkansas fellow stormed out of the Bakersfield, California motel room where we were laid over, and slept in the truck because I was trying to educate him about the Jews-media while he was trying to enjoy an HBO movie.

I forced one young "part Cherokee" fellow to stay in the sleeper until it was his turn to drive because I could not tolerate his close-minded ignorance.

Of the 50, all but three or four claimed they were part Indian. I kid you not. After decades of suffering anti-White hate propaganda, these White men underwent a human metamorphosis, probably while driving late at night, wired on caffeine, and listening to that Cherokee Nation song on the radio. They are all pitiful products of the Jews-media which repeats over and over again how rotten the White Race is.

The real Indians laugh at these "White Indians" and call them wanna-bees. I ate at an Illinois redneck restaurant and out of the seven or eight White skinned adults, I was the only White person in there. The rest claimed to be part Indian.

The wanna-bees are everywhere, coast to coast and they number in the tens of millions, I am convinced.

Hell, we White folks ought to file for minority status to the federal government, so we can get preferential treatment along with the rest. But if we did get into the welfare wagon, there would be no one to pull the damn thing.

The most quintessential visible Jews-media Jew today is Jerry Springer, the TV talk show host. Howard Stern is a close second. Sly, astute, masters-of-the-big-lie techniques, these culture destroying pied-pipers are highly effective in leading the Shabbos Goyim into degeneracy and ruin. These are but two of the tens of thousands of celebrity culture-destroying Jews infesting our national life. Cleverly, Springer and Stern throw the White man a bone from time to time by making fools of Negroes and other coloreds on their show as well.

Oprah Winfrey is a Jew-created Negro celebrity whom the Jews reward for her ability to act and talk like the middle-class White woman, and in leading these gullible female Shabbos Goyim into the Great American Melting Pot (I call it the slop jar) mind-set, and thus contented slaves for the coming One World Jewish Order. Oprah is not her real name. She herself selected it because spelled backwards it reads Harpo, after the Jew comedian Harpo Marx. Kissing up to the Jews and being such a smashing success for them, she is now virtually a billionaire.

Rush Limbaugh tells us there are a million rapes per year in American male prisons and jails. Imagine that. We know what race virtually all the rapists are, don't we Whitey? The ultimate nightmare for all White men is being locked in a cage with Negroes. The terror of which prevents many from joining the White Movement.

What many millions of young White men have endured in jails and prisons over the past three or four decades at the hands of Negroes is so sick, perverted, brutal, and inhumane, that I myself have difficulty talking about it, it is so depressing.

The refusal by the government to even recognize this insanity, much less actually do anything about it, is not only mockery of the term cruel and unusual punishment, it is proof positive of their determination to mix the races no matter the cost in Aryan suffering and misery. Young White girls serving in the U.S. Military under Negro sergeants and officers is more proof of this determination.

Nature herself decrees that cowardly species become extinct. For the White Race to survive upon this earth without reclaiming it's pride and will-to-fight is not only impossible in the long term, but is unnatural so long as it survives at all. As we are, we deserve to die out.

Nature, in Her wisdom, demands that only the strong survive. She does not forgive cowardliness.

The motto, Our-Race-is-our-Security is fully understood and practiced instinctively by all Races except the White one. Colored races stick together. This racial solidarity is proven by their literally thousands of active organizations, from the NAACP and Jewish Anti-defamation League to La Raza (The Race), and the thousands in between.

Ever heard a Negro or Hispanic say, "I wouldn't even join the girl scouts, heh, heh, heh?"

Los Angeles alone has a thousand violent criminal minority gangs totaling over 150,000 members. And, that's just one city. Much like dogs urinating on trees to mark their territory, these Negroes and Hispanics mark theirs with graffiti.

I could go on and on running my mouth for another two or three thousand pages, but my limited finances won't permit it.

I will have 1,000 copies of this book printed at a cost of \$5,000, paid entirely by yours truly, and distribute copies to friends, relatives, a few libraries willing to accept them. etc., but barring an unforeseeable miracle, and thanks to Jewish censorship, this book will not be widely read.

I apologize for my poor writing ability. But, I believe you all know it came from my heart, and it contains nothing but the truth, as I understand it.

For our Race, Dixie, and the Bruders Schweigen, I bid you farewell and good hunting. AKIA

Think I'll stop at the next truck stop and pass out a few pamphlets.

Meantime, I'll engage in a bit of "hate speech" over this here CB radio.

"Breaker. Breaker one nine. Any of you rednecks out there wanna chat with the Grand Dragon for awhile?... come on..."

"Cattle die, men die. What lives forever are deeds men do."

Author's note — The poem *I hate this Yankee nation*, was not really written by my forefather. It is in fact, a song which became quite popular after the Civil War.

Chapter 15: White Women

White women do what white men permit. This is now, and always has been, a fact of nature and history. Today, this fact is painfully obvious to everyone with good eyesight. Our women have become whores for the world, thanks to Jewish created "popular culture" and Jewish corrupted judges, and politicians, who over the decades, have thrown out all laws designed by our forefathers to insure racial survival and the White man's authority over his women, children, country, and destiny.

The phrase Women and minorities this, and Women and minorities that, are repeated by the media, causing many of our women to believe they have more in common with colored men than with their own.

The so-called Women's Rights Movement would never have come about without the Jews. The original movers of this anti-White conspiracy were Gloria Steinem, Belia Abzug, and Betty Freidan, all Jews. Gullible White women believe these Jews have their interests at heart, but in reality, these fanatical, Aryan-hating pied-piper bitches are working to further the Jewish agenda. Weaken the White man. Divide and conquer. Divide the White man from the White woman so there will be fewer of both in the future.

As a direct consequence of Jewish mind programming, and White male cowards, our women and girls by the tens of millions have wallowed naked with sub-humans. And millions have given birth to mixed-breed offspring in scenes too nauseating to imagine without puking. These unnatural offspring grow up identifying with their colored side and hating their White parents. Mother nature gets her sweet revenge.

The White man has become so confused, guilt-ridden, and cowardly, he either applauds this traitorous behavior of his women, or pretends he doesn't notice it.

The Jews-media keeps our youth in a constant state of heat. They satanically exploit nature's strong demand upon youth to procreate. And, those who deny the intense power of this demand have simply forgotten what it's like to be young. Catering to the lowest urges of man, the Jews bring out the very worse in human nature. And any family not insulted every ten minutes by Jew television has lost their sense of decency.

Nature screams *procreate!* And the Jews-media screams procreate with any two legged featherless creature, regardless of race, color, brain size, or nose width.

White men, not to be outdone by their women, bed down with colored women, accelerating even more rapidly their own racial demise. The reason one doesn't see more White men and Black women together in public is because Whitey fears the Black man. Asian women are safer. Asian men don't make a fuss when seeing their women on the arms of White men. A big Jewish-promoted fad now is mail-order brides. Thick catalogues filled with photos of young third-world women offering themselves in marriage are widely publicized throughout the western world. Plane loads of lonely, horny old white men arrive daily in India, the Philippines, and South East Asia to meet their mongrel brides-to-be. And the Jews wring their hands in giddiness and delight at the success of yet another scheme to exterminate the hated White Aryan Race and make fortunes in the process from their victims. The White man finances his own destruction.

Meanwhile Whitey Joe and Jill Six-pack smoke their dope and watch MTV or the Negroes playing ball on television, their minds void of thought not put there by the Jews.

Chapter 16: Christianity

Christianity was in the past, a successful religion, used by Whites to keep the peace and maintain morality, to keep folks on the straight and narrow path, so to speak.

Today, it is little more than a crutch for cowards; an escape from reality and from personal responsibility.

You don't have to do anything. God will do it for you. Why worry? It's all God's plan anyway. Just love everyone and believe. Be a limp-wristed wimp and recruit others to be the same. But, give unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. When Caesar says drop bombs on Christian babies in Berlin, or Muslim babies in Iraq, it's okay. When Caesar says open your borders to tens of millions of dark immigrants, or to bus your children to jungle neighborhoods, or to accept legalized pornography and the abortion murder of Aryan babies, then it's Caesar's responsibility, not the Christian's. So don't concern yourselves.

But the Jews still hate Christianity nonetheless because of its history and potential. Under Martin Luther's Christianity and the historical Christianity of Catholicism, the Jews were recognized as the evil parasites they were, and treated accordingly. Every nation in Europe eventually kicked the Jews out at one time or another. The Jews fear any White organizations, including Christian ones, which contain organized potential whistleblowers.

When Brigham Young and his followers first arrived in Utah, many were attacked and slaughtered by Indians. Church elders went to Young and suggested they all pray for God's protection, to which Young replied, "Pray? Hell, it is preposterous to ask God to do anything for us we can do for ourselves. Get your guns!"

In a few months, the problem was solved.

I've admired Brigham Young and the Mormons ever since I read that bit of History. I also admire them for producing large Aryan families. And the more Aryan women they marry and impregnate, the better.

Christian preachers who preach the Jews are God's chosen people ought to march their flocks down to their local synagogue and convert to Judaism en masse, then they'll be God's chosen people, too. Otherwise, they're contradictory liars.

If belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ is a prerequisite for going to Heaven, then all dead Jews are burning in hell right now, because Jew's have never believed in Christ. And that hand full of lying so-called Jews-for-Jesus will burn just as hot.

It was the Jewish founded, financed, and led American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) which brought about the removal of prayer and the bible from public schools. They put the Negroes in and took the bible out, at about the same time they legalized pornography and interracial marriages.

During segregation days, 99% of Southern preachers preached that racial integration was wrong. But, when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that churches not allowing Negro membership would lose their tax exempt status, 99% of the 99% did an immediate flip-flop and began praising the Negroes and singing Red or Yellow, Black or White, they are precious in his sight. And to avoid paying the taxes, while keeping their donation plates filled, they persuaded their flocks to accept race mixing as God's will. Without the money, these leaches couldn't be dragged to a pulpit.

I hope Satan reserves the hottest spots in hell for them and sticks their asses to the wall with pitchforks so they can't slither away from the flames.

Every book in the bible, except one, was written by Jews, which explains, among other things, why the bible says the Jews are God's chosen people. If I'd written the thing, my people would be the chosen ones. How odd of God to choose the rats.

God must be a racist, because He selected a chosen race. And, He practiced racial discrimination when he smited all those gentile men, women, children, and babies on behalf of the Jews. Sampson and God alone killed 10,000 gentiles with the jawbone of a jackass. And I own some valuable ocean front property in Arizona.

Love your enemies. Turn the other cheek. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. What a brilliant recipe to enslave the Shabbos Goyim.

Christianity is the second biggest trick the Jews ever played on us. The biggest was legalized abortion!

But, on the other hand, White Christians today represent the best of our Race and the best hope for our racial survival because, generally, they are sober, moral, physically healthy, and idealistic. The Jews too recognize this potential threat and attack Christianity non-stop with the vigor and determination of trained attack dogs.

I'd love to see North America's 100 million Aryan Christians convert to the religion invented by their own race and practiced for a thousand generations before the Jews thought up Christianity.

Odinism! This was the religion for a strong heroic people, the Germanic people, from whose loins we all descended, be we German, English, Scott, Irish, or Scandinavian, in whole or in part.

Odin! Odin! Odin! Was the battle cry of our ancestors; their light eyes ablaze with the glare of the predator, as they swept

over and conquered the decadent multi-racial Roman Empire.

And Valhalla does not accept Negroes. There's a sign over the pearly gates there which reads, "Whites only."

Oh, Glory day!

Chapter 17: My Predictions Should The Jews Continue To Rule

1. Legal age of consent lowered to 12, then to 10. Drugged and diseased adolescent White girls and boys selling themselves to White men and giving the fee to their Negro or Hispanic pimps.
2. All laws suppressing sexual freedom, including those discouraging public acts of homosexuality and bestiality are vetoed by the One World Constitution. However, human participants must be at least age 10.
3. All drugs legalized and taxed by One World Government, creating five million new jobs in the U.S. alone.
4. Prostitution legalized for adults of both sexes above the age of 9, reducing unemployment to world record low, and raising One World Government revenue to new heights.
5. Interracial married couples rewarded with 10-year tax exemption, with three years added for each bi-racial offspring produced.
6. Punishment for hate crimes committed against any "protected class" elevated to the death penalty, with appeals limited to 30 days.
7. United Nations forms special international anti-terrorist task force to track, arrest and "hospitalize" racists and anti-Semites. (Racism, anti-Semitism, Christianity, and Muslim fundamentalism all officially classified as mental illnesses).
8. World disarmament. Nuclear weapon stockpiles destroyed except those located in Israel, after unanimous vote by United Nations Security Council.
9. World population lowered from 7.5 billion to 2 billion by Jewish created wars, famine, disease, and test tube virus' unleashed by Israeli scientists (as was AIDS, genital herpes, and Ebola) to make the world cleaner and more manageable for the Jewish Master Race. (Western European and Muslim countries especially hard hit).
10. Race war erupts across the United States. After repeated urgent appeals by the President and both houses of Congress, the United Nations sends in 15 million international peace-keeping troops from India, China, and South and Central America to booster hard pressed American forces, and after only 18 months, 75 million White male "racists" are killed, wounded, or imprisoned. But peace and democracy are restored.
11. Except for small pockets of White survivalists located in Alaska, the Canadian wilderness and a few remote areas of the Northwestern U.S., both North and South America are ethnically cleansed of White males. Surviving young White females however, seem happy and contented, and are adjusting naturally to their colored mates and children. Bold young pioneers creating a truly race-less, democratic world society.

Closing Message To The White Man

If, by Odin's divine intervention, you have digested and believe everything I have written in this book, then you understand one inch up a telephone pole, of what the Jews are doing, have done, and plan to do to you in the future.

But, it's a start.

You and I both know, that deep down in your heart, you agree with me. And, I will prove it with one hypothetical scenario: You're alone in a closet of your home. There's a large bright red button on the wall. You can push that button, and presto, all Negroes, all Jews, and all other colored people are instantly removed from the North American continent and returned to their native countries.

You'd push it, wouldn't you Whitey?

See? See? See? In the final analysis, you agree with me.

But, of course, you wouldn't risk anything to help bring that scenario about, or any other scenario favorable to your Race. Play it safe. Don't get involved. Go with the smart money. Life is much easier that way. Things have just gone too far. Anyway, by the time things get really, really bad, you'll be dead and gone. So why worry or get involved?

But, Whitey, you're forgetting something. Your children, grandchildren, and their children will still be here. Don't you care about them?

You know what life will be like for them in this ever increasing socialistic mongrel society.

Then how can you look them in their eyes and say you love them, while you do nothing to change it?

Couldn't you at least tell them the truth? Don't they deserve a chance to decide for themselves whether or not to get involved? Maybe they'd be willing to fight. Maybe they could win. They ought to be given a chance, don't you think?

Are you not, through your silence, actually helping their enemies who are determined to make their lives nightmares so horrible that you, yourself, are glad to escape through old-age death?

Your silence dooms them, just as your cowardly inaction dooms them

Oh, I get it. If you explained their future honestly, they would ask why you never did anything. They'd know just how big a coward you are. That's why you don't tell them what their future holds.

You prefer they live as dwindling minorities in filth, poverty, and ignorance and ruled by mongrels and Jews, rather than know the truth about your cowardice.

This is why you say nothing about Race and the future to them.

It's true, isn't it Whitey?

How utterly selfish, dishonest, and despicable you have become. How the hell do you look yourself in the mirror?

You don't love your children. It's just empty words. Talk is cheap.

It depresses me to say these things because you are flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood. You are my Race, my People, my brother.

I don't love our people for what they've become. I love them for what they have been in the past and for what they can become in the future.

The Jews have greatly damaged you morally and spiritually, but your genes are unblemished.

We have been the same race for a thousand generations, since before our common forefather, who with his sons and daughters in tow, crossed westwards the entire width of Western China and Europe with nothing but his battle axe and his will to live to sustain him. The racial chain binding us to him has never been broken. A thousand generations of the White Aryan Race. Preserving this chain and passing it intact to generations-to-come is the true purpose of life itself. Everything else pales to meaninglessness or religious lunacy in comparison.

Twenty million Jews (that's all there are in the world); these swarthy, hairy, bow-legged, beady-eyed, hooked-nosed, parasitic midgets; now swear to the world that this time, the White Aryan Race will be wiped from the face of the Earth, drowned forever in a sea of colored mongrels.

My generation is beaten. But the youth and the generation to come can win, but only if they come to know the truth about their deadly enemies, the Jews.

Among our youth and in their genes, there are Alexander the Great's, Thomas Edisons, Caesars, Richard Wagners, Nathan Forrests, Stonewall Jacksons, Martin Luthers, and yes, Adolph Hitlers. Our youths need only truth to steer them toward equal greatness and beyond.

You can continue to doom them or you can steer them toward that greatness and a chance to create a secure future in which

the racial chain of our forefather will continue for another thousand generations and his genes will be spread throughout the universe.

Dr. William Pierce, the greatest Aryan mind of our times, and his staff will mail you a thick catalogue from which you can order books, magazines, videos, and cassette tapes that will clear your mind of Jewish garbage, and provide you with the knowledge and understanding necessary to defeat the Jews and save our Race.

National Vanguard Books
P.O. Box 330
Hillsboro, WV 24946
www.natall.com or www.natvan.com

"There are none so blind as those too cowardly to look."

Hell Whitey, you don't want to live forever anyway, do you?

Come with me. We'll be happy warriors, together. I wouldn't want to live in any other time in history.

Look at the challenge. Look at the odds against us. The harder the fight, the sweeter the revenge.

We have an enemy, and we know who he is. He who fights the Jew fights the devil.

Oh glory day!

Praise Odin, pass the ammunition, Seig Heil, and Heil Hitler!

Bottom Line Facts

In any international or national court of law, any fair, and unbiased body of historians, attorneys, jurors, and judges of all races and nationalities, after thorough investigation, would conclude unanimously that not one of the following world events would have occurred without international Jewish initiative:

1. World War I (15 million White people killed).
2. World War II (40 million White people killed).
3. Communist Revolutions (20-30 million White Russians and other Eastern Europeans killed).
4. Legalized abortion (100 million White infants killed).
5. The so-called Civil Rights Movement in America.
6. The striking down of laws forbidding marriage between Whites and coloreds.
7. Immigration Laws which allowed tens-of-millions of colored aliens to immigrate to America.
8. The removal of prayer and the holy bible from public schools.
9. Legalization of pornography.
10. Forced racial integration.
11. And Jewish domination of the media, art, music, literature and culture of the Western World, which has brought upon us the epidemics of drugs, venereal diseases, crime, pornography, ignorance, immorality, and yes, racial hatred.

All adult Jews know the above is true.

They have no choice now. They must exterminate us. They must either drown us in a sea of color or incite the coloreds to slaughter us or both. They must not, in any event, allow the arrival of future White Aryan generations sufficient in number to even the score.

War Declaration

Parts of my Declaration of War. Copies of the 2-page declaration were mailed to White Patriot Party members, other White groups, and to the media, politicians, and national and state law enforcement officials, in April 1987.

"I warned those federal SOB's. I told them repeatedly that if ZOG (Zionist Occupation Government) framed our leaders that we would wage war against them because war would then be our only hope for the survival of our Race."

"All 5,000 White Patriots are now honor bound to pick up the sword and do battle."

"I, Glenn Miller, this 6th day of April 1987, do herewith declare total war against ZOG."

"I ask for no quarter. I will give none."

"Together, we will cleanse the land of evil, corruption, and mongrels. And, we will build a glorious future and a nation in which all our people can scream proudly, "This land is our land. This people is our people. This God is our God, and these we will defend — One God, One Race, One nation."

"And so, fellow Aryan warriors, strike now. Strike for your homeland. Strike for your Southern honor. Strike for the little children. Strike for your wives and loved ones. Strike for the millions of innocent White babies murdered by Jew-legalized abortion, who cry out from their graves for vengeance. Strike for the millions of our people raped or assaulted or murdered by mongrels. Strike for the millions of our Race butchered in Jew wars. Strike brothers and sisters for all the outrages committed against our people."

"Let the blood of our enemies flood the streets, rivers, and fields of the nation in holy vengeance and justice."

"Those of you who refuse to fight will face the wrath of the God, who orders me."

"Strike the SOB's."

"And, let the battle axes swing smoothly and the bullets whiz true."

"If I fall, bury me in the Old Miller graveyard near Dillon, South Carolina in my Patriot uniform, with my arm raised in the White Power salute, and play the following songs over me, The Old Rugged Cross, Tomorrow Belongs to Me, Ride of the Valkyries, and Dixie."

"I'll see you in Valhalla."

Glenn Miller
Leader, White Patriot Party

— Note —

75% of this book was written during my imprisonment (1987-90), the remainder in 1999, and was delivered to the printer on October 4, 1999.

Ordering Information:

You can also order

- a hard copy of this book,
- a 2-hour VHS of the White Patriot Party, or
- a 3-hour DVD of the White Patriot Party from:

Glenn Miller
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