

WATCHMAN'S TEACHING LETTER

Monthly Letter #204 April, 2015; Teacher Clifton A. Emahiser
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TO THOSE WHOM THE COVENANT BELONGS

A NON-UNIVERSAL CULTURE AWARENESS INSTRUCTIONAL PUBLICATION

A MONTHLY TEACHING LETTER

This is my two hundred and fourth monthly teaching letter and completes my seventeenth year of publication. To get started with this lesson, I will repeat a paragraph from near the end of WTL #203:

This move back into the Perry Center school district proved to be yet another obstacle to my learning. The teacher in the brick building accommodating grades five through eight was a man by the name of Mr. Ralph Banks. Banks was an odd appearing person with a strong square jaw with very thick black hair. He might have passed for a white person in some circles, but he surely wasn't an Anglo-Saxon. From what I can remember of his features, I would estimate he had a touch of Arab blood, or maybe even a Jew. Banks generally did well in presenting his lessons, but at test-time he would use tricky questions in order to deceive the students into answering the questions incorrectly. I don't know what kind of euphoric feeling he got by doing that, but he seemed ecstatic in doing it, and his ecstasy would show up on the students grade cards as a lowered grade.

Among my more recent evaluations of Mr. Ralph Bank's actions is that he might have been suffering from a wee amount of egomania, caused by an inferiority complex (a fear of anyone who might appear superior, and thus be a threat to Banks' own inferiority). If such a thing could exist, the one suffering from egomania would do everything in his power to cut his assumed competitor down in the sight of others. As the head teacher, Banks had the power of the pen, and he could write down anywhere from "A+" to "F-" at his will.

Before I get too far ahead of my story, I need to pause and take the time to explain how the public grade and high schools operated between 1920 and 1940. Earlier, most of the students attending school didn't intend to go beyond the eighth grade. By that time the boys were needed on the farm full time, and for the girls, being about 16, it was time to think about getting married and raising a family. As a matter of fact, the Perry Center school district was still holding eighth grade graduation ceremonies (which included an eighth grade diploma), up until the 1940-1941 school-year, at a church about one mile south of the Perry Center school, with the fifth, sixth and seventh grade students invited.

About this same period, Edomite-jewish sponsored communism had infiltrated most of our colleges (especially those colleges training prospective schoolteachers), and proceeded to turn our whole educational system upside-down! The question is: Were Banks, or my other teachers, trained in such a manner? There are two books that

I recommend that every researcher-writer should have in order to understand the political undercurrent that was taking place:

(1) *The Red Network*, by Elizabeth Dilling.

(2) *Patterns Of Negro Segregation*, by Charles S. Johnson, 1st edition, © 1943. (While biased, this book enlightens historical data!)

First, a quote from *Patterns Of Negro Segregation*, pp. 88-89:

“By 1910 Negro males were found in some numbers in 166 out of 178 industry or service groups and Negro females in 37 out of 42 groups. There had been intense competition with the foreign-born while native whites moved steadily into the upper brackets.

“By 1920, following the migrations, Negroes comprised 11 percent of the laborers in manufacturing and mechanical industries compared with only 3 per cent in 1910. Nevertheless, they remained below the foreign-born in mass occupational level; and the foreign-born, in turn, below the native whites. By 1930 the proportion of Negro unskilled workers was about double that of the foreign-born whites, and six times that of the native whites.

“Native whites were found at all occupational levels in both periods, but were relatively concentrated in the three top categories. In 1890 they dominated the professional and white-collar classes, had a relatively large proportion of proprietors and managers, and a relatively small proportion of skilled and unskilled workers. The foreign-born formed an intermediate group between the native whites and the Negroes with few professionals compared with native whites, and, compared with Negroes, less than half the proportion engaged in unskilled work. The foreign-born, however, had a larger proportion of skilled workers. Three-fourths of all boot- and shoemakers and repairers, blacksmiths and wheelwrights were foreign-born, while less than 1 per cent were Negroes. The latter were heavily concentrated in the unskilled class, with relatively fewer semiskilled workers than either the native or the foreign-born white, and negligible proportions in any higher class. The Negroes exceeded the other nativity groups in the servant classes, and the foreign-born exceeded the Negroes in the other unskilled classes.

“By 1930 the pattern had changed significantly, reflecting the experience of Negroes in occupations in northern cities. The native whites had increased their proportions in the professional and white collar classes and decreased their proportion in unskilled fields to the smallest proportion in any category except professional. They clearly had a monopoly on the preferred and status jobs. The foreign-born whites had begun to develop a professional class, continued to command the skilled and semiskilled fields, and had a sizable proportion of shopkeepers, presumably serving the requirements of their own cultural backgrounds. While the Negroes still had their largest proportions in unskilled work (both domestic service and labor), they had pushed into the skilled field and had developed their own professional class and some business; proportionately, they had almost as many semiskilled workers as the foreign-born, and over half as many white-collar workers.” – Now back to the commotion at Perry Center:

This type of activity continued on until the 1941-1942 school-year. What always happens when the teacher is playing the game of asking trick questions, the class will always start to compare answers. This happened to the row of students in the seventh

grade, including my sister and I, along with the others in the seventh grade row. Banks discovered this and accused the entire seventh grade of cheating. How my parents finally got the news of this, I don't fully remember, but when they did, they were as mad as hell. At the time my grandparents were still living within the Fostoria, Ohio city limits, so my parents moved us in with grandfather and grandmother Keiser, officially making my sister and I their wards, and the Perry Center school district lost some of their tax allocations as a result. This move was made right in the middle of the school-year of 1941-1942. Soon after this, the entire school board of Perry Center got together and made arrangements to join the Fostoria, Ohio school district. To this day, all the children in Perry Township are bussed into Fostoria schools.

Actually, in the 1942-1943 school-year, the combined school districts of Perry Center and Fostoria didn't have to purchase any school buses, other than the two they already had, as the route mileage they covered was about the same. There were two less buildings to heat and keep up, and one less tricky teacher to pay. Today the only building left is the white frame building which they use for a township house, and other gatherings.

I did, though, learn a very important lesson at Perry Center that is still with me to this very day. One day, Banks was teaching the eighth grade row, and one of the young ladies taught teacher Banks a precept that even he was not aware of. The subject of "agriculture" came up, and this young lady informed Banks quite quickly that the word "agriculture" is based on the word "culture" and today I consider that a Biblical truism, for Adam was given the responsibility for tilling the ground. And we should really respect our Adamic farmers, as they work/ed all summer just to survive the following winter/s. And what little "culture" we still have left, we owe these hardworking people. Nearly all the farm families I knew in Perry Township were that kind of people!

I didn't realize it at the time, but this shift from a country school to city schools; then back to the country school again, and then back to the city schools once more gave me quite an advantage in understanding the differences existing between the two groups, and how both groups were suffering under the strong financial arm the Edomite-jews had on the finances of our country, and for that matter the entire world. I will guarantee you that neither of the two groups were getting filthy rich. Both groups, in their own way, had a tough row to hoe! So again, the Almighty was preparing me for the ministry I have today. At times, I remember the city folk blaming their troubles on the farmer, and at other times the country folk blaming their difficulties on the city factory workers. The truth is: the troubles these two groups were experiencing were being engineered by the same Edomite-jew enemy!

To give the reader an idea of just how difficult things were back in the depression days, more often than not, the farmer's wife would raise a few chickens to save up a little egg money so she could buy some patterns and a little cloth so she could sew together a dress to wear to church. Not only did she sew her own clothes, she raised a large garden, and canned enough food to keep provisions on the table the greater part of the coming winter. And whether it was in the country or city schools, the majority of younger students wore clothing their mother had made for them.

Moving back to the Perry Center school district, it did have one benefit that I hadn't anticipated, as during the summer vacations between school-years there were

times when the farmers wanted parttime help like making hay; helping during the wheat harvest and other odd jobs the farmer couldn't find time to get around to. I even helped a couple of ladies who had a dairy and truck farm to shock some of their corn. They even let me drive their model A Ford truck around the lanes leading to the various truck patches. It was also my first chance to make a little pocket money. I was also hired out to be the water boy a few times, where the farmers went together to thresh their wheat with the old fashion threshing machines. They had one threshing machine for about 20 different farmers, and it took several weeks to get around to every farm in their association.

If one has never eaten at a thresher's noon meal, one simply can't understand the great food that was served buffet style. Every woman brought her best dish. If it was a cake, it wasn't like today's cake-mix, but she had to put the various ingredients together from scratch, and if she needed some eggs, she went out to her hen house and took some freshly laid eggs from underneath the chicken as they were being laid. One will never find any fresher eggs than that! They had every kind of meat, along with gravy, and the very best fresh and cooked vegetables to go along with it; also every kind of desert, along with hand cranked ice cream. I should point out that there were about 18 to 20 sunburned men, and after rinsing the sweat from their heads and arms with the cold water directly from the well, and cooling themselves off after half a day of extremely hard work, they dug in and ate like there might not be a tomorrow. Then, after devouring all they could hold, they went outside and rested for about a half-hour under some shade trees before returning to the fields for another grueling half day (probably near sundown).

One summer vacation, I was hired by a farmer who lived just across the road from us to carry water to the men working in the field, who were breaking down the wheat shocks and loading the sheaves onto wagons. When quite full, the wagons were pulled by the horses over alongside the threshing machine to separate the wheat from the chaff, whereupon there was a truck alongside the threshing machine to receive the grain as it was processed. There were usually eight to ten workers loading wheat sheaves onto the wagons, with a couple of men spreading them around to keep an even load. As the water boy, it was my job to ride my bicycle from the farmer's water pump at his house, placing a glass gallon jug hanging from each handlebar, and after pumping up the colder water from deep in the well. If my grandfather and grandmother Keiser hadn't given me that bicycle as an incentive to bring up my grades, I couldn't have made some extra pocket change doing this. To keep the glass gallon bottles from breaking against the metal frame of my bike, I extended each handle about six inches to look like a longhorn bull, to keep a disaster from happening. Sometimes it was a long bumpy ride from the farmer's house down the lanes to the field where the men were working. I would go from wagon to wagon lifting up the jugs, and the men would sometimes turn the jug upside-down and swallow about half of the contents. After distributing the water around to the various wagons, I picked up two other jugs to return to the house and get another batch. No sooner than I had made a round trip, the men were waiting again in the field for some more cold water. And, I would remind the reader that it was no easy job being a water boy from eight to sometimes nearly ten hours a day.

It was probably a year later that I again served as water boy for the farmer across the road from us. This time, after the thresher's noon meal, the men assembled in the farmer's stone driveway leading up to his barn. Suddenly, I became very interested in their conversation, for they were discussing the Chicago Board of Trade concerning the high price, at that time, that wheat was selling for. For once in about twelve years the Chicago Board of Trade were not robbing the farmers blind! At the time of harvest, wheat was selling for two dollars and ninety-six cents a bushel. One of the farmers gathered there said that he was going to hold his wheat until the price hit three dollars, but it never did. This happened during the years leading up to WW II, and we had rationing and shortages on some things in those days.

My main interest in the men's conversation was that they spoke of the Chicago Board of Trade in connection with the Jews. This immediately was lodged into my mind, never to be forgotten. This, though, didn't give me all the pieces of the puzzle, but it did give me enough of the story to realize that this was the same people Hitler was having trouble with. After realizing this, I began to understand that the same people who were depressing the German economy were the same people who were oppressing our country and city folk. I didn't realize it at the time, but there was much more to the story than I could then imagine, and in time it would become the major theme of my ministry. For a while, after learning the connection between the Chicago Board of Trade and the Jews, I became a Hitler fan, and expressed what I thought to everyone I could. But my parents and grandparents and some of the people at the church where my parents attended kept hounding me that "the Jews were God's chosen people", and if we cursed them, we ourselves would be cursed. Over time I caved in, to a certain extent! I now realize that my first impression was the correct impression, and I was only about fifteen years old when it was revealed to me, in a conversation in which I did not take part! It wasn't a very long conversation, maybe ten minutes at the most. Here is just one more incident that happened which was preparing me for my ministry of the last seventeen years.

After this, from time to time, I kept track of the farm market reports, and I don't remember of one time where wheat sold over three dollars. One time the farmers did purchase and construct several small round metal storage units to force the farm prices a little higher, but they had little success in doing this. Driving in an automobile in this part of the country, one could observe nearly every farm had from three to a dozen or so of these storage buildings, but they gradually disappeared. At one time the farmers formed co-ops for holding animals until the demand pushed up the prices, but that failed as well.

SO WHY WOULD THE POWERS THAT BE PROMOTE THIS?

The Edomite-jews do want to establish themselves as the **masters** of the world. To be the masters, they must have slaves. They, therefore, consider all of the darker races to be too inept to make good servants, and the White middle class too adept to control and take orders from the so-called **masters**. So their plan is to raise the IQ of the nonwhites, while at the same time dumbing down or lowering the IQ of the middle class Whites. To do this, they, (the Edomite-jews) have entered into a program of miscegenation. You see, if the Edomite-jew can lower the living standards of the middle

class Whites, while at the same time raising the living standards of the nonwhites, so both are approximately the same, the Edomite-jews hope to two merge the two races together. One would have to be as blind as a bat not to see that the Edomite-jewish plan for miscegenation is right on schedule!

WHERE WOULD BE THE STARTING POINT TO BRING SUCH A THING ABOUT?

While there are many starting points to bring about miscegenation, there are no other more ideal places than the grade, middle and high school classrooms. All that must be done is to College train a lot of females who lean towards women's lib. Once trained along this line (with the teacher having the power of the pen) they would naturally give all the better grades to the female students, while giving a failing grade to male students.

Another source that would be in a good position to raise the grades of some while lowering the grades of others would be the companies that specialize in writing and printing textbooks. If the object were to get the female students to do better than the male students, all that would be needed is to create stories and items of interest which harmonize with the female nature, while at the same time, making the same material very boring to their counterpart males.

Probably, the most dangerous threat to the altering of grades of male students would be from the infiltration of communism into the colleges, where students with communistic objectives would aid and assist in bringing about communistic goals. Being that communism is Edomite-jewish, the same goal of miscegenation would exist. Many college students, with secret communist leanings, upon graduation, could and were placed in several positions of power. Teachers in the public schools being one of them. Here a whole host of evil machinations were probably directed to bring about miscegenation (*i.e.*, race mixing).

Of the White Adamic family, the female is the easiest to lead astray. Rightfully, with her body maturing somewhat sooner than the male, she is concerned about whom she shall meet and marry, as the female finds it quite disadvantageous to find an occupation to make a living wage. So in this case, wealth is a deciding factor. In the 1940's, the computer hadn't yet arrived, and the greatest opportunity for a graduating female was the great demand for women in the accounting field, and the women hoped for a position with a fortune five hundred company, or at a bank of high finance. Often, this kind of job led to meeting someone not of her own race, and her ending up in a mixed racial union. Many of the women graduating from high school in the 1940's decided to go to New York to find some kind of position there, and usually never came back to Ohio. The men graduating from high school, on the other hand, ended up getting a job in a factory with little to no opportunity for advancement, or enlisted in the military. I have talked with several teachers in the area, and they would make the claim that the girls learned faster in the lower grades, but in college the men leave the women sitting in the dust in comparison. I believe the real reason that the boys were slower in the grade schools than the girls was because the people writing the text books deliberately tried to mentally sissify the boys, making it harder for them to get a good paying job when it came time for marriage. So eventually nearly all the White women

went for the beasts collecting food stamps, rather than some White man working for a living.

For undeniable proof of what I am stating, we need go no further than the United States Congressional Record, Volume 103, page 8559:

At a “Jewish” conference, January 12, 1952, in Budapest, a “Jew”, Rabbi Emanuel Rabinovich, spoke before the Emergency Council of European Rabbis. The following is part of that speech which can be found in William Guy Carr’s book, *Pawns In The Game*, on pages 105-106.

Rabbi Emanuel Rabinovich, in his speech to the Council of European Rabbis in Budapest, Hungary, 12 January 1952, sheds light on the reality of the Edomite-jewish plot to destroy the White, Caucasian, European people by miscegenation where he stated:

“... The goal for which we have striven so concertedly for three thousand years is at last within our reach. I can state with assurance that the last generation of white children is now being born. Our Control Commission will in the interest of peace and wiping out interracial tensions, forbid the whites to mate with whites. The white women must cohabit with members of the dark races, the white men with black women. Thus the white race will disappear, for mixing the dark with the white means the end of the white man, and our most dangerous enemy will become only a memory. We shall embark upon an era of ten thousand years of peace and plenty, the Pax Judaica, and our race will rule undisputed over the world. Our superior intelligence will easily enable us to retain mastery over a world of dark peoples.”

Similarly, Israel Cohen, in *A Racial Program for the Twentieth Century*, is quoted in the United States Congressional Record, Volume 103, page 8559, as promoting the following:

“Our most powerful weapon is racial tension. By propounding into the consciousness of the dark races that for centuries they have been oppressed by the whites, we can mould them to the program of the Communist Party... While inflaming the Negro minority against the whites, we will endeavor to instill in the whites a guilt complex for their exploitation of the Negroes. We will aid the Negroes to rise in prominence in every walk of life, in the professions and in the world of sports and entertainment. With this prestige, the Negro will be able to intermarry with the whites and begin a process which will deliver America to our cause.”

With such positive evidence as this, how can anyone disclaim what is going on today right before their very eyes? This happens as a result of the Edomite-jew’s double-talk propaganda that evil is good and good is evil; that darkness is light and light is darkness; that bitter is sweet and sweet is bitter, as found at Isa. 5:20, and we suck it all in!

And just how did the communist-Edomite-jews “... endeavor to instill in the whites a guilt complex for their exploitation of the Negroes ...?” The answer to that question is, they, the communist-Edomite-jews, used every source of media they had under their control (which probably amounted to 95% of all media) to bring about their goal, and one can be damn sure they didn’t overlook the textbooks they printed for grade school, junior high school (now called middle school), high school, and nearly all college textbooks. All that was left for the communist-Edomite-jews to do was infiltrate the

colleges and train prospective school teachers to teach from these communistic-Edomite-jewish inspired textbooks, which could be applied in thousands of ways. And when I say “colleges”, I include “religious colleges”! So, White middle-class country and city folk, you now have some idea what we have been fighting against, and somehow couldn’t put our finger on it!

But the reader must grasp that I didn’t understand any of these things yet, as I was in the middle of the seventh grade when my parents removed my sister and I from the Perry Center school district and moved us into Fostoria with our Keiser grandparents, where we could enter the Fostoria school system. It is doubtful, however, whether or not we got away from the communist-Edomite-Jewish influence being forced on our school systems all over America. Surely, some of the older teachers resisted such new divisive methods of teaching, and continued the modes that always worked for them. Whether or not Ralph Banks teaching in the Perry Center school system had communist leanings is questionable, although it did appear he had less than a desirable interest in his male students. And, it is strange that I never heard where Banks was ever hired by another school system, after leaving Perry Center on its closing. As a matter-of-fact, it seemed to me like he simply disappeared into thin air.

Junior high-school at Fostoria, Ohio was a new experience for me. Finally, I could work with the skill of my hands. They had a mechanical drawing course which I dearly loved. I then dreamed of becoming a professional draftsman, but the course wasn’t carried through the high school years. Typing was another hands-on course that I really liked, but I didn’t have a typewriter at home like some of the other students, so I didn’t get as proficient with it as I would have liked. On the typewriters that the school let us use, they had removed all the letters from off the keys and replaced the letters with some black blank coverings. In other words, one had to learn to type blind. The student was given a manuscript to type while not looking at the keys. Well, anyway, taking that typing course has helped me very much in my ministry, and I still keep my fingers on the home row.

In junior high, I got acquainted with another person much like my self. He, like I, was somewhat bored with the school’s curriculum, and studied other topics on his own. He invited me down to his house one evening and taught me how a radio tube works, and showed me how to read radio circuit diagrams. Well, that opened a whole new world to me. The first thing I knew, I was hooked. I bought myself a 1940s edition of *The Radio Amateur’s Handbook*, and my desire was to become a shortwave radio operator, so I started to practice the International Morse code in order to eventually get a ham’s license. But I soon learned that I didn’t have enough money, so I experimented around with crystal sets instead. However, a commercial crystal to build a crystal set was too expensive for me.

According to *Webster’s Unified Encyclopedia and Dictionary*, a crystal set is described as: “**crystal set. radio.** Receiving set with a crystal detector but having no electronic tubes.”

Well, I consulted my friend about lacking the funds to buy a commercially sold crystal for building a crystal set, and he told me I could make my own crystal by melting some lead mixed with sulphur. So I went home to my father’s house, and rummaged around the basement to find the items I needed. I found my father’s gasoline powered

blowtorch, and a small cast iron ladle in which to heat up the lead and pour it into a mold. I also found some sulphur, and a scrap piece of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch board. So, I used my father's brace-and-bit to drill eight or ten holes in the board, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep. I heated up the ladle with the blowtorch until the lead melted, and then mixed a little sulphur with the melted lead, and then poured the lead into the holes I had drilled into the scrap board, and then let everything cool down.

Thankfully, my friend also drew me a diagram for assembling the parts to build my first crystal set. One thing I had to do was solder a flexible insulated copper wire to a sewing needle to poke the needle into the surface of the lead ingot I was using instead of a regular crystal to find a radio station. Sometimes one would have to poke around ten to twenty times before finding one.

Another thing I had to do was rig up a long wire antenna. I rummaged around some more, and I found some old bare copper wire, which might have been used as an antenna before. There was a large tree in our backyard which I climbed and attached one end of the antenna to a limb of that tree, and I strung the antenna approximately fifty to sixty-five feet to my upstairs bedroom. No one ever told me that it might be advisable to hook a lightning arrestor to that antenna! Happily, my crystal set never got fried. To keep the rest of the family content, I hooked up a set of earphones to my crystal set.

At last I had everything ready to give it a try. After a few pokes a radio station came in loud and clear. Now I could listen to my favorite country and western music (along with a limited amount of classical). I also dearly love Irish music! I was tired of listening to jungle jazz and the hit parade where they would slur nearly every word and note of a so-called song from beginning to the end.

Not being able to afford building and operating a short-wave radio station, nor becoming proficient in some branch of radio activity, I was able to scrape together enough pocket change to start taking a mail-order radio training course from the Sprayberry Academy of Radio in Colorado. In the first few lessons, I was learning many of the algebraic electronic formulas to understand how the various electronic circuits worked. About the same time, I decided to take algebra as one of my elective courses in high school. I had little trouble understanding the algebraic electronic formulas from Sprayberry, but the high school course on algebra made no sense at all, as there was no hands-on way to apply it, as the Sprayberry Academy of Radio did so well. As a result, I became more interested in my radio course and less interested in my studies in high school. Looking back to that high school algebra course, the only thing I can figure out is: that algebra course was deliberately designed to confuse the White male students and discourage them from advancing to a more technical position. It was the same kind of confusion that was introduced many years later to the grade schools as "new math." "New math" might be all right for a college student, but surely not for an immature grade school child! Is not mind molestation right next to child molestation?

Shortly after starting the Sprayberry radio course, another mailorder advertisement met my eye. This time again stirring up my former interest in mechanical drawing and drafting. After all, drawing diagrams of electrical and radio circuits is an art in itself. This advertisement didn't ask for any money, but only requested one to send a sample of one's skill in mechanical drawing. I very carefully followed their instructions

on what kind of draft I should draw. The first thing I knew was they sent a representative around to my home and talked with my father, and as soon as my father found out it was going to cost him something, he said a deliberate “no”, and that was the end of that. After the twenty-nine depression set in, my father became quite stingy. I could drive other people’s automobiles, but not his. He never once offered to teach me to drive.

When I started to relate some of my life’s story in WTL #203, I was not sure how many installments it would take me to complete it. I’m not revealing all the events of my life, but only the highlights of those incidents that pertain to my getting involved in the Christian Israel Identity Message. Ever since the Almighty opened my eyes to the truth of Covenant Theology, I keep asking the question, “Why me?” Surely there are others much more capable than I!