

# DOWNLOAD PDF PIONEER TERRORISTS MEET THE CRAZED LYNCH MOB

## Chapter 1 : LYNCH MOB | anitaivetteferrer

*Pioneer Terrorists Meet the Crazy Lynch Mob: May 31, , Lookout-Modoc County 69 Bad-Ass Jim McKinney Meets a Bad-Ass Shotgun: April 19, , Bakersfield-Kern County 74 Prohibition Mobsters "Hang Around" in Santa Rosa: December 5 and 10, , Santa Rosa-Sonoma County*

Donate Fear is an emotion whose consequences can either protect or destroy us. I have a daughter who hikes in the mountains and occasionally encounters rattlesnakes. When she does so, she recognizes the danger and avoids it. She does not, however, forego future walks in wooded areas. There are dangers in the world which we must deal with, but to become obsessed by fear is to turn oneself into a security freak who is easily manipulated by others. Though economic decision-making is driven by both a desire to avoid losses "and to promote gain, it is the latter motivation that predominates. Insurance companies thrive on fear. A healthy economy is thought of more in terms of the amount of wealth that is generated than in the prevention of losses. Political systems, on the other hand, are mobilized almost entirely by fear. Our allegedly more primitive ancestors were frightened into obedience by tribal leaders, with warnings about the dreaded Nine Bows who lived on the other side of the river. The Nine Bows have now morphed into terrorists, and the river has widened into an ocean, but the logic of the fear-based political racket has not changed. Fear causes people to herd together for protection, thus its generation is essential to the accumulation of state power. The marketplace which is premised upon individual autonomy decentralizes decision-making; and the profit-seeking benefits of cooperation cause men and women to freely organize into groups. Those who subject themselves to coercion as an organizing method do so because of a threat to something they value. This is what makes individualism and collectivism irreconcilable. As fear erodes as an influence in our lives, so does collective power. The power of the state, in other words, has its origins in our individual weakness which, in turn, is generated not simply by our fears of others, but of our capacities for self-direction. To reinforce such fears, the state continually reminds us of the hostile nature of our world, and of our personal inadequacies for dealing with its dangers and uncertainties. We have been warned of threats ranging from violent criminals to street-corner gangs to price-gouging retailers, against which the state promises us protection if only we will submit to more of its powers and authority. We are told that we are not capable of raising our children on our own; that it takes a village. Those with designs upon our lives then compete with one another to become president of that village. We need only check our Crayola box to recall that orange is a more intense expression than yellow, while red reminds us of war and bloodshed. Blue and green colors we associate with peace and life are never offered as the hue-of-the-day by the Department of Homeland Security, other than as an implied promise of a world to be realized only when state power reaches its zenith. He has announced plans to place the country under martial law in the event of another terrorist attack, or a major natural disaster such as hurricane Katrina, or an avian flu epidemic. His primary objective is to militarize the nation. The fear-based rationale for doing so consists of varied options, part of the unfettered discretion that so many herd-oriented Americans are prepared to give the president. It cannot be denied that there are dangerous people in the world, and not all of them work for the state. Even in the best of societies, there always have been, and always will be, brutes and thugs with whom we must occasionally be called upon to deal. This fact confirms the Jungian insight that whatever degree of order exists in society derives from the inner lives of people, not from institutional mandates or systems. It is also true that how we fare against such social misfits always depends upon our individual strategies and resources, and never upon how many police officers, squad cars, or prisons the state has available to it. It is in the realm of politically-contrived violence and destruction that we face the gravest threats to our well-being. As a child, I was warned that Hitler wanted to take over the world, and my friends and I, in our innocence, scanned the Nebraska skies watching for German dive-bombers. Later, communists were held up as threats to my liberty and prosperity. Now my children are told that Islamic terrorists want to

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destroy them. At no time, of course, do the statist acknowledge the symbiotic relationship they and these specters have with one another; an association that makes these threats causally connected to state policies. The photo of a smiling Donald Rumsfeld shaking hands with Saddam Hussein ought to serve as wallpaper on the conscious minds of each of us. Instead, we are told to look to our neighbors as a source of danger. As we increasingly distrust our own judgments and abilities, we also widen our distrust of the actions and motives of others. We are encouraged to "stay alert" although not aware "and to report to the police any suspicious persons. In my lifetime, Nazi bundists with short-wave radios were replaced by communist subversives who, in turn, have been succeeded by crazed terrorists with suitcase bombs. This manipulation of fear produces a vicious circle of paranoia, as we learn to distrust all but the puppet-masters. Such fear-manipulating practices energize the worst of human emotions and behavior. As in a lynch mob or a race riot, such conduct brings people down to the lowest common denominator. Social relationships become characterized by the most depraved of dark-side impulses: Paradoxically, such statist behavior produces the very "war of every man against every man" that Thomas Hobbes saw as necessitating political systems. History affords abundant examples of fear eating away at our souls and destroying our sense of humanity. Bush chose to target, regardless of the factual basis for his doing so. These are but trifling examples of how fear dehumanizes us and fosters the incivility that helps to destroy societies. I remember a "Twilight Zone" episode in which the residents of a neighborhood experienced an electrical blackout: The neighbors gathered in the street to ask why none of them had power, and why this one man did. The discussion quickly turned to fear and anger, with the neighbor becoming accepted as the cause of their problem. Soon, fear of interplanetary invaders was brought up, with the neighbor being suggested as an agent for sinister forces. The crowd quickly turned its paranoia upon the owner of the now-lighted home. The electricity in other homes continued to play upon this theme. Then, an unidentified figure came down the street toward the crowd. Fearing that this was one of the aliens, someone shot and killed what turned out to be another property owner from the next block who had come to check on the problem people on this street were having. In the final scene, we see two aliens standing on a hillside with a machine that can turn electricity off and on in various houses. One alien tells the other that they need not destroy the earthlings in order to take over the planet; all that needs to be done is to frighten them with the loss of some of their attachments and they will destroy each other. This is how the manipulation of fear degrades us both individually and socially. The torture and death that men and women so eagerly inflicted upon subdued strangers at Abu Ghraib prison; the videotaped brutalities visited upon individuals by gangs of police officers; and the surliness with which airport security people routinely deal with passengers "not one of whom poses a threat to any airliner" is evidence of how politics, driven by fear, degrades us all, whether we are the victims or the perpetrators of such conduct. I was going through a security check at a major American airport recently, when I observed a plug-ugly TSA agent behaving toward his conscripts like a demented Marine Corps drill instructor. He was angrily yelling out "Chut-two-three-four" as people worked their ways through these lines of interminable insanity. He ordered people to "grab that rope and get up against the wall. When a young man well ahead of me in the line glared back at him, this storm-trooper shouted "Care you looking for trouble? But for those who work for the state, mannerly conduct is rarely exhibited. Such unprovoked rudeness is infectious. I have noticed a number of airline employees emulating this insolent behavior, perhaps unconsciously absorbing the atmosphere of state-generated hostility around them. They seem to have forgotten what those who work in the marketplace cannot afford to disregard, namely, that passengers are their customers, not their prisoners. I have experienced none of this incivility on the few airlines I find it more pleasurable to fly; airlines which, to my knowledge, are not in the bankruptcy courts. One of the more vivid examples of how fear brutalizes us was the shooting of an innocent Brazilian man by police officers in a London subway. After earlier subway bombings, this man became "for no apparent reason" a "suspicious" person. When he got into the subway, a number of police officers tackled and held him down while seven shots were fired into his head, instantly killing him. A lynch mob mentality is troublesome enough when standing by itself. It is made all the more dangerous when

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celebrated on network television. We need to become aware of the dynamics of fear, and how its energies affect our personal and social behavior. The contrast between the marketplace and the state is particularly instructive. Most marketplace activity appeals to our desire for pleasure, material gain, or other life-enhancing ends. By contrast, politically-minded people believe that societies can only be held together by fear — of punishment, prison, death, or other people. One need only contrast the language of market advertising — with its promises of benefits to be enjoyed — with that of legislative statutes — with threats of fines, imprisonment or both, — as polar opposite inducements for your response. It is interesting to observe the happy, eager, energized behavior of children at Disneyland, and compare it with the more somber expressions of students as they slowly and reluctantly make their ways to the government middle school one block from our home. People want to spend time at Disneyland or Las Vegas; nobody wants to spend time in after-school detention or San Quentin. As I have stated, there are people and conditions in our world that can harm us, but we need to confront such dangers with intelligence, not with a herd-driven frenzy. We need to understand our fears, not repress them or allow them to be exaggerated into collective energies by which political engineers despoil and destroy us in their lusts for power. Our irrational fears have been a major contributor to the destruction of Western civilization. But what will arise from the ashes? Will it be a phoenix that generates a new, vibrant civilization, or only vultures to feed upon the decaying remnants of what was once a marvelous culture? The answer to this question will likely depend upon whether we meet the world with a passion or a fear of life itself. To put the matter in perspective, we ought to recall the observation of Andre Gide:

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## Chapter 2 : Power, Corruption, Lies | Deception, Self-Deception, & Defactualization

*California justice: shootout, lynchings, and assassinations in the Golden State. with soft hands and a hard heart --Pioneer terrorists meet the crazed lynch mob.*

What I got was two white females deploring white racism on NPR. They were so guilty that they had indirectly benefitted from white racism. I thought I was going to drown in the guilt of one of the females before she ever finished her sentence. But maybe you will. Her racial guilt came from the fact that the white person from whom she had purchased the house had been able to refurbish the attic, but her black neighbor had not, apparently because of racism. Does this seem like a reasonable explanation for wallowing in racial guilt? I can think of many better ones that go unmentioned in the prostitute media. One wonders at the extremely limited definition of racial guilt that the two white women on NPR found so difficult to bear: How would such emotional and intellectual weaklings, as these NPR women, bear the US-enforced starvation of ten million people in Yemen currently underway, the destruction in whole or part of 8 countries under the criminal Clinton, George W. Bush, and Obama Regimes, now extending into the Trump regime. NPR is where white people go to do their self-denunciation as unworthy. The Russian government has presented documented and proven information to the United Nations that the Washington-supported terrorists in Idlib province have prepared a false-flag chemical attack to be blamed on Syria and by implication on Russia. Films are available online, prior to the announcement of an attack, of the preparatory drills that school children in Idlib are practicing for the cameras. The American media has never done the job that the Founding Fathers gave it and protected with the First Amendment. The US media is incapable of reporting the most compelling events of our time which could result in the destruction of life on earth. Instead, the prostitutes save their jobs by reporting fake news that serves the interests of the ruling elite. Apparently, Washington has succeeded in delaying the final liberation of Syria from US-supported terrorists. However, the Russian military, if not the Russian government, understands that at this late stage in the game, Russia cannot back down without being inundated with massive provocations as the price of its rectitude. The Russian military also has its newest aircraft, far superior to the American junk, armed with the hypersonic missiles. This realization makes the Russian government hesitant to use its military power in Syria. The Russian government knows that Washington is insane, that the insane neoconservatives believe in US exceptionalism and indispensability and are committed to American unilateralism. This, I think, could be the reason that the liberation of Idlib province has not begun. They understand that accepting one provocation leads to another and that eventually Russia will have to fight. In other words, the situation in Syria is dangerous, and the US media ignores it except as a propaganda opportunity to condemn Russia for chemical attacks and civilian deaths. The other extraordinary failure of the American media is the reporting on Israel. The Israeli Zionists have been committing genocide against the Palestinians, whose country they have stolen in plain view, with no effective protest from the Great Moral Western World or anyone else, for many decades. Today the remnants of Palestine are mainly in refugee camps outside the country and in the concentration camp, the Gaza Ghetto. We have the US media comfortable with the fact that Israeli crimes against humanity are not reported, because to do so would be anti-semitic and holocaust denial. The US media, indeed, the entirety of the Western media, has no interest in the dangerous conflict that the West has gratuitously orchestrated with Russia, because any such reporting would scare people to death and make them realize that the agendas promoted by the media threaten the life of the planet.

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## Chapter 3 : bareâ€¢bones e-zine: The Dungeons of Doom!: The Pre-Code Horror Comics Volume 7

*Many of us have seen a lynch mob scene, where a frenzied mob dictates the fate of a victim. No one comes forward to defend the victim, nor shows any compassion. In fact, the unbridled rage of the crowd leaps on the casual bystander and they also join in.*

Lizzie Wells was a cook. He also attended public speeches and campaigned for local black candidates but never ran for office himself. Both of her parents and her infant brother Stanley died during that event, leaving her and her five other siblings orphaned. Wells would find a number of men who served as father figures later in her life, particularly newspaper editor Alfred Froman , teacher Theodore W. Lott, and Josiah T. Settle with whom she boarded in and Somebody must show that the Afro-American race is more sinned against than sinning, and it seems to have fallen upon me to do so. Wells resisted this solution. To keep her younger siblings together as a family, she found work as a teacher in a black elementary school. Her paternal grandmother, Peggy Wells, along with other friends and relatives, stayed with her siblings and cared for them during the week while Wells was away teaching. Without this help, she would not have been able to keep her siblings together. This discrimination made her more interested in the politics of race and improving the education of black people. In , Wells took three of her younger siblings to Memphis, Tennessee , to live with her aunt and to be closer to other family members. She also learned that she could earn higher wages there as a teacher than in Mississippi. Soon after moving, she was hired in Woodstock for the Shelby County school system. She also attended Lemoyne-Owen College , a historically black college in Memphis. The year before, the Supreme Court had ruled against the federal Civil Rights Act of which had banned racial discrimination in public accommodations. This verdict supported railroad companies that chose to racially segregate their passengers. When Wells refused to give up her seat, the conductor and two men dragged her out of the car. Wells gained publicity in Memphis when she wrote a newspaper article for The Living Way, a black church weekly, about her treatment on the train. In Memphis, she hired an African-American attorney to sue the railroad. When her lawyer was paid off by the railroad, [14] she hired a white attorney. It concluded, "We think it is evident that the purpose of the defendant in error was to harass with a view to this suit, and that her persistence was not in good faith to obtain a comfortable seat for the short ride. O God, is there no She also wrote weekly articles for The Living Way weekly newspaper under the pen name "Iola," gaining a reputation for writing about the race issue. In , she became co-owner and editor of Free Speech and Headlight, an anti-segregation newspaper that was started by the Reverend Taylor Nightingale and was based at the Beale Street Baptist Church in Memphis. It published articles about racial injustice. Wells was devastated but undaunted, and concentrated her energy on writing articles for The Living Way and the Free Speech and Headlight. Wells was close to Thomas Moss and his family, having stood as godmother to his first child. During the altercation, three white men were shot and injured. Moss and two other black men, named McDowell and Stewart, were arrested and jailed pending trial. A large white lynch mob stormed the jail and killed the three men. Just before he was killed, Moss told the mob "Tell my people to go west, there is no justice here. There is, therefore, only one thing left to do; save our money and leave a town which will neither protect our lives and property, nor give us a fair trial in the courts, but takes us out and murders us in cold blood when accused by white persons. More than 6, black people did leave Memphis; others organized boycotts of white-owned businesses. After being threatened with violence, she bought a pistol. She later wrote, "They had made me an exile and threatened my life for hinting at the truth. Let me give you thanks for your faithful paper on the lynch abomination now generally practiced against colored people in the South. There has been no word equal to it in convincing power. I have spoken, but my word is feeble in comparison. She began investigative journalism by looking at the charges given for the murders, which officially started her anti-lynching campaign. Wells found that black people were lynched for such social control reasons as failing to pay debts, not appearing to give way to whites, competing with whites economically, and being

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drunk in public. She found little basis for the frequent claim that black men were lynched because they had sexually abused or attacked white women. Before her friends were lynched and she conducted research, Wells had concluded that "although lynching was Lynch Law in All Its Phases. After the editorial was published, Wells left Memphis for a short trip to New England, to cover another story for the newspaper. Her editorial enraged white men in Memphis. Their responses in two leading white newspapers, The Daily Commercial and The Evening Scimitar, were brimming with hatred; "the fact that a black scoundrel is allowed to live and utter such loathsome But we have had enough of it". Today, no copies are known to have survived. It gave him the right to vote, but denied him the protection which should have maintained that right. Scourged from his home; hunted through the swamps; hung by midnight raiders, and openly murdered in the light of day, the Negro clung to his right of franchise with a heroism which would have wrung admiration from the hearts of savages. They concluded the following: The relative size of the black population was also positively related to lynching. We conclude that mob violence against southern black people responded to economic conditions affecting the financial fortunes of southern whites—especially marginal white farmers. Cox in his article "Lynching and the Status Quo," the definition of lynching is "an act of homicidal aggression committed by one people against another through mob action She continued to investigate lynching incidents and the ostensible causes in the cases, and to write columns attacking Southern injustices. Her articles were published in black newspapers, like the The New York Age. She later purchased a partial ownership in the publication. When her office was destroyed by a mob, she wrote a more detailed account in the New York Age a black newspaper in New York City. On October 26, , Wells published this research in a pamphlet titled Southern Horrors: Black economic progress was a contemporary issue in the South, and in many states whites worked to suppress black progress. Wells-Barnett recommended that black people use arms to defend against lynching. The Red Record explored the alarmingly high rates of lynching in the United States which was at a peak from to Wells-Barnett said that during Reconstruction, most Americans outside the South did not realize the growing rate of violence against black people in the South. She believed that during slavery, white people had not committed as many attacks because of the economic labour value of slaves. Wells noted that, since slavery time, "ten thousand Negroes have been killed in cold blood, [through lynching] without the formality of judicial trial and legal execution. Wells-Barnett explored these in detail in her The Red Record. Once the Civil War ended, white people feared black people, who were in the majority in many areas. White people acted to control them and suppress them by violence. During the Reconstruction Era white people lynched black people as part of mob efforts to suppress black political activity and re-establish white supremacy after the war. They feared "Negro Domination" through voting and taking office. Wells-Barnett urged black people in high-risk areas to move away to protect their families. She noted that whites frequently claimed that black men had "to be killed to avenge their assaults upon women. But, given power relationships, it was much more common for white men to take sexual advantage of poor black women. Wells-Barnett gave 14 pages of statistics related to lynching cases committed from to ; she also included pages of graphic accounts detailing specific lynchings. She notes that her data was taken from articles by white correspondents, white press bureaus, and white newspapers. The Red Record was a huge pamphlet, and had far-reaching influence in the debate about lynching. Generally southern states and white juries refused to indict any perpetrators for lynching, although they were frequently known and sometimes shown in the photographs being made more frequently of such events. Ultimately, Wells-Barnett concluded that appealing to reason and compassion would not succeed in gaining criminalization of lynching by Southern whites. Meanwhile, she extended her efforts to gain support of such powerful white nations as Britain to shame and sanction the racist practices of America. Personal life[ edit ] Ida B Wells with her four children, Wells kept track of her life through diaries; in them, she writes few personal things. Before she was married, Wells said that she would date only those men with whom she had "little romantic interest," because she did not want romance to be the centre of the relationship. Wells acknowledged such flaws as being very quick to criticize and use harsh words toward another. Because she recorded all of her purchases, her diaries revealed that she bought items which she really

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could not afford. Barnett , [38] a widower with two sons, Ferdinand and Albert. Charles, Herman, Ida, and Alfreda. In the chapter of her Crusade For Justice autobiography, called A Divided Duty, Wells described the difficulty she had splitting her time between her family and her work. She continued to work after the birth of her first child, travelling and bringing the infant Charles with her. Although she tried to balance her world, she could not be as active in her work. Anthony said she seemed "distracted". When he died in , Wells was perhaps at the height of her notoriety but many men and women were ambivalent or against a woman taking the lead in black civil rights, at a time when women were not seen as, and often not allowed to be, leaders by the wider society. Washington , his rival, W. Dubois , and more traditionally minded women activists, Wells often came to be seen as too radical. In his autobiography, Du Bois implied that Wells chose not to be included. Wells later reported to Albion W. That year she started work with the Chicago Conservator , the oldest African-American newspaper in the city. Also in , Wells contemplated a libel suit against two black Memphis attorneys. Born in Alabama , Barnett had become the editor of the Chicago Conservator in

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## Chapter 4 : The Negro Holocaust: Lynching and Race Riots in the United States,

*The United States has a brutal history of domestic violence. It is an ugly episode in our national history that has long been neglected. Of the several varieties of American violence, one type stands out as one of the most inhuman chapters in the history of the world—the violence committed against Negro citizens in America by white people.*

Synopsis 1 Summaries A cynical bounty hunter and a clerk traveling through the prairie rest by the campfire telling four stories of terror to each other. Two travelers, one a well to do young clerk on the way to a reunion with his wife, the other a scruffy, feral bounty hunter meet at sundown on a lonely prairie and agree to swap stories around the campfire. While resting by the campfire each of them tells two scary stories with a twist of terror. An old man desecrates a Native American burial ground and angers the spirits. A traveler finds a pregnant woman alone in the prairie at night and agrees to help her, only to have her show him her gratitude. A man is forced by a lynch mob to help them. A gunslinger who never lost a duel has a disturbing nightmare about one of the gunfighters he killed. Spoilers The synopsis below may give away important plot points.

Synopsis Two travelers who are very different from each other, meet at night on the open prairie of the pioneer days of the mid-west. A very straight laced and married traveler named Farley Horror standout Brad Dourif has camp already set up with a fire going when he is joined by Morrison screen legend James Earl Jones , a rough and brash bounty hunter who asks if he can share the site. After Farley agrees, Morrison parks his horse that has his gear and a dead body on the saddle. After their differences come to light they start to argue. Even though they both agree to not talk and turn in for the not, they both decide to have some coffee and Morrison tells a story. His first tale was about an old traveler that voyages across a sacred Indian American burial ground. His destination changes to destiny as his trip to a different land goes on. Though Farley liked this story, it left him curious and unsatisfied, so Morrison told a second. This was a more gruesome and unexpected story of an odd and unique drifter who meets a traveler. The two decide to spend the night and the most unusual event ever turns them outside in and changes there lives in a most unbelievable way. Disgusted, Farley decides to spin one of his own, about a family that seems kind and pure. But they have a dark secret that Eva, the young daughter , stumbles on. It leaves her with a hard choice that makes this ending just as unpredictable as this entire movie was. Feeling like he was just upstaged, Morrison decides to tell the old legend of a skilled gunfighter and a curse. The skilled shooter wins a duel and a new job. But he never new what victory and success could possibly cost him. When this, the forth and final story is finished, the two strangers realize that it is morning and they both must be on their ways. They disagree again about life in general and their values. As Farley decides to continue on to meet his wife, Morrison who has seemed to be an intelligent and clever bondsman, shows what kind of person he is. This makes him and this unique movie even more entertaining as the two make a decision that will change their lives, perhaps forever.

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## Chapter 5 : Rick's Cafe Texan: The Birth of A Nation (): A Review

*While Gere was warning about Jewish mobs he believed were ready to "lynch" Arabs, what actually happened was that the mob in a suburb of Hebron consisted of Palestinian Arabs, and the target of the near-lynching was a Jew.*

It was well understood. So soon after Gere proclaimed his dire warning, it came true. You would think Gere would have immediately issued a loud declaration about how events have proven him right. Instead, he was silent. Sometimes, reality clashes with the fantasy world of Hollywood. The reality in Hebron is that 80 percent of the city is run by the Palestinian Authority. Israel controls only the small sliver where the small, and constantly victimized, Jewish community is situated. Now, if the Palestinians in Hebron and its suburbs were all moderate and peace-loving "as Hollywood, the news media, and the Jewish left want us to believe" then surely they would have no problem with a Jew occasionally passing by. But they do have a problem. The problem is called Jew-hatred. On that Monday evening, an Israeli soldier took a wrong turn and entered Sair, a Palestinian neighborhood on the outskirts of Hebron. He just drove into an area that is off-limits to Jews. An area that is off-limits to Jews? Like areas in South Africa that were off-limits to blacks? Yes, exactly like that. The Palestinian Authority does not permit Jews to reside in the areas it controls. Or, to put it more bluntly, they tried to stone him to death. The victim was hospitalized with head wounds. Will the injuries have any permanent effects? Will his vision or hearing be damaged? Will he bear an unsightly scar across his face? The international news media lost interest in the story as soon as they realized there was no way to blame the Israeli driver. And, of course, so did Richard Gere. The next time Gere visits Israel, it would be a good idea for the government to arrange for him to meet the Jewish victim of the Arab lynch mob near Hebron. He could teach the Hollywood actor a thing or two about the real world. Flatow, a vice president of the Religious Zionists of America, is an attorney in New Jersey and the father of Alisa Flatow, who was murdered in Israel during an Iranian-sponsored Palestinian terrorist attack in . If you enjoy "Love of the Land", please be a subscriber. Just put your email address in the "Subscribe" box on the upper right-hand corner of the page. An excellent blog, very important work.

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## Chapter 6 : David Lynch | My Blog

*This was a crazed mob - one that formed within second of a Jew driving into the neighborhood - determined to lynch (Gere's word again!) a person of the "wrong" ethnicity. The victim was.*

Price Local History " October " Colorado Central Magazine Terrorists inspired by religious fanaticism launch a murderous attack on a culture they regard as godless, greed-based, racist and colonialist. Fear-stricken, yet determined to protect themselves and discover and exterminate the terrorists, that culture retaliates with urgent violence, overriding civil liberties and resorting to extralegal actions, including torture. But this happened in the mid-nineteenth century, not in the early years of the twenty-first, and these terrorists were Roman Catholic Hispanics, not Muslim jihadists. The place they attacked was Colorado Territory. They also tried to take the lives of two other men, one near Fairplay and another by Fort Garland in the San Luis Valley. One woman was raped. They may have committed an eleventh murder near Huerfano Butte. But rumor credited them with more than twice as many victims. Many consider their exploits a shameful blemish on an honorable Hispanic-American heritage. Sensitivities can still be bruised. If theirs was truly a vendetta against Anglos, was it because, as one tale asserts, they were lordly New Mexican hacendados until their patriarch Don Juan Espinosa was dispossessed of his vast herds and lands and outlawed by the new Anglo rulers after the American takeover in ? Did perceived Anglo disrespect for the Catholic faith kindle righteous wrath in the hearts of these devout Penitentes? But Felipe himself described a motive far less sweeping: To reclaim this property and arrest the robbers, a ten-man dismounted detail of Company D, First New Mexico Cavalry, out of Garland, raided the Espinosa home in San Rafael now Paisaje on January 16, , provoking a firefight; one trooper died. The officer in charge, an Anglo, Lt. Nicholas Hodt, was wounded. George Austin, another Anglo, suffered a broken leg. Later, the Garland commandant, Capt. Wayne Eaton, listed the items confiscated after the shootout: Hunt dashed off a note to the Rocky Mountain News Weekly: Here they waited two months, nursing their rage. Bruce, who had been building a sawmill, was shot through the heart and his body mutilated, a large cross cut into his chest. Two days later, on March 18, it happened again, to Henry Harkins, also a sawmill worker, in a canyon ten miles south of old Colorado City. Hostile Indians were suspected; so were roving bands of Confederate guerrillas. The sheriff of Fremont County picked up the trail of the murderers but lost it at Ute Pass; we know nothing else of his pursuit. Then the killings stopped and fears ebbed. The Espinosas went to ground in a hideout they had discovered after turning south from Ute Pass. The lull lasted 21 days" incidentally, a period encompassing Holy Week, a time of intense spirituality for Penitentes. Then, on April 8, two miners, Jacob Binkley and Abram Shoup, were murdered and mutilated at their campsite near the Kenosha House on the northeastern rim of South Park. On April 10 the shot and mangled body of a mail-station operator named J. Addleman was found near his cabin at the edge of the Park southeast of Wilkerson Pass. His house was also ransacked. Afterward the Espinosas returned to Grape Spring where they remained idle for another two weeks. But they had unleashed forces that would soon spin out of control. Abram Shoup was a brother of Lt. Shoup, a staff officer for the First Colorado Cavalry and one of the heroes of the New Mexico campaign against Texan invaders. Luther Wilson and John Oster. Soon troops were escorting stagecoaches, patrolling, and keeping watch at outlying ranches. But for the most part they seem to have spent their time loafing, hunting the abundant game in the Park, and drinking in the saloons of Fairplay. Civilian lawmen are conspicuously absent in this period. The probable explanation is that federal court was in session at Central City. Hunt would have been there, and possibly Farnham too; one case on the docket required the testimony of witnesses from Frying Pan Gulch, which may have lain in his jurisdiction. Colorado had only been a territory for two years and its local government structure was far from fully fledged. Militia often stepped in to help civilian officials maintain order. But the First Colorado, composed largely of busted-out miners, prospectors and gamblers, was ill-suited for peace-keeping. Shoup was a popular officer; the turbulent Firsters ached to requite his loss. This strong feeling, combined with the terror that was sweeping

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South Park, made a combustible mix. Then the Espinosas shed more blood. On April 25, for the first time in a populated area and before eyewitnesses, they shot and hacked to death a miner, Bill Carter, near the Cottage House on the road from Montgomery to Fairplay, just as Edward Metcalf drove up in his ox-wagon. A man named Allen, living at the Cottage House, spied the killers and fired at them, but without effect. From then on, no dark-complexioned man in South Park was safe. For some reason the Espinosas now took refuge not in their Grape Spring hideout but in the heart of the Park, amid the gloomy pine forests of the Red Hills two miles east of Fairplay. On the evening of April 27, where the Denver road passed through a defile in the Red Hills, they shot and viciously tomahawked Fred Lehman and Sol Seyga, miners living at California Gulch who were returning home from district court where Lehman had testified. Then they returned to Grape Spring. The bodies were discovered shortly afterward by traveling companions who had lagged behind. A man rode into Fairplay to report the incident and returned with Lt. Wilson and some troopers. Presently a man named John Foster came strolling up the road from Fairplay. Foster was a parishioner of Pastor J. But Foster was unknown to Wilson, the troopers, or the friends of Lehman and Seyga. Though no reports say so, Foster may have been of dusky coloring. At any rate, he looked suspicious to the militia and they to him, armed men standing over two corpses in the twilight-darkened road. The militiamen, equally certain Foster was one of the killers, charged after him. Somehow " maybe owing to drunkenness " the mounted militiamen never managed to overtake him. But word spread like a lightning fire in dry grass that one of the fiends preying on Anglos had been flushed out. An angry crowd gathered and joined the chase. Poor Foster kept up his desperate flight, even losing his coat and boots as he tore through the brush. Inevitably, though, he began to tire as revenge-crazed troopers and a growing lynch-mob closed in on him. He collapsed exhausted at the door of a house on the edge of Fairplay where, providentially, Father Dyer was in residence. The respected minister spoke up for him and dispersed the clamoring throng with a stern lecture. Others would not be so lucky. This is the first of two parts. Price has written five novels and currently aims to write one about the Espinosas. He and his wife Ruth live in Burnsville, North Carolina.

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## Chapter 7 : Ida B. Wells - Wikipedia

*Synopsis. Two travelers who are very different from each other, meet at night on the open prairie of the pioneer days of the mid-west. A very straight laced and married traveler named Farley (Horror standout Brad Dourif) has camp already set up with a fire going when he is joined by Morrison (screen legend James Earl Jones), a rough and brash bounty hunter who asks if he can share the site.*

Christian martyrdom , conservatives , critical thinking , freedom of speech , godly wisdom , mob rioting , Truth The stench of death, blood and raw flesh permeated the air as a young man fell onto the dusty ground. The wicked lashes of a metal and bone spiked whip gouged hunks of flesh again and again as the young man gripped the stone post. It was a grizzly sight to anyone watching and it was even more astounding that the young man continued to endure, without even trying to defend himself. Many of us have seen a lynch mob scene, where a frenzied mob dictates the fate of a victim. No one comes forward to defend the victim, nor shows any compassion. In fact, the unbridled rage of the crowd leaps on the casual bystander and they also join in. What is this spirit of chaos and violence and are lynch mobs a thing of the past? Lynch mobbing is alive and well in the twenty-first century and is already a major issue in many European countries.. Here in America patriots, conservatives and Christians are also being targeted, riled up by deceived political leaders. Family members of alternative and conservative news reporting agencies and journalists are being threatened and stalked. The head of the Anti-Christ rises higher and faster and we are heading towards a revolution which will divide our nation if we do not address it. If we allow our voices to be censored, we will lose our gift of free speech So why this hatred? We see this through the collapsing economy of socialist nations like Venezuela and North Korea. We see this through the lack of vetting of immigrants pouring into formerly prosperous European nations, with many intent upon collapsing the status quo and establishing Sharia Law. And we see the weakening of the Godly fabric of righteousness, order and godliness, facilitated by our founding fathers influences. So many young adults and even mature people have no moral compass and have no idea of the difference between good and evil. I recently watched a report where some reporters were questioning a group of young people about what they were protesting. Not one was able to say what they were angry about!. Some of the answers given were downright juvenile. And this is our future? Besides the lack of critical thinking, is the total disregard for consequences of illogical actions, poor choices and decisions. They could care less about the world their offspring will have to face in the future. Walking down any busy city street, people stroll zombie-like connected to their Smartphones. Nowadays all information, identity and even the meaning of life are gleaned from the internet. Alarmingly, those who embrace Christian ideals are being targeted. In some urban areas of our larger cities, you would be targeted for a good beating. More angst is being stoked by some deceived leaders of congress and the senate. We might look to the Biblical book of wisdom in the Bible, the book of Proverbs, and find out what truth really is: How do we judge a person, group of agenda? Jesus also told us how to judge a good or evil person. For out of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaks. If ones heart has swelled up with unmforgiveness, bitterness, resentment and rage, those attributes will spill out ion negative expressions of slander, jealousy, violence and even murder. Wisdom, true wisdom can only be received, lived out and bearing excellent fruit by those who are willing to seek her like a deeply buried treasure. These are those who walk in dignity, righteousness and grace. These are those who humble themselves enough to acquiesce their will to a higher Power, the Almighty God and Jesus Christ. These are the ones who hope that when they die, they will have left their offspring a legacy of love. Here is where wisdom comes, in. There is no middle ground. And eternity is a long time to be wrong. The young man, you read about at the beginning of this blog, who was being tortured, made sure to endure to the very end. He allowed himself to be violently lynched by the crazed mob even though he was innocent. He gave His own life so you did not have to make a wrong turn at the horrific side of eternity. That young man, Jesus Christ, the blessed Lamb of God, paid ,in full, all your sins. The hateful anti-Christ agenda is spreading its roots disguised

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as a progressive and benevolent ideology. It will eventually result on genocide, communism and the utter downfall of America. Treasures often are hidden or buried deep, but when finally exhumed are replete with joy and celebration. This is the legacy of the Kings and Priests of God.

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## Chapter 8 : Lynching in the United States - Wikipedia

*The climatic race of the Ku Klux Klan to rescue the Camerons trapped by Lynch's troops, taking us between the people inside the cabin as the siege intensifies and the riders racing towards them has an extraordinary pacing where an audience can get caught up in the thrill of whether the "Aryans" will be rescued from the "crazed" Negro mob.*

It was well understood. So soon after Gere proclaimed his dire warning, it came true. You would think Gere would have immediately issued a loud declaration about how events have proven him right. Instead, he was silent. Sometimes, reality clashes with the fantasy world of Hollywood. The reality in Hebron is that 80 percent of the city is run by the Palestinian Authority. Israel controls only the small sliver where the small, and constantly victimized, Jewish community is situated. Now, if the Palestinians in Hebron and its suburbs were all moderate and peace-loving "as Hollywood, the news media, and the Jewish left want us to believe" then surely they would have no problem with a Jew occasionally passing by. But they do have a problem. The problem is called Jew-hatred. On that Monday evening, an Israeli soldier took a wrong turn and entered Sair, a Palestinian neighborhood on the outskirts of Hebron. He just drove into an area that is off-limits to Jews. An area that is off-limits to Jews? Like areas in South Africa that were off-limits to blacks? Yes, exactly like that. The Palestinian Authority does not permit Jews to reside in the areas it controls. Or, to put it more bluntly, they tried to stone him to death. The victim was hospitalized with head wounds. Will the injuries have any permanent effects? Will his vision or hearing be damaged? Will he bear an unsightly scar across his face? The international news media lost interest in the story as soon as they realized there was no way to blame the Israeli driver. And, of course, so did Richard Gere. The next time Gere visits Israel, it would be a good idea for the government to arrange for him to meet the Jewish victim of the Arab lynch mob near Hebron. He could teach the Hollywood actor a thing or two about the real world.

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## Chapter 9 : Grim Prairie Tales () - Plot Summary - IMDb

*Virginia's Lynch Mob and Other Works is an unconventional retrospective in its focus. It does not sprawl, as many overview exhibitions do. It does not sprawl, as many overview exhibitions do.*

Convinced that crude is just a short dig away, Dirk terrorizes and enslave the natives, shooting down those he considers to be lazy. His partner, Carp, pleads with the big man to treat the slaves with dignity but Slade has no time to deal with the superstitions of "savages. In fact, the set-up and delivery of "Oil" is nothing groundbreaking; the nudge I needed to put this story in my Top Five was its cold-as-ice climax. Has the doctor just sedated Slade and then purposely dropped that match to ignite a killing inferno or was it just an act of random foolishness? That final sequence of panels, showing the first flutter of fire and then moving to the raging inferno, are pretty powerful images for a funny book. Just then from his own human body taken for dead by his wife comes the hazy projection of a man in his image. How can this be? Shawcross with a first name. Is our hero so emotionally broken by his wife that he dare not even invoke her name, like a sacred goddess of old, for fear of facing her feminine wrath? For people like Bevin, death is much more preferable. In the Black Hills of South Dakota, a lynch mob confronts the six suspects in the murder of Hank Gore, a local police chief. One by one, the bumpkins are eliminated from the suspect list until only two are still in the spotlight: Our last look at Jed is through the noose being fixed around his neck. The real culprit, the gorgeous Margie, is going to walk away scot-free and, ironically, with the sympathy of the crazed mob. Henri Fabret is being escorted to the guillotine by a prison guard, but the man has no fear for what is to come. For as long as Henri can remember, he has had a fixation with the spilling of blood. From his time as a child throwing knives with his friends and staring longingly at his cut flesh to his years as a soldier gleefully rushing the enemies on the damp battleground, Henri has longed to see the red liquid flow in any amount. His days as a regular civilian are no different. Meeting an attractive waitress at one of his favorite restaurants, Henri takes her out to a boxing match on their first date so he can see the blood-smeared ring. When we rejoin Henri at the guillotine we finally understand his morbid excitement. The breakthrough comes and he makes an appointment with a large chemical corporation to sell them on the idea. Unfortunately, at exactly the same time, another scientist happens upon the same result and our protagonist is thrown into a delirium of depression. With moral support from his understanding wife, the scientist gets right back into the game, determined to "draw out the hidden secrets of the unknown," but in a fit of rage he ends up blowing up his lab and himself in the process. Just what are all these discoveries our hapless scientist keeps stumbling upon and then fumbling the ball on? The only thing we can be sure is that each one of them has to do with explosions and, therefore, the military, but our uncredited writer is being deliberately vague as to the exact nature of the experiments although, at one point, the scientist reveals that he has "an atomic theory that will revolutionize science! Richelieu responds by dispatching his deadliest femme fatale, Lady Winters, literally branded as a thief years before, to take care of their little problem. The mighty Porthos is the next to stall the evil forces, but though the hulk fights ably, a call from a familiar face leads to his death. Before Athos can flee, the callous Lady Winters corners him. John Greb has been trapped in a dungeon for three months, enduring torture beyond belief. His captors want information from John but the near-broken man refuses to yield. A few close calls and then he is outside, in the sun at last His torturer once again asks for information but John remains steadfast in his silence. Back against the wall, John is told that there are six expert marksmen aiming their rifles at him but only one is loaded. If the shot misses John, he is free to go. Like "What was the Discovery? Nor is the exact nature of the information John Greb is withholding. But most maddening or satisfying, depending on your disposition is the fact that we never learn the fate of the broken and battered John Greb. The story ends as the officer orders his men to fire and our narrator informs us, " And you, like John Greb, must now feel the torture he felt not knowing if he was to live or die! Turns out Jed had suspected Wilkie of committing foul acts ever since the evening that he saw the kook digging up the bodies at the cemetery. Jesse tells them his own anecdote of when

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he spied on Wilkie who was not only bathed in an eerie, otherworldly light but had the three cadavers with him, each corpse bowing its head reverently to Wilkie like he was their master. With all this damning evidence stacked against Wilkie, the trio heads out into the night with shotguns in hand to settle the matter in the only permanent way possible. Wilkie pleads for his life in vain: So Johnny shoves his friend into the drink and watches him drown but, very soon afterwards, a storm forces Johnny himself into the turbulent waves. The murderer washes up on a tiny isle and is soon face-to-face again with the murdered. Hilton has washed ashore as well and is resting comfortably well, as comfortably as a corpse can rest against a tree, little bits missing courtesy of the fish. Johnny tries to rid himself of the body but it keeps washing back, almost as if it has a life of its own. Part of the genius of "The Lonely" is assigning narrative duties not to the living but to the dead, a corpse who almost welcomes the loving attention of the man who shoved him overboard. At least Tom Hanks had a volleyball. Steve Gaunt is a rugged drifter who happens upon an old mill one day during his travels and is offered a job as a hired hand by a ravishing vixen named Cambria. Cambria has other means of persuasion, namely killing pops herself. Steve warily goes along with the plan. He confesses that he has no real feelings for her and plans on hightailing it with as much money and jewelry as he can steal, but finds instead the clothes and artifacts of a dozen other men in the closet. Steve puts the pieces together just in time to be led by Cambria and the actually-alive father by gunpoint into the mill. The reader can practically feel the heat coming off the page every time Cambria makes one of her advances, and though the general arc of the story may be old-hat, the twisted finale to this cruel yarn feels just as spicy as the romance. You could fry an egg on that thing! And the "Stinking Zombie Award" goes to Frank Kenton knew a rapture of overpowering satisfaction -- but also a sense of impending horror! Pay close attention to the half-transformed shape shifters and a rare "Arrrghhh! Abandon all sense, ye who travel down this alleyway: Unlike Peter, I have no sadistic desire to subject our readers to the sludge that we occasionally have to tread through during our pulpy adventures. My nominee for the "Stinking Zombie Award" this time around has a misleadingly harmless appearance. The reader may suffer a slight case of cross-eye after making it through "Paranoia. Bob Powell can hardly do any wrong with his art, but the script which was likely his creation as well is wordy and overstuffs the panels with blocks of monotonous writing. The ending is the real clincher: Your [sic] a vampire! He was happy as the town blacksmith -- and he loved his work! His huge muscles would bulge and ripple in the red flames of his molten furnace I can make your mouths open in my smithy! It is not her soul I ate A pleasant delicacy indeed Saw you staring at her as if she were a prehistoric animal! Busy lolling in bed all day Old man Williams had trouble with silverfish