



Grand President's Message

Well, here it is, the final message of my pandemic-extended term, and it seems that the entire country has gone insane. As an Order committed to patriotism and the preservation of history, we should be appalled at what is going on in our state and in our nation at this time. Make no mistake, this is no longer about this color or that color life mattering; that should have become apparent when the statues and monuments to avowed abolitionists like Ulysses S. Grant and Frederick Douglass became targets of the howling mobs. Their destruction was not done out of ignorance, it was coldly calculated. This is about tearing down our culture and our way of life in order to supplant it with socialism.

It is well known that you cannot rewrite history until you have destroyed the real thing, until you have sent it down "the memory hole." George Orwell's 1984 was supposed to be a warning, not an instruction manual.

We have descended into a period of lawlessness, the likes of which I have never seen. State and local governments are refusing to enforce the rule of law and prevent the destruction of public and private property. With the advent of the "cancel culture" and the demise of the freedom of speech, no one dare speak up lest their names, careers and lives be jeopardized, or forfeit. The hounding and threatening of people who display "wrongthink" and the destruction of a culture are sorely reminiscent of 1930s Germany.

But there must come a point where we stand up for what is right and for what we believe in.

To do so in this environment is risky but I believe that we need to take that risk. I am appointing an ad hoc committee to contact our state and local governments and private institutions that have statues, and the like, to men and women who have shaped our history and our culture, and of whom they are now embarrassed, or whom they now find to be inconvenient, and offer to take possession, and ownership, of them for the purpose of preserving the items for their historic value.

It is my personal contention that any of these statues and such may be offered to churches, businesses, and municipalities that have the guts to put them on display so that future generations may not forget who these people were, warts and all, and what they did to shape their future.

The David Broderick monument was an 80-foot shaft of granite, paid for by private donations and public appropriations to the tune of \$15,000 in 1855. In the 1940s, the city of San Francisco allowed the monument to be torn down in the interest of clearing the cemetery for development. While the Native Sons worked diligently to have the monument re-erected in a public square in the city, it was ultimately used for fill in a

road repair during the war. Today there is no reminder of David Broderick or who this very notable individual was or how he died.

Look him up before he disappears down the memory hole, too.