

The Saddest Story Ever Told

By Hon. Oliver Allstorm

Note: The exact time of the writing of this tragic lament is presently unknown; it is likely that it was first published in the United States in the early 1900's

When a White girl marries a negro,
Her sun of life goes down.
And glaring spots of sin
Appear on her white wedding gown.
And White and Black men stand aghast,
While viewing this strange role:
And mutter, "they will wreck themselves,
And damn each other's soul."
We know a carnivorous bug
Has crept into her brain,
And gnawed away her self-respect,
Which left her half insane.
Now all her racial pride has flown
Beyond redemption's fold,
And she begins life's saddest tale
That ever yet was told.
Three days and nights she felt Black lips
Press smug against her own.
And on the fourth, her troubled soul
Let out a frightful groan.
And so the weeks and months flew by,
And then a baby came;
She looked at it with tear filled eyes,
And hung her head with shame.
And then she dreamed of other days,
Sweet girlhood days gone by,
And of the White friends left behind,
And so we hear her cry;
"O, could I turn life's pendulum
Backwards a few short years,
I would not bear this cross today
Nor shed these bitter tears."
My baby would be White as snow,
And sleep upon my breast,
Like a little fledgling robin
That slumbers in its nest.
While now, O God, my mongrel child
Just whimpers through the night,
Till in my sleepless dreams I scream,
"Not White, O God, not White!"
And so I stagger through my days
Far from God's love and grace,
Till now, I know, no Black man lives
Can take a White man's place.

My offspring shall be mongrel bred,
Their hue-skin shall remain,
For even God with all his power
Cannot remove the stain.
I sold my birthright for a mess,
I mixed my White-born blood
With Black blood, so I languish here
Like one bogged down in mud.
Though God may grant a pardon,
I never can retrace
My footsteps down life's narrow road,
Back to the White man's race.
So now I groan, "It might have been,"
Had racial pride been mine.
Today I'd hug a pure White child
And call him half divine.
I'd lift him up before the world
And praise his father's name,
While now, my baby's mongrel face
Reminds me of my shame.
All other crimes may be forgiven
When prayer its power fulfills;
The scheming crook may find new hope,
And even the man that kills,
But all my prayers can never clear
My baby's mongrel skin,
Nor make him White as driven snow,
Nor cleanse my soul of sin.
I was my father's future hope,
My mother's joy and pride,
But I got lost on life's dark road,
And there my spirit died.
I smeared my all-White heritage
And left the White man's track,

Now my descendants for all time
Shall be forever Black.
I try to hide from all the stars,
The moon and the setting sun;
For all mankind of my White race
Condemn what I have done;
I tremble and my teardrops flow,
I pray, but pray in vain;
For nevermore shall I be
One with my White race again.
And so dark clouds above me roll,
Deep waters crash below,
I sink, and reap what I have sown
And drink my cup of woe.
My mother sleeps deep in her grave,
My dad lies at her side,
For both were crushed when I became
A negro's common bride.
Now, should I decide to leave him,
Where could I choose to go?
My misspent life will follow me
Like footprints in the snow.
Before me lie dark jungles
Where paramours seek a prey;
Behind me death keeps whispering,
"I am the only way."
This Black and White, prenuptial mess,
This racial suicide;
Must be forbidden by the law,
Men must find racial pride!
Then, never again, forever,
Shall tales like mine unfold,
With all its shame, the saddest tale,
That ever yet was told.



About the Author . . .



- American Patriot
- Advocate for Racial Integrity
- Poet
- Songwriter
- Salesman

Hon. Oliver Allstorm
August 7, 1878 - March 1963

Oliver (Olivene) Allstrom, later Oliver Allstorm (August 7, 1878 - March 1963) was a Swedish American poet and salesman and the son of Carl Magnus Allström (1833-1917), but changed his last name to Allstorm. Oliver Allstorm, was originally from the Chicago area.

Oliver Allstorm married Sarah Davis in 1904 who was from Wales. His second wife was Bessie Rice whom he married on October 25, 1912 in Texas. There is no other information on Sarah Davis.

In Texas, Allstorm supported himself as a drummer, which at the time was another name for a traveling salesman.

Poet and songwriter

Oliver Allstorm styled himself as "The Kipling of Texas" and became well-known as the Texas poet. Beverage companies such as Coca-Cola and Bone-Dry sponsored Allstorm's poetry. He published Bone-Dry Ballads which consisted of poems in support of America's war efforts in World War I.

He wrote several poems related to race relations; the most noted was the anti-miscegenation poem, "*The Saddest Story Ever Told*." Others include "*Caucasian Courage*" and "*The Half-Sisters*." In "*Caucasian Courage*", Allstorm retells the story of Mamie Blanha, a model at the Art Institute of

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Chicago who was fired for refusing to pose nude before "a negro member of an art class of white students." "*Have the negro leave my presence, was her stifled, low request, "I am faint and all a-tremble – I shall never bear my breast Till his leering eyes have left me – till his smile that seems to gloat, And the seeming of his fingers have been taken from my throat."*

During World War II Allstorm took an anti-interventionist position and praised Charles Lindbergh and his efforts to keep the US out of the European war with the poem "*The Lone Eagle's Litany*." Lindbergh responded to Allstorm in a letter and said "it exactly mirrored his sentiments about the present situation."

Allstorm also co-authored the city of Houston, Texas' official song, "*Houston Municipal Song*".

Information regarding the Author excerpted from:

http://en.metapedia.org/wiki/Oliver_Allstorm

Comic Strip: "Daddy's Home" by Tony Rubino and Gary Markstein

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<http://www.gocomics.com/daddyshome/2011/10/25>

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by Hon. Oliver Allstorm

INTRODUCTION

by Joseph A Jacobson

"In war, truth is the first casualty."

– Aeschylus, Greek tragic dramatist
(525 BC - 456 BC)

Many the concerned American would readily agree that there is a strong and ever-escalating conflict raging in the arena of ideas and values. Political and religious opinions have largely replaced both common sense and formerly common knowledge of the timeless and proven principles found in the Holy Bible.

Without question, the most damaging social aspect in the continuing battle for the restoration of traditional Christian family values is found in the abject and continuously degenerating tragedy of race-mixing. Honest and level-headed representatives of each race have lamented the heart-breaking wake of confusion and degradation which always follows the wholesale departure from Biblical Truth.

Just as it remains true that no man should separate that which God has joined (*St. Matthew 19:6, St. Mark 10:9*), it is equally valid that no man should join that which God has made, and intended to remain, separate.

While the Bible stands resolutely against mixing of the races in personal relationship and marriage, it appears that a majority of those who identify themselves as "Christians" are not only pleased to ignore God's commands in this area (whether ignorantly or knowingly), many of them even admire and celebrate those who brazenly disobey the Scriptures in this regard.

The tragedy of miscegenation brings irreparable damage to each race which participates. The offspring are the ones who suffer the most, never truly having any sure identification or foundation with any one racial stock.

The Hon. Oliver Allstorm is only one of many who have attempted to alert and awaken otherwise intelligent and sincere individuals, many of whom have been lulled into complacency and unholy disobedience by those who remain the enemies of Jesus Christ and His Kingdom.

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