The Ku Klux Klan at Home in Hillsdale

By Aífe Murray

DOI: http://dx.doi.org/10.14713/njs.v3i2.87

In “The Ku Klux Klan at Home in Hillsdale,” author Aífe Murray travels to Bergen County to reckon with a dramatic set of events that occurred during her father’s Hillsdale youth when his family was attacked by the Second Ku Klux Klan; long-held by historians as this country’s most powerful far right movement. Through the author’s quest (including interviews with her father’s contemporaries on both sides of the Klan equation), she uncovers a Klan story that, in artifacts and acts, has been preserved within a larger, more common frame of America’s failure to come to terms with what occurred in the early 20th century. Within the long shadow of all-American terrorism, a tale is revealed of shifting power in the Pascack Valley with a local KKK populated by community leaders fearing changes that included Catholic encroachment. After the Klan’s demise, some victims, refusing to forget, kept the story alive while living beside their former terrorizers. The author notes that a mass movement of millions of otherwise ordinary white Protestants should be remembered not only for its legacy of terror (with which Americans continue to wrestle) but for how their fires forged an unintended consequence: subsequent storytellers, historians, and resistors like her father who made a life of civil rights activism.
I stood at a wide wood-grain counter in Hillsdale’s Borough Hall while Bob Sandt, the Municipal Clerk, finished helping a man with building permits. Hillsdale is a small suburban town in northern New Jersey’s Bergen County, and I made my way there from my home in California to reckon with a dramatic set of events that occurred during my father Henry Murray’s youth. The town’s main municipal office occupies a large room with a domino-pattern of empty desks behind the counter. Venetian blinds filtered late summer’s light where an American flag, draped from a shellacked pole in the corner, was the only bright color. I asked Bob for a map of Hillsdale and, by way of introduction, added that I was in town pursuing a story about the Ku Klux Klan burning a cross on my family’s Large Avenue lawn.

“The Ku Klux Klan in Hillsdale?” he asked, shaking his head. “Why, I’ve lived here over thirty years and I’ve never heard that!” This is a common response when I tell people the basic outline to the story because it challenges two Klan stereotypes: my family is not black but white and the attacks did not occur in the rural South but in a suburban town less than two dozen miles from New York City. The more I thought about this story and its 1920s context, the more curious I became, so before heading to Hillsdale I combed my local library for material on what is known as the Second Ku Klux Klan. Nancy MacLean described the KKK’s 20th century rebirth, in Behind the Mask of Chivalry: The Making of the Second Ku Klux Klan, as “the most powerful movement of the far right this country has so far seen”. Yet, in time, most of Hillsdale, and much of the nation, forgot. Or perhaps it was not a case of forgetting, but rather of never acknowledging what occurred in our American past. We live within that long shadow of all-American terrorism, wherein violence and intimidation are employed for political gain.

David Chalmers, who studied the KKK region by region for his book *Hooded Americanism*, found that the Klan’s Realm of New Jersey located its most stable bases in closely built-up residential towns. This is precisely what my father’s hometown was becoming; transitioning from a country place of farms and small mills with a few thousand people to a rapidly expanding suburban enclave, adding Catholic, Jewish, African American, and immigrant residents.\(^2\) From Hillsdale’s highest point, where the Klan’s burning crosses were often staked, it is possible to watch the twinkling lights of Manhattan.\(^3\)

I collected my map of Hillsdale, thanked Bob Sandt, and stood in the sun in front of the firehouse waiting for the arrival of a white Volvo sedan driven by Francesca Moskowitz. We had never met but were linked through the Ku Klux Klan because both of our grandparents had been their victims in 1920s Hillsdale. The windows of her car were wide open; it was a beautifully warm day and I placed the audio recorder on the seat between us. Her hair piled on top of her head, hand on the wheel, Francesca narrated and I plied her with questions as she drove all over Hillsdale, introducing me to a quiet place with few if any people on foot but a steady strum of station wagons and SUVs bumping over the rail tracks where Broadway and Hillsdale Avenue meet.

“It was heavily wooded then, even when I was a child,” said Francesca who grew up here in the 1940s and 1950s. She waved her free hand out the car window in emphasis although what I saw were neat tended yards and homes as her car climbed to where two busy thoroughfares meet. Lenape Indians, she told me, were the first inhabitants of the Pascack Valley and the wooded slopes and broad glens were their hunting grounds. Supplanted by Dutch farmers and early manufacturers,


the Pascack Valley’s evolution is encoded in its street names: Oak Trail and Chestnut Street, Orchard and Cherry and Apple Ridge Roads, and many variations on Mill Street.

Francesca nosed her Volvo onto a grassy verge near the hill’s crest where cars plied north and south on Kinderkamack Road at its ridge-crossing with Piermont Avenue. “Rita Higgins told me,” she said, referring to a local Irish Catholic woman now deceased, “that the Klan burned crosses here. She never forgot walking hand in hand with her father to see her first burning cross.” There was no better spot than this hilltop for staking ground and broadcasting an intimidating message to Hillsdale and beyond.

Francesca is an active leader of the Pascack Historical Society and justly proud of their holdings. We parked outside Society headquarters, in what was once a mission church for the town of Park Ridge; one of the eight communities, along with Hillsdale, clustered in the Pascack Valley. In the archives, Francesca pulled material from various drawers, a good bit of it on the twins Albert “Bert” and Alpheus “Ned” Rawson. Everyone in the Valley knew that behind two of the menacing hoods and white robes were Klan ringleaders Bert and Ned Rawson. The twins evidently liked costumes; I studied a picture of the two clowning in full cowboy get-ups with furry chaps and ten-gallon hats. The love of drama and disguise apparently ran in the family for their grandmother, Laura Keene, was an internationally renowned actress and theatre manager.

If the Rawson twins’ grandmother was famous, though, her grandsons became infamous. A New York Times stringer seems to have been assigned exclusively to Hillsdale in an effort to keep abreast of their boyhood exploits. They “kept that part of the country alive with their pranks,” the newsman admiringly wrote. Once, when police caught up with the two teen runaways in New York, Bert and Ned claimed the fault lay with their hometown, which was “too dead slow.” Their
Attempts to remedy that deficiency resulted in 39 half-hearted arrests. “Often indicted but never convicted!” the twins chimed with a smile.⁴

If there was an explanation for the Rawson Boys wild and outrageous behavior, one needn’t look further than their widowed father. Often away, he at times left Ned and Bert under the guidance of “Dynamite John,” an itinerant well digger who never went anywhere without a pocketful of dynamite. The senior Rawson, a highly-educated painter and scholar, had his own scrapes with the law, especially after he moved his family to Hillsdale in the early 1880s. The twins were four-years-old when the Rawsons settled into a baronial mansion overlooking Woodcliff Lake in the “The Manor” section, a village outpost that appealed to the wealthy, bohemian artists, and vacationers.⁵ Best described as a confidence man, the senior Rawson commanded high fees on the lecture circuit as the foremost interpreter of Islam to the west. He claimed to have traveled with, and been initiated into, a Bedouin tribe, but during that same period may have been sojourning in a Paterson jail.⁶ In any case, he quickly burned through his children’s inheritance courtesy of their grandmother’s theatre royalties (Ms. Keene is perhaps best remembered for stepping out of her leading role in Our American Cousin to cradle the dying president in Ford’s Theatre).⁷

Their family stature, circumstances, and the twins’ penchant for troubling the waters left the Rawson Boys impatient about holding regular jobs and they acted, Francesca added, as if they

---

⁵ The mansion was located at what is now the intersection of Howell and Legion Place. Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.
were “to the manor born.”

Comfortable with spectacle, restless and reckless, these two could not help but become the animating force in Hillsdale’s Klan. But a decade and a half before *The Birth of a Nation* was released (a film that ignited the Second KKK), the Rawsons did what many do who find themselves on the other side of the law: they switched sides.

**Champions of Female Virtue**

A month after the Rawson twins bound and gagged their stepmother in February 1900, 21-year-old Bert began lobbying to become Hillsdale constable. The well-liked Bert not only won the election handily but also appointed his twin as deputy. When their term as peacekeepers was up, the Rawson Boys were still itching to help out and expert marksman Bert was officially appointed “special officer” to assist the elected constables. Accustomed as they were to taking matters into their own hands and eager to never miss an extra-legal opportunity, the Rawson Boys joined their Hillsdale neighbors in self-policing the community under the guise of the Rawson brainchild, the “Bergen County Detective’s Association.” They formed, in part, to respond to fears of outsiders like the men brought in to build the reservoir in Woodcliff or the ready hands hired by Bergen County farmers straight off the Ellis Island pier. Concern was voiced locally over “strapping hobos breaking in on loan [sic] and defenseless women.”

---

8 Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.
10 Bert Rawson held the post officially until July 1913; about 5-6 years. See History of Hillsdale Part II: Township of Hillsdale -- The Years 1900 to 1923: http://www.hillsdalenj.org/index.asp?SEC=0B6300EE-1C85-41A8-A52A-53390A304CFF&Type=B_BASIC accessed 1/20/16.
11 “At about the turn of the century when the workers who were building Woodcliff Lake lived in shacks in Hillsdale they caused considerable disturbance. At that time Bert became a chief and Ned a cop. They speedily restored peace and order.” “Yarns Spun of Rawsons in Hillsdale,” Bergen Evening Record, October 9, 1948:13.
12 1904 was the year. Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.
guises, naturally and inevitably to the self-proclaimed national champions of female virtue, the Ku Klux Klan.¹³

Here’s what happened. The “Bergen County Detective Association” soon became the “New Jersey Rangers Detective Association” after the day in 1912 when the twins saddled up and rode for Hackensack where the County gave its blessing to twenty men called “Pursuers.” With a board of trustees made up of Hillsdale residents, the Rangers were contracted to keep order but the Pursuers were self-directed, making their own judgments about what keeping order meant.¹⁴ They handled “highway flirters” who drove up from New York and turned dark Hillsdale roads into lovers’ lanes; town was abuzz when the Rawsons had six flirters arrested in one go. When painter Morris Finkelstein, a Jewish local, was accused of being improper with an unmarried girl, Ranger Bert Rawson burst into the man’s home brandishing guns while Mrs. Finkelstein screamed.¹⁵ Most townspeople must have approved because the following month Ranger Ned Rawson, father of eight, was breezily running for justice of the peace.

White Protestants Feel Under Attack

The Rangers were more than willing to apprehend ghosts (a telling metaphor) and, heavily armed, besiege a Chestnut Ridge cabin hideout of a murderer (who had been taken into custody before they got there), but apparently they didn’t sufficiently bolster Hillsdale’s sense of security. On the brink of world war, people everywhere were becoming increasingly worried over any and everything. Suspicion rose sharply about other people, about unions and communism; there was

---


¹⁴ *Hillsdale Scrapbook*, op. cit.

an uptick in race riots.\textsuperscript{16} Just as the U.S. joined the First World War, the Township Committee recognized the “Hillsdale Loyal League” and swore in 53 members as “Special Police.” The Loyal League was so popular that 20 more Hillsdale residents joined later that year in a burst of robust patriotism that Thomas Pegram notes in \textit{One Hundred Percent American: The Rebirth and Decline of the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s}, was typical of the war years. When the Loyal League also became insufficient answer to widespread feelings of vulnerability, some in the white Protestant majority flocked to a secret organization, the KKK, that promised strong-arm redress.

Cloaked in the garb of moral reform and community building (and attractively secret) the Ku Klux Klan became a populist expression, and extreme extension, of government policy that levied immigration quotas, enforced Jim Crow laws, and prohibited alcohol. If initially the Ku Klux Klan’s secret handshakes and special words seemed silly (as W.E.B. Du Bois writes of finding them in his classic essay “The Shape of Fear”), their message touched a nativist nerve everywhere.\textsuperscript{17} Under the watch of President Wilson (former NJ governor), interracial marriage was outlawed, African Americans were barred from many responsibilities in the military, DC housing was permitted to segregate, and Wilson’s cabinet of fellow Southerners were allowed to step up segregation in federal workplaces.\textsuperscript{18} Black rights were undermined but it was white Protestants who felt under attack.\textsuperscript{19} The vigilante riders of the Klan were the potent symbol of a new nation of “Northern and Southern whites united in common defense of their Aryan birthright,”

\textsuperscript{16} Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.; the “robust patriotism of the war years” turned the anxiety about property into one about people. See Pegram, \textit{op. cit.}, 11. W.E.B. Du Bois described this global multi-directional fear and hatred as a result of the war in his 1926 essay on the Klan, “The Shape of Fear.” It’s difficult to not draw comparisons with today’s anxious middle class whose feelings of vulnerability, notes Robert Reich, drive them toward a strongman like Trump -- or internationally, to the Le Pens. See Robert Reich, “What America’s Anxious Middle Class Sees in Trump,” \textit{San Francisco Chronicle}, Sunday, December 20, 2015, p D8.


\textsuperscript{19} Birkner, \textit{op. cit.}, 83. Birkner is quoting Leonard J. Moore.
as proclaimed a screen title in *The Birth of a Nation*. Some of Hillsdale’s Rangers cum Loyal League Special Police (“all great horsemen” Francesca pointed out) ably stepped forward on their steeds as Hillsdale’s own Ku Klux Klan.

**Realm of New Jersey**

Francesca pulled out a raft of news articles that Historical Society volunteers had collected on Henry Clendenny, a Hillsdale farmer and undertaker, who had been a Klan leader. Named for his maternal grandfather, Henry Smith, one of the wealthiest men in northern New Jersey, Clendenny was among the most controversial people in town. His 300-acre farm (as much a subject of interest when Clendenny started evading his taxes as when he was an active Klansman) stood on Hillsdale Avenue bounded by Pascack Road to the west and almost as far east as the Pascack Brook. This central site, bordered by two major through-roads, made it a prime location for large Klan rallies. Set back from Hillsdale Avenue, adjacent to his horse barns and sheds, the grand, old Clendenny farmhouse, with ample porch and blue shutters, looked like a “manor house,” Francesca remarked, still impressed. “But,” she assured me quietly, “he was a pain in the neck.”

Commanding the Ku Klux Klan’s Realm of New Jersey was the former vaudevillian team of Bell and Bell; husband Arthur Hornbui Bell, the lawyer son of English immigrants, as Grand Dragon and his wife, Leah Hamlin Bell, as Kleagle. Based in Bloomfield, the Bells organized against shoreline development and for temperance; the latter controversial in New Jersey where Prohibition was yet to be decided. Although the Realm of New Jersey met resistance nearly from

---

20 Film title quote: Robert Sklar, *Movie-Made America*, NY: Vintage, 1976, p 58; “creation of a new nation after years of struggle and division, a nation of Northern and Southern whites united in common defense of their Aryan birthright,” as a screen title in *The Birth of a Nation* proclaimed, with “the vigilante riders of the Klan as their symbol” points out film critic Dick Sklar in Dick Lehr, *op. cit.*, 122.

21 Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.

22 Henry Smith as wealthiest man in northern NJ: *Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.*, 57; Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.

23 Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.

the start, the Bells established Klan headquarters in Long Branch with a substantial shoreline resort, making New Jersey’s Klan an economic force in the region and the northeast’s third strongest Klan state (behind PA and NY).\textsuperscript{25}

In her state-wide leadership role, former ventriloquist Leah Bell was charged with organizing the women’s groups and overseeing the many Tri-K youth groups throughout New Jersey.\textsuperscript{26} The understanding was that women need not sit idle while foreigners, Catholics, Jews, and African Americans burrowed into public offices, schoolhouses, and homes. Additionally, women were fired up about Prohibition and many, who had earlier joined the Women’s Christian Temperance Union, followed right into the KKK because of its position on the “noble experiment of Prohibition” which was a driver for New Jersey’s church-Klan symbiosis.\textsuperscript{27} The Evangelical and Methodist churches (despite a dissenting bishop) maintained close ties with the Realm of New Jersey and the Bells (especially The Pillar of Fire sect founded by Alma White and based in Zarephath). Many Klan lecturers were Protestant ministers with Methodist Episcopal ministers figuring most often in New Jersey Klan affairs.\textsuperscript{28}

Hillsdale women heeded the call. Jennie (Mead) Bachman headed up the Women’s Society for Christian Service for the United Methodist Episcopal Church founded by her grandfather.\textsuperscript{29} Her Methodist-sisters included sister-in-law Florence (Moore) Mead and Florence’s near neighbor.

\textsuperscript{26} Chalmers, \textit{op. cit.}, 243-253.
\textsuperscript{29} http://myhillsdalelibrary.org/localhistory/Hillsdale Scrapbook Transcribed.pdf p 60, accessed 12/14/16; Hillsdale United Methodist church name changes included Methodist Episcopal Church, Methodist Protestant Church, and Methodist Episcopal Church South. Author’s correspondence with church secretary Cathy D’Eletto, August 5, 2015.
on Bergen Street, Ada Wandell; all of them community leaders from old Hillsdale farming families. Florence and Ada were active in the town’s fire association which included a large non-firefighting membership. The firehouse was a center of Hillsdale life, with movies shown upstairs every Saturday; dances held to which everyone turned out; and fairs and carnivals and Christmas parties where every child received a gift. Gravitating to the fire association was a natural for both concerned citizens and the inevitable firebugs. Fire safety training, provided to women and men, could have proved useful at Klan rallies.

Their three spouses were also fire association leaders. Jennie’s husband, August Bachman, became Hillsdale’s first fire chief when the department was set up in 1921. Jennie’s brother (Florence’s husband Frank Mead) spent a year as fire chief as well as serving as a policeman and town councilman. Ada was married to Buster Wandell (a railroad brakeman who as a teen moved to Hillsdale from Queens, NY) and together the pair organized the Hillsdale Women’s Fire Department. Believed to be the first of its kind in the country, the advent of the eight-member women's brigade received coverage in no less than three New York papers.

Mead is an old name in the Pascack Valley. According to Jennie Bachman’s son, Robert Bradshaw, their family had been residents of Hillsdale “since Indian times,” he told me proudly. I studied an 1876 property map showing the large Mead farm and historic Moore-Mead home in which Robert, and at least two previous generations, had been raised. It is up the hill on Piermont Avenue, a short piece from the crossroads where Francesca and I had parked earlier to observe Hillsdale’s favored cross-burning site. Robert, in his 90s when we met, still spoke admiringly of

31 *Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.*
32 Author correspondence with Francesca Moskowitz, email July 30, 2015. Frank married Florence Moore and they had two children, Marion and Norman Leslie Mead; *Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.*
33 *Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.*, 13, accessed 12/16/16.
34 Interview with Robert Bradshaw, September 2, 2009.
his mother’s leadership in Hillsdale’s Methodist church but was a bit less admiring of how she reacted when he converted to Catholicism, many years post-Klan, in order to marry the Catholic daughter of Westwood’s Italian-born barber.35

Ada and Buster Wandell were remembered as socializing with Clendenny and wife Mattie, and among the frequent guests at the Clendenny farmhouse where, on its wide sweeping porch, they sampled from Mattie’s bountiful board including her famous hot milk sponge cake. Ada Wandell and her daughter regularly joined Mattie Clendenny and her mother Effie for sessions of quilting and needlework and the talk that accompanies occupied hands.36 From Mattie’s porch, the women could stretch their legs by stepping in the direction of Pascack Road, west of the house, to the level farm land suitable and capacious for the Klan rallies that Clendenny and Mattie hosted for thousands of people. Tables were set up outdoors for refreshments, there was a gathering place for white supremacy lectures, and plenty of room for the cars of Klan members and potential recruits to pull safely off the road to park.37

No Mosquitoes!!

While the ever-popular Rawson Boys were busy policing town as constables, Rangers, and Loyal League Special Police, the Hillsdale Improvement Company was among the developers actively purchasing Bergen County farms to create “Choice Locations for Country Villas & Cottages” with “Fine Mountain Scenery!! Rich soil!! Pure Waters!! No mosquitoes!!” Lobbying for better transport, tunnels, and bridges, real estate developers helped turn the Garden State into the home-dweller state. Almost before denizens of the Pascack Valley could blink, short stakes

35 Mead history and property map: US census and Ancestry.com; Bergen Record article 20 Jan 1971 about Jennie Mead Bradshaw Bachman who lived on Piemont Avenue across from Simon Mead’s farm.
37 “Bergen Klan Stages Unexpected Rally at Hillsdale Farm: Several Thousand Kluxers and Sympathizers Gathered Last Night at Glendenning [sic] Property,” Hudson Dispatch, 25 August 1925.
were pegged in fields of daisies and black-eyed susans with white rags fluttering from the lines marking out 25’ x 75’ house lots. Up and down new-made streets wagons pulled rock and sand from gravel yards opening all over town to meet demand for lining cellars and cementing front walks and roads.\textsuperscript{38} What was orchard or berry field became baseball diamonds crowded with boys tapping bats to home plate; cow paths were widened by the footsteps of girls clutching hopscotch stones.

The newcomers, settling into the country cottages, typically arrived as nearby transplants. Francesca’s grandparents relocated to Hillsdale from the Lower East Side of Manhattan after emigrating from Lanciano on Italy’s Adriatic coast, and my Jersey City-bred grandparents, the children of Irish immigrants, made the then fashionable urban to country move.\textsuperscript{39} In those early decades of the twentieth century, when New Jersey’s population was doubling, as many as one in five people was foreign born, with most concentrated in six northeast counties. The number of African Americans tripled to about 5% of New Jersey’s population.\textsuperscript{40} Whether they were part of the Great Migration or hailed originally from abroad, New Jersey’s newest residents principally sought work in two burgeoning industries. One, the war-fueled factories that stretched like a belt across the center of the state -- in the same places the Klan would take root by the early 1920s. The other was service work; there were wealthy homes and resort hotels to be staffed. Many newcomers sought maids’ quarters up and down the state.\textsuperscript{41}


\textsuperscript{39} Interview with Betty Murray, July 24, 2001.

\textsuperscript{40} The six northeast counties: Bergen, Essex, Hudson, Passaic, Union, Middlesex per Rudolf J. Vecoli, The People of New Jersey, Princeton: D. Van Nostrand, 1965, 213; Chalmers, op. cit., 244.

\textsuperscript{41} Chalmers, op. cit., 244.
Hillsdale boasted a 250-room summer hotel beside Woodcliff Lake (called The Manor at Hillsdale and later The Lake View Inn) with its own train stop.42 The Orfini home, belonging to Francesca’s grandparents Vincent and Ersilia, was tucked right beside the Manor rail station and provided another source of income for their family of eight.43 A fresco-trained mural painter by day, Vincent Orfini did night work as a train signaler, carrying lamps outside for the northerly trains packed with vacationing New Yorkers and the return trains loaded with the famous Bergen berries in specially outfitted strawberry cars.44

Francesca believes her family was the first, or among the first, Italians to settle in Hillsdale.45 Not a religious man (Vincent Orfini was too much of a free thinker and an intellectual), he once ran for mayor on the Socialist ticket.46 I noted that my grandfather was a socialist, too, which led me to ponder how much both families’ socialism factored into their being attacked by the Klan.

Conversation veered back to Vincent and Ersilia and the difficulty of pinpointing the exact year they arrived in Hillsdale. The Orfinis had not yet received their naturalization papers and until they did so, at least on paper, needed to reside in New York. I was more certain about my own grandparents, James and Teresa Murray, whose move was catalyzed by the Spanish influenza that swept through New Jersey in 1918 and nearly took James; a priest visited him each day ensuring his miraculous recovery. Everyone in his family urged James, for the sake of his health, to move

43 The Orfini family home was located at 6 Lake Drive where it intersects with what is now Parkview Drive (then Park View Avenue); Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009; the box factory clearing was the probable gathering spot (Email correspondence with Francesca Moskowitz, July 27, 2015). George Jepson played as a child in and around the ruins of the Box factory 1914-1920: Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit., Hillsdale News, “Reminiscing by George K. Jepson, “March, 27, 1973:1.
45 First Italian family: Bush, op. cit.; US census NYC & Hillsdale NJ; Surrounded by other Italian families: US Census.
46 Bush, op. cit.; US census NYC & Hillsdale NJ.
up to the country so by 1919 he and Teresa did, choosing a snug, newly-built Hillsdale home on a slope of Campbell’s Hill only nine miles from his brother Tom’s summer place in Sparkill (NY) and with a convenient rail link to Jersey City and the Manhattan ferries.47 A letter carrier, James now rose at 4 a.m. each day for his commute to Jersey City.48

Conceived at the tail end of New York City’s racially fractious Draft Riots of 1863, my grandfather James was born at “141st Street and [Hudson] River”49 to Irish immigrants who soon relocated to Jersey City where their four sons grew up working in the family’s successful greenhouse and landscaping business with a key retail site on Journal Square. The oldest son found his vocation and departed for Mount Saint Mary’s seminary while the precocious third son, Tom, became a director of Federal and U.S. Steel (the only Catholic director; Sunday tee times were held until he returned from Mass). This left James, as next eldest living at home, to care for their aging parents until they died.50

Finding himself freed up in his mid-40s, James married Teresa Lynch, a girl 20 years his junior whom his brothers seem not to have liked much, and became a happy father to his own four boys. They met James each afternoon when he hopped from the train at the Hillsdale Depot. Gritting a cigar in his teeth with the Hudson Dispatch and a socialist flyer clamped under his elbow, James promptly divided the periodical so each boy could tuck his own section of the paper beneath an arm, puffing on candy cigars all the way home.

Henry and his brothers were enrolled in the town school on Magnolia Avenue, a short walk from their home in a part of Hillsdale laid out in 1918 and soon inhabited by many Irish Catholics.51

---

47 James Murray bought the property February 25, 1918 and it sold November 13, 1928. Author correspondence with Joe Suplicki, email August 19, 2009.
48 Interview with Betty Murray, 24 July 2001.
49 1870 US Census for New York, NY.
50 Family history courtesy of Murray family papers in author’s personal archives.
51 1920 US census for Hillsdale, NJ.
Although Hillsdale was in transition, it was still a sanctuary from the rapid industrial and urban changes that disturbed the grown-ups whether they were long time Pascack Valley Protestants or newly transplanted Catholics, and Henry and his playmates, found it to be a treasure trove of rural pleasures.\(^{52}\) If searching for walnuts and blackberries in Pecter’s Woods did not provide enough entertainment, hours could be happily had salamander hunting on the islands formed by the Pascack Brook; margined with tugs of sweet watercress in summer and shot-smooth for a hockey puck come winter. It was country enough for fiercely contested currant-picking competitions and berry-picking, three cents a quart on the Demarest farm; with the dizzying scent from strawberry festivals. Cows were pastured in town and barefoot kids could earn money carrying pails of milk to neighbors.\(^{53}\) The old cemetery with tilted lichen-inscribed headstones was a spooky draw especially when Henry “dug up graves” or so he told his frightened little brother. The move to Hillsdale was high freedom for Henry though the idylls with his father were not to last. The salubrious benefit of Bergen County could not prevent James from succumbing to complications of the Spanish Flu only a few years after the family settled in the Pascack Valley. That was July 1921; the same year the Ku Klux Klan arrived in New Jersey and eager Paterson residents quick-formed the state’s first klavern, Leif Erickson Number One, just 11 miles south of Hillsdale.\(^{54}\)

**Ready Rifle and Pistol**

Francesca and I stood in the middle of a deserted Parkview Drive where it intersects with Lake Drive. To our left was her grandparent’s house, nested in an open yard of deep green grass

---


\(^{54}\) Chalmers, *op. cit.*, 244.
descending gently to the rail tracks. I wanted to gauge just how close the Klan’s favorite meeting ground was to the Orfini home. To our right, at the end of Parkview Drive, probably no more than 50 feet from us, had been what Francesca calls the “Klan’s bivouac.” It was also where the Rangers held their family picnics on the likely former site of a box factory that closed its doors in 1905. Everything of value was carted away, leaving only the factory’s big steam engine and boiler, which, as they rusted away, became a source of fascination to curious children. This remote clearing was soon adopted by the Rangers and would become Klan headquarters.55

Today the Klan’s bivouac has been incorporated into the Parkview Drive cul-de-sac, bordered along the Pascack Brook’s steep embankment by a low silvery highway barrier. From here Woodcliff Lake is obscured by thick leaves of late summer and tangles of undergrowth. Where dense thickets once bordered the approach to Klan headquarters, there are pitched lawns to trim two-story homes. In the 1920s, when it was even quieter, Francesca’s mother Helena Orfini was alerted to the Klansmen’s approach by the clip clop of horses’ hooves. She could look up from her games to observe the white robed Klansmen ride past to headquarters where they “had their bonfires and kept their horses.”56

One night in the early 1920s, Hillsdale’s Klan was gathered as usual in the wood clearing. Suddenly the action spilled out clear up to Lake Drive. A dozen members of Hillsdale’s Hooded Order clattered to the small Orfini house and robed men began erecting a cross while a fellow Klansman painted a strange white symbol on the Orfini house.57 Most likely constructed from one-inch iron pipe, 25 feet high and 10 feet across, the Klansmen, as per usual, wrapped the cross

55 Klan HQ was adjacent to Hackensack Water Company property and on what was probably the clearing made for the box factory, which closed in 1905, and adjacent to Colmeyer Pond. Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009; Author correspondence with Francesca Moskowitz, emails July 2015; Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.: Hillsdale News, “Reminiscing by George K. Jepson, “March, 27, 1973:1.  
56 Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.  
57 The term “hooded order” appears frequently in KKK microfilm reel, NJ newspaper local stories collected by The Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center, Newark Public Library.
in burlap and saturated it with gasoline and crude oil. They staked the rood so close in that Vincent feared it would fall on the roof and burn his house to the ground.

Terrified, Ersilia grabbed her children and ran to the far side of the house, raced down the slope, seeking refuge in what they called the root cellar. Barricaded into this room below the main floor, with her children huddled close, Ersilia couldn’t stop shaking. She had “not a word of English,” which, Francesca said, compounded her fear. It did not matter that Vincent and Ersilia knew who was out there, knew who every single Klansman was despite masked hoods and robes. There was nothing they could do especially when no townspeople came to the Orfini’s defense. The police were not going to intervene because “the force was the Klan,” Francesca pointed out evenly. While the cross burned, the Orfini family, alert and on edge, stayed out of sight. Although the house was spared, Ersilia was never the same; she remained fearful of the dark and a frightened soul the rest of her life.

The next day Vincent trooped downtown to settle things. He met Ned Rawson, “the gentler of the twins,” in the hardware store on Summit Avenue (now Broadway) where Ned was buying house paint. Vincent usually made his points with humor but he was seeing nothing funny that day: “What the hell did you think you were doing last night? You scared my wife half to death!” From experience, everyone in town knew Vincent to be a peaceful soul but that day he bought a rifle and pistol to keep at home.

The cross burning at the Orfinis would seem to have been a proving ground for Hillsdale’s Klan. No one rallied to support the family and if no one interfered when the KKK went after the Italian immigrants, it was a signal of tacit approval by the majority of Hillsdale residents. Although

---

58 Author correspondence with Francesca Moskowitz, emails July 2015.
59 Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.
60 Bush, op. cit.; Author correspondence with Francesca Moskowitz, emails July 27, 2015.
Klansmen continued to regularly ride past the Orfini home to their wooded headquarters, the town’s Hooded Order never again attacked the family. Either being confronted by Vincent was adequate pushback; or, the group simply fixed on a more urgent target.

Francesca and I drove to that target, St. John the Baptist Roman Catholic Church, and its office on Valley Street where a huge complex and school buildings cover significant ground. Early efforts to found the parish stirred up Klan resistance and gave Hillsdale’s order its rallying cry; enough to merit coverage in distant Jersey City even if Bergen County papers were mute.

Teresa Murray, widowed at age 35, needed support for her family and solace for her grief. Support came readily from her wealthy in-laws, the childless Tom and Mary Murray, but solace was harder to come by. A devout Roman Catholic, for her that meant ready and frequent access to a Catholic church. Returning to Jersey City’s St. Aloysius parish, or attending church in the next town, was, after Teresa’s husband died, no longer tolerable especially at a time when Catholicism was under attack locally and nationally.\footnote{See Dumenil, \textit{op. cit.}} The 30 or so Catholic families in Hillsdale wanted to establish their own parish. Teresa became active in that effort, which made her suddenly visible to the Ku Klux Klan.

The church building committee identified an available strip of land on the south side of Hillsdale Avenue beside the Pascack Brook. It was across the road from the Clendenny farm. Helen Riley, a town leader and widow of a Freeholder (county legislator), owned and wished to sell off the parcel. Klansmen told Helen not to sell to the Catholic group.\footnote{History of St. John the Baptist; \textit{Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.}; on Klan saying not to sell, see Bush, \textit{op. cit.}} Instead, she turned around and donated the land to them in March 1925.

“But,” I said to Francesca as we left St. John’s parish office, “\textit{Somewhere} I read that the \textit{town} barred the sale, not the \textit{Klan}.” My confusion that afternoon over which entity barred the land
sale to the Catholic group -- Ku Klux Klan leaders versus town fathers -- was completely on track given how often KKK membership overlapped with town leadership. All I had to do was review the rosters for Hillsdale’s civic organizations or legislative bodies. This was a pattern repeated everywhere, with town leaders -- from lawyers to first responders and health practitioners to elected officials -- replicating their roles in the Invisible Empire; the Ku Klux Klan was Main Street.

Francesca underscored the Orfini’s vulnerability because they could not turn to authorities. “The Klan was the authority,” she said, repeating a story about her uncle who played on Hillsdale’s semi-professional baseball team. One afternoon, after winning a game, the team received a substantial purse. Hillsdale’s mounted police rode by observing the team’s jubilation and their prize money. Not fifteen minutes after the force departed, robed Klansmen arrived on the same horses and robbed the ballplayers.63 It was common knowledge in nearby Bergenfield that the police chief and a succession of at least three mayors were Klansmen. When one of those mayors sought a Democratic Party state leadership post, he had to publicly deny Klan membership. Unfortunately that was not so easy since neighbors saw his wife hang out his KKK regalia each morning after a Klan rally.

Once Helen Riley’s land became the possession of Hillsdale’s Catholics, the local Klan swung into action. One evening three or four robed Klansmen rode to River Vale to visit one of the most active members of the church committee. It was the home of John Buckley, future lay trustee of the church. Crowded on the front steps, as soon as John opened his front door the Klansmen threatened that if he dared to build a Catholic church they would run him out of town. “You go right head and try it,” he stated succinctly before shutting the door in their masked faces.64

---

63 Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.
64 Bush, op. cit.
When ground was broken for the church early in April 1925, the Klan replied with a burning cross “to defy us,” Phyllis Bogner recalled. 65 That month there was an upswing in Klan cross burnings across Bergen County; the same month The Birth of a Nation had multiple local screenings.66 Phyllis Walsh Bogner and Rita Buckley Higgins, Henry’s youthful contemporaries, both remembered town cross burnings where Hillsdale Avenue meets Pascack Road by Clendenny’s farm; at the top of Campbell’s Hill; and up in Ackerman’s sand and gravel pit by the Kinderkamack-Piermont crossroads. Either Ackerman was powerless to prevent it or he too was a Klansmen. The advantage of Ackerman’s gravel pit was the height; hilltops were Klan favorites and the fiery spectacle was frightening and unforgettable.67 This was especially so if set off by bombs or batteries with timers. Given their early tutoring by Dynamite John, there is no telling what might have sparked the Rawsons’ imaginations when it came to igniting crosses across the Pascack Valley.68

Klan burnings, and their presence generally, became commonplace especially in towns like Hillsdale where the KKK seems to have claimed a good percentage of the populace. Brazen Klan members would file in full regalia into Margolis’s, a store owned by a Jewish townsman, to buy their cigarettes.69 He was not the only Hillsdale business owner menaced. Music store proprietor Leonard Schenck was given 48 hours to leave town because of alleged improprieties with a married

---

65 Interview with Phyllis Walsh Bogner, September 4, 2009.
66 Klan activity by those newspaper accounts clustered primarily in spring and October in 1924 and 1926. See Birkner, op. cit., 83-84, 303 N. 28 and 29.
67 Christmas Eve was a popular time to burn crosses. One year, at 11 pm, a fiery cross was lit in Bergen County on St. Patrick’s Day. From KKK microfilm reel, NJ newspaper local stories collected by The Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center, Newark Public Library.
68 From KKK microfilm reel, NJ newspaper local stories collected by The Charles F. Cummings New Jersey Information Center, Newark Public Library; fuel for Klan bonfires could become a source of contention as it did in nearby Bergenfield when a load of wood dropped off but quickly appropriated by a nearby Italian family for cooking fuel. Later the same day Bergenfield’s angry former mayor came asking for the wood. Birkner, op. cit., 303, N. 29
69 Chief Lich: Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009; Margolis’ store: Author correspondence with Francesca Moskowitz, July 2015.
woman. These were the same years when robed Klansmen and Klanswomen, proudly processing in neat military formation, dominated July 4th and Memorial Day parades in Bergen County, throughout New Jersey, and beyond. Menacing local merchants and their customers or filling streets in an intimidating field of white were so normalized, fewer and fewer newspaper column inches were devoted to these occurrences.\textsuperscript{70}

Hillsdale cross burnings accelerated in 1925 as St. John the Baptist Church became more real but the local paper, \textit{The Bergen Record}, reported no Klan activity that year.\textsuperscript{71} However, Jersey City’s \textit{The Hudson Dispatch} and \textit{The New York Times} both tracked KKK activity in Hillsdale. A large portion of their readerships (immigrants, African Americans, Catholics, and Jews) were included in the Klan’s broad oppositional scope; remaining keenly interested in regional Klan developments. That year \textit{The Bergen Record} estimated the combined KKK membership in Bergen and Hudson Counties at 6,000 people while the national Klan was peaking with two million, and, by some accounts, up to eight million members.\textsuperscript{72}

Two and a half months after ground was broken for St. John’s Catholic Church, on June 25, 1925, Hillsdale’s Catholics attended the ceremony for the laying of the church cornerstone. No one is alive who remembers, or is willing to speak about, how Hillsdale’s Ku Klux Klan responded to the symbolic act before construction was to begin. Chances are this is when Klansmen went after Teresa Murray.

\textbf{Murray Largess}


\textsuperscript{71} Klan activity by those newspaper accounts clustered primarily in spring and October in 1924 and 1926. See Birkner, \textit{op. cit.}, 83-84, 303 N. 28 and 29.

Teresa “was used to making her own way in the world,” my brother reminded me when I called him at the end of my day with Francesca. After her mother died, when Teresa was 12, she began a series of live-in nanny jobs and eventually sprung her two younger siblings from the orphanage where their widowed father had placed them.\footnote{Murray family lore.} I remember Teresa as devout; how many grandmothers choose nun dolls and statues of the Blessed Virgin as birthday gifts for their granddaughters? She was reserved; in few pictures did she smile, but she had tremendous focus and will.

With the church land secured and ground ceremoniously broken, there was a building fund established for construction to move apace. Fundraisers included outdoor events in Helen Riley’s field with tables and chairs set upon the grass for guests.\footnote{The Church of St. John the Baptist, 1927-2002: Seventy-Five Years of Faith, Hillsdale, NJ, 2002, 14.} By this point in time Teresa’s brother-in-law Tom had passed away, leaving his wife, Mary Murray, an extremely wealthy widow. As devout as Teresa, Mary (who would bequeath her considerable fortune to the Jesuits) was in need of a project to distract her from her grief; what could be better than reaching into her deep pockets to help realize a new church consecrated to God?

Word got around about Teresa’s access to funds that would ensure not just the huge stones for the foundation and the two story clapboard walls, the stain glass windows, or the painting of Irish triskeles on the arch beams but, also, the baptismal font, altar cloths, the side altar to the Blessed Mother, and so many of the church pews that my brother, who saw the church once as a teenager at Teresa’s funeral, never forgot how the name Murray was repeated everywhere throughout that small country church. He said, at the time of her funeral, his voice still conveying
amazement, “looking at the number of brass plaques with our family name I thought ‘We did everything’ and that the church wouldn’t have existed without Murray largesse.”

My brother drove down from Connecticut a few days later, once we’d established that Henry’s house in his youth was the one painted a pretty blue at 77 Large Avenue. We stood on the sidewalk studying the small home with dormer window above the central door. There were three cars stacked one behind the other in the driveway and the upper front windows reflected dappled trees and buoyant clouds. It was, as usual in Hillsdale, difficult for either of us to imagine Klansmen’s horses snorting and pawing at the grass or a loud confusion of shouts. No one can tell us whether a group of Ku Klux Klanners trooped to the front door, as they did with John Buckley, to threaten Teresa. My brother did not recall Henry mentioning this, nor could I. But then, what shocked Henry was not in the category of verbal threats; it was the arrival in his front yard of a crowd of Klansmen towing a very large cross wound with burlap and stinking of gasoline and crude oil.

Where does one stand when Klansmen come to burn a cross in the yard? Was Teresa rooted to the front hallway with her boys gathered about her? Along the west side of her house is a large parlor. It leads into the dining room and then the kitchen where Henry, to have his tonsils removed, stretched out on the table for the attending doctor. To the left of the front door, and off the central hallway, are several bedrooms, one behind the other. When I try to imagine this night I wonder if Henry dislodged himself from one of those bedrooms or, if stretched on the floor before the wireless, did he jump up when he heard loud commotion outside? With horses snorting, their hooves mincing the gravel drive, shouts of “No! Drag it here!” did Henry race upstairs for a better view.

---

75 Interview with Hank Murray, May 3, 2015.
76 In the 1920s it was the fourth house from the corner of Williams, now Kinderkamack, according to the 1923 and 1930 Sanborne maps. Henry and his siblings always referred to it as the fourth house from the corner rather than by house number.
view from the attic’s dormer window? That window would have put him alarmingly close to the flames from atop the burning cross. This high on the hill winds could whip-up the fire. There are five steps that lead from the central door of the Murray home down to the front walk, with a small patch of grass to either side. Did Teresa have enough nerve to slip outside onto the steps?

Most Ku Klux Klan cross burnings were meant to terrorize immigrants, Jews, and Catholics into leaving town or abandoning their property; African Americans were most often murdered. Teresa, the lone widow, who should have been easy for the Hillsdale Klansmen to pick off, stayed put. Not prone to taking orders, Teresa did not cease and desist as the Klan might have expected after a night of cross burning terror at this young mother’s front door. Unattached and under no man’s control, Teresa typified the 1920s woman the Klan aimed to curb under the guise of protecting female chastity, home, and traditional family values. Women’s expanded freedoms fueled perceptions of a world spinning out of control and for which woman were the customary gatekeepers.77

Teresa was a sharp thinker, as my brother reminded me, whereas the Rawson Boys were known for being the opposite. “And,” my brother added, she “didn’t suffer fools.”78 I laughed when he said this, thinking how little patience Teresa would have had for the likes of Clendenny or the Rawson Boys. It was precisely her inability to hide such feelings (probably in particular after the cross burning) that may have sharpened local Klan fury and kept their laser focus on Teresa. The Klansmen came back.

The Ku Klux Klan upped the ante. Led by their twin extra-legal, extremist, rabble rousers, the robed Klansmen on horses stepping sideways and back to avoid the tumble of fuel cans, dragged up their oil-soaked torches, and attempted to burn the Murray home to the ground. If

77 Rothman, op cit.
78 Interview with Hank Murray, May 3, 2015.
Teresa had nerves of steel, this is when Henry received his baptism at the font of terrorism. Fire is mesmerizing. It has the power to melt and mold, and it did something akin to that for Henry when Klansmen came a second time to Large Avenue. What he witnessed at thirteen made Henry who he was.  

Teresa’s house remained standing and not one Murray hair was singed. The Rawson Boys had learned much from their father about mounting large-scale events and from their mother’s side about stagecraft and the creation of spectacle. Would the twins have made it appear as though the Murray house would be burned to the ground, without actually planning to outright murder Teresa and her sons? If the Rawsons intended this sleight of hand with the intent of terrorizing Teresa and her neighbors just enough and thereby neutralizing her efforts, their ruse was completely credible. Henry went to his grave believing that Hillsdale’s Klan fully intended the demise of his entire family.

Harming white women was unusual for the Ku Klux Klan of the 1920s, “even Catholic women,” Kathleen Blee shared with me when I told her this story (Blee authored Women of the Klan and other books on today’s far right wing). Had Hillsdale’s Hooded Order behaved differently from other 1920s klaverns when they menaced Murray lives a second time?

There was something else in Hillsdale’s toxic mix – besides the unique personalities that drove Hillsdale’s Klan or in Teresa’s unshakable response to intimidation. What ignited Klan fury had to do with old money versus new and a shifting balance of power in the Pascack Valley. A popular Klan tactic, that won many adherents among clergy and congregants, was the KKK’s full regalia arrival at Sunday services to deliver white supremacy lectures and, with a grand flourish

79 Murray family lore; Henry Murray, DSOC Award 1974 speech, author’s personal family archives.
80 On stagecraft and Keene/Rawson as master illusionists see Jane Kathleen Curry, op. cit., 55-58; Rawson Family papers collected from Pascack Historical Society, September 1, 2009.
81 Author correspondence with Kathleen Blee, email May 15, 2015.
witnessed by the entire congregation, the ceremonious deposit of a sack of money on the altar.\textsuperscript{82} In Hillsdale that fiscal might was upended by the enormous sums funneled to the church building committee by Teresa courtesy of her wealthy sister-in-law.

How infuriating for Klan leader Clendenny to be unable to match that wealth and power, descended as he was from one of the oldest and wealthiest families in northern New Jersey. What an affront for the Rawson Boys, having been raised in a baronial Hillsdale manor (prior to their father plundering the inheritance) and always acting as though they were above the law and that it should not apply to them.\textsuperscript{83} Their power was nulled by newcomers, daughters of Catholic immigrants, whose bottomless bank account guaranteed them a seat at the table with a structure that grandly symbolized Catholic permanence in the Pascack Valley. Or, as the Ku Klux Klan saw it: an infiltrating beachhead for the foreign pope (although, ironically, the Rawsons’ mother was convent-educated and their parents married in a Catholic church).

Mary Murray’s wealth turned a Klan power symbol -- the sacks of Sunday money -- into comic relief. No matter how many times the Invisible Order rallied or flames whipped atop Bergen County hills, Catholics had staked their claim. To Henry’s immense and enduring pride, St. John the Baptist Roman Catholic Church is today one of the largest community institutions in Hillsdale, a testament, he remarked later, to Teresa’s “courage and determination.”\textsuperscript{84}

But it was not over. The Rawson Boys were not easily deterred; it was not in their nature. Plus, the carting of huge granite blocks to the building site and scaffolding being raised must have

\textsuperscript{82} Chalmers, \textit{op. cit.}, p 244-246
\textsuperscript{83} Above the law: Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.
\textsuperscript{84} Henry Murray, DSOC Award 1974 speech, author’s personal family archives. “Grit and determination” is how he referred in casual speech to his mother and the cross burnings although in notes for his formal talk he replaces “grit” with “courage.”
eaten away at Clendenny who, with his wife Mattie, eyed the Catholic church develop from their farmhouse porch, stone by stone, board by board.

Hillsdale’s Klan was emboldened by two large-scale events that summer. The first was the Ku Klux Klan national Washington march held August 8, 1925 when greater than 50,000 Klan members marched proudly, at times 20 abreast, down Pennsylvania Avenue, carrying banners openly proclaiming their home states or name of their klaverns. The second, follow-up event was in Bergen’s own county seat.

The next Saturday, to banner headlines forewarning and reporting, Bergen County, and beyond, staged their own massive demonstration that began seven miles south of Hillsdale in North Hackensack and wended its way five or six miles further south through town after town, with fireworks set off along the route, cross burnings, hot dog stands doing land office business, and the biggest traffic jam Hackensack had ever seen. At least 5,000 people descended with about six hundred cars jammed in one-lane streets originally designed for horse carts and bringing cows to pasture. The parade grew exponentially because protestors got swept into the traffic jam so that a Catholic priest’s car followed behind a carload of robed Kluxers, becoming part of the parade. “Contrary to expectations,” a reporter noted, “many negroes lined the walks, taking in the proceedings with the nonchalance of skilled poker players.”

The Hillsdale Klan speedily assessed the need for their own rally and, although “not intended to be an affair the size of the late Hackensack demonstration,” word was secretly sent out “to gather in the many people who wanted to hear more of the organization before signing up for membership.” The event was organized for the following week on Clendenny’s farm with Dr.

---

85 Rothman, op cit. This was likely in response to a DC march held the previous year by 100,000 Catholic men, members of the Holy Name Society. See Dumenil, op cit., 21.
86 “Expect 10,000 in Big Klan Demonstration,” Hudson Dispatch, 15 August 1925, p 2; “Throng Line Streets to View Huge Parade of Bergen Ku Klux Klan,” Hudson Dispatch, 17 August 1925, p 5.
Brandt, from the KKK’s national propagation lecture bureau, as principal speaker. So many turned out to hear him that Klan hosts were caught by surprise, or so *The Hudson Dispatch* informed its readers the next day, August 25th, with the banner headline, “Bergen Klan Stages Unexpected Rally at Hillsdale Farm: Several Thousand Kluxers and Sympathizers Gathered Last Night at Glendenning [sic] Property.”

Dr. Brandt told his eager listeners that “the Klan isn’t anti-anything -- but it is, however, pro-American” and received prolonged applause when urging them “on to the melting pot and drive the scum back whence it came.” Hundreds of hands shot up “when the crowd was asked to signify their assent to the principles of the Klan” and these people were signed up.87

If northwest winds blew that late August evening, smoke from the rally’s fiery-cross drifted from Clendenny’s farm over Hillsdale Avenue and across the construction site of the Catholic church. Sound has long reach in the country and, beyond refreshment booths that continued to dispense the “usual open air delicacies,” and past the mass of cars pulled onto the grass, the voice of Dr. Brandt boomed: “Nobody denies the rights” of Roman Catholics, of Jews, or of Negroes he intoned “but why must we native born, white, gentile, Protestants be compelled to excuse our existence and be slandered and even slaughtered.” Hillsdale Catholics, assigned night watch at their church construction site, must have shared looks in the close darkness when Brandt asked “Did you ever hear of a band of 100 per cent white Americans smashing windows and breaking heads in an attempt to break up a meeting in the synagogue or the K. of C. Hall?”88

**Quiet As It’s Kept**

---

87 “Bergen Klan Stages Unexpected Rally at Hillsdale Farm,” *op. cit.*
88 K of C: Catholic lay fraternal organization Knights of Columbus; “Bergen Klan Stages Unexpected Rally at Hillsdale Farm,” *op. cit.*
“Quiet as it’s kept” is an expression I’ve heard used by African Americans in my hometown who came north with the Great Migration. I sense that this is the one expression that captures what it means for a series of past events to make the present what it is and carries, secreted, a level of shaping malevolence. This would be the legacy of not acknowledging the terrorism of the 1920s Ku Klux Klan, or its resistors, and what takes us to the crux of where we stand now as a nation: baffled and frustrated, angry and fearful.

There are some in the Hillsdale Klan story who acknowledged what occurred in Bergen County, on both sides of the Klan equation; who marked it as a defining event or experience in their lives and did not forget its importance. Fortunately, a Bergen County woman found her years in a Ku Klux Klan klavern so significant, she carefully preserved her KKK mementoes and donated them to the Ridgewood Historical Society. I studied her Klan regalia, kept neatly folded in its specially-made burlap pouch, at the Society’s headquarters in an old schoolhouse about five miles from Hillsdale; having traveled there with Joe Suplicki and his wife, New Jersey Municipal Historian, Peggy Norris.89

Peggy, Joe, and I pulled out the donor’s white hood with its precisely cut holes for eyes and nose. The long wide bands on her robe formed a large red cross and there was a braided red belt that she once cinched at her waist. Particularly intriguing was the bag’s pointed flap closure where the hood neatly fit. I imagined the former owner as a Bergen County mother or grandmother with meals to get on the table and clothes to take down from the line before heading to a Klan-sponsored picnic or concert, pageant or beautiful-baby contest -- all the innocuous, praise-worthy activities that were paired with expressions of white supremacy.90 But women’s suffrage was often part of that package; ascribed to by both the Women’s KKK (WKKK) national leader and by New

---

89 September 8, 2009 visit with Joe Suplicki and Peggy Norris.
90 Rothman, _op cit._
Jersey’s own Klan-champion, Pillar of Fire Bishop Alma White.\(^9\) Perhaps this Bergen housewife, I sat imagining, was drawn in by these feminist Klan leaders and because the KKK represented to them a particular kind of law and order women needed. I visualized her sitting herself down at the dining table to type the notes to be secreted from hand to hand, directing new recruits to a rally.

Holding one of several hand-typed “Firey Summons” from Hackensack’s Klan chapter, I understood how thrilling it must have been to receive these secret missives; for men and women to pry open the thick paper folded many times over to hide the typed contents; how eagerly they were handed to another like-minded soul. Passed palm to palm, the message advised the recipient where he or she needed to wait in order to be met and taken to the closely-held rally location. Once at the secret site, new recruits or curiosity seekers would walk into a sea of robed and masked figures and the rally, which might include a picnic for the whole family, was capped by the spectacle of the flaming cross. What white native-born Protestant could fail to be captivated? This sounds more manly and fully-realized than such Protestant fraternal organizations as the Elks and Masons.\(^9\) The Ku Klux Klan was more dangerous; their agenda more explicit.

Helena Orfini became close lifelong friends with Ethel Rawson, the daughter and niece of the men who one night, when both girls were young, struck terror in Helena’s family. Ethel (who married a Jew while three of her sisters married Italians) had no qualms talking about the family’s Klan past; nor did her siblings. “It was the truth,” she said with simple matter-of-factness, claiming, too, that she never heard her father speak a prejudiced word. He even went to bat for a local African American man by the name of Cisco (helping him straighten out a Civil War pension); although

\(^9\) The YMCA barred Catholic membership. On the KKK recruiting from fraternal organizations – “fighting brother of masonry” -- Pegram says that in the other fraternal organizations masculinity is reinforced, and in the KKK it is fully acted out. See Pegram op. cit., 8-9.
as teens, when the Rawson Boys were on a spree robbing Valley railroad stations, the only train official seriously accosted was a black stationmaster whom they shot.\textsuperscript{93} It would not have been an accident; they were crack shots.\textsuperscript{94}

Yet not everyone in Hillsdale recollects the terror of those cross burnings. Either it is embarrassing to do so or best to forget. I appreciated the dilemma faced by devout Catholic Robert Bradshaw, whose immediate family appears to have topped the rolls of the Hillsdale Klan. He hesitated as if searching for his words. “The church was a little thorn when it went up.” He paused then added quietly, in masterful understatement, “there was a little friction.”\textsuperscript{95} When I asked what else he remembered of the Klan in town he got quiet. Finally he replied, “I heard something about it,” but would not elaborate while his wife looked at me with wide, even alarmed, eyes.

Studying a street map later on, I realized how close the family homestead, the Moore-Mead House, was to the hill where staked crosses burned like a beacon. How could you keep a 6 or 7-year-old boy away from such excitement? Did Josephine Bradshaw look alarmed the afternoon we met because she remembered as a girl watching Westwood Police Chief Lich proudly march in his Klan robes down the main street on Memorial Day or was it because she knew something more personal about the family she married into?\textsuperscript{96} Robert Bradshaw’s reluctance spoke volumes.

Beyond Rawson, Clendenny, Mead, and Wandell, the names of other Hillsdale Klan members have disappeared -- although a consult of a 1925 Hillsdale-Westwood phone directory, minus African American and Jewish residents, would form a good start. The curious thing is that Klan membership did not just end with Hillsdale’s white Protestants. Phyllis Bogner remembered

\textsuperscript{93} Quote from Ethel Rawson Lieberman: Bush, \textit{op. cit.}; Rawson Family papers collected from Pascack Historical Society, September 1, 2009; on helping local man, Cisco: Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.
\textsuperscript{94} On Rawson marksmanship: \textit{Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.}; \textit{Bergen Evening Record}, “McCleary Was First Uniformed Cop in Place of Old Time Constables” October 9, 1948:14.
\textsuperscript{95} Bush, \textit{op. cit.}
\textsuperscript{96} Chief Lich: Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009; Margolis’ store: Author correspondence with Francesca Moskowitz, July 2015.
non-practicing Catholics joining Hillsdale’s Ku Klux Klan. An Irish Catholic girl growing up on Conklin Street, she could walk behind her block to Ackerman’s gravel pit, to witness Klan cross burnings. It has been said that the Pascack Valley did not like Catholics and some, to get ahead professionally and avoid a consumer boycott, joined the town’s Episcopal Church. Others took it a notch up and joined the Klan.\textsuperscript{97} Phyllis, now looking back, understood her neighbors’ desire to be in the Klan as “a prestige thing.”

On December 6, 1925 the first Mass was celebrated in St. John the Baptist Catholic Church and a week later there was a church dedication. By this time, thousands of Klan members nationally had fled the organization in shock following the conviction of Indiana’s Grand Master David Stephenson for a brutally vicious rape and murder. Adding to the scandal, there was organizational infighting and continued pressure on the KKK by outside groups and the government, all of which led to the Klan’s demise in the second half of the 1920s. Concomitant with those forces, the economy rebounded and much of what Klansmen feared morally and socially did not come to pass. In the end, as historian Joshua Rothman remarked, “white native-born Protestants still retained the lion’s share of the power in the United States, and they did not need the Klan to hold it.”\textsuperscript{98}

After Hillsdale’s “fraternity burned out,” as Phyllis Bogner recalled, most of Hillsdale forgot. By the 1930s Catholics were tolerated in Hillsdale; and if Rawson and Mead marriage patterns are any indication, Jews and Italians became not only more accepted but loved. Some Klan victims forgave their neighbors for terrorizing them as they became more firmly knit into the social fabric of the town; and the Depression, with nearly everyone in dire circumstances, softened the old animosities. It may have happened even sooner than that, as a way to heal; bringing to mind

\textsuperscript{97} Interview with Robert Bradshaw, September 2, 2009; on not liking Catholics: Bush, \textit{op. cit.}; Harry Randall’s conversion from Catholicism: Interview with Francesca Moskowitz, September 1, 2009.\textsuperscript{98} Rothman, \textit{op. cit.}
how quickly his victims’ relatives forgave Charleston’s Dylann Roof: “We have no room for hating, so we have to forgive.”

Half a dozen years after a cross was burned in the Orfini yard it was the height of the Depression. One night Ersilia Orfini, still afraid of the dark and still unable to easily converse in English, placed a pot of escarole soup and potatoes in her apron and, holding these close to her chest to keep them from dropping, made her way to the small out-building the Rawsons were now occupying because the 14-room carriage house had burned to the ground (their showplace mansion had already been destroyed by fire in 1910). In these shacks with dirt floors, Ersilia found the Rawson girls, as many as eight, crying when she stepped through the door.

“Oh Mrs. Orfini,” one of the Rawson girls exclaimed, after they’d supped on escarole soup, “you are so rich, you have a floor.”

“But you know girls,” she replied, “You have something we don’t have.”

“What is that?”

“I’m going to show you,” Ersilia said walking to a corner of their dirt floor house to dig a hole to which she added live coals from their range. Ersilia placed in the hole the uncooked potatoes she’d brought and covered them, staying with the girls for the hour and a half it took to cook the best potatoes the Rawsons remember ever having eaten. Whenever Ethel Rawson Lieberman would see Francesca in town she would tell her what a wonderful woman her grandmother Ersilia was and, unbidden, explain why. What Ethel never forgot was how, with those words, Ersilia restored the Rawsons’ dignity; not just saved their lives.

Post-Klan, things changed in Hillsdale for Catholics, Jews, and immigrants in a way they did not for African Americans. Twenty years after the cross burnings and rallies with at least one

---

99Hillsdale Scrapbook, op. cit.: Bergen Evening Record, Yarns Spun of Rawsons in Hillsdale, October 9, 1948:13. 
100 Bush, op. cit.
attempt to torch a home to the ground, bygones were nearly bygones in the Pascack Valley. Much to Ersilia’s dismay and exclamations of “morta dia!” (for she never got over the Klan attack), Vincent “Orfy” Orfini regularly played harmonica and accordion in a live band he formed with Ned and Bert Rawson and together they were active in the neighborhood Manor Association.101

The cantankerous and famously tax-evading Clendenny was, at age 83, taken in by a series of Irish Catholic families including John Fitzpatrick, his wife and three children and that of Rita Higgins, on whose front steps some four decades earlier he threatened to run her family out of town. One day Rita asked, “Whatever happened to your Ku Klux Klan outfit?” and Clendenny replied, “Oh, I lost it when I moved.”102 It’s not so surprising then that Bob Sandt, who as Municipal Clerk should be in a position to hear most everything, had not known about Hillsdale’s Klan until the summery morning I walked into Borough Hall.

I found myself drifting away from the Catholic Church when I was thirteen or fourteen, about the same age Henry had been when he was riveted by the attentions of the Ku Klux Klan. Perhaps, because of this, Henry lapsed also for I never again saw him attend Mass. Yet his allegiance to the church as a community institution remained. Whether he believed in god or not was immaterial; what mattered was what he learned from the formation of St. John’s parish because it fostered his ardor to fight for the cause of the less powerful.103 The Hillsdale Klan burnings afforded Henry a first keen view of the far right and the threat of unchecked power. He was attentive to this in Bergen County, linking it to what he witnessed in 1931 Germany of the treatment of Jews, and remained alert to this his entire life.104 In observing how Teresa responded

---

101 Bush, op. cit.; Author correspondence with Francesca Moskowitz, emails July 2015.
102 Bush, op. cit.
103 This was the same drive that led Henry to buy season’s tickets by the dugout, once Jackie Robinson broke into the major leagues, so he could offer audible encouragement to Robinson against the wash of racist epithets raining down from the stands.
104 Our phone was tapped as part of Conintelpro / Herbert Hoover’s wide sweep which became Henry’s lesson to me on this retooled McCarthy-style witch hunt. One reason he may have come to FBI attention is due to his regular
to the Klan, Henry learned all he needed to set him on his path as a trade union and civil rights activist. This career to which he dedicated himself is the direct result of carrying in his mind’s eye examples of terrorism inflicted by neighbors, the fathers of his schoolmates, men to whom Henry said “good afternoon sir,” when skirting the round house to play in the Hillsdale rail yards and other favorite haunts.105

Similarly, Ersilia did not fail to grapple with the legacy of the Klan and she and Vincent made sure Francesca remembered the stories others preferred to cover over and forget. The Orfinis wanted their bright and inquisitive granddaughter to attend to the fact that there are always two histories that live side by side even if some do not acknowledge this to be so. Under their tutelage Francesca would become a leader in the preservation of these co-existent histories because despite what is left out of the recorded history, as Ralph Ellison opined, “our unwritten history looms as its obscure alter ego, and although repressed from our general knowledge of ourselves, it is always active in the shaping of events.”106 Quiet as it’s kept.

The highly secretive Second Ku Klux Klan was closed and silent about who formed its membership. At the same time it was also a boastful and proud body which was triumphant over Klan candidates elected to political office and knowingly undertook public acts that fomented a climate of deadly menace. The Second Ku Klux Klan may have been an amalgam of American reform traditions and nativist impulses misguided into blaming symptoms for the root causes of social transformation and an international industrial world spinning rapid-paced change. But this powerful mass movement of the far right drew the adherence of millions of otherwise ordinary

television calls to our local FBI headquarters. “FBI” an agent would say when answering to which provocateur Henry would reply “Oh good, just checking you’re on the job.” Was Henry seemingly influenced by the Rawson Boys?


white Protestants.\textsuperscript{107} And the same would occur a decade later in Italy and Germany, applauded by their kin in the American Klan, but with more devastating outcomes.\textsuperscript{108}

The subsequent silence about the KKK is more deafening. That may be derived from a true reassessment, or subsequent embarrassment, or even agreement with their tenets but understanding that to voice such now would be widely condemned. Whatever the reasons for this silence, we have people on both sides of this Bergen County, New Jersey story to thank for keeping pieces of it alive so that, as Melville might have it, a map to a true Hillsdale can be drawn. It may be useful to remember the Ku Klux Klan not simply for the legacy of terror they wrought, with which we Americans continue to wrestle, but for how their fires forged resistance in the next generations. Ersilia, Vincent, and Henry made of their lives a reply.

Aífe Murray is the author of Maid as Muse: How Servants Changed Emily Dickinson’s Life and Language (http://maidasmuse.com) and Art of Service (Em Press 1997); and created and led “Margaret Maher’s Amherst,” a public walking tour of the town as it was known to Emily Dickinson’s maids and laborers. Support for this essay was made possible by a research fellowship from the Gilder Lehrman Institute of American History. The author is grateful to Hank Murray and Elizabeth M. Saunders; to Francesca Moskowitz, Peggy Norris, and Joe Suplicki of the Pascack Historical Society and to Dave Franz and Laura Leonard of the Hillsdale Public Library; to New Jersey Studies editors and anonymous reviewers; and to Kathleen Blee, Jane Perry, Marjory Allen Perez, Michael Radetsky, Jim Rogers, and Susan Stern.
