

DREAD THE FED

A NOVEL

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Foreword

It is well enough that the people of this nation do not understand our banking and monetary system, for if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning.

~ Henry Ford

Contrary to widespread belief, the Federal Reserve Bank is not an agency of the government. The Federal Reserve Bank is a cartel of private banks that creates money out of nothing and profits obscenely at the expense of the taxpayer. For more than a century, the Federal Reserve Bank has successfully engaged in the most astounding sleight of hand and kept this simple truth concealed. *Dread the Fed* is a book that novelizes how the Federal Reserve was conceived in iniquity and born in sin.

In the early 20th century, there was an epic battle for control over the money of the United States. This struggle was, for the most part, clandestine and cleverly disguised by the Money Trust so that the people would not know that their sovereign power over the monetary system was being stolen.

One man, C. A. Lindbergh, Sr., recognized the true nature of the Federal Reserve Bank and sacrificed everything a man holds dear, to oppose the brazen effort by the Money Trust. Although the name Charles Lindbergh evokes images of the intrepid aviator who revolutionized flight, this book is about his father, Charles Lindbergh, Sr., a five-term Congressman from Minnesota.

Dread the Fed chronicles his quest to save the dollar from the diabolical clutches of the Money Trust. Much like Don Quixote, Lindbergh fights the unbeatable foe with an indomitable spirit and similar results.

Although Lindbergh believed that the economy was controlled by a small group known as the Money Trust who manipulated monetary system, others denied the existence of the Money Trust. At great personal risk, Representative Lindbergh proved that the Money Trust existed. Due to his insistence, Congress declared that there was “. . . a vast and growing concentration of control of money and credit in the hands of comparatively few men”

However, that was just the beginning.

In perhaps the most lopsided conflict since David took on Goliath, Lindbergh opposes the most powerful men on earth as they attempt to commit the perfect crime. The small town lawyer from rural Minnesota, combats powerful men like J. Pierpont Morgan, President Theodore Roosevelt, Otto Hermann Kahn, Senator Nelson Aldrich, Paul Warburg, and a mysterious stranger nicknamed Nitro. Their weapons of choice are fire, bribery, bullets, propaganda and poison. Despite a tumultuous marriage and an enigmatic relationship with a New York socialite, Lindbergh perseveres against treachery, deceit, suicide and secret meetings.

For more than a hundred years, the Fed has kept its true nature hidden in plain view. It has used the complexity of the monetary system to disguise or obfuscate the truth. Revelatory of the sleight of hand performed by the Fed is a statement made by then-chairman Alan Greenspan during testimony to the U.S. Congress. When one of the legislators remarked that he understood Greenspan’s testimony, the inscrutable Greenspan famously replied, “If you understood what I said, then I must have misspoken.”

Dread the Fed attempts to lift the shroud of secrecy by using the drama of story-telling and the tools of historical fiction. The basic facts related in *Dread the Fed* are historically accurate. The issues of a century ago should resonate with protestors today who complain

about the inordinate power of the 1%. Not much has changed in the last hundred years.

Before entering the labyrinth of our protagonist's life, the reader should know that prior to writing this book, I received a literary license to imagine, speculate, and create scenarios that may or may not have occurred, but that are within the realm of possibility. Many of the characters are based on real persons. Some of the characters are fictitious; others are used fictitiously. There are relationships, conversations and timing that have been created or connected for dramatic effect to enhance the impact of the story. None of these artifacts negate the essence of the drama surrounding the origins of the Federal Reserve Bank. When the actual words of an historical figure appear, they are italicized and referenced in the endnotes.

It is my sincere hope that *Dread the Fed* will teach valuable historic information, provide insight into the unique stranglehold the Fed has on the economy, and will inspire readers to delve more deeply into the complex nature of money and who controls the dollar.

To those who would say that the Fed has evolved to become a benign, indispensable part of the 21st century global economy, I would suggest that, at the very least, the Fed is an opaque enigma. Whether the Fed today is a government/private hybrid or mutant is for the people to decide.

I leave you to enjoy *Dread the Fed* with the words of the Apostle Luke:

There is nothing concealed that will not be revealed, nor secret that will not be known. Therefore whatever you have said in darkness will be heard in the light, and what you have whispered behind closed doors will be proclaimed on the housetops.

Luke 12: 2-3

Happy reading,
Frank Amoroso,
Wilmington, North Carolina
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Opening

NYC 1910

It's amazing how much you can learn about a person when you follow them around for a week. She had been assigned to tail the Congressman from Minnesota during his stay in New York City. Her mistress, Lady Anne, as she called her, had instructed her to learn if he had any unsavory habits. "This man is a great danger to my father. I need to know where he goes and what his weaknesses are. You are my little street urchin. You are street smart; you know how to handle yourself."

He was a tall fellow in his forties whose lean build was, no doubt, the result of his penchant for walking. Much to the dismay of her tender feet, she learned of his fondness for walking on the first day of her assignment. He rode the City's splendid underground train system only as a last resort. He favored Manhattan's filthy streets, often tramping through mud or slush or worse. By the end of the day her dogs were barking. From that day forward, she wore sturdy boots.

Even though he rarely did the same thing two days in a row, he did have a routine. He left the Waldorf Astoria Hotel every morning at 7:30 A. M. and walked to Grand Central Station where he ordered a bagel and a cup of coffee, no cream, no sugar. He ate standing up while he watched the crowds stream into Manhattan like so many ants. He would then do his research, alternating between the Astor in lower Manhattan or the Lenox library on the Upper East Side.

When Lady Anne gave her this task, the girl had imagined daring adventures; trailing the mark from a dangerous rendezvous on the waterfront, to a soiree at a private club in the Silk Stocking District, to an illegitimate gambling parlor in Greenwich Village. The reality was quite the opposite. On most days, she was so bored that she would have traded places with prisoners in solitary confinement. On more