

17 AUG 05. Dear Chad: Many thanks for your letter of AUG 14th, with the great Old Norse greeting! I had hoped to find work in Sweden after I got kicked out of the USA, but I made the mistake of telling my parents that I would be leaving Peru for Sweden, so the zoggies barred me from working by stamping my visa with a big, ugly red notice that I was not to work, when I arrived in Stockholm. My appeals failed, so I had to move on before my small savings ran out. It is scary when one is not allowed to work where one lives. When I came to Brownest Yakima, I found the same situation because of Mexican competition, & I nearly wound up on the streets here, as I would have done in Stockholm, had I gone broke. As it was, I was within a week of losing my apartment, for lack of income. At that point, I was able to find a part-time, minimum-wage job as a parking attendant, a few years before The Yakima Mall closed. Well, I got the job just in time & found another job before that employer went bankrupt. Then I got one more job, which lasted almost a year, before they left for India. Now, I exist on Social Security, food stamps & subsidized housing, thanks be to ZOG. Now, the whole U.S. economy is about to collapse, so it all proves that 'security' exists only in the mind. As an aside, I can look at a prison life as a guaranteed bare minimum of food, clothing & shelter, which is a situation which does not apply to those on the outside. In fact, hard times on the outside often prompt people to commit crimes which will get them "3 hots & a flop" on the inside. It also prompts people to enlist in ZOG-forces for the same benefits: food, clothing & shelter. The Italian soldiers were accused of being such low-grade mercenary types, but I knew lots of U.S. citizens who wanted to enlist in the U.S. Army for the same benefits. My Uncle was one such, who spent lots of the 1930s Depression in semi-hibernation. With no money, one could not afford to eat, so even walking around to see the scenery was energy-consuming. In the 1930s he therefore tried to enlist in the U.S. Army, as his schoolmates had done, but he'd broken a little toe when he played football & the little toe had not set straight, so he was deemed "unfit" for the Army. His 'lucky' school buddies all went to the Philippines. In 1941, they took part in The Bataan Death March, so most did not survive World War II. So my Uncle was saved by a crooked toe! That is the reverse of the old story: for want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; for want of a horse, the message was lost; for want of the message the battle was lost. But, the crooked toe no longer kept him out of the Army after Pearl Harbor, so he was stationed in Britain where he worked on aircraft maintenance for the U.S. Army Air Force, the predecessor of the U.S. Air Force. Like so many veterans of The Great Depression & World War II, the war was a boost to their egos, as well as their bellies, for they felt that they were doing something important; they were young & hopeful, & they felt themselves a part of something much bigger than they were. War was an adventure for youths who longed for something beyond hunger, poverty & boredom. The same could be said for U.S. youths of 1913, who later volunteered for the U.S. military when the U.S. entered World War I. This was true of the boys who volunteered for the U.S. Army in The Spanish American War & the much longer Moro Rebellion in the Philippines which followed.

What is 'hope'? Hope is primarily ignorance + anticipation of good or better things in the future, including adventure & accomplishments. Youth is generally hopeful, for young people assume there will be lots of life ahead, with abundant opportunities & possibly great achievements, depending on one's ambitions. I have therefore not been disappointed by my own experiences, so far, & I look forward to more fulfilling & possibly exciting experiences. Every day is like a gift, a precious gem of many facets, which a fortunate person, like me, can appreciate, so I am rich in many ways, without money or property.

Hope includes imagination about the future. Life (experience) shows us how our projections of the future, our imagination thereof, are true or false, better or worse than we'd hoped. On the other hand, hope has its opposite: fear. As with hope, we may anticipate things which may or may not occur, & which may be better or worse than what we had imagined. In regard to fears, I can say that I've had very few: joblessness & starvation were the big fears for me. Prospects of death in accidents or civil wars just meant that I'd no longer need to worry about being jobless & hungry! The fact that these were my fears, meant that I did everything possible to avoid them, & I have largely succeeded. Fear never spoiled my quest for freedom & adventure, since this quest included finding interesting jobs in interesting places. So it is that, were my life to end this minute, I would have no regrets, & I would hope that others could be so fortunate.

2) What young people in North America seem to lack is a major goal beyond immediate consumption, which is mainly passive, rather than active. Play can & should be active. As kids, we used to explore our neighborhoods, which included hills, fields & parks. A younger fellow who grew up in a town in Canada, & who still lives near his hometown, wrote that he sees no kids outside, playing, hiking, swimming & exploring. Of course, one reason is that there are very few White kids any more, but those few are glued to TV & computer screens, instead of exercising their minds & bodies in the real world, which includes interaction with real people. As one writer opined: we are becoming a society of hermit-nerds & escapist couch-potatoes. One reason for that is that people really do lack leisure time. Previously, a few generations ago, people had time for community groups, such as churches, lodges, volunteer fire departments, &c. Now, most people are running around from home to daycare, to job, to shopping to daycare, travelling at great & growing expense to cover great distances created by our automobile culture. Naturally, if men could earn enough to support wives at home, there would be no need for daycare, but wages have dropped so that man & wife must work to live the so-called American Dream of a car & a house in the suburbs. When the jew-rulers of Hungary lowered men's wages, so that mothers would have to work, the Hungarians knew that would destroy the family, & they revolted! Thanks to U.S. assistance, the Red rascals won, but here in The Land of ZOG, working women are considered privileged, & mothers are discouraged from raising their own children. As in the former USSR, the ZOG wants strangers to raise the kids, not parents. Yet, wise parents are sacrificing so that one can stay at home, & home-schooling is a growing trend, for wise parents know that schools are carriers of disease, violence & degeneracy, but very little useful education. My public schooling in California resembled prison experience, even to the extent that we were forbidden to talk during lunch period in elementary school! In junior & senior high, Black & mestizo gangs became obnoxious, in the 1950s. I had to arrange bus travel to San Fernando High School, because bicycle theft & vandalism were rampant. Had there been no Black & spic gangs, I could have ridden my bike to & from school, as I had in junior high, although bikes were being damaged & stolen there, too. Here's a time capsule: When I had bikes in San Fernando of the 1940s & 1950s, we were required to have bicycle licences. Yes! Now, the cops have no time to enforce such laws, for they are too busy watching out for themselves. That's how race matters. Nowadays, the bike may be stolen & the rider an illegal alien, armed with an illegal weapon.

Well, I'm sorry that young people lived the way you described in your insightful letter. I guess I was different, for I wanted to travel the world, beginning with South America, the day I saw a map of North & South America, when I was 8 years old. That seems to run in my family, since my great grandfather had run off to sea when he was barely 12! Thus did I want to be an explorer, while my schoolmates wanted to become gas station attendants, so they could afford to run the hotrods they hoped to get. In other words, I was a self-directed & self-motivated fellow, from birth to the present. U.S. Army studies report that fewer than 1 out of 20 people have such initiative, for most are content to do what others do, without question. That's why young people need guidance & racially-constructive goals, just as birds seem to need some lessons from their parents on how to fly. Our problem is that parents are often children themselves, & they don't know any better than their kids. That's just the way ZOG wants it! People who can think are 'dangerous', for they may not believe all the lies they are told. Oy veh!

As you acquire knowledge & experience, just as I do now, you will have those important items to pass on to those who need them. You will become educated, & thereby an educator, in the real sense of the word. I will try to get others to correspond with you so you all can share your thoughts & observations, like a symposium or meeting by mail. As always, I urge others to network, rather than hiding grains of knowledge, which should be passed on. We must, eventually, root out the American disease of "me-me-me" in the healthy spirit of "We-we-we". Only then can we build the essential communities for our own survival. This is something we can do right now. People are already doing this, big time, on the Internet, which is our best weapon in defeating the monopoly of the jewsmedia. Example: it took 50 years to catch mere glimmers of the truth behind Pearl Harbor, but ZOG's "weapons of mass-destruction" lie was unmasked within weeks, if not days. Those who object to the Iraq war cite this lie in their arguments, thanks to the Internet. This has revolutionary potential. AS one truthful professor said: "We are all self-educated." It's also called "lifelong learning". Truth is infinitely divisible, for what we learn, we can pass on, & still keep what we have. All the best. DOWZ! & ORION! *Eric*