

1 SEP 05. Dear Chad, or I should say, Hail Chad! It was great to receive your letter of AUG 29th. Congratulations on your happy childhood, which I can understand was the result of your White community, including the cops who played tag with you. In such a small town, I'm sure they would be able to recognize your 'biker gang' on sight, so if they really wanted to catch any of you, they probably knew where you lived, & would be parked in front of your homes. As you say, it was fun. It is interesting that your first mud problems were in public school, with so-called Indians. Here in Brownest Yakima, the Mexicans cause the Yakama Indians problems. That's why the Injuns kicked the spics out of the White Swan school, because it's on tribal land & the tribe is "sovereign". Whites are not sovereign, but slaves, so gang-bangers cannot be made to disappear so easily from our tax-funded schools, even if they are illegal aliens &/or children of illegal aliens. ZOG has spoken. When Californians sensibly tried to pass a law forbidding illegal aliens from living off public services, in-cluding schools, welfare & hospitals, ONE ZOG judge said the will of the people was "unconstitutional," so the law was nullified, despite its passage by the voters. That's why aliens have rights & citizens have duties, as I learned after my return to this Land of ZOG.

The mainly Black & mestizo looters televised in flooded New Orleans would have been shot on sight as a matter of routine, as looters were shot after the 1905 earthquake in San Francisco. I'm not sure when looters were shot after that disaster, perhaps the Watts riots in L.A. in 1965, but not after that, to my knowledge. Public order has been sacrificed to looters' rights.

I had two grandmothers whom I knew quite well, but my grandfathers I never met, due to their premature deaths. My American grannie was from North Carolina & my Scottish grannie was from Edinburgh. She grew up in the slums of The Royal Mile, where her father was a drunken tailor, rather than the proverbial drunken sailor. Since her family had very little money, she apparently lived on tea & toast, so she was a tiny woman. Her two children were born in the USA, under somewhat better circumstances, so they were 5' 10" & 6' 1" respectively, owing to a better diet. I saw the same growth amongst the Japanese, whose diet after World War II included more meat & milk, so the younger Japanese were always bumping their heads on the low doorways. If you stood next to a door, you'd learn many Japanese swear words, as a result. Little Grannie, as we called her, in distinction to Big Grannie, told me of her experience of the British Empire in the time of Queen Victoria. She recalled the cavalry known as The Scots Greys leaving their barracks for The Boer War in South Africa in the 1890s. Imagine hearing that from a person who saw it firsthand! That's why I value learning from older people, for they extend my life into the past, just as younger people extend my life in the present. Other people's experiences broaden one's life, & if you listen with a critical ear, you can learn things to avoid, which have brought them grief, & would bring you grief, likewise, if you behaved similarly. My father taught me not to smoke, for he was always coughing & complaining about his smoking addiction. He never had to tell me not to smoke, as a result, but he didn't drink, so I was spared a drunken dad. Mom neither smoked nor drank, & neither of them cussed, so that was not a habit in my family, either. I can use a salty swear word when I deem it appropriate, but not often. For example, I do not use "fuck" as an adjective, as in, "Pass the fuckin' potatoes." I am used to "Pass the potatoes, please." Sometimes I find myself using an expletive, usually in German, for some reason which I cannot fathom.

But back to Scotland & the British Empire. Little Grannie told me that workingclass boys & sometimes girls would attend elementary school until the 6th grade. That was it! Girls would take jobs until they got married & boys would learn a trade. If a boy (never a girl) were unruly in school, he'd be expelled & put into a trade school right off, & if he were still unruly, he'd find himself as an apprentice in The Royal Navy, on a hulk anchored in the wild sea off the coast of Scotland. Victorian schools were real bible-nuts, for they never spared the rod, but gave their young charges hearty whacks with a cane for any conduct deemed misbehavior. The same was done in the USA at that time, as in the old song, "School Days", in which a hickory stick assisted the learning of "reading, writing & 'rithmetic", as applied to the students' seats of learning, their butts. Corporal (bodily) punishment was the fashion throughout The British Empire. When I was a colonial civil servant in Rhodesia, there was a judge nicknamed Old Six & Six, for his usual sentence was "six months hard labor & six cuts of the cane" on the convicts' backs. The rougher the school, the more severe were the whacks. The Royal Navy routinely subjected apprentices to the lash. Talk about The School of Hard Knocks! There were also informal ways in which instructors got the boys' attention, by blows

2) to the ears & swift kicks in the behinds. Now, if a boy were still unruly, he'd be kicked out of the Navy & put in the British Army. Then he'd be sent to some hellhole in The Empire, such as The Sudan or Afghanistan, or fighting The Boers in South Africa. The natives were not very friendly in those parts & diseases were often worse, so a career in the British Army was often short. In fact, it was nasty, brutish & short. As Kipling wrote about the Brits' Afghan campaigns: "When you're left wounded on Afghanistan's plains, & the women are coming to carve up your remains, roll over to your rifle & blow out your brains, & go to your god like a soldier." In our own Indian wars, the Whites would suffer the same torture at the hands of the squaws, so our motto was "Save the last bullet for yourself." Those are wise words. That's why I told my troops in Africa, "We never surrender," & I meant it. Now, if a boy were unruly in the Army, he'd be sent to prison, & if he were still unruly, he'd go to the gallows. After that, he would never be unruly again, poor rascal! I therefore recommend Kipling's works,

Joseph Conrad & Jack London, as well as Mark Twain. I consider those writers to be my intellectual contemporaries, although they were born around 100 years before me, since I lived pretty much as they did, visited the same places by ship as they did, travelled overland by train, horse, mule & even camel as they would have done in the 19th century. I never set out to be a time-traveller, but it sure worked out that way, I am privileged to say.

As I gathered, Thomas Chittum, author of the excellent book, "Civil War Two", served a stint in the Rhodesian Army, after his service in Vietnam. As the Brits would say, his book is "spot on", for he has been correct in all his predictions about the factors which are leading up to the break up of the USA & Civil War Two. I have congratulated him on his comprehension of Realpolitik, as opposed to ZOG-propaganda. He agrees with me that neither of us like to be right in our predictions, but truth exists, whether we like it or not.

Thanks for letting me know that you received my mailing of many essays, &c. I'm glad the zoggies let you have them, & they are most welcome to read them. As a journalist, I have no secrets, & I pass along all information I receive, usually after I've read & analyzed it. I am thus actively pursuing the career which was so rudely interrupted by the ZOG, which confiscated my doctoral dissertation on Peru in 1969, much to my surprise. That's how I wound up in Rhodesia, in the middle of their civil war, "for reasons of health." I also went to Colombia, during their 300 year old civil war, to escape the Judeo-American ratrace. What a relief that was! The occasional bombs & bullets were nothing, compared to the stress of the ratrace. Colombia is where I learned to relax & not worry about things over which I had no control. In Rhodesia, when I was assigned to take charge of a district as civil administrator, I routinely flipped a coin every morning with my assistant to see which one of us would drive the Landrover over the dirt airstrip to check for landmines. Savitri Devi wrote in a letter that I must be a "karma-yogi", meaning one who trusts his life entirely to fate. Had I known of a safer, quicker way to check the airstrip for landmines, I'd have done it, but our time was limited, & the job had to be done every morning, in case a plane needed to land, as often happened. One day, my assistant was driving the Landrover just in front of the plane as it was preparing to land! That was pretty hairy. I told my visitor, the District Commissioner, that we had decided to check the airstrip again, when we received the radio message that he was going to visit us that morning. There's nothing like a snappy delivery of bullshit in a military manner, complete with a salute, in the 'proper' British style. It's all a matter of keeping tongue in cheek, while maintaining a stiff upper lip, old chap. Ha! After such experiences, I sometimes consider the possibilities of what could have happened, such as being shot or blown up on a daily basis or even hourly. The good news is that explosives & bullets are non-habit-forming, so one is usually enough for a person. A properly aimed round from a standard military rifle will kill instantly. The one who is fatally hit will not hear the snap of the bullet, nor the sound of the gunshot, for the ammo is super-sonic. So is a properly laid mine which one drives over: there is a shock & then it's lights out, so that's more good news. Well, enough nostalgia. Thanks for the Kraft durch Freude & the 88! As a White Nationalist, I sign off with ORION! (Our Race Is Our Nation!)

Mr. Chad Walton #783859
Unit 6, Tier D, Cell 05
Washington State Penitentiary
1313 North 13th Avenue
Walla Walla, WA 99362



P.S.: I'll let people know you'd like to correspond with others, & I hope they will oblige with more food for thought.