

11-11-05. Hail D.R.! It was great to receive yours of NOV 6th, as we celebrate "The War to End War". I remind people that we should not call President Wilson a liar, so there have been no wars since 1918. Maybe we could call them "tiffs", as per Monty Python's "Yellow Beard." How come the former "police action" of Korea is now called "The Korean War"? I recall that The Vietnam Debacle was not initially called a war, either, but a "conflict", if I remember correctly. Perhaps it was an "intervention". Well, it's now called "The Vietnam War." Iraq, the quagmire thereof, has long been called a war, without Congress declaring it as such, in terms of the once-important U.S. Constitution.

In regard to privatization & globalization, I quote from www.theinternationalforecaster.com's Train Wreck of the Week by Bob Chapman:

Max Boot, a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, which we've written about before, urged the creation of a mercenary army called the Freedom Legion in order to offset diminishing recruitment numbers to pursue permanent revolution and the neocon version of global democratic revolution. He wants to open recruitment to illegal aliens and foreigners so that if we had revolution in America these foreigners would think nothing of killing us, whereas the elitist know 80% of American troops would not shoot their fellow citizens. US citizenship would be offered as an inducement. There are currently 37,500 foreign nationals from over 200 countries currently serving in the armed forces.

Re the French multicultural racial mess: Those who deny there is a ZOG World Program should consider the changes in immigration policy which all seem to have occurred in predominantly White countries in 1965. Suddenly, such countries as Canada, the USA et al. approved immigration from non-White countries. In the USA, the "melting pot" concept propagated ^{by} the jew-supremacist, Israel Zangwill, was one of assimilation of the alien into the "American mainstream", in regard to lifestyle, but mainly in regard to fluency in English! But around 1965, we suddenly began to hear of "diversity" & "multiculturalism". It suddenly became all right to be a U.S. citizen with his own language & culture, just as it was all right if one had entered the country illegally & was not a citizen. Everyone could be an "American", just by residing within U.S. territory, legally or illegally! Being unable to speak English was 'no problem', for anyone could be an "American", regardless of language & social institutions. In other words, FEDZOGUSA adopted the same policy which is now going 'prompt critical' in France: "You are in France, therefore you are French, whoever you may think you are!" Sun Tzu would see the inclusion of large numbers of aliens who remain alien on French territory as invasion & colonization, which idiots & criminals choose to call "immigration". Likewise could the French invaders & colonizers of Africa be deemed "immigrants" also! So don't call us Europeans "imperialists", but "immigrants"! As a former colonial civil servant in Africa, I see the reversal of the imperial tides. As soon as the wogs & nignogs got their countries back, they began to invade & colonize ours. It is a matter of demography, not philology.

As you say, it is ludicrous that the French implement U.S.-style 'solutions' to their problem of Afro-Moslem colonization, but jewsradio has mentioned several times that the French must now adopt "affirmative action hiring", so the French may be displaced from their jobs as well as from their former territory. Europe does not have the space for such games. As you say, & as Hitler said before you, North America's vast territory affords government & citizens, as well as denizens, space & resources for movement, so that problems may be fled, rather than confronted, for an indefinite time. Europe is more densely-populated than China, if one figures on a person per acre basis. Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at once in Europe, or anywhere else, even if "Americans" are not aware of that. In chemistry, "heat" was defined as molecular motion, in which molecules bump into one another. This can be achieved via oxidation (fire) &/or compression (forcing the molecules into a tight space where they bump into one another). France has finite space & finite resources, so packing more aliens therein is apt to generate lots of demographic 'heat', as we now see. How does one cool such a situation? To put out a fire, it is necessary to remove the heat, the fuel or the oxygen. Water can do all 3 jobs, under proper conditions. Perhaps the firehoses should be turned on the wog rioters, as well as their molotov cocktail targets. One could remove the wogs themselves, preferably from France & Europe, &/or deprive them of the means of remaining, that is, cut off their welfare. The thing NOT to do with a fire is to throw more gasoline on it, & the thing to do with riotous wogs is NOT to reward them for their misbehavior. As an experienced firefighter, I've never seen a liberal attempt to 'waffle out' a fire with b.s., nor do I think that such use of euphemisms

2) can quell a demographic conflagration, which will only worsen under present circumstances. Surrender will make it even worse. I believe the proper word is "appeasement", which anti-ZOG forces should rub into our opponents' faces at every opportunity. Napoleon would prescribe "a whiff of grapeshot." Maybe it will take another Corsican to pacify France, since the French seem incapable of the task. The Jew, "Marx," opined that the British Empire would be destroyed from its colonies. Well, it may be that the ZOG's empire will be destroyed from Europe. That would be a refreshing surprise, & none too soon.

Many thanks for your questions in regard to my unplanned retirement. I needed to think about it, but there is nobody able to address such matters here. Recent retirees where I live are just as surprised or as clueless as I was, when I first discovered that I was enjoying a paid vacation, thanks be to ZOG! I should add that I am also aware that I am doing my Anti-Zionist duty by milking the ZOG for all I can get, even though my victories are small in this current war of attrition. So far, I'm winning. Imagine yourself suddenly jobless, while being supplied with every necessity, including medical care, for which you pay a minimum, based on your income, or you don't pay at all! Imagine how you would arrange every day: You could sleep as long & as often as you want, eat whenever you want, walk around & just goof off. One could go bar- or movie-hopping, but my cash income would not support such recreational activities. In other words, I am an 'impaired consumer'. Perhaps I could attend an A.A. meeting, if I could find one, where I could announce that "I'm a wannabe alcoholic, but I lack the funds to buy sufficient beer to get drunk, so could any of you see your way clear?" How can I join the A.A. if I can't afford to be an alcoholic? The horror, the horror. It's about as bad as when I was working: no money available for recreational vices. The lesson is clear: poverty does not lead one into vice, but vice can lead one into poverty, provided he starts with enough money to buy the booze, drugs & rent the broads.

Aside from lack of money, I never lived like a rich man until now, for I am my own boss. I let my body clock govern my behavior, like Edison, for I can work & sleep around the clock, if I choose. When I had to work for a living, my job always interfered with my chosen job, which is what I do now: correspondence. I do not eat by the clock, but when I'm hungry, so I actually eat less than I did when I was coping with an alien work schedule. The recreational walking I now have time for has increased my energy & my stamina, so I literally take in stride distances which used to be tiring, when I had to work for a living. The bane of retirement is boredom, provided one is in good health. I know geezers who have worked all their lives, & they lack things to keep them busy. I would like to be lazy, just to bask in leisure, like a cat on a warm windowledge, but I like to be active, even if only mentally. What many of my codger colleagues lack is a fondness for mental activity, which I enjoy, as well as my physical activity. Classical music, ideas, information & correspondence, for lack of cogent conversation, have always appealed to me, while others merely vegetate. One thing which I notice ^{are} the pleasant vistas which I never had time to appreciate when I was rushing to & from work. This area is really not bad to look at, provided one slows down to enjoy the views. In sum, I've never had it so good, & I feel no remorse. It is a victory which I am only beginning to savor, so thanks for helping me to appreciate it.

As you say, we should enjoy good things while we can, for changes are coming, fast. We must be alert & adaptable, as well as prepared, if possible. I strive to be prepared by learning what is coming down the track. Yes, there's a light at the end of the tunnel, but it also has a whistle!

Re want ads: I heard, as a civil servant, that job advertisements were really just formalities, for the occupant for the vacant position had already been chosen, but the department was required to advertise it anyway. I have concluded from my experience with want ads that this may be the case in private companies, as well as in the civil service. It's who you know that counts, in the job market.

In my experience, as well as that of others, computer-related jobs seem to be very flighty. One commentator wrote that "any job on a computer is one which can go to India." That's where my last computer-related job went. Job stability & job security appear to be things of the past. I don't think that one is doing something wrong which results in his joblessness. It really appears that there are not that many jobs! I was lucky to find jobs to my liking, as a wanderer, without which, I could not have wandered. I could not do today what I was able to do in 1961, for the entire job picture has changed, worldwide, except for such careers as banditry, smuggling & piracy. "Avast there, ye lubbers. Those are my pieces of eight!" Or, one could sign up as a merc... It is oppressive to work amid the zombies you describe, & the lowlife bosses, in accompaniment with tedious, trivial tasks.

3) I've experienced such working environments since my return to the Jewnighted States, but I still had some aspects of the life of the mind to offset my dismal coolie jobs. I did not notice it at first, but my typewriter has been a much better companion than most of my co-workers & acquaintances in Brownest Yakima. I prefer to be free of tedious company, especially since my correspondents are so interesting, topical & relevant! As you say, when the prospect of work is so disturbing that it interferes with one's sleep, it's time to consider moving on. I was lucky to know where I could move, but now, I do not know, for the jobs I am willing to take are now taken by spics. As you have noticed, there are stupid businessmen. One whom I worked for here was so greedy that he lost all his tenants in our downtown shopping Mall, which is now vacant, except for two renters, going on five years, as an aging, shabby eyesore covering two city blocks.

I curtailed the practice of lending any money to co-workers. It becomes a bad habit. Gradually, the amounts borrowed become greater & greater, beyond their ability to return within a pay period. On payday, the borrower returns the \$5, & borrows it again the next day. I know the racket, so I am always "broke" when they come with their tales of woe. As you say, the spics are waiting in the wings to take over the jobs, if the workers ever want an increase in their meager wages.

Your observation on the blindness of Whites to nigger depredations occurring right in front of them is one big reason we are losing this race war. May they wake up, is my hope. I would not wish to sell any life insurance to Bush #2, but I agree that as long as the Zionists want him around to do their bidding, he'll stay in office. Maybe they will let him get so bad, that the sheeple will stampede in favor of the Red Queen, Hillary.

The mental casualties of the Iraq War are coming home to roost, as you foresee, along with the hardened vets who have learned the name of the game, & who won't hesitate to use their knowledge at the first opportunity. It's definitely wise to avoid the flying pieces as Amerizog comes asunder. So where do we go? If you remember "The Poseidon Adventure", in which an ocean liner capsizes, one group of passengers is walking down, into the partially sunken ship, while the other group struggles upward, toward survival, because they have chosen the right leader, as well as the right idea. That describes our future, but now, I see only people going the wrong way & following the wrong leaders.

In regard to postwar inflation in the USA, wartime scarcity meant that workers did not spend their earnings on such things as cars & houses, but when such items became available, their prices had gone up. The capitalist criminals used "supply & demand" as their excuse. It was the postwar inflation which caused people to borrow, so as to buy things they needed, since their wages & savings had lost purchasing power after the 1930's, when money was scarce. The banksters put more money into circulation via war industries, which resulted in more dollars chasing fewer goods & services. Sure, it was a racket, for inflation is theft.

My war with the army was successfully concluded, with my victory. Upon my graduation with a B.A. degree from Berkeley, University of California, I could not obtain a passport, nor a career-related job, because I had not "fulfilled my military obligation." I could go back to college, if I'd had the funds, but I was sick of school, after 16 years of it. I could have taken part-time, coolie jobs, until I got drafted, & maybe I could have stayed out of the military until I was too old to draft, but once I saw what the game was, I enlisted to get the best possible deal I could. My assignment was Army Security Agency & my MOS was that of German interpreter. Then there was the matter of us wearing Bundeswehr uniforms, while speaking German, one fine day in sunny California. I realized that I was getting into the spook business, which I wanted no part of, so I made our company commander an offer he couldn't refuse: either I get an honorable discharge, or I go to the world press. The army accepted my offer & we parted on cool, but polite terms, I, with my General Discharge under Honorable Conditions. The 17 months of service entitled me to the G.I. Bill of Rights (Cold War), which enabled me to take graduate courses, when I returned to the USA after my world travels. I caught a glimpse of my personnel file, in which I was complimented as being "determined & dangerous." I checked it again, to make sure that my name was on that file. Those words gave me cause for reflection, & I knew that I was sofiercely in need of my freedom that I was prepared to do anything to get it. That victory was, & still is sweet! I won my freedom & I made the most of it, in the years to come, after that first battle of wits. Thanks for renewing those happy memories, so I shall conclude with a definite & determined DOWZ!

All the Best! E.T.