



NOW 1.5 MILLION!

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DEC 06. Dear Michael: Many thanks for your outstanding letters of 14 & 18 DEC 06 + well-selected enclosures! How quickly things change, & I hope they will change for the better, despite the minions of talmudic animosity. Yes, I would like to know what is defined as "White supremacist activity," for I've never seen any, to my knowledge, so I'd like to know what it is if I ever see any. I'll be on the lookout, however, & let you know what may fall into that mysterious category, ZOG willing, of course. I did notice a fellow standing on a corner, who suddenly gave a snappy fascist salute. What a disappointment it was to discover that he was hailing a taxi. Oy veh! Maybe we have Nazi taxis in Brownest Yakima: mobile gas vans. Certainly, there is ample evidence here of a secret holocaust: The evidence in the railroad yard was absolutely convincing. The yard was littered with empty hypodermic syringes & empty beer & wine bottles. Nobody & no rolling-stock was anywhere to be seen. This means that the victims had all been injected with beer & wine, & in a comatose state, were loaded into boxcars & hauled off to the extermination center. The talmudic formula is clear: No bodies + no boxcars = Holocaust! I have also seen clothing, cooking utensils, &c. in thrift shops which testify to the existence of their former owners, now gassed.

I shall send the original of your letter to Joni Aiyeku, with copies to John & you, while retaining one for my records, incase you need more copies. The monkey business with your Central File shows malicious intent on the part of your zoggies. I shall send a copy to Kay Wilson-Kirby, as you stated.

It seems that your zoggies are suffering from paranoid delusions, fostered by the CI snitch's own twisted imagination, so I suggest they get therapy for relief of their conspiracy complexes. One thing I learned in geometry was to accept only what was given, & not read more into a statement, based on suspicion or wishful-thinking. Nor do I exert my imagination overly much in attempts to fathom motives behind people's words & deeds. The motives are usually deduced from the context, especially in regard to con-artists. When one deals with jews, their rule is usually: Gut the Goy, in as many ways as possible, so we should not be surprised at their behavior. Been there, had that done to me, too many times. Your unpleasant experiences confirm my view of the tribe, in every way.

I'm glad to read that you received my notice of Nielsen's move from the address you gave me. It seems as if I inadvertantly mailed you a duplicate of something in the same envelope, according to your zoggies' notification. I wonder what that could be. So far, no specific description of the item has been forthcoming.

Yes, we need to know all about edible wild plants, so we don't make a poison ivy salad or some such. Talk about an 'adventure in eating!'

ADL abolition of our 1st Amendment will occasion certain changes in our behavior when words are punishable, like deeds. ZOG's refusal to define "terrorism" leaves all of us open to persecution, for there is likewise no definition of things a "terrorist" would say. If someone says he is a member of Al Qaida, that would label him as a "terrorist," unless he is a zoggie, who we must denounce to the ZOG in any case, for our own protection. I shall attempt to send you the White Christmas flier again. I doubt that your zoggies would object to a Black Christmas flier, especially one soliciting gifts to foreign Blacks.

A correspondent sends me occasional downloads from the Newhall, CA, Signal, the newspaper where I worked as cub reporter when I was in high school. The editor/publisher ran the ancient flatbed press in The Signal shack which was next to the former Newhall railroad station, which served as an onion storage shed. Even so, one could feel the hot breath of the locomotives as they raised steam for the upgrade with their long, heavy freight consists. The editor wore greasy, ink-spattered levis, ink-spattered cowboy boots, an ink-spattered & smeared cowboy hat & tried to smoke the slimiest hand-rolled cigarettes he chose to lick. He used kitchen matches to relight them, by striking them on the rump of his levis. He wasn't so much a chain-smoker as a chain-lighter of his disgusting smokes. It was good that the printer's ink was not more flammable, for if his pants had caught on fire, some might have said that he was a liar! He was a corrupting influence on my journalistic principles, for he insisted that I report that the brides were "beautiful," their gowns "stunning," &c., despite my objections that I'd be editorializing the news. This was my introduction to the glamorous career of news reporting, which was somewhat different from the versions depicted by Hebrewood, not very far down the railroad line from Newhall. The only similarities were that The Signal had a printing press, an editor & a reporter, who also had a typewriter! Unlike "The Daily Planet," The Signal showed only modest signs of success, so my early journalistic career was a paragon of modesty. Lucky for you that you know "some important people." Good Yule! DOWZ! & ORION!

Ed