

12 SEP 08

Hail T.R.: Thanks for your letter of 6 SEP 08. Unfortunately, your zoggies may have stolen the 5 postage stamps you said you enclosed, but that won't interfere with our correspondence. ZOG = Zionist (jew supremacist) Occupation Government.

My desire to live outside the USA originated when I was 8 years old, & I saw a map of South America in my elementary schoolroom in San Fernando, California, which is semi-desert, with dry riverbeds. I read the map indications, & saw that there was lots of green, lush jungle & water in ALL the rivers, all year 'round. So, I decided that I would visit The Amazon. I therefore took every opportunity to prepare myself for that visit. I read about Latin American history & geography; read National Geographics; read books by explorers; studied Spanish & Portuguese in high school & college, where I graduated with a degree in Latin American studies. In summers I earned money fighting fires for The U.S. Forest Service, with help from my workingclass parents. In the U.S. Army I studied German, since I could not study Spanish or Portuguese. In 1961 I worked for an insurance company in San Francisco, & I managed to save \$100 a month for my expedition to The Amazon. With help from an acquaintance in that company, I got a job in Colombia, South America, as an English teacher. Colombia is on The Amazon, which I saw from Leticia in 1963. My goal had been achieved, & I was not disappointed. For 2 years I taught English in Cali & Palmira. I rode trains of 1890 vintage & wood-burning paddlewheel steamboats of the 1850s, so I travelled in place & in time, to a great extent. In Colombia I earned 1/2 as much as I did in the USA, but I still saved \$100 a month, with which I travelled to Europe. I always travel in search of work, so I was not a tourist, ever. I found a job in Barcelona, Spain, where I worked from 1964 to 1966. The money I saved from that job took me, by ship, from France to Egypt, thence to India. Since I found no work there, I went on to Sri Lanka, Singapore, Bangkok, Manila, Hong Kong & Kobe, where I found work as an English teacher in Hiroshima. I left Hiroshima because I did not like the yakuza (gangsters) who were my employers. I boarded the Sakura Maru in Kobe & sailed to Hawaii, thence to San Pedro, California. I got another job teaching in Durango, Mexico. When I learned that I qualified for a scholarship under The Cold War G.I. Bill, I returned to San Francisco & studied International Relations at San Francisco State College (now University). I earned a B.A. & M.A. in the field from 1967 to 1968, when student riots made it difficult to study there. My faculty members approved my plan to work on a doctoral dissertation in Peru, where a military junta had recently taken over the government, so I flew to Lima. As a graduate student, I needed an excuse for asking questions, so I got a job as freelance journalist for OIGA Magazine, Peru's equivalent of TIME or NEWSWEEK. That allowed me to interview Premier Montagne, the head of the military junta. In 1969 I received a letter from S.F. State inviting me to participate in a Latin American Task Force. Hoping to score brownie points with my faculty, I packed my research materials & flew to L.A. International Airport, where the zoggies seized my U.S. passport & all my material. I spent the night in the airport lounge to await the arrival of more material in my unaccompanied baggage. When I went to claim it, I found the suitcase to be empty. At that point I was arrested by two polite FBI agents, Morneau & Mason, according to their business cards. I was taken to the "Justice" Building in Los Angeles, where I was photographed & fingerprinted, then released on my own recognizance, & allowed to fly to S.F. to keep my faculty appointment. When I met Professor Simpson, who'd signed the invitation, he denied any wish to have anything to do with me. It was a set up, & signalled the end of my academic career. I flew back to L.A. Within a week I was told to see the FBI, which I did. They informed me that "Someone in DC (The District of Corruption) doesn't like you" & that their job was to "make things hot for me" if I wished to remain in the USA. Since I lacked a career & had no family connections with clout, I decided to leave. I was escorted to the Mexican border by 3 polite FBI agents, who followed my car in their pick up truck. At the border, I was handed my passport, & they watched me cross into Mexico. From Mexicali I took the train to Mexico City. Embassies are in the capitals of countries, so I visited the embassies of Cuba, the Soviet Union & Peru, to see if I could get visas. True to my discovery of The Kosher Cold War Hoax in Peru, I was banned from Cuba & all Soviet Bloc countries, but I was allowed to return to Peru, which I did, to resume my job at OIGA & my research. Soon, I received a card from Vladimir... of the Soviet Embassy: On the back was written "See me, urgently." I did so. Vladimir told me that I "must" leave Latin America, "for reasons of health." I went to the Swedish Embassy to find out if I could (1) Go to Sweden & (2) Get a job there. Mr. Ericsson assured me I could, with no problem. I thus flew to Stockholm, only to receive a nasty stamp in my passport which forbade me from working in Sweden.

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I tried to appeal the ruling, but I was running out of money, so I had to leave, in search of work & a place to stay, since I was not supposed to return to the USA. I therefore ordered my train ticket to Berlin from Stockholm in Swedish, which I'd had the opportunity to study. The train was taken to Rostock, East Germany, by ferry. In Rostock I spoke German. The train arrived in East Berlin's Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse, the main railroad station. In East Berlin I tried to get an appointment to see Dr. Joswig, whom I'd met in San Francisco. He was head of The East German Economic Institute, who might help me get a job, but Markus Wolf, the Jew head of the Stasi or State Security Police objected to my presence in East Germany, a Soviet Bloc country where I was "persona non grata," banned, that is. I was politely deported, after buying my train ticket to London, U.K. In London I found a Rhodesian who said I could find a job in Rhodesia, Central Africa, (now Zimbabwe). I gambled on his word, for it cost around \$300 for a one-way flight, & I had no money to buy a return ticket. Two days after my arrival in Salisbury (now Harare) I had a job with The Ministry of Mines & Lands. I later was transferred to Bulawayo, the Yakima of Central Africa, in the Ministry of Justice, where I was Assistant Registrar of Companies. Then I was transferred to Rhodesia Railways Administration. Periodically, I was called up for Emergency Service, in which I served as civil representative in districts troubled by the ongoing civil war. I was directly responsible to the District Commissioner, who was directly responsible to The Prime Minister, Ian Smith, who betrayed the Whites of the country, by handing over to Black Marxist Misrule in 1980. I was deported from Rhodesia in 1976 for White Power Activities. By that time, I'd made Canadian contacts, so I flew to Canada, which did not require a U.S. passport. Mine had expired & the U.S. Embassy in South Africa had refused to renew it in Rhodesia, since the USA was blockading the country. In Canada I earned a bare livelihood as researcher & writer for Samisdat Publishers. When that job ended in 1991, I returned to the USA on information from an Interpol contact who said: "You can go back to the USA anytime you wish. THEY ARE ALL DEAD." He meant the denizens of The District of Corruption whom I'd offended, according to the FBI. I returned to find work as a gardener in Louisville, KY. A contact in Yakima, WA, thought I could get a railroad job here because of my railroad experience, but that didn't pan out, so I was unemployed for 6 months here, before I found a minimum-wage, part-time job as parkinglot attendant. Because of my clean record, I got a job as Head of Casino Security, after the parking job ended. The casino went broke, & I got a job with a customer service office. That job left for India, leaving me on Social Security & food stamps. I've never had it so good, to quote President Truman. Of course, I can't afford a car, nor gas with which to drive it, but I can afford postage & typewriter ribbons. I guess I'm one of the youngest former British colonial civil servants you'd find in this part of Brownest Yakima.

So now you know how I've been able to travel & work overseas. Nothing to it. From my experience I've derived two mottos: (1) What, me worry? & (2) Anything for the quiet life.

As I told Skinheads in Canada, you have not escaped from society; you've just chosen the bottom rungs of the social ladder, by being unemployed & making yourselves unemployable. Drugs & booze do not warriors make, nor racists who can support families, like real National Socialists. Real Nazis were workers & mothers, as well as soldiers & nurses. The only "party" Party members were the degenerates of the Ernst R hm group, who put their parties ahead of Party & People. These elements were purged from the NSDAP by Hitler, "with an iron broom," in his words.

I have nothing against Aryans with shaved heads or long hair, bare skin or tattoos. I only object to un-Aryan beliefs & behavior. The friend who helped you get a job is the sort of community we must build, in which we can & do help one another. We must sort out skinhead behavior & beliefs. Which ones work against us, & which ones work for us as Whites? Obviously, beliefs & behavior which get us in the ZOG's gulags do not advance White interests. We must always ask: Is this good for White people? We are all self-educated, in or out of schools, most of which 'edjewcate' us, rather than educate us. The thing to keep in mind is that schools & teachers can't learn for us. We must actively do the learning ourselves. Everyone can do that if he wants to. Jewish power is their money power, which gives them the power to control society with inflation (too much money), deflation (too little money) & usury (compound interest on debts). This is how they enslave us. I achieved such freedom as I've enjoyed by staying debt-free, which is unheard of amongst most Gentile slaves. I always spend less than I earn, so I can stay out of debt. The USA was never a democracy nor a nation, but a Jew-bankster empire. ORION = Our Race Is Our Nation!

Eric