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During World War II, Dr. Oliver was Director of Research in a highly secret agency of the War Department, and was cited for outstanding service to his country.

One of the very few academicians who has been outspoken in his opposition to the progressive defacement of our civilization, Dr. Oliver has long insisted that the fate of his countrymen hangs on their willingness to subordinate their doctrinal differences to the tough but idealistic solidarity which is the prerequisite of a Majority resurgence.

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM AMERICA'S DECLINE:

On the 18th Amendment (Prohibition): "Very few Americans were sufficiently sane to perceive that they had repudiated the American conception of government and had replaced it with the legal principle of the 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' which was the theoretical justification of the Jews' revolution in Russia."

On Race: "We must further understand that all races naturally regard themselves as superior to all others. We think Congoids unintelligent, but they feel only contempt for a race so stupid or craven that it fawns on them, gives them votes, lavishly subsidizes them with its own earnings, and even oppresses its own people to curry their favor. We are a race as are the others. If we attribute to Ourselves a superiority, intellectual, moral, or other, in terms of our own standards, we are simply indulging in a tautology. The only objective criterion of superiority, among human races as among all other species, is biological: the strong survive, the weak perish. The superior race of mankind today is the one that will emerge victorious—whether by its technology or its fecundity—from the proximate struggle for life on an overcrowded planet."

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A MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO PAULA COUGHLIN & HER PALS

by Major Joe Stano

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The editor/publisher of *Liberty Bell* does not necessarily agree with each and every article in this magazine, nor does he subscribe to all conclusions arrived at by various writers; however, he does endeavor to permit the exposure of ideas suppressed by the controlled news media of this country.

It is, therefore, in the best tradition of America and of free men everywhere that *Liberty Bell* strives to give free reign to ideas, for ultimately it is ideas which rule the world and determine both the content and structure of our Western culture.

We believe that we can and will change our society for the better. We declare our long-held view that no institution or government created by men, for men, is inviolable, incorruptible, and not subject to evolution, change, or replacement by the will of an informed people.

To this we dedicate our lives and our work. No effort will be spared and no idea will be allowed to go unexpressed if we think it will benefit the *Thinking People*, not only of America, but the entire world.

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

The Wilhelm Gustloff

by
Dr. Charles E. Weber

A nicely illustrated article in *The American Philatelist* of July 1986 (pp. 650-653) gives details of postal history related to the *Wilhelm Gustloff*. This ship was sunk on the night of 30 January 1945 in the cold waters of the Baltic Sea by a Soviet submarine. The resultant loss of life was one of the greatest in the history of navigation. The loss of life, in fact, was five times greater than that which resulted from the sinking of the *Titanic* in 1912. The *Wilhelm Gustloff* was carrying approximately 8,000 persons, of whom only 964 were rescued. Many of the passengers were fleeing the advancing Red Army.

Wilhelm Gustloff was the leader of the National Socialists in Switzerland and was murdered by a Jew from Yugoslavia. A little over a year after his murder, on 5 May 1937, the *Wilhelm Gustloff* was christened. The large ship (25,484 tons) fulfilled various functions before its tragic end. It was used as a cruise ship* and for the purpose of carrying the Condor Legion home from Spain in May 1939. During the war it served as a barracks ship for the German navy. The stamp shown here was issued on 4 November 1937 as part of a set of nine with surtaxes for the *Winterhilfswerk*. The ship is the *Wilhelm Gustloff* approaching Madeira. Note the aloe plants in the foreground.



Another German passenger ship, the *Cap Arcona*, was sunk on 3 May 1945 in the vicinity of Lübeck. As pointed out in the article in *The American Philatelist*, this ship was carrying 5,000 concentration camp inmates and was sunk by British Royal Air Force Typhoons. These facts are of special importance with regard to the Extermination Thesis. If there had been an intention and a plan to kill all of the Jews of Europe, there would have been no point whatsoever in wasting precious space on ships to save them, space that was sorely needed for the transportation of German citizens desperately trying to save themselves from the Red Army. Between 23 January and 8 May 1945 the German navy and merchant fleet carried 2,022,602 refugees and soldiers beyond the reach of the Red Army, as pointed out in the article in *The American Philatelist*. The fate of the *Cap Arcona* is thus important evidence against the Extermination Thesis.

*[The *Wilhelm Gustloff* was used by the KDF (Kraft durch Freude) organization of the National Socialist Government as a cruise ship for vacationing working men and women; to the best of our knowledge, the cruise ship, on at least one occasion, was refused docking privileges at a British port for fear that the British worker would discover how low he was on the social totem pole as compared with his German counterpart. Ed. L.B.]

WHAT WE THINK

on the month's news.

Kraut-Bashing Time Again

There is no sight quite so unedifying as the British in one of their periodic fits of anti-Germanism. We have received a reminder of this truth repeatedly over the past few weeks following the row with Bonn over the fall of the pound. The Germans have been blamed for pushing up their own interest rates in order to raise more money for investment in the lands of

the former DDR, with the consequences this has had for our own currency.

What it seems to amount to is that, in the eyes of our present rulers and many of our opinion formers, it is inexcusable for a German Government to act in German interests. When this happens, we are treated to an outbreak of infantile drivel about the jackboots tramping again and other such inanities. Rather fortuitously, all this has been happening just at a time when world attention has been focused on riots in some German towns in which the locals have been giving vent to their anger against the flood of immigrants pouring into their country. This, of course, provides just one more weapon for those who like to enjoy the time-honoured game of Kraut-bashing—popular in the Kaiser period, unfashionable for a while during the time of the Weimar Republic, revived and raised to new heights in response to Hitler, and then again placed in suspension during the post-war years of destruction, defeat, occupation and 'denazification.' Now the game is once more enjoying a boom, as it was bound to do when Germany's economic resurgence was followed by the unification which made her the biggest power in Europe as well as the richest. Truth to tell, the Germans can only win when they are losing!

This, of course, is the real reason for the current teutonophobia, and not the recent arguments over currencies and exchange rates, which are ephemeral, trivial and at their worst no greater than those we are frequently having with the French over lamb, apples, wine and the latest speech of Monsieur Delors. Underlying the recent outbursts against the Germans by the Prime Minister, Chancellor and Foreign Secretary, Nicholas Ridley, Mrs. Thatcher, Uncle Tom Cobley and all is a deep-seated British neurosis rooted in an inferiority complex that dates from a time of indeterminate exactitude but can be reckoned to lie somewhere between the establishment of the Second Reich in 1871 and the conclusion of the First World War. It was during those years that it began to dawn on the self-righteous and complacent British ruling and talking classes that our leading power status was under serious threat. That the threat came from across the Atlantic just

as much as from across the Rhine seemed not to disturb such folk to anything like the same extent. Americans were somehow regarded as honorary Brits whose interests would never conflict with our own and who anyway shared with us a commitment to such popular abstractions as 'democracy,' 'freedom' and *laissez-faire* ways of doing things. The British felt comfortable in face of the rise of American power, notwithstanding that the realities of world geo-politics dictated a very different attitude; by contrast, there was a resentment at the rise of German power which had much less practical justification and which could only be explained by feelings as to an 'alienness' of German customs and culture which flew in defiance of the facts of kindred racial origins.

These anti-German sentiments which have obsessed the British ruling classes for the past century or so have of course been deliberately stoked up by propagandists representing interests quite distinct from the state interests of the British nation and people. Nevertheless, these British classes have been only too ready to provide fertile soil for such propaganda to take root, and this indicated a mentality among them which not only has led to continual miscalculations as to where the true national interest lies but is deeply depressing as a sign of petulance and jealousy which ill-become the rules of a great race.

To a healthy people, the emergence of a dynamic nation in global proximity which might under certain circumstance become a rival for pre-eminence should be the spur to a doubling of national effort, to a mobilising of all national resources towards the end purpose of maintaining and extending national strength and power—while not being too arrogant to absorb lessons from one's successful neighbor which might be of advantage in pursuit of those ends. Had the British political and intellectual classes reacted in this way to the rise of Germany, they would have done two things in particular: first, they would have matched Bismarck's achievement of Germanic unification by a similar political and economic integration of the scattered territories of their then vast empire; second, they would have striven to introduce into British society and the British political culture some of those Prussian virtues of discipline, order and *Pflicht* [duty] which had provided the foundation stones of German dynamism both in the workplace and on the battlefield. The latter would not even have required the import of alien folkways because there is quite enough in the rich panoply of our own long military and naval tradition from which to draw ample inspiration for such changes. But our dominant classes did not choose that positive and constructive response; instead, their reaction was wholly negative: what Germany represented must be opposed—and if necessary destroyed—by a coalition of all the world's simi-

larly jealous nations against her. To mobilise mass sentiment in support of this crusade, the Germans had to be made the subjects of a collective psycho-analysis in which every great creative genius of that people, from Schopenhauer and Fichte to Wagner and Beethoven, from Goethe and Schiller to Nietzsche and Martin Luther, would be dissected to find crumbs of influence that might contribute to modern imagery depicting a ravenous monster bent on devouring Europe and menacing the stability of the world.

In this process, German *Angst* [Fright] has been demonised into a national vice which represents a sinister contrast to the lazy apathy of the Anglo-Saxon mind; and to this vice is attributed the striving for excellence and achievement which has lifted Germany out of the ashes of two world wars for her to turn the tables, not once but twice, on her former conquerors, and supersede them in economic development, education, cultural amenities and so much else—not least in which is included the tidiness and cleanliness of her towns by contrast with the rubbish tips that constitute urban Britain.

All this manifest superiority, which should, in the balanced mind, excite only admiration and the desire to emulate, is instead the focus of resentment, hatred and fear—which then find their expression in childish outbursts in which our own shortcomings and failures are conveniently laid at the door of a nation which has simply outperformed us in almost every sphere of human activity in modern times, including the sporting endeavour that is crowned with medals at the Olympic Games, as happened in Barcelona this Summer.

As patriotic Britons who want more than anything else to be proud of our country, we can only feel revulsion at this contemporary British vitriol and bile, which betray a mean-spirited twist in the national character that does not typify our people across history, and must therefore be ranked as a recent aberration which we should do everything possible to eradicate. In effect, the current wails and screeches against the Germans sound uncomfortably like the perennial protest of the inferior against their betters. Why the hell can't we shut up, put our own house in order and let our concrete national achievements speak for us to the world, rather than the envious whines of our frustrated politicians?

From:

Spearhead

No. 285 NOVEMBER 1992
PO Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW
Editor: John Tyndall

ELEVATED DANDER

Dis is one of doze times when I feel a non-biological urge to reduce the internal vapor pressure within my aging noggin. I'll vent randomly and then top it off by kicking my dog square in the ass.

I receive many letters (sermons!) from readers who detect that I am not a "true believer". I am not interested in discussing things of this nature as elements of logic are rarely present. I am not an atheist but I am very comfortable being around those who are. I also have several friends who thump Bibles more often than Chamberlain exercises his willie. For those who seem confused over my "position", I'll state that I believe that God deals with life and life alone. God isn't interested in the mega-bucks that are showered upon people like Billy Cracker and Pot Robberson. If you believe that making these people rich paves your path to heaven, then write out another check and leave me to my wicked ways. God does not violate His own laws. That's why people cannot walk upon water; naughty people cannot be turned into pillars of salt; you cannot get six million kilo-calories of food energy out of one loaf of bread and seas do not part—then, now or ever. If I am wrong, please send me a photograph (no eye-witnesses accounts please!) of the event and I'll do some more pondering.

God created trees. Man fabricated harmonicas. God cannot create harmonicas. Man cannot fabricate trees. God created the pure breeds (races). He created zebras but not mules. He created Bantus but not mulattos. God did not create mongrels of any kind. Human mongrels (mixed breeds) are not of God and cannot lay claim to being "children of God" or "chosen by God" regardless of what any raving preacher might claim. (Did you ever notice how physically ugly most of the TV evangelists are? And that many have kinky hair, fat lips and rat-like eyes?) Heil Paresis!

It's revisionist time again! We suffered through the Charlie Provan "proof" that Gerstein was right after all. Charlie stuffed his family and half the neighborhood into a phone booth and by extrapolation, "proved" that 800 people could be stuffed into a two car garage. He also found out that all sorts of gasses can kill people, even flatus. (I was going to say farts, but I didn't want to offend my sensitive readers). Therefore, it logically follows that the Nazis are guilty as charged. I am waiting for someone to suggest that the Nazis fed their captives kosher beans and then sealed them off in tool shed to suffer yet another form of gassing.

Enter Mitchell Jones—another practitioner of jewish science, i.e., start with a conclusion and then very carefully select the data which fits the conclusion. MJ has convinced us that Oily Weasel's "geysers of blood" are

gosh-dang real enough after all. It is all explained scientifically. You see, the Evils (the Hebrew spelling of Nazis) buried a horde of bodies in October (probably a Halloween prank). Then came a quick freeze which sealed the mass grave tighter than a condom on a whale's jammer. During the long and cold White Christmas, the bodies fermented, decomposed, decomposed and fermented. And you'll never gas what was produced in abundance! You've gassed it! Gas!! Later, when the groundhog discovers he's being shadowed, Mr. Sol arrives with his warming rays. The ice layer that sealed off the septic tank clone has now developed cracks. The gas pressure now blows, Oklahoma or Yellowstone style (depending upon whether you are a lipophile or an hydrophile), the once dormant blood into the air producing the geysers that Mr. Weasel rants about. Houze bout dat?

The last I knew, gas rises to the top. You know—all of that gravity and density business that bored us in high school. When Mr. Jones' ice melted, the gas would have been the first thing to escape, und zo, Mr. Weasel would have been gassed by the gas produced from the deceased members of his gaseous tribe. When drilling for oil, gas "blows" long before the drill reaches any liquid. On the other hand, jew blood must be strange stuff. In that mass grave, with all of the decomposin' an' fermentin' goin' on, hows cum de blood didn't decompose? What's really behind the geysers of Yellowstone? What are the mechanics of an oil well "blow"? Did Mr. Jones ever watch the methane belching from a swamp (no geysers here)? Why do undertakers quickly drain the blood of the deceased? Why do all hunters, interested in eating their prey, quickly drain the blood also? Blood decomposes and FAST and its presence accelerates putrefaction! That's one reason why the "geysers" story is just another case of Hollywood gassing and Mr. Jones' explanation belongs in the same phone booth as Mr. Provan's hallucinations. OK Charlie! Here's your chance to show how Herr Dr. Professor Adolf Blutsparer developed a food additive that insulates the blood from the ravages of chemistry so that Oily Weasel would have something to warm his spirit at a later date and help Mr. Jones register at Al Zheimer's Motel. The bottom line is that after three days (ask any undertaker) of rotting, there would not be any blood left to geyser about, anywhere, regardless of conditions—even in those places of infinite miracles called "Nazi death camps". Don't you jerks ever get tired of acting like members of Congress?

Is there another revisionist debate on the horizon? If so, then please don't invite me. Right now, I am adding a few more measures to my "Revisionist Waltz" in the key of B flat(us) for the piano (with pre-tuned strings).

The problem with all of this revisionist and exterminationist (the R's

and E's) hogwash is that it is mainly carried on between lawyers and historians, all of whom flunked math and science while in high school—if my experience is of any indication. When one has to "prove" things to a judge (another lawyer!), he merely presents the blather of some "expert" which is not comprehended by the judge in any case. If the judge is "convinced", he uses the power of the law to lower the boom. The judge merely has to be convinced—the truth of the matter is of no consequence. De judge got de gun, man, an yo'bess mind yo manner or he blow yo ass off.

I'm not going to waste my time burping about the "meaning" of a Perot, Clinton or Bush (PCB) "win" any more than I would about describing the attributes of Pig manure, Cow flops or Bull turds (PCB). How do you want to die? Hanging, shooting or lethal injection? Which version of AIDS do you prefer? Liberace, Hudson or Johnson? 1992—the year of the three-way screw job.

NUTRITION NUTS

I attended a lecture on screwball nutrition only a few days ago. The talk was given by an expert (in America, "experts" outnumber us by a 6:1 ratio) who advised us on how to live to be 130 years old, on an all fruit diet. It was a case of one kind of fruit recommending another. Anyway, evil lurks behind every super-market check-out counter and the plot to poison us all continues unabated.

Foods were classified as "live" or "dead". Live foods—good. Dead foods—bad. Umgowa. Simba. Me Tarzan. You Jane. Dead foods are created by killing live foods and the greatest killer is the microwave oven. Aw shucks! I thought it was a gassing oven. Microwaves, we were told, zap your left over pizza with gamma rays and render the food radioactive for about 6 minutes. At this new bit of information, one fellow shrieked to the waitress, "Don't microwave my pie!" Apparently he believed that he just ordered a live apple pie and felt no murderous intention towards it. The expert further terrified us by explaining that the barcode (evil 666 symbol) reader at the check-out counter also zapped your food with gamma rays. Death is where you find it; it's all around you; everywhere.

When you toss a rock (or your uncooperative date) into a still pond, you make waves. The distance between the crest of one wave and the next is called the wave length (the length of a wave—get it?). Buzzing through the air are six million types of electromagnetic waves, most of which we are unaware of as with the other six million things circumnavigating the globe. The wave length of a typical AM radio signal is about 100 feet. If the signal is

FM radio or TV, it is approximately 1 foot in length. RADAR waves are short radio waves and are in the neighborhood of 1 inch long. Infra-red radiation (we experience this as heat) has a wave length of .4 inches. Red LASER beams .04 inches; ultra-violet light .0005 inches; X-rays .00000004 inches and gamma rays .000000004 inches. The bar-codes are scanned with LASER beams, and you can see that these are about as close to being gamma rays as Steve Solarz is to being handsome, or Slick Willie is to being virtuous.

Initially, microwave ovens were known as RADAR ranges. This was logical since the energy produced by the oven's magnetron qualifies as a legitimate RADAR signal. For sales purposes, the name was changed, possibly because so many people failed in their attempts to detect UFOs with them. Again we see that the short radio waves that are produced in a microwave oven are far removed from gamma rays, which are the offspring of atomic disintegrations. If gamma rays had a wavelength equal to the thickness of a sheet of paper, a ray from your microwave oven would have a wavelength of about 120 miles! These two electromagnetic waves are so removed from each other that the only conclusion I can reach is that this "expert" was so full of manure that the whole world must appear brown to him. Sorry Greta, your food isn't being "nuked". Our expert apparently suffered from gammatosis—a severe affliction caused by a prolonged and close contact with the Greek alphabet. More revelations followed.

Oranges, when mature, aren't really orange in color. That's why they are called oranges. What a surprise this would be to Cortez, DeSoto and DeLeon, if they could join us now, or to my Uncle Paul Lee, who grows the damned things. We were then told: As the "oranges" roll down the chutes toward the showers, they are injected with a "chemical" that turns them orange in color and renders them sweet to the taste. Me thinks this fellow must have helped with some of those Auschwitz stories.

He wound down his talk with descriptions of "poisonous" foods and "miracle" foods. Ever since they found a few 100 year olds chasing sheep in the Caucasus Mountains, experts have pondered why they lived so long. It seems that they ate yogurt. Conclusion: Eat yogurt and live to be forever. Of course, the Amerindians ate a lot of corn but no one ever said that was the reason they never lived to be 120. Africans eat each other, as did the Aztecs. I am waiting for an expert to correlate this bit of info with life expectancy.

I mentioned to the lecturer, that the folks of 1700 ate fresh fruits and veggies like he recommended. No Twinkies or Coca Cola for them! They usually died before they were 55. Anyway, the answer mainly lies in the interaction of what's ingested and your genetic make-up. Dr. Oliver, in *Lib-*

erty Bell, alludes to this in his recent article on perverts. More on this in a later issue when I explain why medical science will fall flat on its face.

YA-HOO, IT'S BEEN 40 YEARS!

I started yammering in the late 1940s, shortly after I was discharged from the Army, about that glop called "margarine". I said, over and over, that any artificial crap would cause severe health problems if you continued to eat it for extended periods. I savored the butter melting upon my tongue and mentioned that you'll regret listening to the morons who try to convince you that un-natural slop is better for your health. PAY ATTENTION! The massive increase of circulatory problems in this "nation" began in the 1930s when ignorant people started feeding themselves with un-natural mixtures like Crisco and oleo-margarine. If it is not a natural animal fat like tallow, butter or lard, don't eat it. The only vegetable oil you can consume in quantity is olive oil. If you adhere to that con-esterol vegetable oil baloney, you'll soon be a vegetable.

It is now gratifying to learn that the experts are coming to the same conclusion about margarine that I reached nearly five decades ago. Recently, the TV yappers have now "discovered" that artificial fats might be as hazardous as ozone holes. Margarine actually causes the problems it is supposed to avoid. The "experts" base their results on piles of data (or just plain piles). I base mine upon a very simple idea. Life continues naturally only when it consumes life. If God didn't create it, then it cannot sustain a long and healthy life.

I watch hordes of people buy that 2% swill that passes for "reduced fat milk". Keep sucking it up, folks, you'll never learn. I told you about butter, and Buchanan, and Duke and Dairy Queen. Keep suffering. Keep dreaming.

ELECTION TWADDLE

What a disgusting thing it is. People running for the office of president must first bow to an ugly jew, on national TV, by the name of Larry King. Why put up with all of this in-between crap in the first place? Let's elect Kissinger, as ugly and disgusting as he is, and do away with the phoney middle-men.

Ross Perot has a losing formula: Tell the voters that they cannot get something for nothing and that they might just have to be responsible for their actions and work for a change. I cannot think of a better way to torpedo your chances of being elected. Ross also loses on another count because Americans like their leaders to be tall. It all has to do with the ability to pick pockets without raising the elbow. Moreover, the subservient voter

doesn't have to bend over as far in order to get his nose in the right place. Secret ballots (and air-bags) are for cowards and I really don't care if the world knows that I am voting for Perot. If elected, he cannot possibly provide a cure for the suicidal race-mixing and greed which is at the bottom of our ills. At least, he is not a Cush or a Blinton. The Libertarian candidate, Andre Marrou (sort of rhymes with Pierre Trudot) has a platform that I agree with to the tune of 80%. However, I hear jungle drums and smell roast missionary every time I see his running-mate. I expect nothing but I'll be damned if I'll vote for the black-meat lover Clinton or the genocidal Bush, even if Bush does look like he knows what he is doing. Quayle may be a bird but he is not the Anglo-Saxon GOR (dung). According to Maj. McClerkin, Bo Gritz is somewhat of a goof. The Populist Party always seems to nominate toads and the most popular, natural leader of this century died when 50,000 tired old men and boys couldn't hold back 2,500,000 of Stalin's finest during the battle of Berlin.

WARNING

After one year of *FAEM* publication, I can report that at \$2 per month, this operation has lost money. I'll do what I can to sustain it for as long as I am able, but be advised that I might find it necessary to pull the plug. In that event, all excess donations will be returned. It's the Aryan thing to do.

PFENNIGS

In the middle 1960s, when the price of silver rose, a silver quarter was worth more, as metal, than its 25 cent face value. As a result, the nickel-copper "sandwiches" became today's dimes, quarters and half-dollars. The 92.5 percent silver coins disappeared from circulation and ended up in someone's sugar bowl. Based upon random samples in 1964, I predicted that the silver coins would vanish entirely before 1968. I was right on!

In 1981, copper pennies started their climb into extinction. It was a good year. The AIDS epidemic started about then as did Ernst Zündel's jousting with the freedom-loving jewish commune-ity. In 1982, a copper-clad nickel slug was introduced which weighed in at 40 grains. The long-used cent weighed 48 grains. All coins were now "faith" money and the face "value" exceeded the intrinsic metal value.

I have kept track, over the years, attempting to predict when the "coppers" would meet the same fate as silver coins. It's been 10 years now, and the coppers make up only about 25% of the circulation. I cannot predict when the end will come and this is due to: 1) most people don't know that the pennies have changed and 2) pennies are so valueless that not many people would horde them in the first place. When the market price of copper

exceeds \$1.40 per pound, then saving pennies for their copper content would be indicated.

Copper is a nifty war material (shell casings, etc.) and was not used for coin production in the middle of Roosevelt's homicidal destruction of Germany. Old duffers will remember that pennies were made out of steel, during those years. Moreover, nickel was valuable as a component in stainless steel, and it too was not used in coin production. Those WW II nickels were a silver alloy.

Screw money. Save beans. In times of stress and hardship (the near future) you'll find that you cannot wear it or eat it. Save beans. You'll be glad you did.

Strange happenin's are happening in the Santa Monica Post Office. I get mail returned with valid addresses and books I send out there, "disappear". At other times, I get lied to by people out to get something for nothing. So far, the crooks have called themselves "Christians". The jews who read *FAEM* are up front and have always paid for every issue. In both of the above cases, I lose money and time. I send out everything, usually on the same day, and if you come out on the short end, for whatever reason, please call (or FAX) (716) 835-7300. Don't call my home phone as this interrupts tutoring sessions, more often than not. Also, please use my PO Box number as so much junk mail comes to my home, I often let it pile up for weeks before using the shovel. Sometimes I spend so much time, here at the *FAEM* hole, that I don't show up regularly at home, even to feed the canary.

Greg Raven, the Prodigy forum revisionist, now works for the Carto bunch in their Orange County bunker. He discovered, probably while on a snooping cruise, that I am one and the same man. There's only me in here and quite contrary to the right-wing's snoop experts, I have never written anything under an assumed name. Crooks always assume that everyone else is one too. These ducks could save a wad of time by asking me directly—but that would diminish the "spy" aura of their business.

The other day, I watched a fellow, at the opposite end of a large market parking lot, dump his valuables into the truck of his car and lock, lock and double-check everything. What do these antics reveal to a crook who is "casing" the lot? There's something valuable in that thar car! I later learned that his Volvo suffered a dislocated door and trunk lid. Those 4 foot crow-bars are handy! Wrecked car. Lost valuables. As for me, I never lock my car. I even try to have a window rolled down. Result? Only lost a pendant which was swinging from the rear-view mirror. Not bad for 25 years. Honest people still out-number the criminals. Trusting people is better than warm milk, when it comes to getting a good nights sleep.

ONLY YAHWEH NOSE

I continue to do my best, but lately I have been busier than Clinton's Willie at a pickaninny ranch or Hillary at a castrating party. The November issue had an error or two which my astute readers pointed out. The reference to Diaz (page 6, para 4, line 1) should have been "atypical" and not "typical". On page 5, (top line) mysteriously, "Caucasus" became "Caucus". Oh well, I spilled grape juice last night and I'll bet that my fingers will again make errors. Moreover, the watchful Greg Raven informed me that he points his modem in the direction of GENIE, not Prodigy.

I was absolutely amazed when I continued to receive repeated compliments on my article to Canada's Attorney General, on behalf of Ernst Zündel. Mr. Zündel called me, as he did dozens of others, and requested that I do so. I FAXed my letter to him and he said it was "brilliant". Other people have expressed similar views with words such as "a masterpiece", "outstanding" and "absolutely exceptional". One fellow stated that my views and expressions were of such a caliber that I should be at the speaker's table at an IHR convention. Another stated that I was the first right-winger who could talk in a straight line and make things easy to understand.

One question continually popped from the letters I've read. A typical question was "How come Ernst Zündel chose to praise and print a letter from a swarthy Jew, named David Cole, to the Attorney General, when yours (meaning mine) was clearly superior in an overwhelming sense?" (E.J. Texas). The answer is simply that David Cole is more useful to Mr. Zündel, at this time. Personally, I am not quite sure what Ernst has in mind. If reconciliation with the Jews is now his agenda, then one might rightly ask what the past decade of courtroom circuses was all about. If your purpose was to get along, (the IHR is also singing the same song) then he should have never started the whole thing in the first place and saved his supporters tens upon tens upon tens of thousands of dollars.

The right-wing leaps from publicity stunts, babbling about history events to shoot-outs at the ZOG corral. Others operate mail order bookstores and get wealthy doing it. One more trial, one more book, one more revisionist debate, one more this and one more that. Don't you people recognize that you are hooked on a pie-in-the-sky daydream to the same extent the voters believe that the election of the "right" criminal will solve all of the problems of concern?

I am criticized for criticizing the "good guys", the David Dukes, the guys "on our side". It ain't nice, so I am told. So what? The right-wing leadership consists of a complete array of trigger-happy goons, religious twats, perverts, drug addicts, liars, money-grabbers, womanizers, lovers of them-

selves and people with a strong aversion to honest work. None of them will solve any problem. This country is a pigsty because we stopped demanding that our government express our will. We, because it was easier to let someone else do our thinking, allowed genuine assholes to convince us that chocolate and shit were the same because they were the same color. All blood is red, ain't it? Forget about the "our side" army, cause, Holocaust debate, courtroom charades, prayers, or white homeland which is supposed to lead us to the pot of gold. No army is any better than its individual soldiers. Get in shape first! Then it will be time for organizing. Individually, we screwed things up. Individually, we must grab a shovel. If you want butter and cream, you must learn how to pitch manure. To do things right, you must first stop doing things that are wrong.

ON NOVEMBER 3, THE SHEEP FARTED

The phone rings and rings. I am questioned about how I "knew" that Ross Perot would receive about 20 percent of the vote when the Zionist "experts" predicted about 8 to 10 percent, while the Perot-ites puffed and dreamed about winning all fifty states. 'Tis simple. About 60 percent of the American bipeds could be technically classified as white Americans (really, the only kind.) Of this 60 percent, only 30 percent are Aryan-minded, and hence, viable. Thirty percent of 60 percent is 18 percent. That is almost exactly what Ross received. I have said, over and over, that this country has only 30 to 40 million valuable humans in it. We are out-numbered 6:1 (the magik Talmudic number) and that is why we shall lose, and lose, and lose, under the present set of rules. Only a dreamer would believe that a Perot victory would change the course of the tragic events which will soon be forced upon a population so stupid as to believe that a bit of scribble, upon a piece of paper, can alter Nature's immutable laws. The bleating about "democracy" will soon end as will the utter nonsense about "equality". We—those who adhere to Natural Law—are the future, but this doesn't mean that our skins will escape the bruises of fate. America will absolutely be punished by an uncompromising Nature.

The *Buffalo News* headlined, November 4—"Clinton ends GOP reign with landslide victory". One wonders what these Zionist talking heads use for a dictionary. A landslide is an overwhelming majority. A majority means—over 50 percent. Clinton did not get a majority vote and so the question of "overwhelming" is superfluous and "landslide" laughable. In a land where college graduates cannot add nor spell, the distinction becomes only a parting burp. Unprincipled Clinton received 43 percent of the popular vote which consisted of the overwhelming support of perverts, Mestizos, Jews, Blacks, bean-eaters, rice-eaters, termite-eaters, eaters of each other,

the botched and feeble; goofs stricken with welfare-itis, fetus killers, druggies, criminals and all of society's flotsam and jetsam—the beggars! Never forget that nearly 3 out of every 5 voters DID NOT vote for this man and the term "landslide" is simply ludicrous. Moreover, San Francisco's third-world animal sacrificers, were Clinton boosters, almost to a butchering man. Normal people recoil in revulsion when these Satanic creeps dismember hapless critters while they are still alive—and call it religion. (I am now reminded of Kosher slaughter.) Clinton's sexual appetite exceeds that of the Kennedys' and knowing his preference for dark meat, one might accurately predict that he will be the first American president to contract AIDS. There is nothing "womanly" about Hillary, the dyke's and fetus-killer's champion. Let's hope that she kisses every AIDS carrier she can find. At this point in time, Nature demanded Clinton much in the same way the African plains demand rapid putrefaction and consumption of that which is dead and dying.

George Bush is on another planet—his mind wanders and he perhaps is not really sure where he is. In lucid moments, his patriotism appears and that is why he was excessively annoyed with the Viet Nam era antics of our new "leader". George occasionally lapsed into patriotic moods and made feeble gestures in the direction of America-first. This, of course, was irritating to his jewish puppeteers and therefore, he made himself expendable. Clinton will perform his kosher duties flawlessly. Do not expect Willie to ever forget his personal debt to the "chosen ones" or the fact that nearly 100 percent of his "advisors" are kosher cupcakes. Look for Clintstone to mumble and fuddle about and over the economy while the jews in Izzy-rail seize territory and kill Semites according to their divine mission—with *goyim* money. You cannot have "America first" AND be the parasite's host in the New Sixth-World Order.

The "family values" baloney that was burped by the Zionist Republicans demonstrated that they had lost contact with reality. A high percentage of the biological slop that pollutes American soil has no more regard for a family than do the jews for the *goyim*. Only an idiot could believe that standing up for family values would change a pig into a silk ribbon. In fact, criminals abhor honest people and certainly would never vote for one. Nearly all of the bad check writers were returned to office because masses of people will not tolerate a honest man directing traffic. One of my "secrets" for correctly predicting the outcome of any election is to select the most disgusting candidate available. If he lies, cheats and steals, he will likely be elected. Sooner or later, AIDS carriers and lepers will find themselves on the ballot. American people, in the main, do not want virtuous leaders. Period. Double period.

Ross Perot was a guiding light for those few Americans still retaining any speck of reason and decency. His V.P. selection was a first class patriot and made Gore and Quayle insignificant by comparison. Mr. Perot's wife appeared to be a woman and not a yuppie bitch—like you know who. Clinton's daughter has an almost jewish look and some have remarked that Willie hisself may have a Neger in the family woodpile. However, it must be remembered that Ross believes in the system and became rich by following its rules. With millions to give, did he ever give any to BRIGHT poor people instead of DUMB poor people? I think not. Nations are improved by giving the most to those who have the most potential. Only a simpleton would try and teach a penguin how to fly. Ross poured millions down sink-holes. His heart may have been in the right place, but his mind wasn't. Ross is apparently color-blind. All in all, he proposed solutions that would work—solutions which were used in that economic miracle called Nazi Germany. However, Hitler was fortunate to have only Germans to work with, whereas Perot would soon have learned that a batch of blacks can't compete with a batch of Japanese and a batch of Mestizos cannot compete with a batch of Koreans and that a batch of Aryans cannot swim very well with third-world baggage hanging on to their gonads. Ross would have awakened from his capitalist dream and it would be anyone's guess what he would do then. This would make him unpredictable and hence undesirable to the jews. Clinton, or God Himself, cannot make third-world America perform like a first-class Aryan nation ... not ever!

Clinton whined, "... the American people have voted for a new beginning." Emphatically, only 43 percent of the voters voted for his brand of something for nothing. A new beginning? The beginning may be new, but the result is a foregone conclusion. Biology will unalterably direct the demise of Clinton's "I didn't inhale" pipe-dreams as well as those of his supporters. A death's-row criminal also has a new beginning when he finally begins the walk following his last breakfast. As assuredly as 5 whites leave California for every wet-back that moves in, Nature will direct the closing scenes on the failed American experiment. Not all shall be saddened. As the pig wallows in shit, because it is his nature to do so, so shall millions of untermenschen swim in the sewer of race-mixing and degeneracy—and love every depraved moment of it—until AIDS do they part.

Race war in America is remote. This land is too spacious and migrations from 20 to 2000 miles are already underway. Where are the white people going? Merely check the Perot vote to find out. Where are the mongrels going? Check the Clinton vote to find out. The white people that stay in the "brotherly-love" areas are not Aryan-minded anyway and the sooner we part company, the better. Race-mixing really culls both populations. It re-

moves degenerate whites as well as degenerate blacks from being burdens to their own kind. This, in itself, is a good thing except for the mass of mulattos it creates—those unfortunate critters who belong to no race and live to reproduce. Be objective. The fall of America will be of immense benefit to the entire world and, the sooner, the better. It's God's contribution to the environmental pollution problem.

HELLTH CARE

One of the dumbest noises I have heard is "health care". A healthy person doesn't need care. Sick people need care. It should be called "sick care". Better yet, why not call it "sickness compensation"? That's what it is. You get paid for being sick and healthy people pay the bill. It cannot be insurance at any rate. A person insures his health by eating foods from natural sources, exercising moderately and maintaining a tranquil mind. In short—a sound mind in a sound body.

I am classified as a "senior citizen". I SCUBA dive; take flying lessons; climb trees; take 80 mile canoe trips; have 32 sound teeth, 20/20 vision; and sprint across parking lots. I can no longer put my own body weight over my head and certain personal exercises are not of the intensity I once enjoyed. But that's life—all iron rusts. I have a 92 year old uncle who still climbs mountains in Arizona. My grandfather was still pitching hay when he was 81. I have a beautiful 66 year old cousin who still attracts eyes when she goes to the beach. Uncle Karl died last June at 101. You may believe this is all due to heredity. I think not. Our entire family entered life drinking their mother's milk and then graduated to fresh cow's milk, fresh vegetables and fresh meat. We ate little fruit. None of us smoked or used alcohol. We all swam in the nearest lake or river. We always had something to laugh about and trusted everyone until they broke that trust.

I sadly watch others of my age line up for their bottles and bottles of drugs. To them, health care is merely massive drug consumption. They wander home, swallow their pills and then weakly stare out of the window watching the grass grow. This is living?

Most of these people voted for Clinton. They want financial relief from the costs of drugging themselves into a shorter life. These seniors, of course, won't pay for this "care". Healthy people will—through increased taxes. The money will primarily be used to "save" AIDS carriers, keep welfare-ites fat, "rehabilitate" drug-heads, run the abortion mill and all sorts of other crap. This country was not built by people demanding "insurance" or "care". All drugs are poisons. They eliminate symptoms. They "cure" nothing. The bottom line again is typically American. Do what you please and if that lands your ass in hot water, then have someone else take the responsibility. Your

health is your responsibility. If you choose to wreck it, then you must live with it. Should the sensible community pay for the problems that a cocaine user brought upon himself? Should anyone pay for the problems that others brought upon themselves by continual self-abuse? I think not. Please do not misunderstand me. There are very legitimate health problems in our population that were not caused by individual excesses and gung-ho living. There is a vast gap between the heavy alcohol user, the AIDS patient, the vegetable oil gulper and other hedonists, and older citizens who are experiencing health problems due to a long life of honest toil.

Slick Willie will solve nothing and will make things worse (great!). After all, he never earned an honest dime in his life and is a virtual stranger to work. Things have been set into motion which will cause the death of this sick country. As a people, we are now mad. The Gods destroy mad people. Honest people are on the defensive. The criminals have the advantage. We allow perverts to roam at will and even grant them privileges. Fetus murder is not only condoned but is evolving into a national pastime. Buffalo has no money but somehow a new palace for the ice hockey circus will be built. Healthy people are penalized for being healthy. Honest people are penalized for being honest. Absolute morons are given "scholarships" and animals who grunt while chasing balls, earn millions of dollars.

We may wistfully look to Willie for an economic miracle, but it will not come. Hitler's Germany was an economic miracle. Perhaps it would be appropriate to ask how Mr. Hitler would have handled AIDS Johnson, Michael Jackson, drug pushers, rapists, perverts, child abuse, irresponsible fathers, Howard Stern, and dead beats in general. Once you invite a pig into your home, grant it "equality", allow it to have equal say (a vote) and then admit more of the same, you have effectively committed suicide and will suffocate in the dung of the pigsty you allowed to come into existence. Every act of the American government is an act contrary to God's Natural Law. The expression of the American people is its government. Sick governments come from sick people. Sick people die. Clinton's Third-World Animal Farm (TAAF) is best viewed from a safe distance. Enjoy the spectacle, while it lasts.

ABOUT FACE

The advertisement said "David Irving—Uncensored—Unintimidated". He was listed as speaking on several topics including: Allied War Crimes, Churchill's Deceptions, The Future of Germany, Censorship in History, Blunders of WW II and Rudolf Hess. A co-speaker was also advertised: David Cole, Jewish writer and film maker. Mr. Cole was to show videos and speak about his findings at Auschwitz, Birkenau and Mauthausen. What

youse see ain't what youse will necessarily get.

I have heard Mr. Irving speak on other occasions and, although he is a very dynamic and captivating speaker, I was not that enthusiastic about a re-run. I did, however, become interested when a college student I knew expressed interest in learning about the "other side". This was the stimulus that resulted in the consumption of a tank full of gasoline and a pleasant drive to Toronto. My young friend was eager to go to the presentation which was billed, "... the most exciting lecture you will ever attend."

We approached Toronto where I again was reminded that Toronto was much like Los Angeles where people never stay home—they spend their hours testing tires on the freeways. The packed concrete strips were little other than gigantic conveyor belts delivering their objects to one place or the other. Hansa Haus, a German club of some sort, appeared precisely according to description. This was the scheduled place for the "exciting lecture". Well, well and more well. There, in front of us, were police cars blocking the access road. A sober-faced officer turned us away stating that the owner did not want anyone on his property. "It seems to me I've heard that song before..." The melody fox-trotted through my mind. Again I was witness to a sell-out to fear, by Germans, who have the most to lose by being cowards. I cared little about its exact nature. However, I received directions to the Latvia House—the "back-up" joint. Damn! More of that Toronto traffic would have to be endured.

Ernst Zündel had kindly given me two tickets which Eric and I presented at the door. The ticket-taker appeared unhappy about honoring the tickets. He hesitated, glared and then finally grunted us in. We entered a sea of about 200 familiar and unfamiliar faces. There, according to a prediction I made earlier to my companion, stood David Irving, in the corner, busily hawking his books. I noticed two others, fumbling here and there, trying to properly place a projection screen. After twenty minutes of playing musical screens, they ended up where they started—with the screen placed at the feet of the first-row people! "Attention!" The show was about to begin.

The introduction was given by a man whose watch apparently ran in synchronization with the tides on the planet Mongo. On and on, he went, constantly interjecting that he could say more—and did! I sat quietly, mentally picturing that long hook which was used in vaudeville cartoons for whisking dead-beats off the stage. No such luck was to come our way in practice. A harbinger of the disappointment that was soon to come was found in this speaker's praise of the jew David Cole. At last, the jews have come to our rescue. Now is the time to sit down at the table, let by-gones be away and join our hands in peaceful cooperation. David Cole was the Columbus of the new world of kraut and bagels. This theme permeated the en-

tire afternoon. Picture, if you may, scenes of this same group shouting that the jews were their misfortune and if the jews were to vanish, so would their problems. Now, only a year later, the jews were heralded as a solution—not by disappearing, but by becoming partners! The old German woman, sitting next to me, poked my arm and proudly stated that a jew (David Cole) was a very good friend of hers. She continually bobbed, waved and smiled at him (long distance ass-kissing). David was relishing the swooning and fawning that enveloped him. "Was it another outburst of Christianity?", I asked myself. After all, Christ was a jew and we kiss images of his feet, don't we? Well, I don't. To each his own.

A fellow by the name of Ball was introduced. I wondered if this was the same drug-soaked dip who was an "expert" on aerial photographs. The one who was usually so disorientated that Doug Christie didn't want him for a defense witness at the Zündel trials. Anyway, I will not bore you with a lengthy boring description of the type of boredom this yahoo dropped upon us. Slide after 35mm slide was shown as an illustrative answer to a question that wasn't asked. We saw slides of aerial views of camps, cow pastures and Hitler's moustache—or was it a scrub brush? One photo had some specks, which looked like fly-droppings, but were claimed to have been put there by the C.I.A. to show platoons of jews marching to the guess chambers. How anyone could know that these specks were jews was anyone's gas. Walls became fences, fences became walls and coffee stains became cultivated fields—all courtesy of the C.I.A. On it went, speculation after speculation, until, what seemed like six million slides later, someone in the rear shouted "Where's Irving?" The incoherent presentation came to a close. I guess this is what revisionists do. Dig into some dusty archive and find a piece of something nearly unrecognizable and then "prove" things by analyzing the scratches and old-age wrinkles—something like tea leaf reading. I went to photographic school at Fort Monmouth, NJ, and believe me, this turkey would have been drowned in a vat of photographer's hypo the first time he "analyzed" anything.

The Master of Boremonies assumed his familiar position. "God help us!" shouted the worm in my head. God answered the prayer. The jew hero was then introduced.

David Cole, who sat next to my companion, rose amid loud applause and shuffled to the podium, blue jeans, dirty sneakers and all. I looked over and scanned (computer talk) his paramour. I couldn't place her features, or race or anything. Her skin was swarthy, her hair was dark even though she had tried to hide the fact with red dye. The most distinguishing feature was the ring in her nose. Yas! You hoid me! A gold ring was standing out from her left nostril. David has never tried to hide the fact that he is ghetto-

minded. I leaned back expecting a video presentation, as advertised. Woe and mo woe. What did we get? A lisped reading of a canned speech. About Auschwitz? Bergen-Belsen? Mauthausen? No. It was repeated praise of Ernst Zündel, "my friend", the one "with whom I am now working closely". Interspersed were oceans of jewish moans about how he (David) suffered. God, what suffering! He suffered ostracism from his family, the jewish community and his friends for the mere exercise of free inquiry. God, what suffering. I wondered if he would survive that suffering. Oi vey. Such a deal. Anyway, when David was through, he received a standing ovation which was not repeated for David Irving. Clearly, a jew hit responsive chords that the others speakers missed. (Was this a closet synagogue?) I was sure that Mr. Cole would be re-elected by a landslide. Astounding! Here, in the middle of a batch of Germans and Germanophiles stood a tiny jew as the center of the "lecture". They had been saved! Perhaps there was indeed something to the rumor that Hitler was a jew. It all makes me glad I am an American.

A fud slide show. An Academy Awards ceremony. No video, but now, the frosting—David Irving. I expected too much. I expected Mr. Irving to talk about the topics listed on the brochure. I wanted to experience the "... most exciting lecture you will ever attend!" What did he talk about? He fumed on about his problem trying to cross the border into the United States, that's what! No love, no nothing, just indignation and anger. I guess the border guards didn't recognize his importance. David was hauled into court and will be in court again. He will fight and he made it very plain that he was "well-healed" and that anyone who messed with him would suffer financial losses—like the soul that tried to sue him for libel. The outrage lasted only a few minutes. David had books to sell. No Hess, no Churchill, no War Crimes, no Goebbels, no nuttin'. What a zilch nuttin'.

The podium was then grabbed by Paul Norris who mounted an emotional appeal for funds to help this "well-healed", ego-centric historian. I wondered, "If it were my ass that was in hot water, would Mr. Irving donate a little something to help me?" Then again, why does a man, who bragged about his financial resources, need an appeal for money anyway?

Before we left, I posed this question: "Why should we believe this jew, David Cole?" Is anyone familiar with the All Vows (Kol Nidre) Prayer? The Talmud, Book of Nedarim, 23a-23b, has this to say about the prayer: "And he who desires that none of his vows made during the year shall be valid, let him stand at the beginning of the year and declare 'Every vow which I make in the future shall be null.' (His vows are then invalid.)" The prayer is almost a "confession" in reverse. If a Catholic lies, he confesses it and then the whole thing is cleaned up. The jew gets this service before he

lies. Nice work if you can get it. Poor Protestants. They have to live with their lies.

What a gross disappointment. Home again, home again, jiggy jog ... revisioning all the way.

HEY HEY HEY

Please buy your copy of *The Holocaust on Trial* (the Zündel trial) from me. A recent review of this book, by Mark Weber, appeared in the *IHR Journal* (Institute of Historical Review). I sell them for \$15 postpaid (while the meager supply lasts), which explains why I am poor. Willis Carto (*Spotlight*, IHR) sells them for \$29.95 plus postage, which explains why he lives in a penthouse. I don't have any jewish friends. Willis has loads of them.

I also understand that Mr. Metzger (W.A.R.) will start selling McCalden's *Exiles From History*. I don't know the price or even what they look like. Anyway, everyone should get in on the act. I am dedicated, but poor. Carto isn't dedicated, but rich. If I had his money, (it sho'nuff rolls in!) I'd send out free copies.

AMAZING CRAZE

After 10 years of court battles, trips to Europe, demonstrations galore and the expenditure of tens upon tens upon tens of thousands of dollars for the Zündel decade, isn't it interesting that Holocaust Memorials are still being built, dissidents are still going to jail, Holocaust studies are becoming a way of life and the bagelization of America continues? One might well ask if the expense of keeping one man out of a Canadian jail was worth it. Now that Mr. Zündel is "reaching out" to the jewish community, via a squeaky little jew called David Cole, we might wonder if we should chalk our donations up to entertainment and go on to better things. Please note, that Mr. Carto is also in bed, via Bradley Smith, with kissy-kissy David. The goyim never learn—or do they know something we don't?

BUFFALO DOIN'S

Blasphemy! Burn the bastard!

A certain Mr. McCormick, a member of a suburban school board, has been accused of the most foul deed imaginable. It far exceeds anything perpetrated by Charles Manson, or Al Capone. He stands accused of uttering an anti-Semitic remark! How terribly foul and criminal can one man be? He should be gassed.

It appears that this hate-filled naughty auntee-seemite had a little altercation with a member of God's chosen mongrels. The reference was to an understanding why jews were stuffed into pizza ovens by Nazi bakers. Lo

and behold! the sky fell in. Outraged parents demanded that the Commissar of Education, Thomas (the jew) Sobol, remove the man from his post. To make things worse, Mr. McCormick did not recant, apologize or otherwise kiss a bagel-shaped rear. In fact, he shouted on jew-vision that the jews killed Christ. Gad. How wild can one get? Only an American would have the guts to do this.

Pay attention. If people let this interference of First Amendment rights pass without complaint, then we are on the road to a Soviet America where anti-Semitism will be a crime. They pray for this daily in the synagogues. Mr. McCormick has a right to voice any opinion he wishes. He threatened no one. He did not physically abuse anyone. If I can have you punished because you said something which gave me "mental anguish", then things are damned bad—mighty bad. Watch for this—the bastards are out to abolish all criticism of their deeds. Good deeds don't need censorship.

I had wished, that for every jew-worshipping Christian who confronted the school board, there would have been five lovers of freedom that rallied to Mr. McCormick's defense. This I advocate. Open your mouth! If someone can profane God and not be struck by lightning, then why should a jew be privileged to inflict punishment for a lesser, mostly imagined affront? Do jews view themselves superior to God?

Neger gangs are terrorizing students on the campus of Buffalo State College. Packs of 10 to 20 have used razors to inflict injuries. So far, (and the night is young and they are definitely not beautiful) it is hard to predict when the cultural enrichment will end. Of course, only whites have been assaulted—it's not racially motivated, you know. Remember, that Clinton received most of the black vote and his victory (our defeat, temporarily) was "their" victory. Look for more of the same.

I look upon this whole scene as a learning experience. Those brain-dead coeds need a little reality injected into their indoctrination courses. Who knows? After a few more rapes, muggings and killings, they might even learn how to add, spell and be able to tell a watermelon from an acorn.

The campus at Alfred, NY, is also in the middle of brotherly-love and tolerance activity. A black rapes a white. Four whites retaliate by Rodney Kinging a black. Six blacks get carried away while defending themselves from the attack of a single white, and nearly killed him. Abolish hate, I say! Kill every hater you can find—in love, of course.

And so it goes. Stay tuned. In the next issue, I plan to set fire to that "northwest passage" crap about a "white homeland" and explain why "medical science" will accomplish less and less, proportionally.

From *FAEM* (First Amendment Exercise Machine)
Box-433, Buffalo NY 14223

AN OPEN LETTER

MILITARY FEMINUTS

A MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO PAULA COUGHLIN AND HER PALS

by Major Joseph Stano, USAF-ret.

ONE: WATER LILY?

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who peed in the Archbishop's chalice.
It was not from relief, as was the belief,
But purely from Protestant malice.

Another young female named Paula,
A muscular broad and a maul-a.
Claimed she's been molested, by guys hairy-chested,
And sailors don't do what they ought-a.

Dear Paula did copy sweet Alice,
In a punch bowl instead of a chalice.
Something highly unthinkable, dreadfully stinkable,
But typical feminut malice.

We've all heard it—ENDLESSLY!—how a delicate and fragile flower of femininity, Lt. Paula Coughlin, was set upon by some beastly naval fighter jocks...and...M O L E S T E D !

In fact, according to our glorious news media, scores of innocent young maidens were also "sexually assaulted." Now, that is serious when we remember that Willy Smith, a member in good standing of the zipperless Kennedy Clan, was charged with "sexual assault" and that meant RAPE! In this case it apparently means fondling. Or, thinking about it.

Oh! The unspeakable horror of it all! This was a crime so dastardly that it required the punishment of the entire United States Navy! Well...at least the punishment of all the males in the Navy.

Heads rolled! The Secretary of the Navy was forced to resign! Though he actually knew nothing about the horrors that had been inflicted on the unfortunate Paula.

Admirals were fired! Though they had nothing to do with the torments of dear Paula. Thousands of naval promotions, of thousands of Naval officers, are being held up by a Committee of Congress, chaired by Sen. Sam Nunn, in a groveling genuflection to the National Organization of Women. FEMINUTS OF THE WORLD...UNITE!

In the Congressional game of "Can You Top This," the House Appropriations Committee joined in the fun to punish the United States Navy by slashing 10,000 positions from Naval Headquarters in Washington. This incredible act of stupidity was cooked up by Democrats John Murtha, Chairman of the Committee, and one Steny (Steny?) Hoyer.

These two congressional buffoons never gave a thought as to the damage this might do to the Navy. They never gave a thought as to the sections or whole units that would have to be disbanded to meet a reduction of 10,000 personnel. They didn't care as to how this would effect the ability of the U.S. Navy to function in combat. In short, these congressional clowns didn't care how many needless casualties they might cost the Navy in combat, as long as they had a chance to pompously posture on the aptly named "Boob

Tube."

As always, the buffoons of Congress are the great butchers during wars.

(MR. MRS. MISSISSIPPI.)

Now we don't mind the hardships,
We've faced them in the past.
But we wonder if our Congress Clowns
Have had forties up their a...

We had to fight to save the Gulf,
That's what the bastards said.
But when you check the casualties,
You'll find no Senators dead.

Chorus:

Oh, I was called to risk my a.
And save the U.N. too.
But all I got was a crock of s...
From you and you and you!
(and especially you, Senator Nunn.)

☆☆☆

There is not a scintilla of justice or fairness about group punishments; in point of fact, it violates the basic principles of justice in any civilized nation on this planet. But when has that great DUNG HEAP on the Potomac, the Congress, ever behaved in a civilized manner?

In truth, this massive male punishment was ordered by our groveling Pols to satiate the "naughty" needs of every FEMINUT in the United States. For one, brief, shining Feminut moment...there wasn't a dry pair of "Femi-knickers" to be found from the rocky coast of Maine to the sandy beaches of California! Three-thousand damp...soggy...miles of...MENTAL CLIMAX!

The sexual life of a camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks.
In moments of amorous passion,
He tries to make love to the Sphinx.

The Sphinx's posterior orifice
Is clogged with the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

The sexual life of a Feminut
Will always win a queer prize.
Sometimes it's him, and sometimes it's her,
But mostly it's just NEUTERIZED!

A Feminut never gets married,
She's loath to have herself mated.
So instead of becoming a Mrs.
She has herself...hyphenated!

A hitched Feminut incognito,
Is Cynthia Smyth-Regaleto.
And the ultimate Feminut quid pro quo,
One Shirley Lipshitz-Congo-Bongo.

Beware of the broad hyphenated,
A female reluctantly mated.
Not female or staid, she's mentally spayed,
A bar-sinister broad double-gaited.

☆☆☆

As of this writing, [21 September 1992] the Navy has only been able to identify two of the beastly fighter jocks: an Australian and a black U.S. Marine. Therefore, the massive punishment of thousands who had never laid a hand on the celestial "BOD" of the virginal Paula are gross violations of our U.S. Constitution—the same Constitution all of our worthless politicians were sworn to defend. These punishments are also gross violations of our system of statute laws and even common law—the laws all our shystr politicians are pledged to defend. Lastly, these punishments are gross violations of "The Uniform Code of Military Justice": our system of military law.

But, what the hell, we certainly can't expect—at this late date—members of our Congress to understand our Constitution or any other civilized system of laws—they never have in the past. Especially when using the Constitution for toilet tissue will get them a whole ten or fifteen seconds being stroked on the Boob Tube.

Any American who has spent his life defending this nation understands that the Congress has different priorities than the professional soldier. The patriot puts the interest of the nation above all else. The Politician puts his own butt above all else. The patriot looks for the most efficient weaponry to defend this nation. The politician will give you the least efficient piece of junk if it's manufactured in his district. The patriot will put his life on the line for his nation. The politician will cheerfully put your life on the line for ten seconds on the Boob Tube.

OUR BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES.

Our bomber flies ten-thousand miles,
The Congress just sits back and smiles.
But a bomb like a cherry, is all it can carry,
We'd be smarter to bomb them with piles.

Oh this is the Congressional plan,
An aircraft is just like a ham.
The Air Force must take it, they cannot forsake it,
Old pork barrel in a new can.

Now we know what we're saying is true,
Cheney will confirm it for you.
We love the blue yonder, but sometimes we wonder,
Who's giving the finger to who.

☆☆☆

In this symphony of unbridled congressional lawlessness, we must take note of a LOUD menopausal EXPLOSION emanating from a leading Feminut in the House of Representatives. A Congressperson possessing all the scintillating intellect of a large...green...vegetable. Of course, I refer to ol' "Cabbage Head" Pat Schroeder—Feminut par excellence and Democrat from Colorado.

Schroeder is famous for proclaiming: "I have a brain and a uterus, and I use both!" Unfortunately, the Great Vegetable seems to be constantly issuing asinine proclamations from that orifice immediately adjacent to her brain: HER UTERUS!

Schroeder recently came close to going into her infamous "Cabbage Patch" routine, a truly appalling sight that has even made hardened professional soldiers—men who have faced death countless times in combat and experienced all the bloody butchery of

the battlefield—CRINGE IN HORROR!

The incident that brought on Schroeder's threat to unleash her ULTIMATE WEAPON and set military officers to scouring military museums in search of "Burnished Bronze Shields" was a limerick that was performed during a skit at a Naval Air Base by Navy fighter jocks.

It seems that ol' Cabbage Head was the subject of the limerick and her menopausal SCREECHINGS resulted in the firing of three fighter squadron commanders and two other officers.

Few enemy pilots in any of our wars have shot down so many highly skilled naval fighter pilots as has ACE Schroeder. When one considers the millions it has cost the taxpayers to train these men and all the years of skill they had acquired and all the priceless combat experience they have, one is drawn to that old military maxim: "Know your enemy." Clearly, any list of the enemies of the United States would certainly have to include ol' Cabbage Head Schroeder.

☆☆☆

Alas, a sense of humor requires an intellect greater than one finds in a large, green vegetable. Presidents have been the subject of some rather rude military skits and limericks and, without exception, they all have had the intelligence to appreciate the humor in the skit or limerick—or the common sense not to throw a tantrum and behave in a childish fashion.

The Secretary of Defense and the various Secretaries of the Armed Forces are quite often the subject of these military skits or limericks, as are the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It's a military tradition.

At a fighter party, the commander may have selected the tune and tasked each flight to come up with appropriate lyrics. Or he may just have required an appropriate limerick.

To use a "Brit" expression, the results are usually "quite rude," and the commander may find himself the butt of these remarks. Like a "roast," the better the fellow is liked the more "rude" the result. Regrettably, a sense of humor requires a certain degree of intelligence, and that's something a hyper-sensitive Feminut doesn't have. One of the reasons why these dizzy broads simply don't belong in a tactical fighter outfit.

There are literally thousands and thousands of songs and limericks that were written by airmen about men long dead; about places long forgotten; and about battles remembered by only those men who fought in them. And lest we forget: about aircraft. Aircraft that were cursed and aircraft that were loved.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS.

Don't give me an 86 D,
with rockets, radar and A'B (Afterburner).
She's fast, I don't care,
she blows up in mid-air, (True)
Don't give me an 86 D.

Chorus:

No! Give me operations,
Way out on some lonely atoll;
For I am too young to die,
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me an F-84,
for she's just a ground-lovin' whore,
She'll whine and she'll wheeze

and make straight for the trees,
Don't give me an F-84.

Chorus:

☆☆☆

Members of Congress have also felt the barbed wit of the military skit or limerick. Everyone seems to have mustered the intellect required to appreciate the humor in these skits or limericks.

Until...the great leafy one—who thinks that coleslaw is a form of genocide—became the subject of a limerick rhyming with those unspeakable words: "Hickory Dickory Duck!" Ol' Cabbage Head became quite hysterical over a military limerick and rapidly turned into a very large tub of KIMCHI! Ergo the great STINK in the House of Representatives.

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Patsy Schroeder is one of the great heroines of the SQUATS. The SQUATS are those who SQUAT, who always vote for those who also SQUAT, based solely on the fact that they SQUAT! In short: the dizzy, dippy broads who vote with their bladders instead of their brains. Hell, I'd vote for an army of broads before I'd vote for clowns like Kennedy, Cuomo or Clinton. But the SQUATS care very little about patriotism, they vote for candidates based solely on the plumbing they use when nature calls on them to "tinkle." Now, how bloody stupid can you get?

EARLY ABORT. (MacNamara's Band.)

Oh, my name is Patsy Schroeder,
I'm the leader of the SQUATS.
Of Feminuts and Nancy boys
And perverts with the trots.

Just let me run the Pentagon,
I'll rid the sky of males.
We'll fly with macho Butches and Fems
and perverts with sore tails.

Chorus:

Early abort, avoid the rush,
early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush.
Oh, my name is Patsy Schroeder,
I'm the leader of the SQUATS.

☆☆☆

The GREAT VEGETABLE is quite famous for pandering to PERVERT POWER. If she could, Pat Schroeder would fill the U.S. military with every freak she could find. With Patsy Schroeder, almost anything goes!

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno,
Said screwing is one thing I do know.
All females are fine, and sheep are divine,
But Llamas are numero uno.

Now, the Navy of Feminut Patsy,
Would be one of the strangest you did see.
A Love Boat at sea, with he screwing he,
And she much enamored of she.

Our Patsy, a leader most regal,

By edict would make it quite legal.
Connubial bliss at sea—whatever the gender might be,
While Feminuts bugger our Eagle.

Brucie will couple with Willy.
Sweet Wendy will wed wanton Wanda.
While Bruno, that wily old stoat,
Will marry a great horny goat.

☆☆☆

Under the Uniform Code of Military Justice, the military are actually not permitted to make fun of the President, or the Secretary of Defense, or the Secretaries of our Armed Forces, or the Congress as a whole; however, none of the aforementioned has ever complained when it happens. This is due, in large measure, because it would be childish and stupid to complain—two traits that have never stopped ol' Cabbage Head from her uterine utterances.

One should take special note of the fact that although the military is not allowed to criticize the Congress as a whole, it is perfectly legal for the military to criticize individual members of that noxious body. Like Pat Schroeder!

So it would seem that the naval pilots who were punished for taking part in, or watching, a skit that mentioned the Great Cabbage, were actually punished in violation of the U.C.M.J.

The freedom of every citizen is in serious jeopardy when our "great lawmakers" in the Congress can, on a spur of the moment, punish citizens for a non-offense in order to appeal to some pressure group—like NOW. It would seem that the only criterion for a "crime" today is not being politically correct. Not surprisingly, most of our great "lawmakers" in the Congress, who have such a roaring contempt for any semblance of civilized justice, are themselves, lawyers. Like Pat Schroeder!

☆☆☆

The French have a good word for it: "Elan." A certain dash, a devil-may-care attitude. In past wars soldiers with elan held a cavalry saber in the right hand and the reins of a horse in the left. In the twentieth century, the right hand was on the "stick" and the left hand was on the "throttle." The "beast" has changed, but we still mount from the left side.

It should be noted that only the upper five percent of the population actually possess the mental and physical ability to mount the modern charger. When one considers that military aviation is extremely dangerous—one can easily be killed in peace time as in war time—a retiree from a career in military aviation is really a survivor. One can remember a great many friends and comrades who were killed in the world's most dangerous profession.

The most dangerous part of military aviation is done by the Navy and Marine boys who fly off carriers. The U.S. Navy routinely loses an average of eighty personnel and one-hundred aircraft to carrier operations each year.

I WANTED WINGS.

Chorus:

I wanted wings till I got the god damned things,
Now I don't want them any more.

Now, I'm too young to die in a lousy PBY,
That's for the eager not for me.

I don't trust to my luck to be picked up by a duck,

After I've crashed into the sea;
Yes, I'd rather be a tarrier than a flyer on a carrier,
With my hand around a bottle, you can keep your god damned throttle,
Buster...

Chorus:

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow,
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew.
The rumor has it next they'll be dehydrating sex,
And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through;
For I've managed all the dangers, the shooting back of strangers,
But when I get home late, I want my woman straight, Buster...
Chorus:

☆☆☆

All things considered, an American with a high degree of mental and physical ability has to be slightly crazy to willingly embark on a career in military aviation. He could do far better financially and probably live much longer as a civilian. However, it's a rather selective madness that makes a good military pilot. In fact, the more of these special "crazies" a nation has, the better chance it has of winning a war in the air. The real crazies that somehow manage to survive in combat tend to inspire the less crazies and even the slightly nuts to achieve success in air warfare. Frankly speaking, one would have to be a certifiable nut case to attempt some of the tactics that have proven successful in air combat. Why, a normal level-headed—SANE—human being would say, "THAT'S CRAZY!" and never try it.

This select brotherhood of crazies knows no borders. That's why airmen from different nations get along rather well—they tend to recognize a kindred spirit in the other fellow. In fact, one could get quite drunk with the other fellows at the bar and even develop a friendship with the other guys as drinking buddies. And then kill him in air combat if the fortunes of one's nation leads to a war with his nation. Or...he may very well kill you.

German "Aces" of the Second World War are always shunned by the American media when they come to this country. Of course, they get a standing ovation from American airmen when they speak before military organizations. Those applauding the loudest may even have been shot down by these same German "Aces" or had friends killed by these men. It's a fine madness that the American media will never quite understand.

When they interview airmen, the bloody fools of the media are tossed the usual "War Is Hell" bone to gnaw on—so they can thoroughly enjoy emoting on "man's inhumanity to man." They just love it.

TRUTH: WAR IS FUN! SAC IS HELL!

I confess! I admit it! I thoroughly enjoyed combat! Or as some fighter pilots during World War One would have stated it:

'Twas a hell of a war as I recall, Parlez vous.

'Twas a hell of a war as I recall, Parlez vous.

'Twas a hell of a war as I recall,

But a whole lot better than none at all!

Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous.

☆☆☆

Yes, indeed! With crazy airmen you get booze, broads, silly games and...filthy songs and limericks. IT'S TRADITION!

What better way to address the subject of beastly pilots run amok, than a modest rendition of some of the songs and limericks (truly filthy ones excluded) the beastly fellows have been known to sing—with glasses raised on high—in freezing Quonset Huts or tropical Hootches 'round the globe. How can we expect ol' Cabbage Head Schroeder and the Congress to fully appreciate the true horror of this torrid tale of Paula Coughlin without background music? Given the fact that the American news media is more Hollywood than history, music is most appropriate.

BIEN HOA LULLABY. (My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean.)

I went off to South East Asia,
To fight my own war in the air.
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,
I don't think that it's really fair.

Chorus:

Roll in, roll in,
My God how the rockets roll in, roll in.
Roll in, roll in,
My God how the rockets roll in.
Each day I go off to fly combat,
Then have a cold beer on the ground.
I usually finish the first one,
Before we get the first round.

Chorus:

And now that my tour is all over,
I'll go back to the life that I led.
My wife thinks that it's rather silly,
To put sandbags all 'round the bed.

Chorus:

TWO: PINCUS PAULA.

When dealing with the infamous American News Media, the intelligent American must always remember the infamous "Pincus Principle."

The "Pincus Principle"? Well...for those who have never heard of the Pincus Principle, let me explain:

The Pincus Principle was created by one Mark Pincus in an article he wrote for the Columbia School of Journalism. In this article, Mark, the Creator sayeth: Brothers and sisters of the media! Ink-stained wretches of journalism! Electronic "Anchor Pairs", Tweedle DIMS and Tweedle DUMBS of the TUBE! Lend me your ears! We need not lie to the American public to make our news politically correct. No, brothers and sisters, we need only leave out those unpalatable facts that are not politically correct when reporting the news to make the news politically correct.

In short, what the professional liar Pincus was saying is this: 5 plus 5 plus 5 plus 5 plus 5 equals: 5! That is, if one leaves "5 plus 5 plus 5 plus 5" out of the addition. If the story doesn't add up to POLITICALLY CORRECT, one can always leave out the facts that have produced this unpalatable result.

A professional liar named Pincus,
A media crud most salacious.
Invented a Dragon that peed in a flagon,
Three Trolls and a goat quite fallacious.
He said that his creatures were true,

The TUBE will confirm it for you.
And a media liar, has the right to conspire,
In sticking it to...YOU KNOW WHO!

The Pincus Principle is not new. It used to be called, "Distortion by omission," or "All the news that fits," the motto a former editor of the *New York Times* said should replace that monumental FIB on the paper's masthead: "All The News That's Fit To Print."

Unfortunately, the long-suffering American public is condemned to ingesting only the choice bits and pieces of news after they have been vetted by the media as politically correct. Let's give credit where it is due. Our "Great American News Media"—that's what they call themselves—is a charming bunch that is considered by most reputable historians on the planet as the greatest collection of professional liars in history.

Like the infamous Rodney King video, the truth of the matter is all those juicy bits and pieces that were discarded as not politically correct by our glorious media. The jury got all the facts—they saw the whole video—added them up and said: TWENTY-FIVE. For months our media mathematicians had been telling us that the Rodney King video only added up to FIVE.

BLESS 'EM ALL.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The needle, the airspeed the ball.
Bless all the instructors, who taught me to fly,
Sent me up solo and left me to die.
So if ever your blow jet should stall,
You're in for one hell of a fall.
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots,
So cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the Pols, the ass-kissin' ones,
Bless all the media and their rosy chapped buns.
Cause we're sayin' good bye to them all,
The long and the short and the tall.
We'll never get justice, from the gutless and nutless,
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

☆☆☆

We need not despair. In the case of Paula Coughlin, one of the few remaining facets of the media that is not yet part of the MEDIA MONOLITH managed to do an interview with precious Paula and actually published a great many juicy bits and pieces that had been judiciously discarded by our politically correct media.

Paula Coughlin did an interview for the *Navy Times* that was published on 6 July 1992. It shows our precious and delicate WATER LILY in a whole new light. And although this interview is Precious Paula's self-serving rendition of her unspeakable horror, some of the juicy bits and pieces in her interview come crashing to the steel deck of our ship like a truck load of ANVILS.

THREE: THE PERILS OF PAULA.

Let's take a trip through the media's melodrama featuring our fragile heroine and the beastly fighter jocks. However, this time we'll make some additions to the media's script. We'll just add a few choice bits and pieces from our Paula's interview in the *Navy*

Times, along with a few drops of George Orwell's "Heresy of all heresies" in this media tyranny: COMMON SENSE.

DRINKIN' RUM AND COCA COLA.

Chorus:

Drinkin' rum and coca cola,
Go down to Walhalla.
Both mother and daughter,
Workin' for the Yankee dollar.

Out in Vegas, it's mighty clear,
Navy broads don't go for gin or beer.
They won't play and they won't sin,
And you're gonna lose your good conduct pin.

Chorus:

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Let me see now... According to Paula in her *Navy Times* interview: Our brave Paula decides to leave her hotel and go over to the Hilton where some fighter squadrons are having a party on the third floor. Or, if you're a "navel," the "third deck."

So Paula takes off her uniform, throws on a "tank top" and a "jean skirt," and sets out to crash the parties at the Hilton. It's about 2300 hrs. (11 P.M.)

Sounds O.K. so far. Of course, a tank top and a skirt was a bad choice, in that, it's almost "The Uniform of the Day"—AND NIGHT—for the hordes of hookers working in Vegas.

Our precious Paula arrives on the third deck where all the parties are going full blast. She mills about at the parties and goes out on the patio looking for someone she might know.

Wait a minute. It's kinda strange, isn't it, that our delicate flower didn't feel the least bit offended by the rowdy parties that were going on?

Well, why should she? Our fragile flower had been to the Tailhook Convention in 1985—when she was going through flight training—and she had even visited the third deck where the fighter squadrons always rent suites and host late night drinking parties.

Now, the Tailhook Convention of 1985 was much the same as the unspeakable Tailhook Convention of 1991. Uh...with this notable exception: In 1985 our Paula joined in the partying with her pals where she said she "drank beer" and "had a good time."

Yeah, I know, the question that absolutely begs to be asked: Was there a "Gauntlet" at the parties in 1985 where females were playfully pawed? You can bet your butt on it!

The unspeakable "gauntlet" is something of a tradition at Tailhook parties; wherein, those females wanting to join the open house and open bar had to run the "gauntlet." That is, unless they were married, or escorted, or pain in the ass PARTY POOPERS.

It would seem that in the heat of battle, the Navels and the Gyrenes misread our Paula and tried to play games with one of the great POOPERS of all time: a WET BLANKET large enough to cover the entire Pentagon!

LET'S HAVE A PARTY!

Chorus:

Parties make the world go 'round,
World go 'round, world go 'round.
Parties make the world go 'round...
Let's have a party!

Now, we're gonna tear down the bar in the officer's club.—Boo!

We're gonna build us a new bar.—RAY!
It's only gonna be one foot wide.—BOO!
But it's gonna be a mile long.—RAY!
There's gonna be no bartenders at our bar.—BOO!
There's only gonna be barmaids.—RAY!
Our barmaids will wear long dresses.—BOO!
Out of Cellophane.—RAY!
You can't take our barmaids to your bunks.—BOO!
They take you to their bunks.—RAY!
You can't sleep with our barmaids.—BOO!
They don't let you sleep.—RAY!
Soda's gonna be ten bucks a glass.—BOO!
Whiskey...FREE! RAY!
Only one to each pilot.—BOO!
Served in buckets.—RAY!
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river.—BOO!
And then we'll all go SWIMMING!—RAY!
Now no girls are allowed in the USO hall.—BOO!
With their clothes on.—RAY!
There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor.—BOO!
And no dancin' on the...LOVIN' FLOOR!—RAY!

Chorus:

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In 1985 our Paula joined in the party with her pals and had a "good time." However, in her 1991 sortie to the third deck, she couldn't find anyone she knew so she couldn't have a good time.

Our glorious news media has described the third deck as a cross between a Bacchanalia—replete with orgies—and a gang rape! Easy enough for them, THEY WEREN'T THERE! But, that's standard practice for our "Make-believe News Rooms."

Now what did our fragile flower say about the festivities? Well, according to the celestial word of Paula: "It was a mob scene. It was a big, huge cocktail party....Loud music, a lot of people standing around with cocktails and beers."

WHAT! No rape? No circus? No Christians being thrown to the lions? No gladiators hacking away at each other? Sounds like any other convention. Er...Southern Baptists excepted.

Not finding anyone she knew, our Paula went back towards the elevator. On the way she looked down the hall and saw, "...a group of Naval and Marine officers talking. Some of them had beer in their hands....I thought it was just the overflow from the suites. So I thought, well, I'll go down there, check it out and see who's there." It was at this point that our Paula walked into the "Gauntlet" and apparently encountered the world's largest...GOOSE! WHOOOOOOPS! Our gal was goosed with the force of a steam catapult flinging a fighter aircraft off the deck of an aircraft carrier! She...she..became...AIRBORNE! As she stated it, the man "just grabbed my behind and lifted me off the floor."

Paula's response to being launched into the blue: "What the 'blank' do you think you're doing?" In fact, she does quite a lot of "blanking" in her interview. Whatever the "blank" a "blank" means?

She also did a lot of kicking and biting and fighting. Our Paula is far from being a fragile flower. As she stated it so eloquently in her interview, "...I'm strong as shit. I can do 100 pushups without stopping." So our Water Lily—in the PUNK hair-cut—is really

a Cypress.

GEORGE ORWELL REPORT TO THE BRIDGE!

Paula continues: "I knew I was in serious trouble. At this point I really figured I was going to get gang raped." W H O A ! How about a little Orwellian "Common Sense" in this media scenario.

Paula, dear Paula, how in hell were you going to get "gang raped" in a crowded hallway with men and women tromping back and forth through the so-called "gauntlet"? As you said yourself, "I thought it was just the overflow from the suites." Got a bit carried away with your torrid tale, didn't you?

The "gang raped" bandwagon got kinda crowded at the Tailhook, with dizzy broads yelling: "Me too. Me too. Me too." after they had been asked by our salivating news media if they "thought they might be gang raped." Of course, most of these broads admitted that they had not been touched by anyone—so it was kind of a "mental gang rape." No doubt I'll be accused of giving them a "mental back-hand"—even though I wasn't there. I guess they figured: well, after-all, somewhere, someone must want to gang rape me.

☆☆☆

As recounted in a Fox T.V. interview on "A Current Affair": It seems that two gals named Stacey and Kim walked right through the infamous "gauntlet" of beastly pilots and "neither of them felt they had been treated inappropriately." Nor did they see any other females subjected to what they considered abuse. According to Stacey, "It was definitely the most rowdy party I had ever been to."

Stacey, dear Stacey, that is precisely what it was supposed to be. Fighter parties are rowdy parties. Always have been. Hopefully, they always will be. That is, unless our great chorus of Congressional CASTRATOS go a cappella with the feminuts and write even more asinine regulations than they already have written.

AIR FORCE LAMENT. (Battle Hymn of the Republic.)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting skies,
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly.
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL!

Chorus:

Glory flying regulations,
Have them read at all the stations.
Burn the ass of those that break them,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL!

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame.
But now that's all verboten and we're all so gosh-dern tame,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL!

Chorus:

So now mine eyes are dim with tears for happy days of old,
We loved to take our chances for our hearts were young and bold.
From now on we have no choice but live to be quite old,
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL!

Chorus:

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In the course of her friendly tussle with the fighter jocks, our "Strong As Shit" Paula said that a young officer yelled "Admiral's aide, Admiral's aide." According to

our powerful Paula, this guy was the "Master of Ceremonies," responsible for giving "wave offs" to abort the friendly fondling of broads entering the gauntlet.

Naw, you silly broad. You don't know crap about the Navy, do you? That guy was the LSO, the Landing Signal Officer, not some silly-assed MC.

Paula moans, "It was an organized sport, without a doubt." No shit Paula! Tell me what isn't organized in the military? You're in the military, not the Democrat Party, ya' know.

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Another media delight made an appearance on CBS's "HARD COPY" as a certifiable "molestee." She was introduced as Susanne Hallet, "Party Victim." I guess that's something like "AIDS Victim," but instead of Elizabeth Taylor, you get Anita Hill. And, of course, the usual rock concert for all the other "victims."

Now, this dizzy broad claims that there were two to three thousand men and less than a hundred women at the party. That would certainly require the use of a PARTY COMPACTOR to compress that many people into the halls and suites on the third floor.

One wonders who all these people were. The Tailhook Symposium had only three thousand people in attendance and most of them left immediately after the symposium ended. However, a modest tenfold increase in any number on CBS almost approaches "accuracy" in today's television media.

According to "Party Victim" Hallett, women were routinely "violated".....with "stickers." Which means that various squadron logos were stuck or pinned on some women—none of whom complained about it!

It seems our Suzy wasn't "pinned." How very frustrating. Our gal and her pals specifically went to the party in hopes of meeting some young fighter jocks. As stated by our Suzy: "Deep down I'm thinking, maybe some day I'll marry one of these pilots and have a good life."

Clearly...this female...has been seeing too many movies. Guys at conventions aren't really looking to get engaged. Not even Southern Baptists. A lot are looking for another kind of girl...

There once was a hooker named Gail,
'Tween her tits was the price of her tail.
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind,
Was the same information in Braille.

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According to her interview, after her ordeal in the "gauntlet," our Paula returns to the elevator and.... Wait a minute! I don't know how well you did in map reading, Paula, but in floor plan reading you flunk. If you went back to the elevator...you must have gone back through the "gauntlet." So we must assume that those terrible fighter jocks didn't bother this SAS (Strong As Shit) broad when she went back through the "gauntlet" to the elevator.

Our Paula gets in the elevator and she says two other women jumped in behind her. Naturally, they are both "Party Victims" of the beastly fighter jocks. So the three of them commiserate and.... Hell! I can't resist it!

THREE OLD MAIDS.

Chorus:

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Three old maids were locked in the lavatory.
They were there from Monday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

The first lady's name was Elizabeth Porter,
She was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter.
Who went to get rid of some old virgin water,
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus:

The second lady's name was Elizabeth Humphery,
Who went for a pee and could not get her bum free.
She said, "Oh dear, this is really quite comfy,"
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus:

The third lady's name was Elizabeth Bender,
Who went to adjust a broken suspender.
And got it mixed up with her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus:

FOUR: POST PARTY SYNDROME.

Having narrowly escaped being, as she said, "gang raped" on the third deck, did our SAS broad call the police? Naw, she walked around by herself, and then she...GOT IN THE ELEVATOR AND WENT BACK TO THE THIRD FLOOR! Where she...WALKED AROUND! SOME VICTIM!

This time Paula finds a friend, Lt. Michael Steed. They go out to the patio and sit on the grass, where Coughlin complains about the "gauntlet." Of course, the gauntlet is still going on, but our Paula doesn't take any action to stop it. She's Admiral Snyder's aide and if the gauntlet was so horrible, why didn't she try and get in touch with the Admiral and tell him about it? Steed is the aide to an even more senior Admiral, why doesn't she ask him to do something? SHE DOES NOTHING!

She and Steed go back to the elevator and down to the casino restaurant, where, according to Coughlin, they talk about the gauntlet. But she says that she never described the specifics to Steed. Why the hell not? Could it be that the infamous gauntlet was little more than an irritation at that time and it would have to stew in her ministrations before it became a cause celebre?

After coffee with Steed, Coughlin returns to her hotel and goes to bed. The next morning, she calmly checks on separate flights for the Admiral and herself. She then calls Admiral Snyder. She says nothing about the party or the gauntlet until he asks, "How was the third deck last night?" This sets Coughlin off and she sweetly replies, "It stunk. I was practically gang-banged by a group of f.....g F-18 pilots."

"F.....g F-18 pilots?" Shocking, Paula! But now we know what all the previous "blanks" in your interview were all about.

About a thousand years ago, I spent a tour of duty in the U.S. Navy during the Korean War. I was stationed out of Norfolk, Virginia on sea duty and committed to those three great military disciplines: BOOZE, BROADS, BRAWLS. (Usually in that order.) So I cannot understand why those Navy jocks didn't instantly recognize the obvious refinement of an East Main Street Finishing School and realize that they were dealing with a "blanking" Ossifer and a Lady. And a SAS one at that!

Shocking language Paula, but since you insist:

BATTLE HYMN. (Battle Hymn of the Republic.)

We fly our f.....g aircraft at 10,000 f.....g feet,

We fly our f.....g aircraft through the rain and snow and sleet.
And though we think we're flying south,
We're flying f.....g north.
And we make our f.....g landfall on the fifth of f.....g forth.

Chorus:

Glory, glory hallelujah, glory, glory hallelujah,
Glory, glory hallelujah,
And we bust our f.....g asses when we hit the f.....g ground.

We fly our f.....g aircraft at 1,000 f..k all hundred feet,
We fly our f.....g aircraft through the trees and corn and wheat.
And though we think we fly with skill, we fly with f.....g luck.
But we don't give a f.....g damn or care a f.....g f..k.

Chorus:

We fly our f.....g aircraft at 1,000 f.....g feet,
We fly our f.....g aircraft through the rain and snow and sleet.
And though we think we're flying up, we're flying f.....g down.
And we bust our f.....g asses when we hit the f.....g ground.

Chorus:

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It's not surprising that the Admiral doesn't take Paula's claim to have been "practically gang-banged" seriously. One would have to be a moron to believe that poor SAS Coughlin, or anyone else, could be "gang-banged" in the middle of a party while Naval officers and their wives calmly stood about chatting and sipping drinks.

Admiral Snyder does what anyone would have done. He tries to sympathize with Coughlin on the phone and he says that he will discuss it when they meet for breakfast. At breakfast Coughlin says, "They were so out of line I can't tell you how out of control. I mean I kicked and bit and fought my way out of that hallway."

According to Coughlin, the Admiral responds: "That's what you get when you go on the third deck full of drunk aviators."

ROGER THAT! If Coughlin went to a pool party, she'd probably complain if she got splashed.

Coughlin returns to duty and stews in her femininity for nearly a week before she launches her private war on the U.S. Navy. Well...at least it wasn't ten years like Anita Hill.

She says that she brought up the subject a couple of times and was "shot down" by Admiral Snyder. Once she said, "You know, Admiral, I don't want a witch hunt. Wait a minute! I want a god damn witch hunt! I'm going to find those guys and hang them. Those cretins should not be Naval Officers."

WRONG! Those fighter jocks are what the Navy is all about Coughlin. You're the one that doesn't belong in the Navy.

The mission of the United States Navy is the same as the mission of the U.S. Army, the U.S. Marines and the U.S. Air Force: DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. The only reason we have a military is to kill and destroy our enemies. That's it! It is death and destruction—or the threat of same—that makes any military of service to any nation. I think it's best stated in the maxim of the Air Force's Tactical Air Command: "Your mission is to fly and fight—and never forget it."

Coughlin, no one understands the mission of the military better than those fighter jocks.

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT.

(Battle Hymn of the Republic.)

By the ring around his eyeball, You can tell a bombardier.
You can tell a bomber pilot, By the spread around his rear.
You can tell a navigator, By his sextant, maps and such.
You can tell a fighter pilot, BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!

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NOW HEAR THIS COUGHLIN:

The mission of the United States Navy is not to provide Paula Coughlin with an interesting career of travel and adventure. The mission of the United States Navy is not to provide Paula Coughlin with a snappy uniform. The mission of the United States Navy is not to teach Paula Coughlin to fly a helicopter. The mission of the United States Navy is to visit death and destruction on the enemies of the United States of America. All the ancillary services, including your small effort, Coughlin, are to facilitate the killing and destruction of our enemies—and those fighter jocks are the leading edge of the weapon that will kill and destroy.

On the other hand, you are only in the Navy as a political expedient. You and all the other dizzy broads have been forced on the Navy by that great DUNG HEAP on the Potomac, the Congress.

☆☆☆

But hell, Coughlin. You're now the heroine of the entire military hating news media. Aren't you? And you're loved by all the liberal creeps in the Congress who would cheerfully disarm this nation—as they have done so many times in the past—so we can return to that good old American tradition of sending Americans into combat with junk.

I well remember those days, Coughlin: Flying aircraft that were literally falling apart; having to "cannibalize" one piece of junk to keep another piece of junk in the air. What fun! And most of all I remember a lot of loyal Americans who died doing the dirty and dangerous job of defending this nation with junk. They willingly risked their lives out of a sense of loyalty to the nation, the people, and the Air Force. But you wouldn't know anything about that, Coughlin, would you? You've made it painfully clear that your only loyalty is to...YOU!

Well, you'll get what you want. When your adoring creeps in the Congress use your TANTRUM to slash Naval appropriations, you'll really get even with fighter jocks: you'll kill 'em, Coughlin! They'll die in worn-out fighters. "Aces" for Paula Coughlin!

While we're on the subject, since your only loyalty is to your own precious behind, maybe you had better think about getting out of Naval aviation. With all the "Coughlin Cut-Backs," even your job could get very dangerous. Now, a smart gal like you who takes good care of number one doesn't want to get killed flying a "chopper" that should have gone to the scrap yard years before. Right?

Hell, I can remember back to those bad ol' days when some of our old, worn-out aircraft developed a very nasty habit of blowing up in mid-air!

WILL YOU GO BOOM TODAY? (Ta-rah-rah Boom-de-Ay)

Chorus:

Will you go boom today, will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday, we haven't long to stay.

If you fly an 89,
You must be deaf, dumb and blind,
For your life ain't worth a dime;
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

Chorus:

If you fly a 94,
You should never holler more.
For your lot we do not pine,
It's better than an 89. (True, very true.)

Chorus:

If you fly an 86,
You'll have wings like broken sticks,
Suddenly you'll see a glare,
You'll be pieces everywhere.

Chorus:

If you fly a plane at all,
You're too high in case you fall.
Better just forget the plane,
Take a boat or go by train.

Chorus:

TAKE A TRAIN COUGHLIN.

☆☆☆

NOW HEAR THIS! NOW HEAR THIS...

Now...what was Paula Coughlin's famous quote? Oh, yeah. "I want to tell this story once. I want everyone to hear it, understand it, and then let's move on."

NO WAY, COUGHLIN! You created this mess and you will certainly wear it around your neck as long as you are in the military! You will be remembered by the Navy, the Army, the Marines and the Air Force. **YOU WILL NEVER LIVE IT DOWN!** You've already become part of the military lexicon, and every time one of your sisters in service goes into her monthly snit and shrieks "sexual harassment" just to get some attention, it'll be called "PULLING A COUGHLIN."

☆☆☆

With the able assistance of Paula Coughlin, Field Marshal, Air Marshal, Fleet Admiral Patsy Schroeder may even get her ultimate Feminut KNICKER-DRENCHER and force the military to accept females in combat. Where they will have to learn one of the primary rules of warfare: If you can't do your job we pay for it in casualties.

Rear Admiral Hill recently pointed out a real problem we will have with broads in combat. He noted that a helicopter squadron (Coughlin's job) had fourteen broads in it. Eleven of whom were pregnant! And only one of Coughlin's knocked-up counterparts was married!

Question: How many casualties will it cost us if that squadron had to be sent into combat short fourteen trained personnel?

Question: How in hell can anyone plan personnel needs when any female in the squadron may become pregnant at any time?

In the past, a shortage of clerk-typists didn't cost us one damned casualty, but the next military action we will certainly have a run on BODY BAGS.

During Jimmy Carter's four years of blundering, Gen. Singlaub had to drop everything and airlift a collection of Coughlin's hysterical service sisters out of Korea to Japan when Jimmy's blundering almost got Korean War Number Two started. It may astonish Field Marshal Schroeder, but those broads weren't the least bit eager to go into combat. Just the threat of a possible military action made them all quite hysterical. Fortunately, their jobs weren't the least bit important and they didn't cost us any needless casualties.

One can well imagine what will happen when all the Coughlins, with all their childish petulance, are caught up in a military action and all their petty tantrums turn to terror. It ain't gonna be nice. But it will sure as hell prove that broads don't belong in combat. After paying a terrible price in blood for the grand Feminut experiment, the American people will make sure that females will never be sent into combat again.

The worst thing that can happen to a soldier in combat is to be responsible for the death of his comrades. So it's a very nasty thing that Field Marshal, Air Marshal, Fleet Admiral Schroeder is going to do to the females in the military. But, what can you expect from a large, green vegetable?

The broads may wear the flight suits and think they can do the job in combat, but their past performance in military actions tells us they can't hack it.

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES. (Bell Bottom Trousers.)

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane,
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same.
Along came a pilot, as handsome as could be,
Alas he was the cause of all her misery.

Chorus:

Singing "G" suits and parachutes,
And uniforms of blue.
He flew a fighter aircraft,
Just like his daddy used to do.

The moral of this story is clear as it can be,
Never trust a pilot an inch above the knee.
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

Chorus:

Singing "G" suits and parachutes,
And uniforms of blue.
She'll never fly a fighter,
Like her daddy used to do.

FOUR: FUN!

The Tailhook boys threw a wild party because its been a tradition with aviators that dates back to the First World War. I have a great many fond memories of some rowdy parties, wherein, the bill for the booze is always accompanied by the larger bill for the damages. So, far from being a disgrace, banning the Tailhook boys from further conventions and accommodations at the Hilton in Vegas may even be a feather in their caps. Indeed, they boast that at one convention they were thrown out of Mexico.

Small potatoes. The "Navels" have always lagged far behind the Air Force in organized rowdyism. Being tossed out of a hotel in Mexico pales into insignificance when compared to even a modest Air Force party. For example: One can truly take justifiable pride in the rowdiness of one's fellow aviators, when all officers and gentlemen of the squadron have been declared persona non grata...at a North African whorehouse. FOR LIFE! One's chest swells with pride over that accolade.

DRINKIN' RUM AND COCA COLA.

Since the Air Force came to Sidi Slimane,
The girls out there have gone insane.
Their mothers say, "Now girls, treat them nice,
Give them more at half the price."

Chorus:

Drinkin' rum and coca cola,
Go down to Walhalla,
Both mother and daughter,
Workin' for the Yankee dollar.

In French Morocco it's mighty clear,
A Frenchman gets just one can of beer.
But we are as lucky as we can be,
We get wine and women and VD.

Chorus:

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Party time in the military usually happens in places that would be OFF LIMITS to the broads now in the service. That's because the military is a brotherhood of soldiers and not some damned co-ed college. In war and in peace, the professional soldiers set up "operations" in run-down bars and brothels around the world. The continent may change, the whores may be different, and aside from the universal stink of urine, the smell may even be different; but I'll be damned if it's not the same hole you got drunk in on the other side of the world.

Parties in these places can be rowdy and rough; and even quite dangerous, since fights are inevitable.

Take this large bar and whorehouse in French Algiers: A popular place, it was smoky...and noisy...but relatively peaceful...for a bar and a whorehouse. Until some Aussies walked in and found some Kiwis; naturally there was a fight!

They were having at it when some Brits came in. So the Aussies and the Kiwis joined forces and thumped the hell out of the Tommies.

Having vanquished the Brits, they celebrated by tossing some Arabs out the window. This brought the French Foreign Legion to the scene. There could have been one hell of a fight, but the Legionnaires were all Germans, so they all sat 'round drinking beer. Everybody hates the Frogs!

It's laughable to think that Paula and her pals actually think that some day they will become real soldiers; become part of a profession that has probably changed very little since Roman Legionnaires walked the same streets as those German legionnaires in the French Foreign Legion. And chances are the Roman Legionnaires were also Germans.

Dizzy broads like Coughlin have forced themselves into locker rooms, board rooms and men's clubs, and now they want to force themselves into the world of the professional soldier. They'll never do it, because it's a world where they will never fit in.

Military operations during a war could be a tent, a shack, a hootch or a bunker. The "Crapper": a line of 55 gallon drums. The "Shower": a canvas bag of water—if you're lucky—or a helmet full of water. It will not work!

Still they persist. And like frustrated, spoiled brats, they attack what they can't become part of, and since fighter pilots so clearly represent a bastion of male dominance in the military, they're a natural target of the gutless in the media and the nutless in the military.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS.

Chorus:

Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's ass.
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

I was cruising down the Yalu,
Doing six and twenty per,
When a call came from the Major,
Oh won't you save me sir?
Got three flak holes in my wing tips,
And my tanks ain't got no gas,
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday,
I got six Migs on my ass!

chorus:

It was split S on my bomb run,
And I got too god damned low,
But I pressed that bloody button,
And I let those babies go.
Sucked the stick back fast as blazes,
When I hit a high speed stall,
Now I won't see my mother
When the work's all done next fall.

Chorus:

Then they sent me down to Pyongyang,
The brief said no ack ack,
But by the time that I arrived there,
my wings was mostly flak.
Then my engine coughed and sputtered,
It was too cut up to fly,
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday,
I'm too young to die!

Chorus:

☆☆☆

FIVE: AND GAMES!

It's kinda funny how appalled the media and the pols were over the Navy boy's game of "Gauntlet." Hell, there are scores of games that have been devised by airmen. And some of these games even date back to the First World War. Not surprisingly, games devised by airmen during wars are very rowdy, very rough, and at times even dangerous. Though, off hand, I can't think of any fatalities. And that includes a drinks "bounty" on rats killed in the bunker—with 45s.

Now a charming Air Force "drinks" game called "DEAD BUG" has been known to produce some injuries; and a few guys have been burned drinking "AFTER BURNERS"; but a few broken bones and some burns are all the casualties these games have cost the military.

Of course, our British counterparts in the RAF have their own games, like "Gully, Gully, Whompers," and I must assume that they have sustained about the same number of "losses" as the U.S. Air Force. As in: "I say chaps...I think I've broken my leg." He did!

Aside from the common language, the U.S. Air Force, the RAF, the RCAF, the Aussies and the Kiwis and the South Africans, have a lot more in common: the songs.

JOLLY JOLLY ENGLAND.

Oh, I don't want to be an airman,
I don't want to go to war.

I just want to hang around, Piccadilly, ON THE GROUND!
And live off the earnings of a high class lady.

I don't want to join the Air Force,
Don't want my buttocks shot away.
I just want to live in England, jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate me friggin' life away.

☆☆☆

Media suspicions confirmed: It's not only junior officers who play the games and sing the songs. Oh the shame of it all! Air Force Generals and "Battle of Britain" Air Marshals have even been known to sing the "naughty" song and play the rowdy games—IN FULL DRESS UNIFORMS.

British broads have a far better sense of party humor than their American cousins. That's why so many airmen have British wives. In any event, the Brit broads are willing participants in Air Force and RAF fun and games. Games like...oh... "Footprints On The Ceiling."

This is a challenging game, wherein, one must imprint one's footprints on the ceiling of the club. Not an easy task, especially in Great Britain where the "O"-Clubs are in old buildings with extremely high ceilings. This naturally requires a great deal of planning, engineering, and a human pyramid high enough and strong enough to sustain the top man who must perform while inverted.

Of course, there is that other factor: this sizeable engineering feat must be performed by a motley crew of Brits and Yanks who have consumed a small ocean of beer and lager. An all important factor that has made this game notable for its many failures and few successes.

Like the French Foreign Legion that takes pride in its military failures—where Legionnaires have fought to the death—rather than its military victories, the game of "Footprints On The Ceiling" will always be remembered for the courageous act of one feisty British barmaid who insisted on planting her footprints on the ceiling of the "O"-Club. And in order to make this occasion a truly memorable one, this splendid female had secretly dropped her knickers before the attempt.

Although she failed in the attempt, she achieved immortality in the annals of the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force. Indeed, whenever her courageous attempt is mentioned amongst airmen, tradition requires that they stand at attention by their bar stools...and render a salute! GOD BLESS HER!

IT'S A SHYME.

We were comfy back in England,
Drinking beer and ale and wine.
When they slipped it to us greasy,
And shipped us out to the front line.

Chorus:

It's a shyme the whole world over,
It's a shyme around the map.
The civilians gets the gravy,
While the Air Force gets the crap!

Now, we were young and we were eager,
Ten more missions and we're home;
But they goosed us without warning, WHOOOPS!
Sent us flying cross the foam.

Chorus:

As we flew over Windsor Castle,
And saluted all the whores.
We got it up the ass hole,
And we're far from Britain's shores.

Chorus:

So we fly our stinking aircraft,
And we're risking our lives,
While the crud ass type our orders,
Are a-shacking with our wives.

Chorus:

So, as you sit amidst your family,
Blessed be the tie that binds,
Say a prayer for the Air Force,
What got it rammed up their behinds.
Chorus:

☆☆☆

It's only natural that airmen devise games that are challenging—and fight like hell to win. Fighting and winning are part of the breed, and it matters little if you're fighting the enemy or the guys from the other squadron. Indeed, "bouncing" a guy from another squadron and sayin' "GOTCHA!" on the radio is almost as satisfying as shooting down an enemy pilot.

The competition can get quite fierce when two fighter squadrons are forced to share the same field and the same "O"-Club.

On one memorable occasion a formal challenge was issued for a tug-of-war at the O-Club between two fighter squadrons. There was cheating! I must admit that our bunch did tie the rope to a column in the club, while those cheatin' bastards in the other squadron actually tied their end to a Jeep in the parking lot. Now, how dishonest can you get?

This resulted in a great deal of groaning coming from the building, along with the stench of burning rubber as the Jeep spun its tires out in the parking lot. It was a tie.

BLESS 'EM ALL.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cursing him yet,
For he tried to go over the wall,
With his tip tanks, his tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off...
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the sergeants and their bloody sons,
Bless all the corporals, the fat-headed ones.
I'm sayin' goodbye to them all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Here's to you and lots others,
You can shove it up, brothers,
I'm goin' back home in the fall.

☆☆☆

SIX: PAULA COUGHLIN...WHERE ARE YOU?

A nice sunny afternoon in 1968 I was flying the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos as a Forward Air Controller.

A FAC called "in the blind" on the Control Frequency: "All NAIL FACs come up button two." I punched in the frequency and listened in. The FAC was running a set of Navy fighters and one of the wingmen was rattling on about all the bomb craters on the trail. These guys were obviously "diverts;" they had been diverted from an air strike in North Vietnam due to weather, so we used them on the trail.

The youthful wingman rattled on and on...

"Lead...look at those craters. Hot damn! It looks just like the moon! Hey Lead! Did you ever see anything like this?"

When he finally paused for breath, the flight leader came on. "Two."

"Yeah, go ahead lead."

"DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?"

S I L E N C E !

Well, he was at "Delta 57," or the "Twin Peaks," a charming spot just a hop, skip and a jump down the road from an even more charming place: MU GIA PASS. That young wingman knew what his mission was and he performed it. He just wasn't quite sure where in the hell he was.

Paula Coughlin hasn't the foggiest notion as to the mission of the United States Navy, and to compound her ignorance, she didn't know where she was when she crashed a fighter jocks party.

Our Paula, a Lieutenant in the Navy, was an aide to an Admiral.

The Admiral, he rides in a Motorboat,

The Captain must ride in the Gig.

It don't go a god damn bit faster,

But it makes the old bastard feel big.

We had Paula's counterpart, a Captain in the Air Force and an aide to a General, at—of all places—our Air Commando base at Nakhon Phanom, Thailand.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing,

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing.

Oh, the place is full of brass,

sittin' 'round on their fat ass,

There are no fighter pilots up in Wing.

If the pissed-off Paulas in the military find the fighter jocks at Tailhook rough and raunchy, the Air Commando Wing at "Naked Fanny" would be the ULTIMATE HORROR!

The mission of the Air Commando at N.K.P. (Nakhon Phanom) was the interdiction of the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos. Operations were conducted 24 hours a day, seven days a week...for years.

The "O"-Club at N.K.P. was our Officers Mess and our bar. We had "Happy Hours" three times a week and three times that day, since we operated on a 24 hour basis.

It was delightfully rough and raunchy. Not a bad building, but the Thai "Water Festival" had left the wooden floors like a washboard and the door to the office was never replaced. Some Navy guys had the gall to lock themselves in the office and sing the Air Force to sleep with the Navy song on the PA system. Ergo: one smashed door.

We didn't have much in the way of entertainment. The USO had banned us just because some fellow wanted a female entertainer to sing, "Road To Mandalay." Now, can you figure that one? And "Sunshine," the local stripper, was banned by the Chaplain just because a couple of guys got into her act.

Of course, we had the base radio and one could hear some nice music on it—and a lot of numbers. The music would swell to a peak, lofted by the string section...and then diminish to a murmur as a deep...melodious...voice would read a list of numbers.... "Five...twenty...three. Seven...eighty...seven."

These were the numbers of registered hookers who had flunked their weekly check-up with the Flight Surgeon and had some GOD-AWFUL CRUD! Nobody, but nobody, wanted to have a "winning number."

LEE'S HOOCHIE

I'll mention a name, please remember it well,
The name is Lee's Hoochie, God damn it to hell!
There's a sign at the door says, "All welcome here,
And each Air Force man gets a nice souvenir."

I went to Seoul City, I met a Miss Lee,
She said, "OK, flyboy, you come sleep with me";
She stayed in Lee's Hoochie, a place with hot floors,
I left my shoes outside, I slid shut the doors.

She took off her long johns, she rolled out a pad,
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had;
Her breath smelled kimchie, her bosoms were flat,
Her middle was hairless, now how about that!

I asked to go benjo, she led me outside,
I reached for old smokey, he crawled back inside;
I rushed to the medics, "What shall I do?"
The doc was dumfounded, old smokey was blue!

When you're in Seoul City, whatever you plan,
Don't go to Lee's Hoochie, sit flat on your can;
Your can may get calloused before you get through,
But better the red ass than old smokey blue.

☆☆☆

Into this rarefied atmosphere... Naw, into this RAUNCHY atmosphere, we got an Air Force version of Paula Coughlin.

She was a real "Stateside Reject," If any guy was still yearning to meet a "roundeye" he was cured of it. In addition to that misfortune, her brain was inversely proportional to her ass—and that was ponderous. Had these anatomical features been reversed, the Nobel Prizes for Science, Medicine and Literature would have been hers for the asking.

Like our Paula, this dumb broad hadn't the foggiest notion as to the mission of the United States Air Force. What's even worse, like Paula, she somehow imagined the Air Commando club to be a Country Club. Now, how about that?

As an aide to the General she didn't do much. Primarily because the General didn't do squat-all. So she was given some odd jobs to keep her out of trouble. Someone thought it safe to make her "Protocol Officer," since no one ever came to the base. It should have been "Snow Removal Officer."

Seizing the bit in her teeth, she apparently used a tire iron to leverage her

ponderous butt into her Class A uniform. And then she posted her fat rump in front of the door to the club, so she could lecture all us Air Force slob on the proper uniform we should wear to the Tea Dance—or whatever the hell she thought was going on in there.

Her first and last lecture was with an A-26 pilot who had been bombing and strafing trucks on the trail that night. She was absolutely appalled by his appearance. From south to north: Shower clogs. Blue jeans, ripped off at the knee and tied with a rope. T-shirt, with naughty words on it. Mirror sun glasses. And to complete this vision of sartorial splendor: a jaunty BUM-F..K hat. Hell, I thought he looked kinda spiffy.

Paula's counterpart thought otherwise. However, this chap kindly suggested—with two very succinct words—that she should treat her obvious mental irritation by immediately seeking sexual gratification.

This sent THUNDERBUTT shrieking to the Colonel. And, just like our charming Paula, she said that all pilots were absolute beasts and we didn't belong in the Air Force. She knew just about as much as Paula Coughlin as to the mission of the Air Force or the Navy.

The Colonel begged us to not annoy her. Not for her sake, but for his sake, as he would find it impossible to hold a straight face a second time.

Given the obvious loser status of some of the silly broads who join the military and try to fit their square pegs into all the round holes because they're Feminuts, it's little wonder most Americans find foreign females far more charming than the pushy broads who force themselves into the military where they don't belong and rely on politics to sustain them in a job they can't do.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,

There are no fighter pilots in the states.

☆☆☆

As a life-long bachelor I can claim a great deal of expertise on the subject of BROADS. With so many great looking broads running about, I always thought it was kind of stupid to enter into an arrangement where one had the same broad hanging around the place all the time. Variety being the spice...and all that. And now as I approach my sixtieth year, I can fully appreciate how very right I was—marriage is just about the only mistake I didn't make.

Broads, along with all of their delightful physical assets—they have few mental assets (most broads are pretty dumb)—also have a plethora of liabilities.

American broads, in particular, have a rather nasty habit of trying to change men. I have never met an American broad who didn't want to change...my military haircut, my clothes, my furniture, my life... My answer: TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

Unfortunately, these same dizzy broads now want to change the military and all the men in it. And all of the "alleged" males in the Congress—having nothing in their pants pockets but car keys and loose change—are more than willing to go along with it. These nutless nerds are clearly terrified that some muscular S.A.S. broad from N.O.W. might come stormin' into their office and slap 'em 'round the room! A real possibility with "Strong As Shit" broads who can do "one hundred push-ups without stopping." So, it ain't CHIVALRY that has caused the Congress to grovel before Coughlin, it's COW-ARDICE!

A word from an expert: Fellow pilots, avoid the American broad. And save your parties for distant shores. Where the women are real women and not pseudo-males.

Where women can actually think for themselves and not just quote Feminut slogans.
Where men can behave like men and all pilots proudly stand when they PISS! Of course,
there are some risks, but what the hell...

CIGAREETS AND SAKE.

Chorus:

Cigareets and sake and wild, wild josans,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.
Cigareets and sake and wild, wild josans,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Now, once I was happy, I had a dear wife,
I had enough yen for to last all my life,
I met with a josan, we went on a spree,
She started me smokin' and drinkin' sake.

Chorus:

I got into bed then, some sleep for to get,
She said, "No sleep, flyboy, I no tired yet."
Well, I woke the next morning a quarter past ten,
I was missing my wallet and ten thousand yen.

Chorus:

Now back in Chitose I'm limping about,
Me and the doctor are sweating it out.
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf,
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.

Chorus:

☆☆☆

It's an old military tradition amongst airmen to not mourn a comrade who has been killed in combat. No, we hold a proper Air Force wake and raise a glass to him.

In the Air Commando at N.K.P., a fellow wanted to be sure that his comrades had a proper wake if he was shot down. So one would put a check in one's personal effects or pinned to a bulletin board to insure a good party.

I kept a hundred bucks in "green" in my effects to insure a good party at the club. With all drinks a quarter and "two-fors" nine times a week, one could stage a hell of a good drunk with a hundred bucks.

One morning I came in at 0300 (3 A.M.) after a night flight on the trail and found a few A-26 guys sitting around. They were very, very quiet, so I knew something was wrong. It turned out that a popular guy, and a friend, had been killed that morning while flying an A-26 mission on the trail. As more guys filed in from flying night missions, they were told our comrade had "bought the farm" and they all sat around quietly drinking.

HELL! That was all wrong! So I went over to the bar and rang the hell out of the bell hanging there and bought a round of drinks in memory of our dead comrade. We toasted him as we should, with glasses raised on high, and the bell rang long and loud until the sun came up that morning.

Our dead friend had a fine wit. And, as a passionate Southerner, he was always giving us damn Yankees hell over the Civil War. So we all laughed as we remembered each and every time he verbally kicked the hell out of us damn Yankees. He was a great guy and he was sorely missed by all the guys at the club.

Our toasts to our dead comrade were getting kinda rowdy by the time the sun came

up, and about that time Paula's ponderous counterpart came in for an early breakfast. And, like our Paula, she was a very nosy broad, so she came over to the bar to see what was going on and why we were "celebrating." When she found out...she ran shrieking out the door! Like Paula Coughlin, she didn't understand. And like Paula Coughlin and all other Feminuts, she never will understand.

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES.

Forgot by the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the ones we held dear,
The good have all gone before us
And only the evil are here.

Chorus:

So stand to your glasses, steady,
This world is a world full of lies,
Here's a toast to those dead already,
And here's to the next man who dies

We looped in the purple sunset,
We spun in the silvery dawn,
With a trail of black smoke behind us,
To show where our comrades have gone.

Chorus:

Echoing through the low rafters,
Resounding from the walls so bare,
You can still hear the tears and laughter
Of the dead, for they really are there.

Chorus:

☆☆☆

SEVEN: IF YA GOT 'EM... FLAUNT 'EM!

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
With his hand on the butt of his madam.
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

The Feminuts want it both ways. They want to be females one day and males the next. Kinda "neuterized." With all the advantages of both and none of the disadvantages of either.

Fortunately, most of these silly broads retain large quantities of "The Wild Blue Yonder," 'tween their ears. In short, they're bloody stupid, so they can't defend their silly position.

In point of fact, there is no greater example of this mind-boggling stupidity than their very own "case" for women leading the world.

According to all the leading Feminuts, the world is in such shitty shape because men run things. And the reason men have screwed things up is because men are aggressive. Whereas, all the women of the world are "peaceful." And according to all the leading Feminuts, men will never be peaceful because the aggression in the male is directly related to the male hormone, "Testosterone." In fact, the Feminuts point to scientific studies that make that very connection.

RIGHT ON! I could not agree more! An aggressive attitude is certainly considered as rather anti-social in many professions. Like, hair dressing, interior decorating and too

many more to mention. And the Feminuts should know all about that, in that, these professions are usually female professions.

However, an aggressive attitude is a definite asset in the military profession. In fact, if you lack aggression in combat, you will probably end up dead and cause the death of others.

Now, we all know where this nasty aggressive hormone comes from—don't we?—so our leading Feminuts have presented an airtight case for keeping all females out of combat. In short, if you ain't got 'em sister, you sure as hell don't belong in combat!

So Paula and all her Feminut pals—and poor Bates—had better stick to the safety and security of the rear areas during a war, where their lack of aggression will not cost us needless casualties. Who was Bates? Don't you know?

There once was a pirate named Bates,
Who was learning to rumba on skates.
He fell on his cutlass, which rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

☆☆☆

During the Vietnam War that nasty ol' male hormone absolutely infuriated all the N.O.W broads. Along with the undeniable fact that they were all supporting those nice commies in South East Asia.

That nasty male aggressiveness didn't make us very popular with our glorious American News Media, who were also supporting those nice commies in South East Asia. During the war, the commies were the "good guys" and the Americans were the "bad guys," so never a "good word" about the "bad guy" Americans, and never a "bad word" about the "good guy" commies. Naturally, all of us "Yankee Air Pirates" were the BADDEST of the bunch.

Of course, we agreed with them. We were all SHIT HOT BAD ASSES! And just to make the media happy, the nasty Yankee Air Pirates—oozing Testosterone from every pore—wrote this song for them:

STRAFE THE TOWN

(Wake The Town And Tell The People.)

Strafe the town and kill the people.
Drop your napalm in the square.
Do it early Sunday morning,
Catch them while they're still at prayer.

Throw some candy to the orphans,
Watch them as they gather 'round,
Use your 20 millimeter,
Mow those little bastards down.

Strafe the town and kill the people,
Drop your high-drag on the school.
If you happen to see ground fire,
Don't forget the golden rule.

Run your CBU down main street,
Watch it rip off arms and hair.
See them scurry for the clinic,
Put a pod of rockets there.

Find a field of running Charlies,
Drop a daisy-cutter there.
Watch the chunks of bodies flying,
Arms and legs and blood and hair.

See the sweet old pregnant lady,
Running 'cross the field in fear,
Run your 20 mike-mike through her,
Hope the film comes out real clear.

☆☆☆

One would think that the media would be deliriously happy with our little tune—it more than confirmed everything they were saying about us. Naw, they suspected that we were trying to make fools out of them. That would be redundant, Mother Nature beat us to it. However, they were right, "Strafe The Town" would be considered a "nonsense song" to anyone with a knowledge of aircraft and weapons. And common sense: How many "old pregnant ladies" do you know?

EIGHT: REQUIEM.

I'm sorry for the Navy jocks. Not only are they lumbered with the likes of Paula Coughlin, but they seem to have a collection of senior officers who are manufacturing just about as much testosterone as SAS Coughlin. All the fighter jocks can do is to pray for the survival of the United States Navy. Fortunately, the United States Air Force has already written a prayer for the Navy that just might do...

A NAVY PRAYER.

Our father, who are in Washington,
Bush is thy name. The Navy's done, The Air Force won,
In the Atlantic, as in the Pacific. Give us this day our appropriations.
And forgive us our accusations,
As we forgive our accusers. Lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from Clinton and Schroeder. For thine is the power,
The F-15 and the Air Force, Forever and ever.

Airmen.

☆☆☆

Speaking for myself, I would like to leave this fine, old Air Force toast to all the Feminuts, all the two-bit politicians in the Congress, and all the vermin of the Great American News Media....

AIRMEN'S TOAST.

HERE'S TO ME IN MY SOBER MOOD—
WHEN I RAMBLE, SIT AND THINK.
HERE'S TO ME IN MY DRUNKEN MOOD—
WHEN I GAMBLE, SIN AND DRINK.
WHEN MY FLYING DAYS ARE OVER,
AND FROM THIS WORLD I PASS.
I HOPE THEY BURY ME.... UPSIDEDOWN.
SO THE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS.

Holiday Greetings



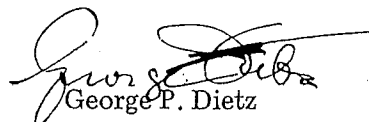
To Faithful old friends...
To cherished new friends
Our Best Wishes

During the year, in the rush of events, we tend to overlook the important friendships that are the true basis of business relationships. One of the great pleasures of the Holiday Season is the opportunity to exchange cordial greetings with those whose friendship and goodwill we value so highly.

In this spirit it is our pleasure to say "Thank You" and extend our sincere appreciation for the very pleasant association we enjoy with you.

May a bright and prosperous New Year bring happiness to you and to yours.

With deep appreciation


George P. Dietz

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