

FUN UNDER THE SWASTIKA

DESTINY - FATE - CHANCE - DIVINE INTERVENTION

Call it what you will, but it seems that over my life I've always had a knack for being in a certain unexpected place for a chance meeting or event. The probability always seems like a million to one occurrence. And so it happened one evening in mid-December 2000.

'Oh Stacy, that was great! I feel a lot better.' I having just received a one hour Swedish massage at my partner's Tanning & Massage salon at a local sports complex. Ralph often used me as a shopper to see how a new therapist would work out. This one did just fine. After I had dressed and was walking down the hall, stopping to leave a generous gratuity with Stacy, Ralph said, "I'm going to close in a few minutes. Do you want to stop and get a bit to eat? I'm starved."

"Well, I've already had dinner." I said, "but I'll go along and have a drink with you."

"Ok, let's go to Rosey Babies, their kitchen stays open late."

"Ya, ok, we haven't been there in a while."

Rosey Babies is a quaint little neighborhood bar in a strip mall in West Broward, specializing in Cajun food and good draft beer. Some time there is some decent music, but always good service and a friendly crowd.

"All right" I said, "I'm going on ahead, close up, and I'll see you there."

Well, it was a little longer drive than I thought, but I arrived, parked, and went on in. Not too busy for a week night, a few people at tables and a couple of guys at the bar. I slid onto a bar stool at the end of the bar next to the fish tank. The only thing on the various TV's was some 'nigger hoop-ball'. I ordered a Bass Ale.

I really don't care to sit at a bar and drink alone. There was nothing to read, but I knew Ralph would be along shortly and we could discuss the fine points of Stacy's massage technics. Ha!

Looking up at the TV I was disgusted at the sight of the 7 foot tall baboons making a mockery of the game of basketball. A game which was invented by White men so White collage boys would have a sport to play during the winter months. At that time, over a hundred years ago, the average White collage student was about 5'8" to 5'10" tall. A six footer was quite tall at that time, so they placed the basket at ten feet.

Now, with 7 & 8 foot tall baboons, the game has lost all sense of proportion and has become a very ugly joke. A complete insult to the origins of the game.

Yet our collage students, the schools and especially the parents have been totally brain washed and don't see the hypocrisy in the perversion of our once all White game.

Oh well, just another chunk out of the foundations of our White culture! The sooner the establishment falls, the sooner we can sweep these ignorant baboons into the dust bin of racial history. Sort of like the Doo-Doo birds. Ha!

All of these things were going through my mind while sitting there nursing my beer. It was about this time I started to notice the young man sitting on the bar stool next to me. He too was watching the baboons on the TV and obviously not enjoying it any more than I.

He was making a few grunts and mumbles under his breath, his leg was bouncing at a frantic rate, indicating agitation and frustration, as they say.

It was then I noticed the fellow was wearing black boots, black jeans, black shirt and jacket, had a wispy beard on his chin, a shaved head and tattoos galore

A Skin Head! WOW!! Right here at the local bar in Broward County. The South end of the "Belly of the Beast", Jew York City, with palm trees!

I'm impressed. I try to get a better look at his tattoos. He doesn't seem very talkative. Then I notice the top of a large N.S. peeking out from the top of his shirt collar.

A National Socialist! A true believer! What a coincidence!

Now I'm really impressed, but what do you say to this giant hulk of a young fellow, ready for combat?!! How does one open a conversation without causing offence ? I give it some thought. Should I reveal my true beliefs and who I use to be?

Well, let's have another pint. I think, 'oh what the hell. Let's find out what this fellow is all about.'

Causally, I say "Seeing your tattoos and your Iron Cross ring, I'll bet you are a great admirer of Commander Lincoln Rockwell."

All Stop! Charlie, as I shortly learn his name, just stares at me, with a expression of 'who are you and how do you know about Lincoln Rockwell?

So, letting the cat out of the bag, I told Charlie I had been a officer in the A.N.P. back in the early sixties and had run the Party's print shop. Traveled with the Commander and had lived at the Headquarters in Arlington, Virginia.

Instant celebrity status! "Tell me more" he says. "Wait! My partner Dennis has to meet you." He calls over another skin head in the same uniform of black clothes and more tattoos. We are introduced.

"Oh my God!" shouts Dennis, "A real Nazi, someone who knew the Commander! Let me shake your hand! Buy you a beer! Kiss the ground! Oh my God! You are the Man!!"

"Ok, ok guys." I say, "calm down and I'll tell you all about the early days of the Party.

In the middle of all of this Ralph walks in and is just amazed at what is going on. He knows a little bit about the cause and so is just swept along with it all. I don't recall whether he ever ate or not.

Well, it was a long night at Rosey's. I tell a lot of stories about the Party in the early days. The trials and adventures we had, the fights and the jails, the picket lines in front of the White House. Driving the 'Hate Bus". Never had so few, created so much propaganda, with so little!

The young Skin Heads were just enthralled. I heard later that Charlie glowed for a week!

I think we closed the place up around 2:30am, definitely having had to many beers. But what an evening! You just never know who you are going to meet, or where.

And Skin Heads, here in Broward County, with all those tattoos. It's like having a neon sign around your neck. Like the early Christians, to be an open National Socialist, here, at this time, puts ones self in great danger.

There are over a half a million jews in Broward County. They know they are in control and they are arrogant. So I admonished the young front fighters to always be careful, don't do anything illegal or stupid, don't get into trouble, or be too vocal in their beliefs in the wrong place.

The Commander always said, "You cannot fight if you are in jail!"

Well, I have kept in touch with the men, they have quite a good group going. See the enclosed article. And we look forward to some new adventures.

Having fun under the SWASTIKA!!!