

WATCHMAN'S TEACHING LETTER

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TO THOSE WHOM THE COVENANT BELONGS

A NON-UNIVERSAL CULTURE AWARENESS INSTRUCTIONAL PUBLICATION

A MONTHLY TEACHING LETTER

This is my two hundred and sixth monthly teaching letter and continues my eighteenth year of publication. In the last lesson, WTL #205, I left off by explaining how I joined the Navy and ended up at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center in northern Illinois, and how after only a month into my basic training, I got sick with the scarlet fever and ended up in the hospital for seven weeks.

Other than that, one of the very first things they did was to put us through a series of IQ tests. I was hoping to get into some kind of radio training. In part of the IQ test, they wanted to see how much of the International Morse code we might know. They sent the sound of the dots and dashes through a speaker, and very slowly sent Morse code for a few words to see if we could read them or not. As I, on my own time, had been practicing the Morse code for my self, I was able to read, and write down the words being sent. At that time, the Navy scheduled me for Radio Signal School. But as the fortunes of war were changing, the demand for Radio Signal operators was declining, so they rescheduled me for just plain Signal school consisting of flashing lights and semaphore. When VE day came, and the war ended in Europe, the quota for the flashing light and semaphore signal-men was drastically reduced. So the Navy took the cream of the crop, and let the remainder continue living in the school barracks until the time when that particular class ended. I think what the armed forces were really doing was reserving us in case they might need us for some area where they might want to beef up their forces. As it turned out suddenly in August of 1945, two atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the war with Japan was over.

With both the European and Japanese wars being over, there was an immediate demand for the bulk of our armed forces to be discharged. Suddenly, in August of 1945, our jobs in the military were no longer to fight a war, but to occupy the lands we had conquered. So I found myself Seaman second class, not specializing in much of anything. But in spite of this, some opportunities did open up to me. By the first week of September, 1945, a whole train of us from the Great Lakes Naval Training Center in northern Illinois were boarded on a troop train bound for Camp Shoemaker at Dublin, California. All during WW II, the troop trains were given priority over freight trains. Immediately upon the war being ended, the freight trains were given priority, and the troop trains had to sit idly by on the side tracks as the freight trains went zooming by. How many times our troop train was sidetracked on that trip would be hard to estimate, but I am sure there weren't very many sidetracks we didn't sit idle on.

Actually, that train trip from Great Lakes Naval Training Center to Camp Shoemaker near Oakland, California turned out to be quite a circus. It seemed like

every time our train pulled on a sidetrack, and some of the Navy men spotted a bar, nearly half of the train would hightail it to that bar. I am sure they left that bar with an insufficient inventory! Another part of the circus was when the troop train started to move to get back on the main line, here came all of these men running faster than they ever had to get back on the train. Several times some of them almost didn't make it, but I never heard that we had lost one of them. This same thing happened time and again. Another thing, the Navy had to prearrange for food at various points along the way – the food was always good, but sometimes quite interesting. Some of the men had special expressions for some of it. Another thing, troop trains didn't have dining cars, but when the chow was ready, our men would move out systematically in single file to a central car and pick up their portion (usually boxed), and then return back or forward single file to the car and seat where we were originally sitting, and then eat our food there. Because our troop train had to be detained on the sidetracks so often, we were never sure when the meals would be served. Some of the troop trains used in WW II were made up of old railroad passenger cars from the WW I era. The troop train we were on was more modern with better facilities, befitting the 1945 era. By the time of WW II, there were already super passenger trains using diesel engines to generate electricity for the electric motors that propelled the drive wheels on the engine, but, to my knowledge, none were used as troop trains at that time.

After this long, grueling on again, off again train ride, we finally arrived at our destination at Camp Shoemaker at Dublin, California. Camp Shoemaker was also known as Fleet City, and housed both the Seabees and Navy personnel, a hospital, and many warehouses. At the time that I was there, Camp Shoemaker was being used as a staging area to send new Navy personnel overseas to relieve other Navy personnel to be discharged from the service. Evidently, the higher-up service leaders were in a dither about whom to send, and where to send them. Anyway, for maybe a month, all we did was sit around the barracks twiddling our thumbs, or occasionally a minor work detail. One day officers came to our barracks, ordering all of us to form columns, then marched us down to one of the many warehouses and sent us through the warehouse single file. The first thing they did was issue each of us two large Seabee-type duffel bags, which were much larger than the standard Navy duffel bag. As we proceeded down the line they threw in four pair of Seabee-type work shoes, along with many pairs of stocks and many sets of underwear. Additionally, they threw in several coats, both for heavy weather and light duty. These Seabee duffel bags were as tall as I am, and probably held twice as much as a Navy duffel bag. They even threw in a heavy duty knife, and a lot of other things a Seabee might need. It made us wonder where we might be going. We finally dragged these duffel bags to the end of the line, and a man said to us, "sign here", and we all signed. Then we were ordered to tag each one of these duffel bags with our name and service number, and then place them into a large pile, and we all complied. What we didn't know at that time was, none of us would ever see those jam-packed duffel bags again. I thought about it years later, and I surmise that they ended up in an Edomite-jewish operated Army and Navy surplus store somewhere in the United States.

The irony of the story is, when I was finally stationed overseas on the island of Manicani (a ship repair base) in the Philippines, my last pair of dress shoes wore out with a large hole in the sole of the shoe, and the clothing annex didn't have any for me to buy. So the only thing that I could do was rummage around the various dumps on Manicani, to see if I could find something reasonable to wear on my feet. After quite some time, I did find a pair of shoes, half worn out, two sizes too large for me, which I wore for several months. I even thought of writing home for my parents to send me a black, plain toe pair of shoes in my size, for those dumpster shoes felt like walking in rowboats, they were so sloppy. When I signed off on those two crammed-full Seabee duffel bags, that gave the officer in charge at Camp Shoemaker the prerogative to do whatever he pleased with them, but I imagine the record still shows they were issued to me. I would recall this experience while I was in the process of researching the conspiracy in the late 70s, as it fit in quite well with the other things going on in the world for centuries. Finally when the Message of Christian Israel Identity opened my eyes, it was even more insightful to me, and has aided me in my ministry since May, 1998!

As I have gotten a little ahead of my story, I will return to Camp Shoemaker at Dublin, California. After a few weeks at Camp Shoemaker, we were moved to Treasure Island in the middle of the San Francisco Bay, half way between San Francisco and Oakland to await a ship to be shipped overseas. While there, I decided to hitch-hike to Long Beach on a weekend pass. I made it there okay, but almost didn't make it back. Going back north, I made it as far as San Luis Obispo, and if it hadn't been for a man with a party of servicemen, driving his 1939 Ford 90 MPH, I would have been AWOL. As it turned out, we arrived at the west side of Bay Bridge in San Francisco, and had enough time to stop into a restaurant and get breakfast, and then make my way to the main gate at Treasure Island before 8 A.M. on Monday. Driving an automobile 90 MPH in 1945, would be like driving 130 MPH today! Not only that, but in those days, they had only two lane roads.

At Treasure Island, we continued to bide our time, waiting for a ship. Finally a ship showed up by the name of "J. Franklin Bell". The J. Franklin Bell was commissioned as an attack troop ship and was built in 1918 by the New York Shipbuilding Corporation in Camden, New Jersey, and then later in 1946 it was decommissioned, and scrapped in 1948. I found a short history of our voyage from the Internet at:

http://ww2troopships.com/ships/j/franklinbell_USN/default.htm

"... When the war ended, J. Franklin Bell sailed on 21 September for the Western Pacific, carrying troops to Eniwetok, Okinawa, and Leyte ..." Leyte is an Island in the Philippines, between Luzon and Mindanao. I was with the group that arrived at Leyte, and was then transferred to the island of Manicani (a ship repair base) in the Philippines. As the J. Franklin Bell set sail for Leyte from San Francisco, a few days out we ran into an enormous typhoon. I don't remember how many days out it was, as I was suffering from sea sickness for a few days. I no more than got my sea legs, when the typhoon hit. One morning I went up to the mess-hall, and strangely, all the men were eating standing up, rather than sitting down as usual. In about a minute I learned

the reason why, when the ship leaned to the right at about 45 degrees, and all the men with the tables along with their food slid violently over against the right side of the mess-hall with things flying everywhere. I simply proceeded to the mess-line; got my food, and I too ate my breakfast standing up, while the ship stayed somewhat stable. During my life, I have experienced this typhoon; an earthquake at Long Beach, California (with the epicenter at Bakersfield, California) in 1951; and two close-calls with tornadoes.

I also remember well the J. Franklin Bell dropping anchor at Eniwetok and Okinawa. If I remember correctly, the anchorage at Eniwetok was short in nature, while the anchorage at Okinawa was somewhat extended, and lasted many days. Some of the Japanese at Okinawa hadn't received the news that the war was over, and were still firing their guns up in the hills. This is probably what caused the extended delay. Finally, somebody somewhere in charge of troop dispersal decided to leave off about half of the Navy personnel at Okinawa and take the remainder to Leyte. I was one of the group taken to Leyte. When I was finally transferred to the ship repair base on Manicani, I was interviewed about my occupational experience. I told the interviewer that I had worked in an aircraft factory. Right away, he assigned me to the sheet-metal shop on Manicani. I liked the job in the sheet-metal shop and the opportunity to learn how to use the tools of the sheet-metal trade. The main project the sheet-metal shop was doing at that time, was building latrines to fasten to the deck railings of the troop carrying ships in which to repatriate the Japanese troops back to Japan. These latrines were then be fastened to the ship's deck railings in order to prevent the Japanese from using the toilet facilities belonging to the ship's crew. It would have been nice had someone actually designed how these latrines should've been built, but the men in the sheet-metal shop had to use the cut-and-try method to get the job done. They looked somewhat like a farmer's animal feeding trough, with down-spouts spaced about every twelve or so feet, in order to drain the effluent over the side of the ship into the ocean. I think they may have used Liberty Ships for this purpose.

One day in the sheet-metal shop it was announced that they were going to give blueprint reading classes for anyone interested in taking them. Of course, I jumped at the opportunity to take classes on blueprint reading, as in junior high school, drafting was my favorite subject. These were once-a-week classes, and I had taken about four sessions when another opportunity opened up to me. I found out, by the teacher's own admission that he was a Jew, and had worked for the General Motors Corporation in civilian life. Somehow he had worked himself into the barber shop, as a barber, on Manicani. He was getting close to being discharged from the Navy, and had some used barber tools he wanted to sell. So he announced one evening at the blueprint reading class, if anyone wanted to become a barber, to come and see him at the end of the class. I knew that it was against Navy rules to charge a price for a haircut, but almost everyone getting a haircut on Manicani was tipping the barber about one peso (US 50 cents) when they got their haircut. So I took the blueprint reading teacher up on his offer. He instructed me to go to a certain building and talk to a certain officer. Further, he told me to tell said officer that I was an experienced barber. But if I did get transferred from the sheetmetal shop to the barber shop, I had to purchase his used barber tools, for which he set a price of seventy US dollars. I found out later, after I was

discharged from the Navy that I could have purchased the same tools brand new for half that price, but I still don't regret making that purchase. I then went down to said building and told the said officer that I was an experienced barber. I really didn't lie, as I did trim two different guys on two different occasions around the ears and the lower neck, so they wouldn't catch hell from the inspecting officer the next day at inspection. I just didn't reveal how little experience I had at barbering.

Shortly, I found myself in the quonset-hut style galvanized steel building used as a barber shop on Manicani, with nine other barbers, and a barber chair was assigned to me. These weren't commercially manufactured barber chairs, but something the Seabees evidently cobbled together earlier when the Seabees were setting up the ship repair base. There was no hydraulic mechanism to raise or lower the chair, nor could the chair be revolved around. I came into the shop acting like I knew what I was doing, and placed my newly purchased used barber tools on a cabinet behind my assigned barber chair. The shop was already getting quite busy, with men streaming in from all over the base. One of the men streaming in, promptly sat down in the barber chair assigned to me. I put a towel over the back of his neck, and tucked part of it under his collar. I next wrapped a neck strip around his neck, and placed a hair-cloth over his upper body. At this point I hesitated momentarily, wondering where to start. Then I picked up my electric clippers and a comb. I started at the base of the back of his neck, and somehow that didn't look right, so I continued a little higher with the clippers, and it still didn't look right, so again I moved the clippers a little higher, and it still didn't look right. At this point, I decided to lay the clippers aside, and I picked up my scissors and my barber's comb, and started to work on other areas of the head, where any miscue wouldn't be so noticeable. By this time it was beginning to look like a decent haircut, but I still had to go to that bare spot on the back of his neck, and try to repair what I had done with the clippers there. Working on each side of that bare spot, I decided to rock my clippers slightly outward as I moved the clippers upward, and that gave me the tapered effect that I needed. After a little tedious work, I was able to blend the taper in somewhat, and I decided to discontinue, and call for the next man in line. But before I had a chance to do that, the blueprint reading teacher (and also barber) came over to me and gave a once over touchup to my first haircut. He did this again for three of the haircuts I had given after that. And believe it or not, I received a one peso tip on the first haircut. I was in a position where I had to learn fast, and by the third day, I was somewhat keeping pace with the other nine barbers. With the tip money coming in, I was able to stop drawing my regular Navy pay, and when I was finally discharged I received a quite sizable mustering-out pay check. At the opposite end of this quonset-hut they had a room partitioned off for a commissioned officer's barber shop which did have a commercially manufactured barber chair, but knowing the rules, they seldom tipped the barber. Somewhere along the line, I had to take my turn at being the barber for the commissioned officers. About the second day of being the barber for the commissioned officers, one of them tipped me one US dollar. Having my whites on, with little space in my clothing to put the US dollar in, I just laid it on the back bar. After doing that, nearly every commissioned officer, seeing the dollar bill laying there, likewise tipped me a dollar. So each day, when I opened the commissioned officer's

barber shop, I would put a US dollar bill on the back bar, and the sight of that dollar kept on working.

But this favorable situation was coming to end, as later, the Navy brought in Filipino gook barbers to take over the two barber shops. I am sure, eventually, the Filipino gooks took over the entire operations of the Manicani Naval ship repair base, and American taxpayers are still footing the bill. After all of these Filipino gook barbers replaced the Navy's White barbers, I was transferred to the tanker Monongahela (which fueled other ships at Manila and Subic bays after VJ Day. Once I got aboard the tanker Monongahela, I checked on the status of the barber that was then serving on that ship. I found out he had quite a few points toward getting a discharge. Meanwhile I was assigned to the chief petty officer's dining room, just off of the main mess-hall. This was an easy job most of the time, except the times when several chief petty officers got together in the chief petty officer's dining room, and played cards into the early morning hours, and the next morning I would find their dining room a mess, with cigarette butts all over the place and several dirty dishes along with a dirty coffee pot. Right away, I had to clean the place up and set the table home-style for breakfast. I had to wash and clean the vacuum-style coffee maker, and then brew a new pot of coffee. After that I had to go to the main mess-hall, and fill up large home-style serving dishes of each item on the ship's menu, and set the chief's table home-style with all the needed utensils like knives, forks and spoons. There were usually four chiefs to set the table for. Some times there were less, and sometimes there were more. If there were more, that was their problem, for when I had set their table for four, I went to the main mess-hall to get my own meal, whether morning, noon or evening.

Finally, the day came when the operating barber aboard the Monongahela got his notice that he was going to be discharged. Then I found out that there was another Navy man aboard that was also petitioning for the position of being the new authorized barber. So one of the officers aboard suggested a contest to see which one of us would get the job. One of the senior officers aboard the Monongahela was formerly an experienced barber in civilian life, and he would make the final decision as to which one of us would get the position of barber to take the place of the former ship's barber who was going to be discharged. Both of us competing for the job were instructed to find a shipmate who would volunteer to have his hair cut, to see which of us were the better of the two applicants. So, I was chosen first to demonstrate my skills at barbering. When I was through cutting my volunteer's hair, the officer overseeing the contest showed me one place where the hair could have been cut a little differently. I took his constructive criticism happily. After me, the other shipmate demonstrated his barbering skills. When the barbering contest was finished, I was appointed as the official barber aboard the Monongahela.

Barbering aboard ship was altogether different than barbering at Manicani. Tipping was less often and in smaller amounts. Although the tipping was less, I was getting enough spending money so I didn't have to draw on any of my regular Navy pay. Being the ship I was on was a tanker, we often tied up with other ships (taking on fuel or fueling other ships), and if it was a merchant ship with no barber, many of the merchant sailors would come aboard to get a free haircut. Also there were a few negroes aboard

the Monongahela, and I was responsible for cutting their hair. I quickly found out that it is next to impossible to draw a comb through their hair. So about the only thing a barber can do is jab the points of the teeth of the comb into the mass of hair and then lift a little and run the clippers over the surface of the comb. It's kind of like trimming the hedge around one's home.

Later on in the early 1960s, I owned and managed my own barber shop in Fostoria, Ohio, when suddenly I received a notice from the Ohio State Barber Board, that any licensed barber who refused to cut a negro's hair would be prosecuted. To scare all of the Ohio barbers and beauticians into compliance, a law case was brought against a Lima, Ohio beautician for not giving service to an n-word, whereupon the judge awarded the n-word the beautician's business lock, stock and barrel. Before this, in 1949, I worked the second chair in a two-chair barbershop in Bowling Green, Ohio, right across the street from the Bowling Green State University. One day, the Bowling Green State University sent one of its officials to the owner-manager Melvin Munn, to request that his shop (which included me) would start cutting the hair of the n-words attending the university. Neither Melvin nor I were very enthusiastic about the idea, but the officer from the university had a tone of threatened law action in his request. Melvin and I talked this situation over, and not wanting to see Melvin sued, I told him I had cut some n-word's hair in the Navy, and if he could handle it, I could grudgingly go along. After about three months, I found a different job of barbering, and left the n-words behind.

Getting back to barbering aboard the Monongahela in 1945, when I became the official barber, and took over the barber shop, evidently the barbers before me were issued several different barber tools with which I was not yet familiar. There were three heavy duty motor-driven Oster clippers, and a large selection of snap-on clipper blades. This was of great help, as with these blades of various thickness, I could then do a lot of the more tedious areas of the haircut by gauging rather than free hand. Not long after becoming the barber aboard the Monongahela, the straight razor that I had purchased from that jew barber at Manicani wore out and would no longer take an edge, with no place handy to buy another. So I took a Schick injector safety razor and fastened an injector blade on each end of where the blade was usually injected. Actually, this worked better than a straight razor because I didn't have to worry about honing or stropping a straight razor. It just took a little getting used to.

Things went along quite well on the Monongahela, except my sleeping quarters were quite warm, and I kept breaking out in a heat rash. I then decided to find a folding cot, and sleep in the barber shop where there was a large electric fan. Then I had occasion to be on the main top deck of the ship at night, and as soon as the sun went down, it got nice and cool, without any insects around. I even needed to cover myself with a blanket up there. I did this for several months, and no one ever gave me hell for doing it, and there was a super-deck directly above, where all of the officers could see me the next morning.

Before I left the Monongahela, the Navy had scheduled it for an extra voyage to Japan, China, India, and Arabia and then back to San Diego, California, where I would be discharged from the Navy. They wanted me to sign up for this extended trip, but I

refused. After I had refused to sign up for this extended voyage, I was transferred to an island which was an installation for Navy personnel to gather and await a ship to return back to the United States to be discharged. This installation was no small complex. Evidently, this base had been used to receive service personnel from the United States who were then assigned to ships and other battle areas during the war. In a central location, at this redistribution center, they posted huge lists naming certain men to be assigned to a certain troop ship to be returned State-side. Day after day I would check these lists, but to no avail. It seemed like they might never get a ship to take me to State-side, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. But, after a long wait, one day I checked the lists, and my name was on one of the lists, and I would be going State-side. After boarding this troop ship, I was amazed at how many Navy men they crammed into it. For instance, when it was time to go to the mess-hall, one was in danger of being crushed to death before one could get something to eat. Anyway the good thing about the ship (and I don't remember its name), it was much faster than the J. Franklin Bell. What a lot us did for a pass-time on the way to the states, was to sit or lay on the deck during the day, to try to get a good suntan. Some of us ended up getting a sunburn instead. When we got close to California in the summer of 1946, we could see the Golden Gate bridge in the distance, and knew we would be docking somewhere in the San Francisco area. When we finally docked, to my surprise, they had a band to welcome us home. There was no long hair on the men in that band, they were all clean-cut, and it was not a military but a civilian band, although they did wear a band uniform of some type. After we left the ship, we were again housed on Treasure Island, half way between San Francisco and Oakland, California. On a short 12 hour leave, I ventured into San Francisco, and stopped into a restaurant and ordered a hot cup of cocoa, and a sandwich with bacon, lettuce, and a large slice of fresh ripe tomato. I didn't know much about Yahweh's food laws in those days. I hadn't eaten any fresh ripe tomatoes for about two years, and this was a real treat. The tomatoes of today are nothing like the tomatoes we had back then, as the mad-jew scientists have spliced a fish gene to the DNA of the modern common tomato. We call these gene splicings, "genetically modified organisms", or GMOs for short. Try slicing one of today's tomatoes open and see if you can detect the odor of fish! When one orders a "BLT" today he's getting a mouth full of garbage, which even a maggot would turn up his nose at.

While being housed at Treasure Island the second time, I met one of the Navy men that was in my original company #2224 at Great Lakes. He was the shortest man in the company, and had some bad news for me. He related to me how the majority of company #2224 had been assigned to the carrier Franklin, which had been a victim of kamikaze Japanese suicide pilots, whereupon a third of the crew of the carrier Franklin were killed. The carrier Franklin did almost sink, and the abandon ship order may have been given, but the engineers in the engine room miraculously got the Franklin's engines running. At that time the captain of the Franklin became very strict, knowing his crew had experienced the death of many of their shipmates, and he had to do something to revive the spirits of his men. He even ordered them to shine their shoes. The men of the Franklin were able to patch up most of the holes and pump out all of the excess water, and slowly got under way. They steamed back east across the Pacific

ocean, entered and proceeded through the Panama Canal to the Gulf of Mexico, and steamed up to New York City where they received a heroes' ticker-tape parade. At this point the carrier Franklin was so damaged that all they could do was to scrap it. I have somewhere in my possession a picture of the entire Navy company #2224, and have to wonder at times how many of them were killed on the Franklin. Had I not known to some extent the International Morse code on my Navy IQ test, I might have been on the carrier Franklin with them. So I guess it was a blessing to have contracted scarlet fever and be assigned to signal school. Sometimes I get the feeling the reason I contracted scarlet fever was to keep me alive so I could teach Christian Israel Identity for the last seventeen years.

At this time, we were about to embark upon the last leg of our journey from Treasure Island in San Francisco bay to the Great Lakes Training Center in northern Illinois. For this, we were transferred from Treasure Island to an awaiting troop train. This troop train was made up of passenger cars used to transport troops in WW I. We Navy men didn't seem to care about the lack of luxury, as each mile along the way was one mile closer to home. This troop train was a little slow, but didn't get sidetracked very often. This troop train trip was quite uneventful, and I don't remember of anyone complaining about the food. At last, we arrived at Great Lakes and were temporarily quartered a couple of days before we were processed out of the Navy.

This processing out of the Navy turned out to be more extensive than I thought it might be. I don't remember, but I am sure they gave us one last general physical by a doctor, so no one could blame the Navy for discharging a sick or ailing person. Then there was some picture taking, and we were given an identity card verifying the fact that we had been in the Navy, along with our rank. Then there was the all important granting of the discharged with an Honorable Discharge. Then we were herded into a room (a group at a time) and were given a speech on how fortunate we were, for there were those who were not so fortunate. One of the big events upon discharge, we would receive our last pay check. Inasmuch as I had purposely not withdrawn any of my Navy pay for a year and several months, I received a sizable last pay check. We were also issued an allowance to get the rest of the way home. For me that allowance covered my trolley-line ride into the center of Chicago, to get a cab to the B&O railroad station, and buy a ticket which would take me directly to Fostoria, Ohio, where I was once more a civilian.

At this point in my story, I have discovered that I have accidentally omitted telling my experiences in the hospital at the Great Lakes Training Center with scarlet fever. I did explain how difficult it was to get the Navy's sickbay to recognize that in fact I did have scarlet fever, which would normally have taken about three weeks to run its course, but I ended up seven weeks in that hospital. I will explain all of that in the next lesson. It seems that in my life, I have always had an uphill battle in most everything I attempt to do. Even getting into this Christian Israel Identity Message has been an uphill battle.

Looking back at the situation, I often consider how foolish I was to join the Navy, especially when one considers that it was an Edomite-jewish contrived war. However, had I not joined the Navy when I did, it is a damn sure fact that I would have been

drafted into the Army to serve in the unlawful United (jew-nited) Nations no win war in Korea. On the other hand, looking back at the situation, I wouldn't change any thing in my entire life, for I was blessed with a very beautiful wife with blond hair and blue eyes, with Christian intentions, and wasn't one to try to climb the social ladder. She had all of the excellent qualities that a man could want in a help mate, and more. Had my life been any different than it was, chances are I would have never found her. Looking back, I have no regrets for joining the Navy, as it allowed me to experience many things that would prepare me for the Christian Israel Identity ministry which I have been doing for the last seventeen years.

By joining the Navy, it took me to the Philippine Islands, and I can assure the reader I have absolutely no desire to return. If I lost anything there, I'm sure as hell not going to return to try to find it!