



# NS News Bulletin

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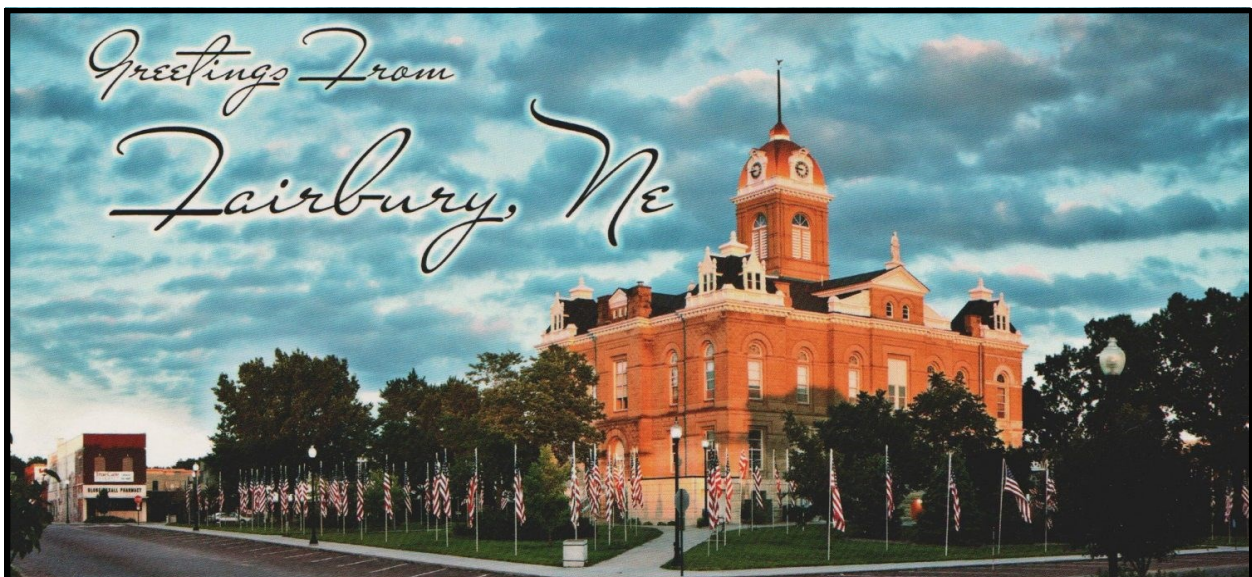
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## Small Town America: A True Story

A retired comrade living well beneath the poverty level walks to the post office. Standing in line, he hears the little old lady in front of him mention her daughter used to work in Australia. He tells her that he has friends in Australia. They even sent him a box of food for Christmas.

The lady obviously knows the elderly man behind him. She expresses her condolences that his mother passed away recently. He comments that she was 94 years old and in poor health. So perhaps it was a blessing. Our comrade says a few words of comfort before leaving.

A block or so away he hears Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the fifth movement, being played from the county courthouse speakers. He is now in front of a store where the church organist works. He walks in and mentions this to the man.



A few blocks farther, he stops at the thrift store and asks to say hello to the cats. They are sleeping and he doesn't to disturb them. So he just waves instead. He tells the shopkeeper that he is very pleased with his recent purchase of a used television.

The next stop is a sporting goods store. He notices an attractive young blonde woman holding a bow and arrow. So he walks up to the middle-aged couple who own the store and expresses his concern: "You know, when Valentine's Day comes it will be dangerous to let a woman hold a bow and arrow!" They laugh. Almost apologetically, he confesses his wife cannot endure his same old stupid jokes decade after decade. So he has to bother other people.

All this takes place in less than one hour. It is not unlike his usual daily routine. People like him. They do not care about his politics. Even though many know he is a hardcore **National Socialist!**

Sometimes he inserts a carefully formulated political comment or two into his chats. But most of the time he does not. He is just the pleasant old gentleman people see around town and wave to.

When he does talk about politics, he designs his approach for the audience. The economy, sellout politicians, and Wall Street parasitism are common starting points. Non-White immigration, Black crime, and foreign policy come up later. After a certain rapport has been established. And he has a better feel for his audience.

Open National Socialist propaganda is usually reserved for later conversations. Even then, it starts off more "historical" than "political."

Over time more and more people are fully aware than he is actually a hardcore National Socialist. But they do not seem to care. Even prominent citizens call him friend. Furthermore, they agree with a lot of what he says!

They view him as somebody who is on the *same side!* And the government as the shared *enemy*.

In short: There are times and places to confront people with the sacred swastika. But there are also times and places to prepare the soil first.

This experienced activist has used *both* approaches. Even demonstrated in storm-trooper uniform. (He still has his old storm-trooper uniform!)

It is simply a *question of tactics*. Not dogma.

## **You can do this, too!**

Prepare the soil. Plant a seed. Water the plant. Watch it grow. Harvest it when the time is ripe.

# The Odyssey of Fred

## Part 5 Even Worse Weirdos

Most of us mere mortals never interact with those powerful but evil demi-gods known as *executives*.

Limousine drivers are not so lucky!

Brandon was one of these poor souls. His hair had turned prematurely white just from being in the same vehicle with executives.

He told me about a conversation he had overheard between two of them.

Each executive described his own *thought process*.

**The Swede visualized  
*dancing numbers...in color.***

**The Prussian visualized  
*celestial bodies...orbits...gravitational fields.***

This team sometimes worked together on special projects. They were nicknamed *Team SOB*. Their first names started with “S” and “B”. And one of them *was* an “SOB.” [SOB = Son of a Bitch]

The “SOB” even bragged about his “honorary titles.”

**His own mother called him a DICTATOR.  
His first wife called him an ASSHOLE.  
His second wife called him a MANIAC.**

One of his favorite so-called jokes was this:

*I know my dog loves me.*  
*I think my mother loves me.*  
*I hope my wife loves me.*

Fortunately, this son of a bitch spent most of his time away from our facility!

