

Dear White Racial Brother,

We desperately need your help. On a small scale we are exactly in the position that the Western Christian forces were at Stalingrad. We have driven deep into enemy territory. We are defeating the enemy in every engagement. But, we are over extended and beyond our supply lines. Our present situation is the result of a calculated risk we had to take. You deserve an estimate of the situation.

My first objective after assuming command of the Western Division was to form a living serious fighting force and blast our way through the paper curtain and catch up with National Headquarters First Phase wise. This we did. You may judge our success by the fact that 99% of our activities are blacked out and the other one percent is played down and distorted. Friend and enemy alike take our existence for granted in Southern California. These battles left us ragged and weary. We were in the position of a squad of Marines fighting a Regiment of Red Chinese. We would wipe out a whole battalion at the cost of a fire team. Mathematically, a thousand to one is good odds. In real life when the enemy will still have thousands left after our last man is dead statistical victories are Pyrrhic. So we set three immediate objectives for this past winter: survive; heal our battle wounds; and prepare for this coming crucial summer.

Everything we have done so far "couldn't be done", but we did it. We did it by daring and improvising. When we had no resources- no "ammo"- we scored victories on guts and brains alone. We have been an "underground" Freedom Force, a guerrilla band of week end warriors. The only time we have had for Party work is our evenings and week ends. No one is able to nor does subsist on Party funds. To the contrary, the deeper one gets into the fight the more he realizes how important it is and how much there is to do, the more time, effort, and money he invests in the fight.

All this time we have had no Headquarters...no visible symbol of permanence and success...no working space...no central place to get together. Party property was stored in the homes of trusted Party members, many of whom lived miles and miles from each other. Many is the time there was something needed that was stored at someone's home and there was no transportation available or they couldn't be reached. Even when we were able to get what we needed it meant the cost of gas and the time lost fighting 35 or 40 miles of traffic jams.

Typical of the problems we faced operating out of the "catacombs" was printing. We have some obsolete printing equipment that I disassembled and stored in our "Fibber McGee" type closet. To print I would first have to hunt up all the pieces. Spend at least three hours putting together and adjusting the machine. Each sheet had to be fed through by hand. After 12 hours we would have a stack of literature, mounds of misprints everywhere, greasy black printer's ink all over my wife's kitchen and our two little children. All the while the phone is constantly ringing. Visitors run in and out. Neighbor children add to the confusion. This and a hundred and one other things all going on in our tiny one bed room apartment, in which every nook and cranny is literally stuffed with Party property. We had to get a Headquarters or choke to death on our own growth.

AT LAST, A HEADQUARTERS!

For one year I have tried and tried to get an H-Q. Either the place was beyond our means, was unsuitable for one reason or the other, the owner was scared or would refuse. At last a Conservative faction of Independents, Republicans and Democrats consented to let us parts of a beautiful office building they had rented on a strictly cash basis and the condition we didn't embarrass them. **WE MOVED IN.** I can't tell you what a blessing it is to have everything in one place, to know exactly what we have on hand, to have privacy and working space. We have driven CORE from the streets. We have spark plugged a Right Wing counter revolution that has Mosk smelling gas. Crowds cheering Nazis in the streets, millions of write-ins for Wallace, millions of signatures against the Rumford Act. **ALL THIS FROM THE "CATACOMBS"!** Think of what we can do this summer if you help us win at "Stalingrad"! We have to keep the place. We just don't have the rent. We **NEED** your help. Please send anything and everything you can spare. Plan regular contributions so we aren't faced with catastrophe each month when the bills due. Thank you and God Bless you.

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Right
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