

# **Adolf Hitler: Beloved Führer**

## **Seven Articles *about* Hitler and Six Poem *by* Hitler**

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## **Introduction**

Adolf Hitler was certainly the most beloved leader of any nation!

This love made him so effective. This effectiveness made him so feared by the enemy. This fear makes him so reviled by the enemy year after year and decade after decade.

Love cannot be defeated by hate. Truth cannot be eradicated by lies. Nobility cannot be destroyed by vileness.

One day the tide will turn...

*Gerhard Lauck*

*October 1999 (110)*

## **Who was Adolf Hitler?**

**by Michael Storm**

Our Führer Adolf Hitler was a very gifted man. He fulfilled many extremely arduous roles, including war lord, political leader, and builder to cite just a few. In my opinion the most often recognized role - i.e. war lord -, was *not* the true inner man. While he took to the task with all his energy, it was not his inner calling. (For example, he refused to convert the economy over to total war until late 1943, and the

drafting of German women into the war effort until 1944, because he hoped to successfully end the war without having to reverse course on his life's work.)

While he was certainly a truly gifted political leader and dynamic statesman, these were exterior roles that still did not satisfy the inner man. After the winter crisis on the eastern front, they took a back seat to the role of war lord which the Führer was forced to assume.

The inner essence of Adolf Hitler, which is visible throughout all of his life, is that of a *builder*. It is the purpose of this year's birthday article to examine this fact. Contrary to the Jewmedia's negative image of our beloved Führer, he was the most positive, constructive leader in history.

As a boy he wanted to be a painter. And he even earned a living as an artist as a young man. However it wasn't until he applied to the university in Vienna that he discovered his true inner calling. The art institute rejected his application, which broke his heart. But they told him that his future lay in the field of architecture, and that he should apply himself to this field.

Over the course of his life Adolf Hitler designed houses, buildings, stadiums, bridges, working districts and whole cities. Each carried the personal stamp of his most inner self. It was Albert Speer's task as chief architect of the Reich to take the Führer's ideas, sketches, drawings and models and to transform them into reality. Concrete, glass and steel works sprang up all over Germany as the Führer's dreams took shape. His building program continued from 1933 to 1943. But Germany did not have enough workers or raw materials to even begin a fraction of the envisioned projects during that short, ten year period.

German armaments took a back seat to his building program until 1944. In 1938 France alone outspent Germany on armaments. In 1939 Great Britain spent more resources on the RAF than Hermann Goering did on the Luftwaffe. In 1940 France had twice as many modern tanks as Germany did. And these two so-called peace-loving democracies were the *weakest* in the massive allied coalition of powers that encircled Germany in the most monstrous war known to mankind. It still took over six years for them - USA, USSR, Great Britain, France etc. - to overwhelm little Germany.

Obviously the physical creation of the autobahn, buildings, and cities was a very high priority for the Führer. Yet even these gigantic projects fail to amply demonstrate his inner self, which was far greater.

When Adolf Hitler joined the unknown NSDAP as its seventh member, he began a campaign to create a powerful political machine, which grew from obscurity into the all-encompassing movement we see in the magnetic film *Triumph of the Will*. None of this would have been possible without his inner drive. Building the party machinery was no easy accomplishment, and formidable enemies had to be fought all along the way. As the political arm of the party grew into millions of members, the Führer created numerous branches of the movement so each member could fulfill his personal destiny. The most famous of course were the S.S., S.A. and *Hitler Youth*. But dozens of other, much larger organizations existed, which supported workers, farmers, students, etc. Their memberships dwarfed even the two million man S.A. The Führer's genius was so great that virtually everyone was included into the national fabric, where they derived satisfaction from what they did best, and this in turn unified the people as no people has ever been before or since.

Not only did Adolf Hitler build the most encompassing political movement in world history - under the most unfavorable conditions imaginable -, but he also created the strongest economy in Europe. When the Führer took power on January 30, 1933 the German economy was a burned out, smoldering hulk. Unemployment was over 25%. The Reichsmark was worthless. International trade was impossible due to the Jewish world depression and Great Britain's refusal to allow Germany access to world markets. Even a customs union with Austria was forbidden by the evil treaty of Versailles. In short, Germany was destitute and surrounded by a wall of protectionism from hostile nations. Germany was to remain an economic slave for all time. To add insult to injury, World Jewry, based in New York City, declared war on National Socialist Germany. They called for a world economic boycott against Germa-

ny and used all of their economic and political connections worldwide to strangle Germany.

The Führer remained undaunted by the seemingly hopeless task. Within hours of assuming leadership of the rudderless state, he began the herculean task of building a new national economy. With incredible speed the Führer's energy transformed the moribund economy into one of vitality, strength and vigor. Millions of men went back to work. Families could begin again. A true sense of hope permeated every fabric of German life. By 1938 the German economy was the strongest in Europe. It even suffered an acute labor shortage. Italians, Poles, and Frenchmen flocked to Germany in order to feed their families.

Sadly for world peace, only National Socialist Germany fought its way free of the Jewish tentacles of world depression. The USA was still in its clutches on December 7, 1941, and England never escaped it. The war just provided forced rationing, and after the war England sank back into its massive, prewar depression - minus its Empire.

As tremendous as these achievements are - the building of cities, the party, and the economy -, they are not the crowning achievement of the Führer's life. In the 1930's Adolf Hitler repeatedly assured world leaders that National Socialism was not for export, contrasting his policy with the Jewish Bolshevik international, which was invading all nations in search of world conquest for their Marxist-Jewish super-state. The National Socialist revolution was for Germany only and the degenerate plutocratic democracies had nothing to fear. But fear they did!

The Jewish hatred against a resurgence of Aryan purity culminated in a world war with National Socialist Germany pitted against the Jewish clones. The war began as a national struggle with Germany fighting for German survival in a hostile, Jewish-controlled world. However, as the war progressed tens of thousands of volunteers flocked to the National Socialist banner to fight not just for Germany, but for a new world order. Their goal was to create a united Aryan Europe.

At first Hitler was against this. He only wanted Germany to be left in peace. But once it became clear that the war could not be localized, his view evolved from a German viewpoint into a Pan-Aryan, European one! Tiny Germany would become the driving spirit in a united Aryan National Socialist Europe extending from Lisbon to Moscow. It would become an unbeatable superpower and be more than a match for the Jewish plutocracy of the USA and Jewish bolshevism of the USSR.

General Leon Degrelle led his Waffen S.S. Belgium troops on the eastern front. They fought for Belgium's place in a Pan-Aryan Europe. Hitler held him (and his men) in the highest esteem. In 1945 he even said that if he had a son, he would want him to be like Leon Degrelle!

By the end of the war the Führer had built a truly Pan-Aryan European movement that stirred hundreds of thousands, not just to support it, but to fight and shed blood for it even in the hopeless last hours of the Reich. The Führer bunker in Berlin was defended to the last by foreign volunteers of the Waffen S.S.

The incredible feat of unifying a Europe that had been divided for centuries was not only the Führer's crowning achievement. It is also the catalyst which continues to evolve National Socialism from an exclusively German movement into the worldwide, Pan-Aryan phenomenon of today. This dream of true world peace bums strong in the hearts of millions of White men around the globe.

Adolf Hitler was the greatest of all leaders. His legacy for us is his conception of world peace based on the new world order of Pan-Aryan National Socialism. Simply put, all White men will be united into an Aryan brotherhood where we will share the bounties of our collective genius, labor, and racial superiority.

April 20th is the birthday of our beloved leader Adolf Hitler. While each subscriber, supporter, and activist celebrates, ask yourself, *What should I be doing to help complete the Führer's most important work? What can I do to secure my Aryan children's survival in this ever more hostile, non-White world?"*

In memory of our fallen leader Adolf Hitler's dream of a united Aryan Race. - *HEIL HITLER!*

## Pilgrimage

by Katti

*Today it seems to me providential that fate should have chosen Braunau am Inn as my birthplace. And so this little city on the border seems to me the symbol of a great mission.*

Adolf Hitler, *MEIN KAMPF*, Vol. 1, Ch. 1

I was beginning to feel the thousands of miles and three days travel by airliner, ferry boat and rail from Chicago as my train out of Salzburg sped across a green countryside of silver rivers interlacing ginger-bread villages. Black and gray clouds skidded low over the primeval mountains, alternately concealing and revealing their ragged summits - a lovely, dramatic, constantly changing panorama of Upper Austria. But I was more exhausted than exhilarated and yearned for a warm bed in a friendly Gasthof.

My weariness fled and an adrenelin-rush recharged my metabolic batteries as the train slowed to a halt at the next station bearing the name "Braunau am Inn." Though I planned to arrive in this little Medieval town for many months, seeing that station name for the first time through the train window was a shock. I had made it! I was really here! Shouldering my back-pack, I walked through a cold down-pour a couple of miles from the station to lonely Linzer Strasse, where I inquired at the Maybräu Gasthof. I was in luck. The landlady told me that every other place in Braunau and for miles around had been booked, often months in advance. "I don't wonder at it," I said cryptically, and she smiled. "The whole world is here this month." "What?" I gasped. "Just wait. You'll see!" And she left me alone to ponder her enigma in my comfortable little cubicle.

I awoke at dawn to a morning still damp from yesterday's showers. But the town was alive with village activity and I admired the wonderful, harmonious blending of modern life-shops and homes with the traditional buildings and streets of bygone centuries. I continued to the end of Linzer Strasse, which opened into an airy Market Square straight out of the middle ages. At its south end stood the Salzburger Tor, a massive archway that five hundred years ago guarded the original entrance to Braunau. Through the other side, the street bridge crosses a small tributary of the River Inn. Perhaps one hundred fifty meters from the Tor still exists a large, plain white-washed building today occupied by apartment dwellers. It was to this apparently unremarkable structure in an obscure Austrian town that I had come to visit from the other side of the world. For here, in the house on Salzburger Vorstadt, was born earth's greatest son, and I had arrived to celebrate his one hundredth birthday.

Nor was I alone, as I learned the following day when regular troops and special forces of the Austrian Army abruptly occupied Braunau am Inn. Transportation over the bridge to the German border was sealed off, and persons entering the town were required to present proof of residency. A military helicopter circled low over-head as dozens of armored personnel-carriers rattled through the old market Place. In scenes reminiscent of Hollywood propaganda movies from the 1940's, soldiers bearing machine guns swaggered among the bemused villagers and helmeted figures with pistol-packing officers stationed themselves at watch-points. Posters appeared throughout the town announcing in no uncertain

terms that Braunau was under martial law. All forms of public demonstrations, the government placards warned, from 1400 hours Wednesday until 900 hours Friday were strictly forbidden. Speaking in a loud voice to more than two persons, street gatherings or sidewalk pickets, the distribution of handbills, the shouting of slogans, even persons wearing "suspicious clothing", were subject to immediate arrest and prosecution under Austria's "anti-Nazi" legislation.

The self-satisfied proponents of democracy were behaving precisely like their own nasty caricatures of "totalitarian Fascists." But just before their arrival the town was inundated by thousands of "outsiders" from all over Europe and America, even Australia, South Africa and the Orient. Poor little Braunau swelled with visitors, and the atmosphere grew increasingly heavy with tense expectation. There were rumors on everyone's lips. Werewolf commandos were supposed to raise a swastika flag over the Salzburg Tor at midnight. Jew assassins were believed prowling the streets at night. Terrorists from Milan were going to bum Simon Wiesenthal's effigy in front of the Mayor's home. Public apprehension was not assuaged when government troops pulled a barricade across Salzburger Tor, sealing off the Old Vorstadt with its forbidden zone. Through the archway I could see the street beyond, eerie for its enforced emptiness.

By late evening, the Market Square was largely deserted save for the soldiers at their posts. But all the taverns and restaurants were crowded with lively celebrants. Shortly before midnight things began to happen. At the Gann Hotel, not far from the Salzburger Tor with its barricade, someone ordered bottles of the house's finest champagne, and toasts went all around in birthday greetings. In the Ratskeller of my own Maybräu, at the table next to mine, surrounded by university students from Munich, a young man stood up smartly, rattled his right arm in outlawed salute and yelled at the top of his lungs, *For the Greater German Reich, Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!* No one bothered him or his companions.

Being alone, my own celebration was a quieter affair. I walked to the nearby vacant Market Place and sat at a bench under the great village clock. I looked up towards the sky. The clouds which had covered most of Central Europe for the past week were cleared away, and the observable stars danced inexorable into their fateful positions as the brazen lungs of the portentous clock ponderously chimed out the midnight. To be in this place, at this moment - there are no words. When the last stroke echoed into eternity, I hit the play-button on my little tape player. The Badenweiler, his favorite march, throbbed in my headphones.

Next morning, the Market Square was jammed with a mass of expectant people. They all seemed to be waiting, waiting - waiting for what? For whom? It was though he himself were about to appear at any moment, perhaps standing erect in a big black Mercedes. Maybe they expected something like that. The living spirit, the emotionally tangible presence of the man who for forty years after his physical death summoned the world's attention to his birthplace grew more intense, manifested itself more powerfully.

Toward noon, a group of Italian Fascists mysteriously appeared in the middle of the crowd. One of them, defying the overwhelming presence of the authorities, attempted to speak. *We bring birthday greeting to the greatest hero of the White Race! He lives forever in the hearts and minds of his blood brothers and sisters! No Jew-tyranny!* The soldiers pounced on him and his comrades, but not before they got off a salute to the stunned on-lookers. Some in the crowd dared to salute back. Others cheered and a few began singing the old stormtrooper song, "Brüder in Zechen und Gruben," apparently a witty reference to the Italian's brief speech about "blood-brothers." The police hauled out even these respondents for arrest, a heavy bust in this part of the world.

My own little celebration took place behind this hubbub, in the Pfarrkirche Square of the magnificent 15th Century cathedral, St. Stefans. First, I descended the nearby subterranean memorial to the war dead, a public epitaph inscribed on its walls with the names of the fallen from Braunau. In the center of the floor lies a representative of a soldier asleep in heroic death. On the northern wall is an honor roll of the warriors who died at Stalingrad. Here I placed a bouquet of flowers with a small scroll reading, "And you have yet conquered!" Climbing the stairs out of the memorial, I crossed to the Pfarrkirche,

where I laid a flowering evergreen wreath with his photograph in the center of the altar and lit the top-most offertory candle.

While meditating in the pew, I saw an old woman come in and directly to the altar where she noticed my wreath with its photo. Although apparently thunderstruck by her discovery, she did not disturb the evergreen. Other people came, saw it with obvious astonishment, but left it untouched.

I went to the rear of the cathedral to see the ancient font at which the infant was baptised, then returned to the bright sunlight of the crowded Market Square. These simple quiet events, in their telling, cannot begin to convey the deeply moving quality and profound emotional experience of this Day of Days, certainly the most inwardly inspiring day of my life. Until that April day, I had largely despaired of our prospects for success. That immeasurable calamity - the loss of WWII - appeared irrecoverable. Since the sorrowful end of that catastrophe for earthly civilization, the movement has struggled forward, fallen and struggled forward again in an era when the mesmerizing powers of evil seem invincible.

But on that April 20th, on the hundredth anniversary of his birth, at his sacred birthplace, the unlooked for realization gradually dawned on me that I had been narrow-minded in confining my appreciation of the movement's development and progress within my own thin slice of time. His idea is an ETERNAL concept. The historical consequences he set in motion are a tidal wave of events, gaining irrepressible momentum with the years and far into the future. Our Movement is the application of the laws of Nature to human affairs, and Nature is omnipotent. It may be thwarted temporarily, but its powers only build in frustration to eventually crash forward more furiously than ever before.

On April 21st after the authorities lifted their barricades to his house, the crowds surged toward it like Moslems around the Holy Stone of Mecca. I was among many strangers, but we all suddenly felt kin to one another, brothers and sisters of the swastika, and being together in this venerated place was like homecoming. His spirit enfolded us all, made us his comrades and filled us with reassurance for the future. The mere fact that we had come from all over the earth to this place, at this special time in the midst of a hostile world, was proof enough that the idea lived yet! It was as he said in the film, "Triumph of the Will" - the "command of our hearts" brought us together. We felt a singular pride in the awareness that future generations will envy us who gathered here at this unique moment to light a birthday candle surrounded by a vast night time of ignorance and evil. From that flame will simultaneously spread a beacon to enlighten our racial kinsmen and a fire to incinerate the poisoners of our posterity.

I had come to Braunau am Inn to offer him what paltry celebrations I could to honor his memory. But he gave me a gift as great as life itself - renewed, unshakeable belief in our inevitable, absolute triumph. Heil Hitler! A thousand times Heil Hitler!

## **Christmas Story**

It may be difficult for us to understand just how beloved Adolf Hitler had become to his people, even in the early days of his struggle on their behalf. A revealing indication of the real affection that surrounded him from the beginning has been preserved by the Party's official biographer, Heinrich Hoffmann, who recalled an insightful incident that took place in Munich, just before Christmas, 1923. Only a little more than a month before, sixteen comrades had been shot to death on the Odeon Plaza. The Movement had collapsed with the attempted Putsch of November 9th, its members dead, hiding or, like the Führer, imprisoned. After the spark of hope ignited and now quenched in blood, postwar Germany sank back again into the gray despair of social chaos, economic ruin and cultural rot. This, then, was the setting for the scene recounted by Hoffmann in that bleak December, sixty eight years ago...

"The artists in the Hitler movement planned to celebrate Christmas at the Blüte Cafe in the Bliltestrasse with a *tableau vivant*, entitled, *Adolf Hitler in Prison*.

"I was given the task of finding a suitable double for Hitler. As it happened I came across a man who bore a most striking resemblance to him. I asked him if he would take part in this *tableau vivant*, and he agreed to do so.

"The great hall of the Blüte Cafe was filled with people. A reverent hush fell as the curtain went up and a prison cell became visible on the half-darkened stage. Behind the small barred window, snowflakes could be seen falling. At a small table, his back to the audience, sat a man. An invisible male choir sang, *Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht*.

"As the strains of the last note died away, a tiny angel came into the cell, carrying an illuminated Christmas tree, which was placed gently on the table of the lonely man.

"Slowly 'Hitler' turned until he was face to face with the audience. Many thought that it was indeed Hitler himself, and a half-sob went through the hall.

"The lights went up, and all around me I saw men and women with moist eyes, handkerchiefs hastily disappearing."

Source: *Hitler Was my Friend* by Heinrich Hoffmann, Burke Co., London

## **April 20th**

**by Lieselotte**

Today National Socialists throughout the entire world celebrate the birthday of their Führer, Adolf Hitler.

We honor the Führer who, in the face of the treason of 1918, created a new world-view and a movement embraced by millions. We honor the Führer who pulled Germany out of the swamp of "international brotherhood" and gave back to the German folk their folkish consciousness. We honor the Führer who, under the bright red swastika banner, led the Aryan peoples of Europe against the international Jewish parasites, and who finally fell victim to a conspiracy of Jews, capitalists and communists.

Adolf Hitler, the Führer of National Socialist Germany and the Führer of the Aryan world, is dead. He fell in the struggle against World Jewry. He neither stepped down nor capitulated. He entered Valhalla as the Führer of the German folk.

The Reich Chancellory was blown up, the Berghof devastated, the Nuremberg Party Day grounds demolished, streets re-named, party offices confiscated, flags, uniforms and books burned. Nothing was left undone in the attempt to eradicate every reminder of Adolf Hitler and of the greatest and glory of the Third Reich.

After destroying everything which had made the German folk great, the puppet regime thought they could forever enslave it.

But if these parasites thought the destruction of its material manifestations and symbols and the murder of its leaders could forever kill the movement, then we tell them this: The German folk would rather

perish than - without a fight - to be forever enslaved by an inferior race which came to power through speculation, war agitation and genocide!

The NSDAP has not capitulated in its struggle with World Jewry. And it will not capitulate. What happened on May 8, 1945 was forced on the military leadership by the enemy, who had been able to occupy Germany thanks to traitors and cowards in our own ranks. Whatever was negotiated on May 8, 1945 does not interest us. Nor does international law, which only exists on paper or, at best, is written to favor the victor. Rather we must liberate our country, we must purge it of foreign influence, and we must protect it against racial decay. We must eliminate Jewish influence. And finally, we have the honorable task of calling that race - which twice plunged the world into war - to account for its crimes. Millions and tens of millions of men, women and children fell victim to the vengefulness, greed and world domination schemes of that cultureless race... twice within 25 years!

That criminal race would not hesitate to start a Third World War and cause untold human suffering if its plans for world domination are threatened. Therefore we state quite openly: It is our goal to prevent such a catastrophe by whatever means are necessary.

Regarding the "final solution" of the Jewish question in the Third Reich: I only have to observe the mass of speculators, swindlers and underworld figures to know that it never happened. The pilgrimage of Jews receiving "reparations" payments and the Jewish colonies in the USA, Europe and South America are living proof of the non-existent "final solution". We do not have to waste time talking about it.

There are witnesses against the "gassing", but no proof for it. Even reports of the International Red Cross describe the human treatment of the Jews. But to think that we will make such a mistake again would be to really view us National Socialists as incorrigible.

Our opponents will flood the world - as they did half a century ago - with phrases about humanity and such drivel. But I ask these opponents: Where was your humanity when you leveled European cities? Where was your humanity when millions of our countrymen were butchered by the Asiatic hordes? Where was your humanity when our women and children perished under Allied fire-bombs, when hundreds of thousands of party comrades were abducted, crippled by beatings or murdered? Was all that the expression of your humanity?

Countless Europeans suffered the same fate because they, as patriots and conscious Europeans, participated in the struggle against the Jew-Bolshevik enemy. Three hundred thousand Italians and one hundred fifty thousand Frenchmen were murdered by Jew-instigated mobs. Many still carry the scars of their mistreatment.

We are eager to see how these international apostles of "world brotherhood" try to defend themselves against the charges of their colossal crimes once they are finally put on trial. Regardless of their phrases, they and the race behind them will not escape their fate.

They can rest assured that, in our case, this is not just a phrase. World Jewry may have temporarily succeeded in getting itself drunk on the blood of militarily defeated peoples, but it has not been able to destroy the National Socialist idea. Yes, the Führer has fallen and movement works have been burned and banned. But National Socialism is rooted deep down in the soul, ready to return to life. Even if the Führer is physically dead, his spirit is just so much more alive. The Führer of National Socialist Germany is with us today, not in body, but through the National Socialist idea, which he alone embodied.

Through his great work, *Mein Kampf* through his speeches and writings, the Führer has given us for all time the world-view, political and strategic foundation upon which we must act.

Political systems are installed and overthrown. Politicians come and go. But the Führer and his work will for all future remain the foundation for the existence of the German folk and of the Aryan world.

April 30th is the 47th anniversary of the date that the Führer - defended by German and European SS troops in militarily hopeless Berlin - dictated his final will and, together with his wife, departed from this life. Today, 47 years later, we have his political testament, which shows his wisdom and vision.

Thirty years later and according to his own words, the National Socialist movement has again arisen. Carried by a young generation, this movement stands ready to fulfill the will of the Führer. In the name and spirit of our Führer, we will overcome this "Federal Republic" puppet regime in the heart of Europe. We will build a holy Fourth Reich of honor, glory, greatness and Justice and hence fulfill the will of our Führer: the radiant resurrection of the National Socialist movement.

We pledge to you, Adolf Hitler, eternal loyalty to death. We pledge to you, our Führer, not to rest or relax until your final will is fulfilled. We National Socialists will follow your final instructions with fanatical determination and bring those guilty of your death and of the death of millions of Aryans to justice. We would rather die than to break this oath.

We see ourselves in this hour in solidarity with a community of legions of National Socialists of all nationalities. They have all recognized: either World Jewry achieves world control and all Aryan peoples perish or the Aryan peoples eliminate their Jewish regimes. But we who have Adolf Hitler as our Führer will not allow ourselves to be eliminated voluntarily without a fight! The German folk would rather perish than become the lackey of an international band of crooks! A people which is not ready to always defend its freedom, or to win it back, has lost its right of existence!

The Führer never left any doubt that the struggle with World Jewry is a fight for existence, for life. Out of the ruins of our cities, the movement of Adolf Hitler has renewed the struggle for German freedom, for European unity and for the Aryan community of peoples. The next years will bring the decision.

But one thing friend and foe alike can be sure of. We will not capitulate. That word does not exist for us. For us it is victory or death. There is no other alternative. If we perish in this struggle for the freedom of nations, then the ranks of our enemies will be greatly thinned.

We know no surrender and no capitulation. We only know fulfillment of duty toward Führer, Folk and Fatherland. The life and death of the Führer give us the duty of fanatical obedience and effort for the National Socialist idea.

*Hitler's work and mission are a holy legacy for future generations. Those of us who are still alive have the duty to fight on.*" - General Field Marshal Schörner.

This article by "Lieselotte" has been translated and adapted from the article *Der 20. April* from the March-April 1978 issue (#25) of the NS *Kampfruf*

## **Adolf Hitler: Leader of Personal Sacrifice**

**by Michael Storm**

National Socialism, like every revolutionary movement, is fueled by *personal sacrifice*. Our movement is unique in that not only did our leader set an example of personal sacrifice during the struggle for power, but did so throughout his entire life.

When Hitler was just a young man he signed over his orphan pension to his younger sister, Paula, and then struck out on his own to survive in a hostile world, where his daily bread had to be bitterly won. This early example of putting the needs of others before himself was constant in his life.

During World War One, Hitler shared all the hardships of the common soldiers. His regiment was bled white at the front. As its strength declined, each man was called upon to do more. No man ever did more than Hitler. He constantly volunteered for extra duties, took the most hazardous assignments, and narrowly missed death dozens of times. It was as if by his sheer will alone he could bring victory to Germany. When it was time for him to go on a well-deserved rest or furlough, he refused and instead would give it to a married man so he could spend time at home with his family.

After the stab in the back and Germany's humiliating defeat, Hitler vowed to dedicate the remainder of his life to making Germany great and overturning the evil treaty of Versailles. During these years of struggle, he knew even greater privation than he did in his youth.

His personal wardrobe was so shabby that a party member had to donate a suit so the Führer could meet with the big shot industrialists. Not only did he live humbly so every mark could go into the fight, but he also had to abandon his dream of ever becoming (or so he thought at the time) an artist or architect.

Materialistic gains were not the only sacrifices that the party demanded of its leader. Hitler often lamented that he could not enjoy the hearth and bosom of his own family, because he could not marry since he was married to all of Germany. Worse yet, he knew he could never know the joy of fatherhood, because it would be unfair to his children, i.e. the burden of following in his footsteps would be too great for them.

When the war forced itself upon Germany, the Führer had to abandon his dream of rebuilding his cities. He then donned his uniform and refused to take it off until victory was achieved. He worked round the clock, always having more and more to do. His headquarters, the "wolf's lair" in Rastenburg, was buried in a swampy forest that was too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter. His staff regarded it as a joyless assignment and could not wait until they were reassigned to Paris or Berlin, leaving the Führer behind to toil on for Germany without entertainment, bright lights, or the sweet fruit of victory.

In the Führer bunker in the spring of 1945, Hitler would steal away from the military conferences for a few minutes to admire the models of the magnificent National Socialist cities which he dreamed of building after the war, knowing only too well that they would never be built in his life time.

When Soviet shells began to fall on the city, he told Waffen SS General Leon Degrelle that if he had had a son, he would have wanted him to be like Degrelle, but that Degrelle must preserve his life along with Colonel Hans-Ulrich Rudel, so that they would inspire the future German youth with their heroism. The Führer said that he would make the ultimate sacrifice for Germany and not run away, but fight the enemy to the bitter end, and then deprive the capitalists and Bolsheviks of their Jewish pleasure of not only putting him on trial, but also of mutilating his body, and so he fought until the "Untermenschen" were only a few meters away, and then he flew up to Valhalla.

Adolf Hitler was a man who sacrificed himself, his entire life, for his people. The great virtue is an intrinsic characteristic of National Socialism, i.e. sacrifice of the individual for the greater good. This is why a single National Socialist is worth a hundred Democrats or Republicans. It is what makes us so strong and so feared.

As a young stormtrooper, I used to work 48 hours a week in a local factory, donate my entire paycheck to the party, clean the headquarters, man the desk, collect signatures on petitions, cook meals, do television interviews, and every once in a while have some fun in a street battle with the scum of the earth. Most of the "fair weather" National Socialists were hard to find when it came time to do work or donate some real money. Not surprisingly, they were all weeded out of the movement not by death

threats or bombs, but by their lack of conviction in National Socialism. They wanted to "party" and to reap glory from other comrades' worthy sacrifices. These drones quickly left the party, and each time they did, it made us stronger.

Compared to the sacrifices of our Führer, my money, sweat and blood are a paltry offering. However, our movement is full today of comrades whose sacrifices make them heroes: real National Socialists like Reinhard Sonntag, who gave his life just a few years ago, and Gottfried Kbsse, who has been in jail over two years (and faces another eight years in prison) as well as many, many more who, for security reasons, cannot be named, but without whom you would not today be holding this newspaper in your hands and reading this article.

We National Socialists judge a man or woman by one test of strength only, and that is how much they *sacrifice* for victory. How smart they are (or think they are), how rich they are, what good fighters they claim to be, or how much beer they can consume, all mean nothing... only *how much a person gives of himself!*

Each one of us - *you and I* included - must ask himself that key question!

Heil Hitler!

## The Beginning

**This account of the Fiffirer's final combat in World War One appeared in *Der Schulungsbrief*, March 1934 issue. Written by Kurt Jeserich, it is based on information from Hitler's war comrade Ignatz Westenkirchner, who had returned to Germany from America in the 1930's.**

The great death moans throughout Flanders. Armored death is everywhere. Tom earth trembles during the defensive battle of 1918. Fire rolls over the shell-holes and trenches. English troops fail in their attack against the heights of Moche, close to Comines. American assault troops collapse against the handful of pockets of field-grey battle-will. Tank columns crash to their death against the rock of German herodom.

Amidst the rattling of the machine gun fire roar howitzers, artillery, mines and rounds from diving airplanes. Blood fertilizes the earth, which smells of gun powder and in which the dead do not even find the peace of death. From mountains of victims, fate forms a monument of heroism and horrible agony of an almost desperate humanity.

A world is sworn together in hatred. Destruction! ruination! it cries out from the hot barrels of its cannons.

So was the front!

Scattered in trenches and foxholes lie the heroes of the Regiment List with their machine guns and rifles, pressed down into the furrows of the churned up earth; bleeding, but still fighting, cursing, but not retreating!

The evening of October 19, 1918 falls over Flander's mortally wounded landscape. But death still does not sleep. It still flashes, yellow-red and raging, the material battle's raving fire. The troops are exhausted, wet and covered with mud, tired and hungry. Individual men rise from the trenches and hurriedly stumble from shell-hole to shell-hole toward the rear: food-carriers! And the enemy doubles his fire.

Three musketeers, runners from the regimental staff, race against death. Somewhere in the rear is the abandoned artillery bunker. That is where the field kitchen is supposed to stand. They advance, leap by leap, through the hail of lead.

The eerie lights of colorful rockets glow between the front lines. Then, finally, they find artillery shells and empty shell crates. The field kitchen has been reached. The three musketeers breathe a sign of relief.

But the enemy batteries rage again. Impact after impact, trembling flashes rip up fountains of earth. Wood and pieces of steel fly up with the mud and fall down onto the roof of the bunker. Quarter hour after quarter hour passes. Impossible to return to the front now. Soldiers huddle and wait in the bunker. And right and left, in front and behind them rages in a bath of steel the effect of the most horrible technology of destruction. Three Bavarian musketeers are locked into an earth hole by the arbitrariness of cannon barrels; their lives are no longer dependent on the heroic deed and their own will, rather simply on the senselessness of coincidence and on the dutifulness of unknown artillerymen behind the German guns, who are trying to fight down the English opponents.

Such hours at the front of the Great War demand real men. And if many a soldier sat with the horror and desperation breathing down his neck, here in the half-buried bunker near Moche in Flanders sat in this night of October 19, 1918 one who had mastered this desperation, the corporal, the runner, the brooder, the good comrade. He overcame in himself that which often terrified the others. Four years he has stood at the front now. Here in Flanders he once experienced his baptism of fire. Since then he has gone through need and death in the spirit of volunteerism of his heroism. Bayerrwald, Wyttschaete, La Bassee, Fromelles, the Somme, Bapaume, Soissons, LaFontaine - those were the great battles he experienced. When all despaired, he remained firm; when others cursed, he remained silent. When they collapsed in exhaustion, he did his duty. Yes, he did more than his duty: he often stepped in for a comrade and - in his place - himself risked death in the hell of battle. The runners of the regiment knew of his initiative - forward, forward - whenever it was a matter of getting orders to the front through barrages. When he got ready to leap from cover, surrounded by the fury of destruction, his voice rang out firm: "Now to it!" He did not seem to have any nerves, and when others lost their nerve, he looked at them with his big, clear eyes, and they became calm again and fought on.

When he spent those rare, peaceful hours behind the front with them, he spoke enthusiastically of his love: the fatherland! He spoke of the certainty of victory and of the destiny Germany would one day have, because it had a destiny behind it which it needn't have otherwise had.

They did not understand him, they shook their heads when he talked like that. Nonetheless, they sensed something of a great truth in his words. That made them fearful and helpless and caused them to laugh.

"One day, much later, you will understand me!" he would usually say then. Often, these discussions were brought to an end by an alarm, by the order for a new mission. Then he stood at his post again, the corporal, the runner.

Now the three of them sat here together in the battered bunker. Hour after hour passed.

Then, suddenly, long expected, the flash of an exploding shell thrust into the bunker. The detonation threw the men to the ground, paralyzing them in horror, and threw up earth. It was a direct hit at the entrance to the bunker. Everything happened in a split second.

Then, the devilish horror of warfare in our civilized era, it crept down in an invisible cloud: gas!

While another attack is launched at the front lines, the men in the bunker here fight against that corroding death which eats into lungs and eyes. At the front the attack rages. In the bunker the night continues, endless...

In the morning twilight a corporal stumbles into the dressing station. A few days later a hospital train

rolls toward the homeland. In the railcar, next to shot up warriors, a blind soldier, the runner of yesterday, the brooder.

He who, in the endlessness of battles, could not see farther with his healthy eyes than his own sector of trench and the small patch of shell-holes on which death tried in vain to hunt down his life and his orders for the fighting troops, he -the blind one - now becomes seeing. It is night around him, but in his heart glows the fame of sacred becoming, and he, the blind one, now clearly sees in the light of this flame the endless expanses of world events, which started with blood and will end with blood. He sees the fateful yearning of his folk, sees the suffering and misery of an entire world. Yes, he sees the path to salvation!

And while the red mobs spit on the Reich's coat of arms, while mutiny unfurls the rags of freedom, a will ripens in this man: the blood of this war, it should not have flowed in vain. The victory wreath of a better victory - Germany shall one day raise it on the flags of his new folk!

That was the silent oath of a blind soldier, and so began on November 9, 1918 in the hospital in Pasewalk the history of the National Socialist movement.

One man departed from here and became the drummer, and everywhere where he formed new Germans out of men, they rose their arm in the sign of their new faith, just like the ancestors rose the spear when they greeted their king, the Führer.

## **Adolf Hitler in the First World War**

### **Front Comrades (1914-1918) of the Führer Report**

#### **One Man Takes Twelve Prisoners**

On October 10, 1914 I left for the western front with the regiment "List", which Hitler also belonged to. Flanders was our first sector. But only in 1916, during the bitter material battles, did I personally meet Adolf Hitler. Both of us had gotten through the war uninjured to that point. One evening we were both in an abandoned gun position when the enemy started to fire fiercely and wildly. Then they "served" us gas. For the whole night artillery hammered our position. We thought we had gotten through it alright until dawn, when we learned that Hitler had lost his eyesight. He himself said he could not see and he held his hands in front of his hurting eyes. Then he was taken to a field hospital in the rear.

I clearly remember an incident that testifies to the personal courage of Hitler in the war. It was at Epagny. During an advance Hitler, as a messenger, had to pass a wooded slope occupied by French soldiers cut off from their unit. The tops of their helmets stuck up over the top of the foxholes. Adolf Hitler recognized them through his field-glasses, grabbed a pistol, and made a sign with his hand toward the rear as if his comrades were coming up behind him. He drove twelve French soldiers out of their positions and took them back to our command post.

Hitler often spoke in lonely hours about the political future of Germany. Above all, he was concerned about the division of the Reich into many small states. He compared the numerous German small states with paper shavings, which he had tied individually to a string. One breeze, he said, could blow them away. But if one bound them all together into a bundle, then even a powerful wind could not move

them. Even the simplest man among us understood what he wanted to say.

*Ignaz Westenkirchner*

### **In the Material Battle**

The Western Army receives reinforcements, for well-known units in the east have been freed. What that means can only be measured by whoever has stood here for years in the drum-fire of the material battles, by whoever - covered with dried mud and blood - feels the stabbing in the lungs that comes from poison gas, and by whoever day after day - the wounds torn open by shrapnel have barely scarred - competes with death through the artillery screen and eagerly drinks a mouthful of coffee or eats a dry crust of bread as if it were the finest cake.

The Reserve Infantry Regiment 16, called "List", in the formation of the 6th Bavarian Reserve Division, fights near Soissons, although it has not been replenished, is drained of blood and munition, has not had fresh clothes in seven weeks, is exhausted from forced marches, is soaking wet from rain, and desires rest. Actually, they have been depleted by combat, but actually they are a reserve behind the right flank of the Seventh and First Armies.

And in reality they stand in the evening of May 26th in the foremost lines of a right sweep and are now supposed to roll up the enemy. From the Ailette they look over to the Aisne. Their commander is Anton von Tubeuf, a Major. He is the regiment's ninth commander and he has now led the "Listers" for five days. He carries along the other units in the division with him across the famous and infamous Chemin des Darnes.

The whole regiment sneezes as it runs and fights, for the ground is thickly covered with gas fired by the artillery. Here there are steep ridges, rugged heights and "witch's dance places" torn by shrapnel and rounds with ripped up tree roots and branches sticking up from the burned out earth. One must lift the mortars, machine guns and ammunition over them in order to put them into position. And the air is constantly surring and whizzing with red-hot iron in all sizes and shapes. Telephone lines from the regimental staff to the battalions and between the battalions is impossible. In regards to communicating orders the messenger rules uncontested. With almost dream-like certainty he races and leaps out of the crater and flits, panting, between the detonations with their rising fountains of steel, fire, earth and smoke across holes, beams and corpses, in the hellish hum of the hornet nest of steel-covered shells. If he fails to get his message or order through the burning confusion of death to the right man, then the entire operation goes to the dogs, and the iron will of this advancing wedge of flanking fighters collapses in failure. Next to the leaders, he now carries the fate and outcome of this battle in his head, in his pocket, in his skill and in his courage.

Five days long the wild war wages in all its manifestations and - as so often before and so often afterward - the most tireless, bravest, most fearless messenger of the regiment runs, leaps, reports, receives orders, and races from the staff to the point, from the battalion to the commander.

And after five days the regiment has rolled up the enemy front 23 kilometers, daringly broken it and, so far as counted, taken 400 prisoners, 16 guns, 100 machine guns, four trucks, 15 munition wagons and a sapper camp.

"Next to the accomplishments of the individual leaders, the main credit for the shining execution of the attack must be thanked to the messengers of the regiment," so stated the commander of the R.I.R 16, called "List", Anton von Tubeuf.

On June 1, 1918 the regiment is honored in that its commander receives the Military-Max-Josef-Order. And on August 4 the new holder of the Military-Max-Josef-Order von Tubeuf places the Iron Cross First Class on the chest of the corporal Adolf Hitler, the highest and for the common soldier in the trenches most rarely given decoration.

*W. L. Diehl*

### **Direct Hit on the Command Bunker**

Around noon the messengers bring the new attack orders. Again, Adolf Hitler is there, unwavering and tireless in the execution of his dangerous duty. Often he voluntarily takes the most difficult assignments for one or another comrade, right up to the foremost lines under heavy fire.

Around 1:30 the second attack is launched with artillery support. Terrible are the losses of those storming across the open ground. Only a few manage, with bayonet in hand, to break into the first enemy trenches and take prisoners. They cannot go any further. In vain the second battalion tries to come to the aide of the comrades farther ahead. The leader, Reserve Lieutenant Schubert, falls already during the first assault.

Now the regiment's commander Lieutenant Colonel Engelhardt personally proceeds to the northern forest edge. With field-glasses he familiarizes himself with the situation and spys the best place to attack the enemy. But watchful eyes have already spotted him. Machine gun fire rains down on him, tears apart the bushes to the right and to the left, and bores into the trees. Ricochets hum through the air. There, Adolf Hitler and Corporal Bachmann rush up and cover him with their own bodies. The commander, his view impaired, asks Hitler in amazement, "Why that?" "We do not want to lose our regimental commander a second time", is the modest answer. As thanks, a silent handshake from the commander, as if all that were self-evident.

November 17th: Most heavy artillery activity from enemy. Half an hour earlier the Brigade Commander, His Excellency Grossmann, personally gave the order to relieve the blood-dry List-Regiment. "See that you get back", he said lastly to the lieutenant colonel. To receive this order, the company commanders have arrived at the regiment's command bunker. Due to limited space, Adolf Hitler and his comrades must briefly leave the bunker. There - it is shortly after 2:00 - another whizz. An enormous explosion - a direct hit on the regimental command bunker.

Adolf Hitler is the first to rush in to help. A terrible scene meets him. Dead among the ruins lay the communications noncommissioned officer Kreitmaier, officer-cadet Wimmenauer and an order-recipient. Severely wounded are Sergeant Ostberg, the regimental clerk, and officer-representatives Oberer and Martin. Now his eye searches for the revered commander. Is he dead, too? There, he sees the lieutenant colonel falling backward with a moan, hears him mumble: "I only wanted to serve my fatherland!"

With a leap, Hitler is at his side. Likewise comrade Bachmann. The commander's mutilated left hand dangles and his right leg is red with blood - a shell fragment has severed the main artery. The blood loss is great; only fast action can bring salvation. Hitler does not think long. Quickly he places a moss compress above the deep wound and binds it with a telephone cord to stop the massive bleeding. It works, the emergency bandage is skillful and fulfills its purpose.

*A regimental comrade*

## **The Messenger**

During the night I had to twice take messages to the third battalion in the southern sector of Roeux. The messenger Hitler was to accompany me. For a short stretch we could use the train embankment as welcomed cover. But soon we had to leave it and cross open ground. The path led us past two advanced gun positions. Hardly did we get close to them than the enemy greeted us with murderous fire. Naturally, this expenditure of ammunition was not meant just for us, rather above all for the guns which must have roused the Englishman's suspicion. If I had been alone I would not have had any qualms about taking full cover. Nobody would have held it against me. Our message had nothing to do with the military action of the battalions. If it Lot there a few hours later, it would not make the slightest difference. But my companion was of a different view. Without the least hesitation he sought - under use of all cover, naturally - to quickly proceed through the witch's cauldron.

Among messengers, it is often the case that they must cross open ground under the most intense fire, whereas for me such movement was new, despite my years in the trenches. Naturally, I did not want to look bad and had to follow. And it went well. Both of us got out of the danger zone without injury.

On the trip back we had again barely gotten close to the guns when the enemy fire started up again. Of course, there was no stopping this time, either, and dripping with sweat, but uninjured, we reached the protective train embankment.

In both following phases of the Arras battle Hitler again accompanied me a few times, and each time we came away without injury.

During those days I got the vague feeling that this messenger had extra good luck, and what was more natural than for me to feel in less danger when in his company.

*A front comrade*

## **The Unknown Soldier**

During the commander's lecture - he spoke of the situation and the improvement of our positions - the curtain opened and the messenger Hitler entered. He saluted (as best as possible given the low height of the cavern) and delivered a written message. The commander scanned it without interrupting his lecture and gave the messenger a sign that he could leave. When the curtain closed behind him, the major stopped his speech and, motioning toward the curtain and speaking with a raised voice, said, "When I send this messenger I know that the mission will be carried out just as well as if done by the best officer of my regiment."

This praise understandably caused us the greatest amazement. Since Major von Tubeuf was long known to us as a leader who only in the most rare cases gave praise, so this praise was especially significant when given to a soldier of whom the commander could have hardly known even his name.

*Lieutenant Adolf Meyer*

**Source: *SS Leitheft*, December 1943**

# Think of It!

by Adolf Hitler (1923)

If your mother has become older -  
and you have become older,  
If what was earlier easy and effortless  
for her has now become a burden,  
If her dear, faithful eyes  
no longer, as once, see into life, -  
If her feet have become weary  
and no longer want to carry her while walking -  
Then give her your arm as a support,  
accompany her with fond happiness -  
The hour comes, when, crying,  
you must accompany her to her last journey!

And if she asks you, then give her an answer,  
And if she asks again, then you speak, too!  
And if she asks still again, give her an answer,  
not angrily, but in tender calmness!  
And if she can not completely understand you,  
explain everything to her pleasantly;  
The hour comes, the bitter hour,  
when her mouth asks about nothing more!

# The Comrade

by Adolf Hitler (14 August 1916)

If one of us becomes tired,  
The other watches for him.



If one of us wants to despair,  
The other suddenly laughs.

If one of us should fall,  
The other stands for two;  
For God gives to every warrior  
The Comrade.

## **It was in the Thicket of the Artois Forest**

**by Adolf Hitler**

**Flanders - in Artois, Spring 1916**

**Based on an Actual Incident**

it was in the thicket of the Artois Forest...  
deep in the wood on blood-drenched earth,  
laid stretched out a wounded German warrior  
And his shouts shrieked into the night  
In vain... No echo resounded to his cry...  
Should he bleed to death like a wild animal,  
Which, mortally wounded, dies in solitude?

Then suddenly...  
Heavy steps approach from the right.  
He hears it, as they stomp along the forest floor...  
And new hope springs from his soul.  
And now from the left...  
and now from both sides...

Two men approach his bed of pain  
A German it is, and a Frenchman.  
And both observe each other with hostile gaze

And aim their rifles threateningly.

The German warrior asks:

"What are you doing here?"

I was moved by the poor fellow's cry for help."

"He is your enemy!"

"He is a human being, who is suffering!"

And both lowered their rifles without a word.

Then they locked their hands together

And, with strained muscles, carefully lifted

The wounded warrior, as if on a stretcher.

And they carried him, the two of them, through the forest,

Until they came to the German chain of posts.

"Now it's done. He'll be well cared for here."

And the Frenchman turned toward the forest.

The German, however, reached for his hand,

Looked movingly into the care-ridden eyes

And said to him in a premonition-heavy seriousness:

I do not know what destiny has decided for us,

Which inscrutably rules in the stars.

Perhaps I will fall as a victim of your bullet.

Perhaps mine will put you into the sand -

For the chance of battles is arbitrary,

But whatever it is and whatever may come:

We Just lived those sacred hours

in which man finds himself in man...

And now farewell! And may God accompany you!"

# **Silent Heroism**

**by Adolf Hitler**

**Pasewalk, 2 November 1918**

In light halls lie quietly bedded  
mortally wounded warriors, who from heated battles  
have brought the bloody marks of destruction;  
but have saved themselves from the rain of iron.

And silent and serious, chained to their duty,  
soft, gentle womens' hands nurse  
the thankful warriors, who at the end  
gamble for life with death.

In their faithful care it is as if  
the hearts heal all the deep wounds,  
when the often tired eyes look.

Yes, so are our truly German women.  
Their most dearest they see part forever  
and quickly devote their lives to strangers' suffering.

# **Forest Graveyard in Pasewalk**

**by Adolf Hitler**

**Pasewalk, 11 November 1918**

You have earned it  
That we bury you there,  
Where German oaks shade your graves,  
They, the symbol of freedom, strength and life  
Are like the most beautiful decoration

Surrounding your graves.  
In the German forest, where the German spirit lives,  
The still grove, in which you peacefully rest,  
Will be honored by thousands in a thousand years,  
Let us go into the forest heart,  
When we come to where your graves are,  
Then our step slows,  
For you speak to us,  
So you live on forever, although the body has long decayed.

## **Radio Duty**

**by Adolf Hitler**

**Flanders, 29 July 1917**

The night is black, the wind sweeps quietly and gently  
Through the branches, all around is deepest calm!  
Only from afar whine the shells threateningly  
And the machine guns harmer in beat.

The comrades sleep nearby in the tent  
And dream of loved ones safe at home,  
Only I alone sit on duty at the wireless  
And listen into the battle area.

So I sit the entire night and wait  
And feel the next morning a deep joy  
If the reconnaissance troop reports to me that  
It has returned from patrol without casualties.

Adolf Hitler is unique in history because he...

1. created a world view, which is
2. based on the laws of nature,
3. achieved political power,
4. successfully implemented his teachings in a brief six year prewar period,
5. then held off nearly the entire world for six years during the biggest war in human history, and
6. became immortal and ultimately invincible even in what appeared to be absolute defeat.

Half a century after Adolf Hitler's physical death, his legacy - the National Socialist Idea - survives and even grows despite an unprecedented campaign of persecution and demonization.

Precisely the military defeat of the Third Reich actually escalated the evolution of National Socialism from a German nationalist movement into a pan-Aryan racial nationalist movement!

The American war hero George Lincoln Rockwell was the first postwar National Socialist to again raise the sacred swastika banner of our race. Significantly, Rockwell was a non-German who had actually fought against the Third Reich in World War Two... A few decades later one of the world's largest and most important National Socialist organizations emerged in *Russia!*

The Soviet Empire has collapsed from its own inner decay. The capitalist "new world order" continues to rot despite its external expansion. National Socialism, however, is alive and well! (Having survived 1945, it can survive anything!)

But National Socialism would be unthinkable without the one man known as Adolf Hitler.

Born at the close of the second millennium, the National Socialist Idea will grow and blossom in the third. And so Adolf Hitler is not only the Man of the Millennium. - Adolf Hitler is the Man of TWO millennia!

- *Gerhard Lauck*