

ADOLF HITLER

Beloved leader



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**Eight articles *about* Hitler
and
Seven poems *by* Hitler
Compiled from the
NS CALL TO FIGHT
1990-1994**

**NSDAP/AO
PO Box 6414
Lincoln NE 68506 USA
www.nsdapao.info & www.nsdapao.org**

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Introduction

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

This love made him so successful. This success made him so feared by the enemy. It is because of this fear that his opponent has made him so bad year after year, decade after decade.

Love cannot be defeated by hate. Truth cannot be extinguished by lies. Goodness cannot be destroyed by meanness.

One day the tide will turn...

Gerhard Lauck
October 1999 (110)

Who was Adolf Hitler?

from Michael Storm

Our Führer Adolf Hitler was a highly talented man. He mastered many extremely arduous tasks, including those of warlord, political leader and founder, to name but a few. In my opinion, the role that received the most consideration, that of warlord, was not the *true* Hitler; while he performed this task with all his might, it was still not his true calling (e.g. he refused to convert the economy to total war until 1943 - Germany did not even have a war and armament plan until then, a sign that war had been forced upon us - and it was not until 1944 that women were called up for military service, because he had hoped to the end that he could end the war without losing his life's work).

He was certainly a brilliant political leader and a dynamic statesman, but for him these were almost only outward appearances that did not yet fully satisfy him. Finally, after the winter crisis on the Eastern Front, he was completely relegated to the role of commander, which the Führer was forced to assume.

Adolf Hitler's inner nature, which he retained throughout his life, was that of a creator. It is the intention of this article on his birthday to address this aspect. Contrary to the negative image the Jewish media gave our beloved leader, he was in truth the most positive and constructive leader in human history.

As a teenager, he dreamed of becoming an artist and even managed to make a modest living as a freelance artist. (See the book *Adolf Hitler, The Unknown Artist*, #082 in our English book list). It was only when he applied to art school in Vienna that he was to discover his true mission; the school rejected his application, but said that his future lay in architecture and that he should apply there. However, although he had the skills, he did not have the school-leaving certificate to become an architect, as he had left school soon after his father's death.

Throughout his life, however, Adolf Hitler remained an artist, designing houses, stadiums, bridges and even redrawing entire cities. Every single one of these creations bears the stamp of his true self. Later, it was Albert Speer's job as chief architect of the Führer's Reich to turn ideas, sketches, drawings and models into reality.

Magnificent buildings sprang up all over Germany, just as the Führer had dreamed up. His building program lasted from 1933 until 1943! But Germany did not have enough workers and raw materials to complete even a fraction of the planned projects during these 10 years. Germany's rearmament then forced the construction projects to be halted in 1944. In 1938, France had still spent more on armaments than the German Reich! In 1939, more money was spent on the RAF in Great Britain than Hermann Göring spent on the German Luftwaffe, and in 1940 France had twice as many modern tanks as Germany! And these two "peace-loving" democracies *were the weakest* in the Allied coalition that encircled our fatherland in the most monstrous war mankind has ever seen. Nevertheless, it took them - the USA, USSR, Great Britain, etc. - a whole six years to defeat little Germany.

Obviously, the construction of highways and buildings, as well as urban beautification

in general, was a very high priority for the Führer. But even these gigantic projects do not give a sufficient demonstration of the Führer's inner nature - it was much bigger than that!

When Adolf Hitler became the 7th member of the party as an unknown person, he immediately began a campaign that turned an obscure splinter party into an all-encompassing movement, as we can impressively witness in Leni Riefenstahl's film *The Triumph of the Will*. None of this could have happened without the Führer's inner drive. Turning the party into a genuine movement was no easy task, especially as powerful enemies had to be withstood all the time. When the political arm of the party finally counted millions of members, the Führer founded several sub-organizations so that each individual member could find a task according to his own providence. The best-known groups were the SS, the SA and the HJ. But dozens of other, much larger organizations existed that supported workers, farmers, students, etc. Their membership dwarfed even the two million of the SA. The Führer's genius knew that people had to be united for the national cause, and all this united and connected people as never before or since have people been united.

Not only did the Führer found the most all-encompassing movement in world history - under the worst possible conditions - but he also created the strongest economy in Europe. When the Führer took power on January 30, 1933, the German economy was burnt out, a smoldering wreck. The unemployment rate was 25%, the Reichsmark was worthless, international trade had been made impossible by the world depression, and Britain refused to allow Germany access to the world market. Even the customs union with Austria had been prohibited by the shameful 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 Nazi Germany (March 1933!). It called for a worldwide boycott of Germany, using the entire Jewish financial power and all its political connections around the globe.

The Führer, however, remained unimpressed by the seemingly hopeless task he faced. Without hesitation, he seized the leadership of a rudderless state and began the Herculean task of building a new national economy. With incredible speed, the Führer transformed the morbid economy of the Weimar Republic into a vital, strong, dynamic one. Millions of men were able to work again, families could finally start afresh.

A veritable flood of hope permeated every factory. In 1938, Germany was finally the leading economic power in Europe - and thus the most hated opponent of England and France. Indeed, there was now even a shortage of labor in Germany, so that even Italians, French and Poles came to the Reich to feed their families back home!

Sadly for world peace, only National Socialist Germany walked its way free from the Jewish clutches of world depression. The USA was still in its grip on December 7, 1941, and England could never free itself from it. The war could only be made possible by Halle from the USA and strict rationing, and after the war England sank back into its pre-war depression - and the Empire was gone too.

As tremendous as these achievements of Adolf Hitler were - the renewal of the cities, the party, the economy, the establishment of a (genuine!) welfare state - they were not even the crowning achievement of the Führer's life. In the 1930s, the greatest German statesman repeatedly assured foreign heads of government that National Socialism was

not an export ideology (like Jewish Bolshevism) that invaded all countries in order to conquer them for a Marxist superstate. The National Socialist revolution was a German one, and the other degenerated plutocratic democracies had nothing to fear. But they were afraid! They were not afraid because they assumed that Hitler would come down on them, no, they were afraid because it was possible that Hitler's work could find imitators in other countries. That is why they had to smash the flourishing Germany as quickly as possible before the world realized how beneficial National Socialism is!

Jewish hatred of the re-emergence of Aryan purity culminated in a world war in which free Germany had to fight against the puppets of international Jewry. Yet even at the height of the war, even as the superiority of Germany's enemies became ever clearer, hundreds of thousands still flocked to the National Socialist banner to fight not only for Germany, but for a new, healthy and just world order. Their goal was to establish a united Aryan Europe.

At first, Hitler didn't think much of it. He only wanted Germany to be able to live in peace. But then it became clear that the war could not be contained, it became clear that it could only be won if the Aryan peoples stood together against the Jewish enemy of the world. Little Germany would have been the driving force in an Aryan Europe from Lisbon to Moscow. Otherwise it would become a pawn of the Wall Street Jews in the USA and the Bolshevik Jews in the USSR, which it has remained to this day.

General Leon Degrelle led his Belgian Waffen SS troops to the Eastern Front. They fought for Belgium's place in a pan-Aryan Europe. Corneliu Codreanu stood ready with his Romanian "Iron Guard", while Spain sent the "Blue Division", made up of volunteers, to fight communism.

Leon Degrelle, who has lived in Spain since he was sentenced to death in Belgium, was held in the highest esteem by Hitler. In 1945 he even said that if he had a son, he would want one like Leon Degrelle!

By the end of the war, the Führer had finally created a pan-Aryan movement that numbered hundreds of thousands who not only supported the movement, but fought for it and gave their blood for the great National Socialist idea even in the hopeless final hours of the war. The Führerbunker in Berlin was defended by the last foreign volunteers of the. Waffen-SS volunteers. The incredible achievement of uniting Europe, which had always been divided, against communism was Hitler's crowning success. Today, the dream of a natural, non-capitalist, healthy Aryan world order has followers all over the world, now numbering in the millions.

Adolf Hitler was undoubtedly the greatest of all leaders. One legacy to us is his concept of world peace, of world justice based on an order of Aryan National Socialism. All Whites must finally see themselves as a brotherhood, defending the gifts of their collective genius, their labor and their racial superiority against the Black Plague rolling in from Africa and niggering the world, against the puppet master sitting in Israel, in Wall Street, in Bonn, holding the peace by which the White peoples are to be strangled.

April 20th is the birthday of our beloved Führer Adolf Hitler. As every sympathizer, supporter and activist celebrates, ask yourself, *"What can I do to help complete the important work of the Führer? What can I do to ensure the survival of the Aryan races of this hostile, corrupt world?"*

In memory of our fallen Führer Adolf Hitler's dream of a united Aryan race. - Heil Hitler!

Pilgrimage

from Katti

"Today I consider it a fortunate destiny that fate assigned me Braunau am Inn as my birthplace. After all, this little town lies on the border of those two German states, the reunification of which seems to us younger people at least to be a life's work to be accomplished by any means necessary!"

Adolf Hitler, *MEIN KAMPF*, Volume 1, Chapter 1

I began to feel the thousands of miles and three days of travel by plane, ferry and train from Chicago as my train sped from Salzburg across a verdant landscape of silver rivers intertwined with gingerbread houses. Black and gray clouds loomed low over the primeval mountains, alternately revealing and obscuring their jagged peaks - a wonderful, dramatic and ever-changing panorama of Upper Austria. However, I was more tired than happy and longed for a warm bed in a friendly inn.

My exhaustion evaporated and an adrenaline rush renewed my metabolic batteries as the train came to a halt at the next stop called "Braunau am Inn". Although I had been planning to arrive in this medieval town for several months, seeing the name of the station for the first time from the train window was a real thrill. I had made it! I was really there! Backpack on, I walked through a cold downpour a few miles from the station to the lonely Linzer Straße, where I sought out the Maybräu Gasthof. I was lucky. The landlady told me that all the other places in Braunau and a few miles around were already booked, many had been for months. "I'm not surprised," I said secretly, and she smiled. "The whole world is here this month." "What?" I was at a loss for words. "Just wait and see. You'll see!" And she left me alone in my cozy little room to ponder her riddle.

I woke up at dawn to a morning that was still damp from yesterday's showers. But the town was alive with urban activity and I admired the wonderful and harmonious blending of modern everyday stores and houses with the traditional architecture and streets of centuries past. I walked on to the end of Linzer Straße, which led into a lively medieval market square. At its southern end stood the Salzburg Gate, a massive archway that guarded the original entrance to Braunau 500 years ago. From the other side, the road bridge crosses a small tributary of the Inn. About 150 meters from the gate is a large, plain white building that is now occupied by tenants. It was because of this actually inconspicuous building in an unknown Austrian town that I had come from the other side of the world to visit it. Because here, in this one house in the Salzburg suburbs, the world's greatest son was born, and I had come to celebrate his 100th birthday.

However, I was not alone when I learned the following day that regular units and special troops of the Austrian army suddenly occupied the whole of Braunau am Inn. The transportation route over the bridge to the German border was cut off, and people entering the town had to show a certificate of establishment. An army helicopter flew low overhead as dozens of armored troop carriers rattled across the market square. In scenes reminiscent of 1940s Hollywood propaganda films, soldiers with submachine guns

strutted among bemused residents and figures in helmets, complete with pistol-toting officers, took up positions at guard points. Posters crisscrossed the town, proclaiming in unmistakable tones that Braunau was under martial law. All forms of public demonstrations - the government banners warned - were strictly forbidden from Wednesday 14:00 until Friday 09:00. Speaking loudly to more than two people, assembling in the street or picketing on the sidewalk, distributing handbills, shouting slogans and even "suspiciously dressed" individuals were grounds for immediate arrest and prosecution under Austria's "anti-Nazi" legislation.

The self-satisfied proponents of democracy behaved like their own evil caricatures of "totalitarian fascists". However, just before their arrival, the town was flooded with "outsiders" from all over Europe and America, and even Australia, South Africa and the Orient. Poor Braunau swelled with visitors and the atmosphere became increasingly heavy due to the tense wait. Rumors were everywhere. It was suspected that werewolf commandos would hoist a swastika flag over the Salzburg Gate at midnight. Jewish assassins were believed to roam the streets at night. Terrorists from Milan were supposed to set fire to Simon Wiesenthal's portrait in front of the mayor's house. Public concern was not allayed when the government troops set up a roadblock through the Salzburg Gate, thus demarcating the Old Suburb with its forbidden zone. Through the archway I could see the street beyond, eerie because of its enforced emptiness.

By late evening, the market square was largely deserted, with only the soldiers still at their posts. On the other hand, all the pubs and restaurants were filled with cheerful people celebrating. Shortly before midnight, things began to happen. In the Gann Hotel, not far from the Salzburger Tor with its barricade, someone ordered bottles of the best champagne in the house and toasts and birthday wishes went round. In the Ratskeller of my Maybräu inn, a young man surrounded by Munich university students stood up at the table next to me, raised his right arm in a forbidden salute and shouted at the top of his voice *"For the Greater German Reich, Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!"*. Nobody bothered him or his companions.

As I was alone, my celebration was a rather quiet affair. I went to the nearby empty market square and took a seat on a bench under the large village clock. I looked up at the sky. The clouds that had covered most of central Europe for weeks were clearing and the stars that were now visible danced relentlessly to their fateful positions as the metallic lungs of the eerie clock ponderously announced midnight. To be in this place at this moment - there are no words for it. As the last stroke echoed into eternity, I pressed the play button on my little cassette player. The Badenweiler, his favorite march, pounded in my headphones.

The next morning, the market square was packed with a mass of expectant people. They all seemed to be waiting, waiting - but for what? For whom? It was as if he himself would appear at any moment, probably standing upright in a large, black Mercedes. Perhaps they were expecting something like that. The living spirit, the emotionally tangible presence of a man who, forty years after his physical death, draws the world's attention to his birthplace, became more intense and revealed itself more powerfully.

Around midday, a group of Italian fascists mysteriously appeared in the middle of the crowd. One of them - defying the overwhelming presence of the officials - began to speak. *"We bring birthday wishes 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

rushed towards him and his comrades, but not before they could give a salute to the astonished onlookers. Some in the crowd even dared to salute back. Others applauded and a few even started singing the old SA song "Brothers in mines and pits", obviously as a witty response to the Italians' short speech about "blood brothers". The police even took these responders into custody, a big bust in this part of the world.

My own small celebration took place behind this tumult, in the grounds of the parish church of the beautiful 15th century cathedral, St. Stephen's Cathedral. First I descended to the adjacent underground memorial to the victims of war, a public epitaph engraved on the walls with the names of those who died in Braunau. In the middle of the room lies a symbolic soldier, sleeping in heroic death. On the northern wall is a roll of honor of the warriors who died in Stalingrad. Here I laid down a bouquet of flowers with the inscription "And yet you were victorious!". As I climbed the stairs outside, I passed the parish church, where I placed a flowering evergreen wreath with his portrait in the middle of the altar and lit the top candle of sacrifice.

While I was reflecting on the pew, I noticed an old woman come in and notice my wreath with the photo right at the altar. Although she was obviously struck by her discovery, she let the wreath rest. Other people came in and saw it with open astonishment, but left it untouched.

I walked to the back of the cathedral to see the ancient font where the infant was baptized and then returned to the bright sunlight of the crowded marketplace. These simple and quiet events cannot convey in their revealing richness the deeply moving nature and profound emotional experience of that day of all days, surely the most inwardly inspiring day of my life. Until that day in April, I had largely doubted our prospects of success. This immeasurable catastrophe - losing the Second World War - seemed irrevocable. Since the sorrowful end of that catastrophe for the civilization of the earth, the movement has struggled forward, fallen and begun to struggle forward again in an era when the mesmerizing forces of evil seem invincible.

But on that April 20, on the 100th anniversary of his birth, in his sacred birthplace, the unforeseen realization dawned on me, step by step, that I had been narrow-minded in limiting my appreciation of the development and progression of the movement within my own modest time frame. His idea is an ETERNAL concept. The historical consequences he set in motion are a surging wave of events that will gain an unsuppressible momentum through the years into the distant future. Our movement is the application of the laws of nature to human spheres, and nature is omnipotent. It may be disgusting at times and its forces build in despair only to burst forward later perhaps more violently than ever.

After the authorities removed the barriers to his house on April 21, the crowds flocked like Muslims around the holy stone of Mecca. I was among many strangers, but we suddenly felt a bond towards each other, we brothers and sisters of the swastika, and being together in this revered place was like a homecoming. His spirit enveloped us all, made us his comrades and filled us with confidence for the future. The mere fact that we had all come to this place from all over the world at this particular time in a hostile world was proof enough that the idea was still alive! It was, as he said in the movie "Triumph of the Will" - the "command of our hearts" that brought us together. We felt a unique pride in the knowledge that future generations will envy us, us who gathered here at this unique moment to light a birthday candle surrounded by a vast night of ignorance and evil. From this flame will simultaneously emanate a beacon to illuminate our blood relatives and a

fire to incinerate the polluters of our posterity.

I had come to Braunau to offer him the paltry celebrations I possessed in honor of his memory. However, he gave me a greater gift than life - renewed, unshakeable faith in our inevitable and absolute victory. Heil Hitler! Thousands of times Heil Hitler!

Christmas story

It may be difficult for us to understand how fond Adolf Hitler was of his people, even in the early years of his struggle for the people. A revealing indication of the true affection that surrounded him from the very beginning has been preserved by the party's official biographer, Heinrich Hoffmann, who recalled an insightful incident that took place in Munich shortly before Christmas 1923. Just over a month earlier, sixteen comrades had been shot dead in front of the Feldherrnhalle. The movement had been shattered by the attempted coup on November 9, its members were dead, in hiding or, like the Führer, imprisoned. With the spark of hope extinguished, drowned in blood, post-war Germany once again sank back into the gray despair of social chaos, economic ruin and cultural decay. This was now the setting for the scene Hoffmann tells of that dark December 68 years ago...

"The artists in the Hitler movement planned to celebrate Christmas at the Blüte Cafe in Blütestraße with a *tableau vivant* with the inscription *Adolf Hitler in custody*.

"I was given the task of finding a suitable double for Hitler. It so happened that I came across a man who bore a 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 Café was filled with people. An awed silence fell as the curtain went up and a prison cell became visible on the half-darkened stage. Behind the small barred window, falling snowflakes could be seen. A man was sitting at a small table with his back to the audience. An invisible male choir was singing *Silent Night, Holy Night*.

"As the tensions of the last note ebbed away, a tiny angel came into the cell carrying a lighted Christmas tree, which was kindly placed on the lonely man's table.

"Slowly 'Hitler' turned until he was looking the audience in the face. Many thought it was actually Hitler himself and a sob went through the hall.

"The lights came on and I saw people all around me with wet eyes and quickly disappearing handkerchiefs."

Source: *Hitler was my friend* by Heinrich Hoffmann, Burke Co, London.

April 20th

from Lieselotte

National Socialists all over the world are celebrating the birthday of their leader Adolf Hitler today.

The leader who, in the face of the betrayal of 1918, created a world view, a movement to which millions belonged. We commemorate a leader who tore Germany out of the swamp of international fraternization and restored the German people's national consciousness. We commemorate the leader who, under the bright red swastika flag, led the Aryan peoples of Europe against the Jewish-Bolshevik-controlled Asian hordes, who fought the international Jewish parasite of nations and who finally fell victim to an international conspiracy of Jews, capitalists and Bolsheviks.

Adolf Hitler, the leader of National Socialist Germany, the leader of the Aryan world, is dead. He has fallen in the fight against the Jewish-Bolshevik world enemy. His body rests in the Reich Chancellery, where he guided the fate of the German people for twelve years, where he stood up to the enemy until the very last second. Adolf Hitler did not resign, nor did he capitulate, but he entered Valhalla as the leader of the German people. The Führer's corpse could not be held against the occupying mob incited by the Jews. The Führer was thus spared what was done to the Duce of the Italian people by the Jews stripped of their human mask.

The Reich Chancellery was blown up, the Berghof was vandalized, the Nuremberg party conference grounds were dismantled. All monuments were destroyed, streets renamed, party offices confiscated, flags and standards, uniforms, equipment and books burned. No stone was left unturned to eradicate with unparalleled precision everything that reminded people of Adolf Hitler, of the Third German Reich, of its greatness and glory.

Now that everything that had once made our people great and strong had been torn down, destroyed and exterminated under the regime of an international gang of criminals, it was believed that the time had come to turn the German people into henchmen of this criminal race for all time.

If this gang of parasites and thugs, closely intertwined by blood ties, believes that by destroying the material values and emblems of a movement, by massacring its leaders, they have wiped it out once and for all, then let it be said to these international thugs: the German people would rather perish than submit without a fight to the slavery of an inferior race that has come to power through speculation, warmongering and genocide!

The NSDAP did not and will not capitulate in its confrontation with international Jewry! What happened on May 8, 1945 was an act of military-bureaucratic buffoonery to which the military leadership of the time had to submit under the pressure of the occupying mob that had infiltrated our country through treachery in its own ranks. We are not at all interested in what and how things were negotiated on May 8, 1945. We do not have to deal with questions of international law and international conventions, which only exist on paper anyway or are at best interpreted in the form most favorable to the victor, but we have to fight our country freely, we have to cleanse our country of foreign influence, we have to protect our people from blood-based decomposition. We have to

eliminate the influence of Jewish factors and, last but not least, we have the sacred duty to carry out the honorable task of calling to account the race that has twice plunged the world into war. Millions upon millions of men, women and children have fallen victim twice in 25 years to the vindictiveness, greed for profit and world domination of an uncultured race.

The same criminal race will not hesitate to start a third world war if its plans for world domination are jeopardized, thereby once again exposing millions of people to indescribable misery. We therefore confess quite openly: Our aim is to prevent such a catastrophe - by whatever means.

As for the final solution to the Jewish question in the Third Reich, I need only look at the mass of speculation, racketeers and underworld members to realize that there was no final solution to the Jewish question at all. The pilgrimage of pensioners and the Jewish colonies in the USA, Europe and South America are living examples of the non-existence of the Final Solution. In this context, we do not have to concern ourselves with finding the truth or even having a "factual discussion". For what purpose? To do favors for some unworldly moralists - God knows we don't have time for that.

There are witnesses to the fact that no Jews were gassed in the Third Reich. However, there is no reliable material that proves the opposite. Reports from the International Red Cross also support the statements about the humane treatment of the Jews. But to believe that we could fall for such an error again would mean that we National Socialists are actually unteachable.

Now our opponents will attack the world - as they did forty years ago - with a torrent of democratic phrases about humanity, humaneness and magnanimity and spout their moralistic slogans. I ask these opponents: Where was your humanity when you turned the flourishing European cultural landscape into a heap of ruins? Where was your humanity when millions of people in the East were brutally massacred by subhuman hordes? In the West, our women and children died in the hail of incendiary and phosphorus bombs. Hundreds of thousands of party comrades were murdered after 1945, others were deported, condemned or crippled. Was that an expression of your morality?

Countless Europeans had to go through the same ordeal, as they had participated as patriots and conscious Europeans in the fight against the Jewish-Bolshevik world enemy. Three hundred thousand Italians and one hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen alone were massacred by the Jewish-incited mob. Countless numbers still bear the marks of their maltreatment on their bodies today.

It will be interesting to see how the international apostles of the brotherhood of nations will defend themselves in the face of these colossal crimes when they are called to account. No matter what phrases and lies the democratic statesmen will try to use to talk their way out of it, they and the race that supports them will not escape their fate!

Those concerned can be sure that this is not just a phrase. International Jewry may have succeeded in intoxicating itself with the blood of outwardly defeated peoples, but it did not succeed in bringing down the National Socialist edifice of thought. The Führer may have fallen in battle, and all the ideological writings of the movement - like everything else - may have been burned and banned. But National Socialism is rooted in the deepest core and has come to life. Even if our leader is physically dead, his spirit is all the more alive. The leader of National Socialist Germany is among us, not in bodily form, but through the National Socialist idea, which he alone embodies.

Through his seminal work *Mein Kampf*, through his speeches and essays, the Führer has given us the ideological, political and strategic basis on which we must act throughout the ages.

Political systems will be established and overthrown, politicians will come and go, but the Führer and his work will be the basis for the existence of the German people and the Aryan world for all time to come!

April 30th marked the 33rd anniversary of the day on which the Führer and Chancellor of the Greater German Reich dictated his last will and testament in the Reich Chancellery under the protection of German and European SS troops in the face of a situation that had become hopeless due to betrayal and cowardice in his own ranks, and passed away with his wife. Today, 32 years after the Führer's death, we have his political testament. This last will and testament of our Führer speaks of the farsightedness and confidence that was characteristic of him.

Thirty years after this last declaration of our Führer's will was written, the National Socialist movement has risen again in accordance with this last will. Supported by a young generation, Adolf Hitler's movement is ready to carry out the will of its driver. In the name and on behalf of our driver, we will smash this Jewish "FRG" entity in the heart of Europe and eliminate its supporters stump by stump. We will build the fourth holy German Reich of honor, glory, greatness and justice and thus fulfill the will of our Führer - the radiant rebirth of the National Socialist movement.

We swear eternal loyalty to you Adolf Hitler until after death. We swear to you, Führer, not to rest and not to rest until the last will is fulfilled. With fanatical determination, we National Socialists will carry out your last instructions and bring those responsible for your death and the deaths of millions of Aryan people to justice. We are prepared to die rather than break this oath.

At this time, we see ourselves in a community of solidarity with legions of National Socialists from all nations. They have all recognized: Either international Jewry will usurp world domination and all Aryan peoples will perish or the Aryan peoples will get rid of their Jewish regime. We, who have Adolf Hitler as our leader, will not allow ourselves to be eliminated voluntarily and without a fight! The German people would rather perish than become the beadle of an international gang of thieves! A nation that is not prepared to defend its freedom constantly and continuously or that is not capable of fighting for it again has lost the right to exist!

The Führer has never left any doubt that the confrontation with international Jewry is a matter of existence, of life. From the ruins of our cultural monuments, Adolf Hitler's movement has risen anew to continue the struggle for German freedom, European unity and the Aryan community of nations. The next few years will bring the decision.

Our opponents as well as our friends and sympathizers should be clear about one thing: there is no such thing as capitulation for us. The word does not exist for us. For us it is victory or downfall, there is no alternative. If we are defeated in this struggle for the freedom of nations, then the ranks of our opponents will be greatly thinned.

We know no surrender and no capitulation, we know only the fulfillment of our duty to the Führer, the people and the fatherland. The life and death of our Führer obliges us to fanatical obedience and commitment to the National Socialist idea.

"Hitler's work and mission are a sacred legacy for future generations. We who are still alive have a duty to fight on." Field Marshal Schörner.

from: *NS KAMPFRUF* #25, March-April 1978 (89)

Adolf Hitler: Leader of self-sacrifice

from Michael Storm

National Socialism, like every revolutionary movement, is driven by self-sacrifice. Our movement is unique because our leader not only set an example of self-sacrifice during the struggle for political power, but because he did so throughout his entire life.

When Hitler was still young, he left his orphan's pension to his younger sister Paula and then set out on his own to survive in a hostile world where his daily bread had to be hard-won. This early example of putting the needs of others before his own remained throughout his life.

During the First World War, Hitler shared the misery of ordinary soldiers. His regiment bled to death at the front. As the regiment's strength dwindled, more was demanded of every single man. No one ever did more than Hitler. He always volunteered for special tasks, took on the most dangerous missions and narrowly escaped death dozens of times. He seemed to bring victory to Germany through his will alone. When the time came for him to take a well-earned rest and a vacation, he refused, leaving this respite to a married man so that he could spend some time at home with his family.

After the stab in the back and the humiliating defeat of Germany, Hitler made it his vow to dedicate his life to the resurrection of Germany and the abrogation of the Treaty of Versailles. During those years of fighting, he experienced even greater hardship than during his youth.

His clothes were so poor that a party member had to donate a suit to the Führer so that he could go to a meeting of industry leaders. Not only did he live so modestly so that every penny could go into the struggle, he had also had to give up his great dream (or so he thought at the time) of ever becoming an artist or architect.

Material sacrifices were not the only thing the party demanded of its leader. Hitler often complained that he could not enjoy his home and the prosperity of his family because he could not marry, as he was married to the whole of Germany. Worse still, he never knew the joy of becoming a father because this would have been unfair to his children, as the task of following in his footsteps, for example, would have been too great a burden for them.

As the war made its way to Germany, the Führer had to give up his dream of rebuilding his cities. He then put on his uniform and refused to take it off until victory was achieved. He worked around the clock and his workload grew. His headquarters, the "Wolf's Lair" in Rastenburg, was located in a swampy forest where it was too hot in summer and too cold in winter. His staff considered it a joyless undertaking to work there and could hardly wait for him to be transferred to Berlin or Paris, leaving the Führer behind - fighting for Germany without any entertainment, bright lights or the sweet fruits of victory.

In the Führerbunker in the spring of 1945, the Führer disappeared for a few minutes during military meetings to admire the models of the unique National Socialist cities he

dreamed of building after the war, but he knew only too well that they would not be built in his lifetime.

During the hail of Soviet shells over the city, he told the General of the Waffen SS Leon DeGrelle that if he had had a son, he would have wanted him to be like DeGrelle, but that it was now up to him and Hans-Ulrich Rudel to inspire the future German youth with their heroism. The Führer said he would bear the ultimate sacrifice for Germany and not run away, but fight the enemy to the bitter end and then deprive the democrats and Bolsheviks of their Jewish joy, not only to put him on trial but also to mutilate his body, and so he fought on until the "Untermenschen" were only a few meters away and then climbed up to Valhalla.

Adolf Hitler was a man who sacrificed himself, indeed his entire life, for his people. Great virtue is an essential characteristic of National Socialism, such as the sacrifice of a single person for the great cause. That is why one National Socialist counts for more than a hundred Democrats or Republicans. This is what makes us so strong and so feared.

As a young SA man, I used to work 48 hours a week in a factory, donate my entire paycheck to the party, keep the party headquarters clean, handle the desk work, collect signatures for petitions, cook meals, do TV interviews and occasionally have fun in a street fight with the scum of the earth. Most of the so-called "fair weather" national socialists were hard to find when it meant doing work or donating money. So it didn't surprise me that they weren't expelled from the movement because of death or bomb threats, but because they were not committed enough to National Socialism. They wanted to "have fun" and make victims out of other comrades. These drones left the party relatively quickly, and every time this happened, we became stronger.

Compared to the Führer's sacrifice, my money, sweat and blood are rather insignificant offerings. However, our movement today is full of comrades whose sacrifices make them heroes: true National Socialists like Reinhard Sonntag, who gave his life a few years ago, and Gottfried Küssel, who spent two years in prison (and has another eight years to go), as well as many, many others who cannot be named here for security reasons and without whom you would not now be holding this newspaper in your hands and reading this article.

We National Socialists only judge a man or a woman by one thing, namely how much they sacrifice themselves for our victory. How clever they are (or think they are), how rich they are, how much they claim to be good fighters or how much beer they can drink, none of this means anything... only how much a person gives of themselves!

Each of us - you and I included - must ask ourselves this important question!

Heil Hitler!

The beginning

The bitterness of thunderous battle grinds through Flanders. Through Flanders groans the great dying. Armored death is spreading! Torn earth trembles in the defensive battle of 1918. Fire rolls over funnels and pits. English troops fail in the attack on the heights of Moche, close to Comines. American storm waves collapse on the few rocks of field gray defensive will. Tank squadrons run themselves to death on the cliffs of German heroism.

Through the roar of the machine guns, howitzers bark, cannons crash, mines roar, the sheaves of fire of downing air squadrons patter. Blood fertilizes the earth, which smells of the steam of gunpowder and in which the dead no longer find the peace of death. From hecatombs of victims, fate piles up a monument of heroism and gruesome agony of an almost despairing humanity.

A world had conspired in hatred. Destruction! Destruction! it roars from the hot pipes of their cannons...

That was the front!

Scattered in funnels and trench holes lie the heroes of the Regiment List, at M.-G.'s, with rifles, pressing themselves into the furrows of the churned-up earth; bleeding, but still fighting, cursing, but not giving way!

The evening of October 19, 1918 descends over Flanders, a land that is sore as death, but death still does not sleep. It still flashes, yellow-red and roaring, the raging fire of the battle of material. The troops are exhausted, wet and encrusted with mud, tired and hungry. Scattered men emerge from the German trenches and stumble hastily from funnel to funnel to the rear: Essenholer! And the enemy doubles his fire.

Three musketeers, dispatchers from the regiment's staff, are chasing death. Somewhere at the back of the terrain is the abandoned artillery dugout. That's where the field kitchens are supposed to be. We leap through a hail of iron fire.

The will-o'-the-wisps of colorful rockets ghost between the fronts. Finally, they come across cartridge cases and empty shell baskets. In front of them stands the block of a bunker. Cooking utensils clatter. They have reached the field kitchen shelter. Three musketeers breathe a sigh of relief!

But enemy batteries are raging again. Flash after flash of lightning tears up fountains of earth. Wooden and iron debris whirl up from the mud and crash onto the ceiling of the shelter. Quarter after quarter of an hour passes. Impossible to get back now. Soldiers crouch waiting in the bunker. And to the right and left and in front of and behind them, the effect of the cruelest destruction technology is raging in a bath of steel. Three Bavarian musketeers are locked in a hole in the ground by the arbitrariness of cannon barrels and their lives are no longer dependent on their courageous deeds and their own will, but only on the futility of chance and on the fulfillment of duty by some of the gunners at the rear of the German batteries, who are in the process of fighting down the English enemy.

Such hours on the fronts of the world war required whole men. And even if some people were overcome with horror and despair, here in the half-buried dugout near Moche in Flanders on the night of October 19, 1918, there was one man who mastered this despair, the private, the messenger, the brooding man, the good comrade. He conquered within himself that which sometimes made others tremble. He had now been

in the field for four years, here in Flanders he once passed his baptism of fire and since then he had gone through hardship and death in the voluntariness of his heroism. Bayernwald, Wytschaete, La Bassée, Fromelles, the Somme, Bapaume, Soissons, La Fontaine, these were difficult battles that he lived through. When everyone despaired, he remained upright; when others cursed, he remained silent. When they collapsed exhausted, he did his duty, yes, more than that: he stood up for his comrades and faced death of steel in their place in the hell of battle. The regimental staff's signalmen knew his urging - forward - forward, when orders had to be brought forward by barrage. When he started to leap, flinching from the cover of frenzied destruction: "Let's go!" his voice sounded firm. He seemed to have no nerves, and when others lost their nerve, he would look at them with his big clear eyes, and they would calm down and carry on fighting.

When he spent the rare hours of rest with them behind the front, he spoke enthusiastically of a love that was called Vaterland! He spoke of the self-evidence of victory and of the fate that Germany would one day have, because it had a fate behind it that it didn't need to have.

They didn't understand him, they shook their heads when he talked like that. But nevertheless, they sensed something like a new great truth in his words. It frightened them, made them helpless and made them laugh.

"One day - much later - you will understand me!" he used to say. The alarm, the order for a new deployment, often put an end to such conversations, and then the private, the dispatcher, stood back in rank and file.

Now the three of them were sitting here in the crumbling shelter. Hour after hour passed and there was no end to the hardship.

Then, suddenly, long expected, the firelight of a dying grenade flashes into the bunker. The detonation pushes people to the ground, stirs up earth, paralyzes them in shock. A direct hit has died at the entrance to the shelter. Everything has happened in a flash.

Then, the most diabolical cruelty of the warfare of our civilized age, it drifts away in invisible clouds: gas!

While another attack rages in the trenches ahead, here in the dugout men struggle with the corrosive death that eats into their lungs and eyes. The attack is drumming in front. In the dugout, the night drifts endlessly...

At dawn, a private stumbles onto the battlefield of this battle. A few days later, a hospital train rolls towards home. Lying in the wagon, next to shot-up, tired fighters, is a blind soldier, yesterday's reporter, the... brooding.

He, who in the immensity of the battles could see no further with healthy eyes than his section of the trench and the miserable little funnel field on which death had tried in vain to snatch life and orders for the fighting troops from him, now - a blind man - becomes seeing. It is night around him, but in his heart shines the flame of holy becoming, and he - the blind man - now sees with ultimate clarity in the light of this flame the infinite expanse of a world event that began with blood and will end with blood. He sees the fateful longing of his people, sees the agony and misery of an entire world. Yes - he sees the path to redemption!

And while the red drool splashes on the coat of arms of the empire, while the mutiny tears the shreds of cowardice, a will matures in this man: the blood of this war shall not have flowed in vain. The wreath of glory of a *better* victory, Germany shall one day pin it to the new flags of its new people!

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

A man left here and became a drummer and wherever he formed new Germans from people, they raised their arms as a sign of their new faith, just as the ancients raised their spears when they saluted the duke, the leader.

- Kurt Jeserich

According to information from Ignatz Westenkirchner, the Führer's wartime comrade who had returned from America.

From: *Der Schulungsbrief*, March 1934.

Adolf Hitler in the world war

Front comrades of the Führer 1914-1918 report

On October 10, 1914, I went into the field with the "List" regiment, to which Hitler also belonged, to the Western Front. Flanders became our first combat sector. But it wasn't until 1916, in the middle of the fierce material battles, that I got to know Adolf Hitler personally. We had both come through the war unscathed by then. One evening we were lying together in a deserted gun emplacement when the enemy fired furiously and wildly. Then we were given gas. Artillery fire pounded our position all night. We thought everything had gone well when we found out early in the morning: Hitler had lost his sight. He himself said he could no longer see anything and held his hands over his aching eyes. Then he was taken back to the military hospital.

I clearly remember an experience that testifies to Hitler's personal courage during the war. It was near Epagny. On an advance, Adolf Hitler had to pass through a wooded slope where Frenchmen who had been blown off by the troops had become trapped. Their helmets just protruded over the edge of the holes in the ground. Adolf Hitler recognized them through his glass, drew his pistol, signaled to the rear with his hand as if his comrades were coming behind him, drove the baffled Frenchmen - twelve of them - out of their position and brought them to the command.

Adolf Hitler often spoke about the political future of Germany in solitary hours. Above all, he was depressed by the state fragmentation of the Reich, the well-known multistate system. He once compared the multitude of small German states to scraps of paper that he had hung on a string. Any breeze, he explained, could sweep them away. However, if the individual sheets were tied together in a bundle, a strong breeze could not blow them away. Even the simplest of us could see what he was trying to say.

Ignaz Westenkirchner

In the material battle

The Western Army will receive troop reinforcements, as substantial units have been freed up in the East. Only those who have stood here for years in the drumfire of material battles, those who, encrusted with dried mud and blood, feel the stinging in their lungs that comes from the gas, and who day after day - the wounds torn by shrapnel are barely scarred - run with death through the spear fire curtains and greedily drink a mouthful of coffee water or take a dry crust of bread for the best cake.

The Reserve Infantry Regiment 16, known as "List", in the 6th Bavarian Reserve Division, is fighting at Soissons, although it is undeficient, weakened by blood and ammunition, has been without fresh linen for seven weeks, exhausted by long marches and, soaked by rain, would like to be left in peace. They were actually exhausted, but

they were actually a reserve behind the right wing of the 7th and 1st Armies.

And in reality, on the evening of May 26, they were in the front line due to their approach to a right turn and were now supposed to roll up the enemy. From the Ailette they look towards the Aisne. Their commander is called Anton van Tubeuf and is a major. He is the ninth leader of this regiment and he now leads the "Lister" for five days, taking the other units of the division with him over the famous and notorious Chemin des Dames.

The whole regiment sneezes as long as it runs and fights, for the gas with which the artillery has fired lies heavy over the ground. There are steep mountains, craggy heights and witch's dance grounds covered in splinters and fire, with shredded tree roots and branches spiked into the cinder-burnt earth. You have to walk over the mine launchers, the machine guns, the ammunition, to bring them into position. And here the whole air is constantly howling and rushing and hissing and buzzing with glowing iron in all sizes and pieces. There is no talk of telephone lines from the regimental staff to the battalions and between them. In the realm of command transmission, the signalman reigns supreme. With almost dreamlike certainty, he races and leaps out of the funnel and dashes, panting, over holes, beams and corpses, between the impacts of towering fountains of steel, fire, earth and clouds of smoke, in the hellish buzzing of the hornet swarm of steel shells. If he does not succeed in getting his message or his order through the burning confusion of death to the right man, then the whole leadership goes to the dogs, and the iron will of this forward-pushing wedge of reeling fighters crumbles into ineffectiveness. Along with the leaders, he now carries the fate and outcome of this battle in his head, in his pocket, in his agility and in his courage.

For five days the savage war rages in all its manifestations and - as so often and how often then - the regiment's most tireless, bravest, fearless reporter runs, jumps, reports, receives, runs from the staff to the top, from the battalion to the commander.

And after five days, the regiment had rolled up the enemy front 23 kilometers wide from the flank, pushed through impetuously and, as far as can be counted, captured 400 prisoners, 16 guns, 100 machine guns, 4 motor vehicles, 15 ammunition wagons and an engineer camp.

"Apart from the achievements of the individual leaders, the main credit for the brilliant execution of the attack must go to the regiment's dispatchers," said the commander of R.I.R. 16, called "List", Anton zu Tubeuf.

On June 1, 1918, the regiment is honored by its commander receiving the Military Order of Max Josef. And on August 4, the new Max-Josef-Ritter von Tubeuf pins the Iron Cross 1st Class on Private Adolf Hitler's chest, the highest and most rarely awarded decoration to a man in the trenches.

W. L. Diehl

Direct hit in the command post

Around midday, the signalmen deliver the new order to attack. Adolf Hitler is there again, undaunted and tireless in the performance of his dangerous duty. He often volunteered to take on the most difficult of walks for one or other of his comrades, right up to the front lines whipped through by the hail of bullets.

At 1.30 a.m. the second attack is launched with artillery support. The losses suffered by those advancing across open terrain were again terrible. Only a few manage to break into

the first enemy pits with bayonets in their fists, take prisoners, and that's as far as it goes. The second battalion tried in vain to come to the aid of their comrades who had rushed ahead. The leader, Lieutenant of the Reserve Schubert, falls during the first assault.

Now the regimental commander, Lieutenant Colonel Engelhardt, goes personally to the northern edge of the forest. Using his binoculars, he takes stock of the situation, scouting for the best place to break in on the enemy. But watchful eyes have already spotted him. Machine-gun fire crackles towards him, shredding the bushes to the right and left, smashing into the trunks, ricochets whirring through the air. Adolf Hitler and Private Bachmann jump forward and cover him with their bodies. The commander, hampered in his lookout, asks Hitler in astonishment: "Why is that?" - "We don't want to lose our regimental commander for the second time," is the modest reply. The commander thanks him with a silent handshake, as if it were a matter of course.

November 17: Artillery activity of the enemy. Half an hour ago the brigade commander, Excellency Grossmann, personally gave the order to relieve the List Regiment, which had bled to death. "Make sure you get back," he told the lieutenant colonel at the end. Some of the company commanders have already arrived at the regimental headquarters to receive this order. Due to lack of space, Adolf Hitler and his comrades had to leave the dugout for a short time. Then - it is shortly after 2 o'clock - it hisses again. A tremendous crash - a direct hit in the middle of the regimental command post.

Adolf Hitler is one of the first to rush in to help. The sight before him is horrific.

Dead under the rubble are the telephone sergeant Kreitmaier, deputy officer Wimmenauer and a commander. Seriously wounded are Constable Ostberg, the regiment's command clerk, the deputy officers Oberer and Martin. His eyes are still searching for the idolized commander. Is he dead too? Then he sees the lieutenant colonel slump backwards with a groan and hears him mutter: "I only wanted to serve my country!"

Adolf Hitler is at his side in one leap. So is comrade Bachmann. The commander's left hand hangs down mutilated, his right leg is red with blood - a shrapnel has pierced the main artery, the blood loss is great, only quick help can save him. Hitler does not think twice, quickly fetches a moss ball, wraps it around the leg above the deep wound and wraps it with telephone wire to stop the heavy bleeding. It works, the emergency bandage is skillful and serves its purpose.

A regimental comrade

The reporter

During the night I had to visit the III Battalion, which was in the southern section of Roeux, twice with reports. I was accompanied by Hitler, the reporting officer. We were able to use the Biache railroad cutting as welcome cover for a short stretch. Soon, however, we had to leave it and move into open terrain. The path led us past two advanced guns. As soon as we were near them, the enemy received us with a murderous fire. We realized immediately that we had been taken in. Of course, this waste of ammunition was not aimed at us alone, but above all at the guns, which the Englishman must have suspected of special activity at that moment. If I had been alone, I would have

taken full cover without hesitation. No one could have blamed me for that. The report to be made had no reference to the fighting of the battalions deployed. If it had arrived one or more hours later, it would not have done the slightest harm. My companion was of a different opinion. Without the slightest delay, he tried to get out of the witches' cauldron quickly, naturally taking advantage of every opportunity for cover.

It was often the case with reporters that they had to move in the open under the strongest enemy fire, while such a movement was new to me, despite my years in the trenches. Of course I couldn't be too shy and had to follow. And it was good. We both got out of the danger zone with our skins intact.

As we made our way back, we had barely reached the vicinity of the guns again when the enemy's spell began anew. Of course, there was no stopping this time either, and we reached the protective railroad cut without any damage, albeit dripping with sweat.

In the two subsequent periods of the Battle of the Arras, I was assigned to accompany Adolf Hitler a few more times, and each time we escaped unharmed.

During these days I had the vague feeling that that reporter was particularly fortunate, and it was more natural that I also thought I was in less danger in his company.

Report from a front-line comrade

The unknown soldier

During the commander's speech - he spoke about the situation and the expansion of the position - the curtain opened and Hitler entered, paid his respects as best he could given the low altitude of the cave, and handed over a written report. The commander skimmed over it without interrupting his speech and signaled to the signalman that he could leave. But when the curtain had closed behind him, the major interrupted his remarks, and immediately afterward, raising his voice and pointing to the entrance, said, "If I send this signalman, I know that the mission will be carried out as well as by the best officer in my regiment."

We were understandably astonished by this praise. If Major von Tubeuf had long been known to us as the leader who only very rarely gave modest praise, this praise was to be valued in a very special way, for it was for a soldier of whom the commander could hardly have known the name.

Lieutenant Adolf Meyer

from: *SS Leitheft*, issue 12, 1943

A confession

We believe in Adolf Hitler,
the immortal leader of our people,
unique gift of foresight,
greatest personality of all time,
Living in our hearts today and forever.

We believe in his holy cause,
Called *New Order*,
the fulfillment of Aryan destiny
according to the eternal laws of life,
the hope and future of our species on earth.

We believe in his movement,
his loyal, undivided following,
which bears his cause's name
as an instrument of his will,
consecrated in blood by heroes and martyrs
- *the eternal path to salvation.*

HEIL HITLER!

Think it!

by Adolf Hitler (1923)

When your mother gets old
And you've gotten older,
If you what used to be easy and effortless,
has now become a burden,
When her dear, faithful eyes
No longer see into life as I once did,
When their tired feet
No longer want to carry them when walking -
Then reach out your arm to support her
Accompany them with joyful pleasure -
The hour comes when you weep for her
must accompany you to the last corridor!

And if she asks you, answer her,
And ask her again, you speak too!
And ask her again, answer her,
Not impetuously, in gentle calm!
And she can't quite understand you
Explain everything to her happily;
The hour is coming, the bitter hour,
Since her mouth asks you for nothing more!

NS Kampfruf #89, May-June 1991 (102)

The comrade

by Adolf Hitler (August 14, 1916)

When one of us gets tired,
The other watches for him.
If one of us wants to doubt,
The other suddenly laughs.

If one of us should fall,
The other stands for two;
Because every fighter has a god
The comrades at

It was in the thicket of the Artoiswaldes

by Adolf Hitler

**Flanders - in Artois, spring 1916
Based on a true story**

It was in the thicket of the Artois forest...
deep in the woods, on blood-soaked ground,
lay stretched out a wonderful German warrior
And his cries rang out in the night.
For nothing... No echo sounded to his wake-up call...
Should he bleed to death freely like a game,
That dies wounded in loneliness?

Then suddenly...
Heavy footsteps approach from the right.
He hears them stomping into the forest floor...
And new hope germinates from his soul.
And now from the left...
and now from both sides...

Two men approach his bed of pain
It's a German and a Frenchman.
And they both look at each other with a very sharp gaze
And threateningly hold their rifles at the ready.
The German warrior asks:
"What are you doing here?"
"I was struck by the poorest man's cry for help."
"It's your enemy!"
"It's a person who suffers!"

And both lower their rifles wordlessly.
Then they intertwined their hands
And lifted carefully with taut muscles
The wounded warrior, as if on a stretcher.
And they carried it through the forest together,
Until they came to the German chain of posts.
"Now it's done. Here is his loyal hat."
And the Frenchman turns into the forest.

But the German grabs his hand,
Looks into his troubled eyes with emotion
And says to him with foreboding seriousness:

"I don't know what fate has in store for us,
That reigns inscrutably in the stars.
Maybe I'll fall, a victim of your bullet.
Maybe mine will stretch you into the sand -
Because the battles are indiscriminate,
But be that as it may and whatever may come:
We only live the consecrated hours,
Since man has found himself in man...
And now farewell! And may God guide you!"

Silent heroism

by Adolf Hitler
Pasewalk, November 2, 1918

Resting quietly in the light sowing
Mortally wounded warriors who emerge from hot battles
The bloody marks of doom brought;
But rescued from the hail of iron.

And silent and serious, chained to their duty,
Caring soft gentle female hands
The grateful warriors, who in the end
Already betting on life with death.

In their faithful care like healthy
All the hearts and all the deep wounds,
When the often tired eyes look friendly.

Yes, that's how our truly German women are.
They see their loved ones part forever
And nimbly dedicate their lives to other people's suffering.

Forest honor cemetery in Pasewalk

by Adolf Hitler
Pasewalk, November 11, 1918

You deserve it for us,
That we bury you there,
Where German oaks shade your grave.
She, the symbol of freedom, strength and life
Being the most beautiful jewelry
Given around your grave.
In the German forest, where does the German spirit live,
The quiet grove where you rest peacefully,
Thousands will honor him a thousand years from now,
Let's go into deep forest depths,
Let us come to where your graves are,
Then we inhibit the step,
Because you speak to us all,
So you live on forever when your body has long since decayed.

On radio watch

by Adolf Hitler
Flanders, July 29, 1917

The night is black, the wind blows softly and gently
Through the branches, all around is deep calm!
From afar, the machines whine to the beat.

The comrades sleep next door in the tent
And dream of loved ones at home,
Just me alone, sitting vigil at the device
And listen out into the fighting room.

So I sit all night and wait
And feel a deep sense of happiness the next day,
When the scouting party reports to me via the reporting channel,
He had returned from enemy action unharmed.

"Blue white and black and white red"

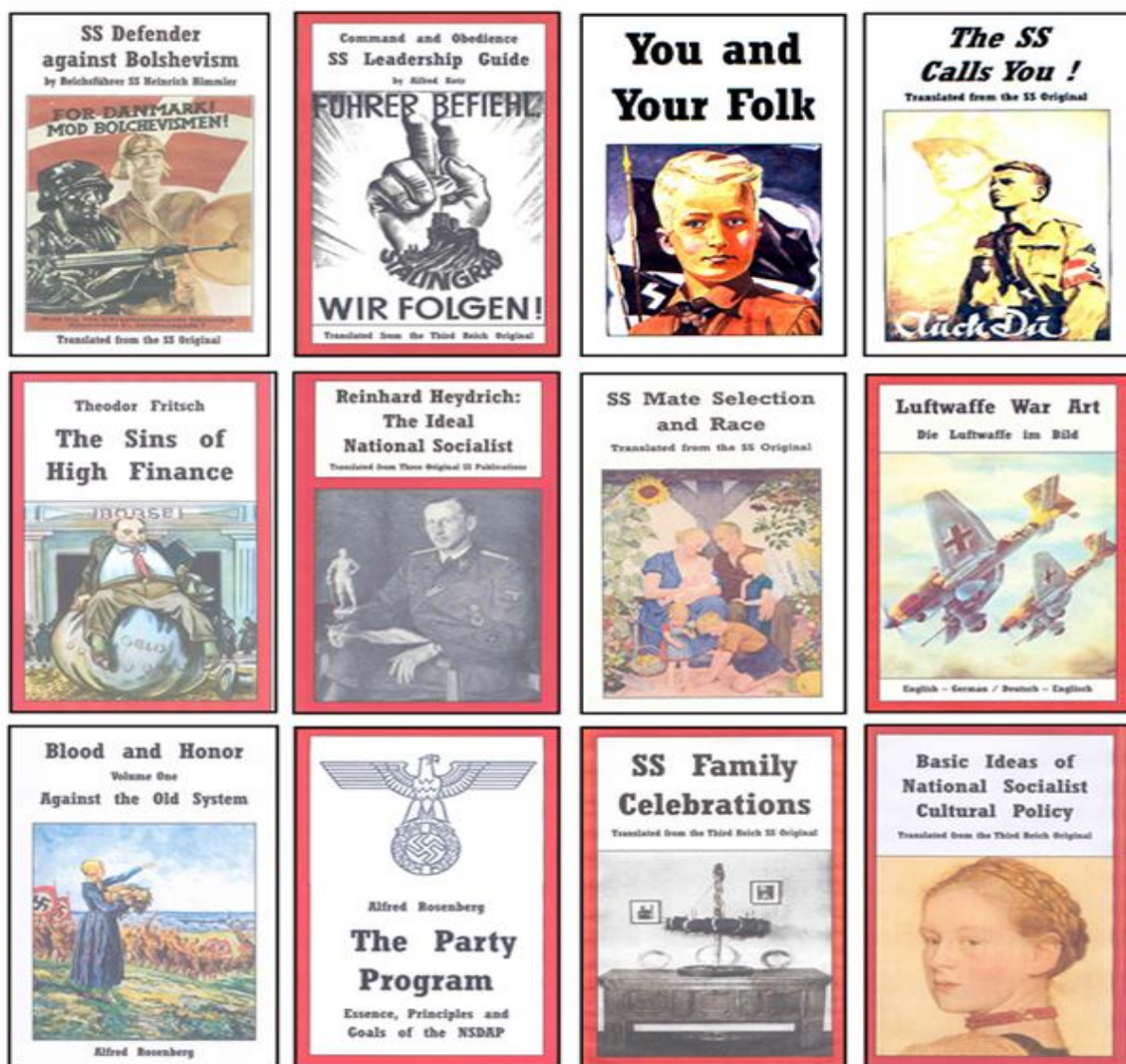
**by Adolf Hitler
[Western Front], August 4, 1917**

All around the enemy army,
Countless as the sands of the sea,
The Frenchman, Ruß' and Britt,
The little barkers with.

And we - in hot battle
We keep watch over the flag
Faithful unto death
Blue-white and black-white-red

Millions are up in arms,
And don't topple the tower,
They dragged helpers here,
From the Red Sea to the Yellow Sea.

But wonderfully defiant and strong,
The watch on our marrow,
Faithful unto death
Blue-white and black-white-red.



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