



NS News Bulletin

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Adolf Hitler: Beloved Führer

Part 3

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 storm-trooper, 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 Kuessel, 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 Fuehrer'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 heroism.

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 sigh 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. Bayerriwald, Wytschaete, 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 throw 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 bayo-

net 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 spies 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 bled-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.

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.

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



NS KAMPFRUF
KAMPFGRUPPE DER NATIONALSOZIALISTISCHEN DEUTSCHEN ARBEITERPARTEI AUSLANDS- UND AUFRAUORGANISATION

September 1944 September 1973 27. April 2017 (2016)

Der Kampf geht weiter !

Seitdem haben sich die Kämpfer der Wehrmacht am 8. Mai 1945 in der nationalsozialistischen Bewegung wieder als je zuvor in der Nachkriegszeit. Und zwar nicht nur in Deutschland, sondern auf globaler Ebene!

Initiative von Klausmeier, Vertriebung, Verfolgung und Verdrängung haben nicht ausgerichtet, den Kern der gesamten Idee unseres heilig geliebten Führers Adolf Hitler zu zerstören.

Alle Nationalsozialisten sind zwingend gefordert, Hitler und Kampfbewegung stehen weiterhin an Schicksal an Kampf um die Erhaltung unserer weißen Völkern.

Die Bewegung ist zwar stärker geworden, aber die Gefahr des biologischen Völkermord ist heute noch viel größer als in der Vergangenheit.

Die wesentliche Gefahr ist aber dabei, den Völkermord - gegen alle weißen Völkern (?) - zu begreifen. Seine Mord und Ermordung, Überlebend und Kampfbewegung.

Ob "legal" oder "illegal", ob im Waldkampf oder im Straßenkampf, ob als Propagandakämpfer, hantelnd oder auf einem Kolonnenfeld anderer Art. Jede Nationalsozialist ist seine Pflicht!

Hail Hitler!
Gerdhard Lank



TROTZ VERBOT NICHT TOT!



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Front Report
Interview with Molly

Part Three

NSK: Your current projects are obviously philosophical and art related.

Please describe your views on the impact of such topics in politics.

Molly: Well I try to still update the photo gallery, but mostly I've been concentrating on Adolf Hitler and the Army of Mankind (www.mooningtheancient.com/truth.htm) I'm at 21 pages now, and I have so much more to do. Studying WWII is an absolute minefield of information. You seek out information on one thing and find two more things to research. It feels a bit like you are an archeologist, unearthing the buried past. A past that they would rather not be brought to light. We can thank the internet again for the flood of information and pictures. Extremely rare stuff has



the **NEW ORDER**

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The Fight Goes On !

Seventy years after the capitulation of the Wehrmacht on May 8, 1945, the postwar National Socialist movement is stronger than ever not only in Germany, but throughout Europe.

Decades of mass murder, expulsion, persecution, and defilement have not sufficed to destroy the seed of the brilliant idea of our much loved Führer Adolf Hitler.

All National Socialists and other racially-aware consciences and social kinemen fight side by side for the preservation of our White folk.

The movement has indeed become stronger, but the danger of biological folk death is also much greater today than in the past.

The desperate enemy is in the process of committing genocide against all White folks. His means are non-White immigration, culture denigration, and neo-racism.

Whether "legal" or "illegal", whether in distant battle or street battle, whether armed with propaganda material or on a battlefield of a different kind, every National Socialist must do his duty!

Hail Hitler!
Gerdhard Lank



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