



NS News Bulletin

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

#1139

12.01.2025 (136)

Gerhard Lauck

The Education of an Evil Genius

Part 5

Great Men & Women

Over the years, I have met many great men and women. Some famous. Some not famous. Here are just some of them.

Colonel Hans-Ulrich Rudel

Hans-Ulrich Rudel was the most highly decorated soldier in the Wehrmacht. Adolf Hitler created a special medal just for him! He flew 2,500 combat missions and personally destroyed 500-600 tanks and even sank a battleship and a cruiser!

It was an honor to be invited to his home in Kufstein!

Naturally, his medals were proudly displayed in a case on the wall. I looked at them while his young son sat on my shoulder. This young Tarzan fan managed to swipe my pen and hide it in his hamster cage. His beautiful young mother found it and returned it to me with a smile.

While Rudel and I took a stroll along a mountain path, he asked if I was afraid of heights. I didn't know what he was getting at until I took a closer look through the bushes. We were only a few feet from a cliff!

Back at his home, he, his wife, mother-in-law and I had tea together.

Rudel commented that sometimes he wished he had slanted eyes, because the

Japanese treat their veterans better than the Germans.

He also lamented that if Germany would have been more ruthless, it would have won the war. (This theme later came up again in my amusing interview with Chris Wallace.)

Later his wife drove me to the train station.

When Rudel died several years later, the German government forbade its military people from participating in his funeral. Three brave Luftwaffe pilots defied the order. They flew over his grave and tipped their wings. This resulted in their dismissal.

This disrespect for a war hero, solely on political grounds, is typical for the occupation regime. Traitors have no sense of honor.

Helmut Sündermann

Helmut Sündermann had been the Deputy Press Chief in the Third Reich. He had invited me to visit him, but died a few days before I got there. I am listing him here anyway. I was still a teenager when all this happened. I don't know whether he saw potential in me or was simply trying to inspire a well-meaning youngster. (The same goes for other Third Reich notables who wrote me.) Either way, he did inspire me. This contributed to my resolve. I owe him this mention!

Michel

Michel had been a volunteer in the French Waffen-SS. When I met him face-to-face for the first time, he grabbed my shoulders and kissed me on both cheeks. A bit embarrassed, I smiled and remarked: *It's a good thing I know you're French. Otherwise I'd slug you for that!*

As a young man, he was torn. On the one hand, he wanted to help the Germans fight against communism. On the other hand, he did not want to betray his country.

The Waffen-SS recruiter assured him he would only fight against the Soviets. Not his countrymen. He would not be asked to betray any friends or kinsmen in the French Resistance. (The French Resistance, itself largely Communist, was less chivalrous. Over 200,000 French "collaborators" were murdered after the war!)

He joined the French Waffen-SS. His firsthand account of the Battle for Berlin appeared in one of our early newspaper editions.

After the war, he joined the French Foreign Legion. His photographs included

one of his pretty first wife standing next to a jeep in the desert holding a submachine gun.

When de Gaulle sold out French Algeria, he joined the OAS. Later he wound up in exile in Munich with his second wife, a young German woman. This is where I met him.

After his cat stole a pair of socks out of my suitcase, I was assigned the code name “sock salesman”. He also drew a cryptic set of symbols on a piece of paper and handed it to me without explanation. He didn’t clarify whether this was a personal code or related to something more significant...

During one visit, the phone rang. He picked it up and had a brief conversation. Afterward, he turned to me and said: *That was police headquarters. The police are on their way. We have time to finish our wine, but then we must go.*

We left his place, walked down the block to an inn, ordered wine and continued our conversation as if nothing had happened.

This inn was owned by an Italian Fascist married to a German woman. So we were among friends.

There was an amusing incident here. My French friend had been drinking even more than I. He was becoming a bit “vocal”. A young German sitting next to us innocently joined in our conversation. He was shocked by some of the Frenchman’s statements.

Every time I could finally halfway convince him that we were not as monstrous as the media portrays us, the Frenchman would blurt out something like: *They should all be killed!*

Then I would have to start all over again!

Karl-Ferdinand Schwarz

Karl was an old SA man. We hit it off right away. Difference in age and background meant nothing. It was as if we’d known each other all our life.

When the Communists killed his friend, he acted alone without authorization from the SA leadership. As an old sapper, he knew how to handle explosions. The end result was one slightly damaged Communist headquarters building.

Another time, his mother hid his pistol in the fruit bowl. The police searched the apartment without success.

I met others like Karl. I mention him both on his own merit and as a representative for them all.

Friedhelm Busse

Friedhelm was also a veteran of the European crusade against communism. When he died, he wanted to be buried with the flag under which he had served his country.

Unfortunately, this was outlawed in this “free democracy”.

A young comrade discretely slipped a folded flag into the grave. The Political Police spotted him. This resulted in the grave being dug up and the young comrade being arrested!

Honorable men respect a fallen foe! A dishonorable pseudo-democracy defiles their grave!

Einst kommt der Tag der Rache!

Armin

Armin fought in the Wehrmacht as well as the Werewolf resistance after the official capitulation. He participated in the Braunschweig revolt. His unconventional fundraising landed him in prison and cost him his first family.

He was definitely hardcore!

He was one of our first underground leaders. During the next few years, he was extremely successful. At one point, an official government short-wave radio broadcast sounded so desperate that some listeners thought the resistance movement was on the verge of seizing a major city!

His next imprisonment cost him his second family.

Otto Riehs

Otto was one of the few enlisted men awarded the Knight's Cross to the Iron Cross. Manning an anti-tank gun alone and wounded, he single-handedly repelled an attack by 17 Russian tanks! (He gave me a copy of the *Der Landser*, which described this action.)

After the war he was active in the resistance movement. He drove a taxi and had a pet boa constrictor.

Gretchen

Gretchen was an old Bund gal, who became my long-suffering secrecy. She is described elsewhere in this book.

Michael Kühnen

Michael Kühnen started out in the underground in the 1977's under Armin. He later became the most prominent figure in the "legal arm" of the movement. We worked together closely. At one point, I even offered to print a "legal" periodical for his legal arm, but he figured the regime would just ban it under whatever pretext anyway.

After his first four year imprisonment, he returned to the fight. After his second four year imprisonment, he did the same thing. This type of dedication compels respect!

After a decade of activism, he died young. He had spent half of his adult life in prison for non-violent political activity. In a so-called "free democracy". The regime calls this oppression "protecting democracy". With a straight face!

Honest people, regardless of persuasion (!), call it something else.

"Comrade X"

"Comrade X" is in a very difficult situation. Hence I cannot mention him by name. Suffice it to say that he more than deserves mention!

American Allies

Some like-minded non-profit organizations helped us a lot.

One in particular stood out, especially during our startup phase. It never posed any conditions or insisted on any return favor. I had discovered this group in the phone book while killing time in an airport. When I visited and observed its work firsthand, I was very impressed by what I saw. But its publication and "public image" outside of its own neighborhood needed a lot of tender loving care.

Visits to their headquarters were always interesting. One night a Molotov cocktail flew through the window and exploded in the room next to where I was sleeping. I was so tired I let something else put it out. However, this routine incident was not even mentioned the next evening at the weekly meeting. When I asked why, the speaker said: *I forgot.*

I visited this neighborhood many times in the 1970's. In fact, I later lived there myself for several years. I saw the tremendous local support for this openly National Socialist organization with my own eyes.

Two key factors contributed to their success. First, the right environment. This was a solidly White working class ethnic neighborhood threatened by "integration" and the crime wave it inevitably brings. Second, the local White Power activists engaged in a systematic and long-term campaign. This was not the isolated, hit-and-run publicity stunt strategy, which Rockwell called "phase one".

The effectiveness of this initially strictly local organization was dramatically demonstrated by the following fact: When Chicago Mayor Daley Senior, the Democratic party's "king-maker", went on public television and promised to close down its headquarters, his own democratic party precinct captains told him this would cost him too many votes on the Chicago southwest side. Daley backed down!

I rank this achievement right up there with David Duke's campaigns for state legislature and governor. Duke won the first and narrowly missed the second, but did win the MAJORITY of the WHITE vote in the state!

When the city blocked their highly effective neighborhood rallies, they threatened to march in a heavily Jewish neighborhood. There was extensive media coverage. We stressed in every interview that this was merely a tactic to pressure the city to return our right to hold rallies in White neighborhoods. But the press almost always ignored this. Instead it was portrayed as a primitive provocation.

Thanks to the ACLU, the city backed down. There were two big victory rallies. I participated in both as a uniformed storm trooper.

The first rally was downtown. Both the police presence and the mostly hostile crowd were huge.

The second rally was in our own neighborhood. The police estimated the crowd at 5,000. This crowd was entire pro-party! Hundreds wore White Power t-shirts complete with swastika.

The numerous journalists looked absolutely terrified! At one point, the crowd started to turn on the "anti-White news media". One of our men had to intervene and save them.

These events convinced me that the swastika was indeed a viable option, if people associate it with the ONLY movement willing to defend them. Back then, it was: *Swastika = White Power. Keep your neighborhood White and safe!*

Today, the question is: *Do you want your children to live in a third world hell-hole? If not, you must confront the racial question. And FIGHT BACK!*

This local outfit had helped me a lot. Now I wanted to help it.

It was clear to all the independent local groups that a new national organization

was needed. But having once been burned, each was leery of subordinating itself to a new national “dictator”.

I analyzed the situation, wrote up a thorough analysis and proposed a plan to achieve this consolidation. This plan was adopted. It succeeded. The crowning achievement took place smack in the middle of the timeframe I had forecast.

Furthermore, I became the head of its Publishing and Administration Division. It was a clear win-win for everyone concerned. Increased efficiency meant less work and more revenue at the same time. In effect, I became the third in command in this now national organization. I remained the head of the NSDAP/AO as well.

Furthermore, this expanded the market for our “toy business”.

I used this term half-jokingly for products intended for *fund-raising* as opposed to possessing *inherent* value. The fancy term is “merchandizing”.

* * * * *

I made several trips to Europe during the 1970's. For work and pleasure. Naturally, I did a lot of what is today called “networking”. Before too long, I was even involved in “clandestine” activities.



The NSDAP/AO is the world's largest National Socialist propaganda supplier!

Printed and online periodicals in many languages

Hundreds of books in many languages

Hundreds of web-sites in many languages

