



NS News Bulletin

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Adolf Hitler: Beloved Führer

Part 1

Introduction

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

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

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

One day the tide will turn...

Gerhard Lauck
October 1999 (110)

Who was Adolf Hitler?

by Michael Storm

Our Führer Adolf Hitler was a very gifted man. He fulfilled many extremely arduous roles, including war lord, political leader, and builder to cite just a few. In my opinion the most often recognized role - i.e. war lord -, was *not* the true inner man. While he took to the task with all his energy, it was not his inner calling. (For example, he refused to convert the economy over to total war until late 1943, and the drafting of German women into the war effort until 1944, because he hoped to successfully end the war without having to reverse course on his life's work.)

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

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

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

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

German armaments took a back seat to his building program until 1944. In 1938

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

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

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

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

nections worldwide to strangle Germany.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pilgrimage

by Katti

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

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

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

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

Nor was I alone, as I learned the following day when regular troops and special forces of the Austrian Army abruptly occupied Braunau am Inn. Transportation over the bridge to the German border was sealed off, and persons entering the

town were required to present proof of residency. A military helicopter circled low over-head as dozens of armored personnel-carriers rattled through the old market Place. In scenes reminiscent of Hollywood propaganda movies from the 1940's, soldiers bearing machine guns swaggered among the bemused villagers and helmeted figures with pistol-packing officers stationed themselves at watch-points. Posters appeared throughout the town announcing in no uncertain terms that Braunau was under martial law. All forms of public demonstrations, the government placards warned, from 1400 hours Wednesday until 900 hours Friday were strictly forbidden. Speaking in a loud voice to more than two persons, street gatherings or sidewalk pickets, the distribution of handbills, the shouting of slogans, even persons wearing "suspicious clothing", were subject to immediate arrest and prosecution under Austria's "anti-Nazi" legislation.

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

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

Being alone, my own celebration was a quieter affair. I walked to the nearby vacant Market Place and sat at a bench under the great village clock. I looked up towards the sky. The clouds which had covered most of Central Europe for the past

week were cleared away, and the observable stars danced inexorable into their fateful positions as the brazen lungs of the portentous clock ponderously chimed out the midnight. To be in this place, at this moment - there are no words. When the last stroke echoed into eternity, I hit the play-button on my little tape player. The Badenweiler, his favorite march, throbbed in my headphones.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



NS KAMPFRUF
KAMPFSPARTEI AUSLANDS- UND AUFRAUORGANISATION
September 1941

Der Kampf geht weiter !

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

... Alle Nationalsozialisten sind ebenfalls glückliche Träger und Kampfgemeinschaften stehen Schicksal an Schicksal an Kampf um die Erhaltung unserer weißen Völkern.

Die Bewegung ist zwar stärker geworden, aber die Größe der hitlerischen Volkstugend ist heute noch viel größer als in der Vergangenheit.


Die vornehmste Größe ist aber dabei, den Volkstugend - gegen alle weißen Völkern (?) - zu beugen. Seine Mitleid und Erbarmung, Ehrfurchung und Kameradschaft.

Oh "legal" oder "illegal", ob im Weltkrieg oder im "Steinzeitkampf", ob im Propagandakrieg, handfester oder auf einem Bildschirm, andere 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.

Discards 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 destruction, and neo-racism.

Whether "legal" or "illegal", whether in election halls 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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