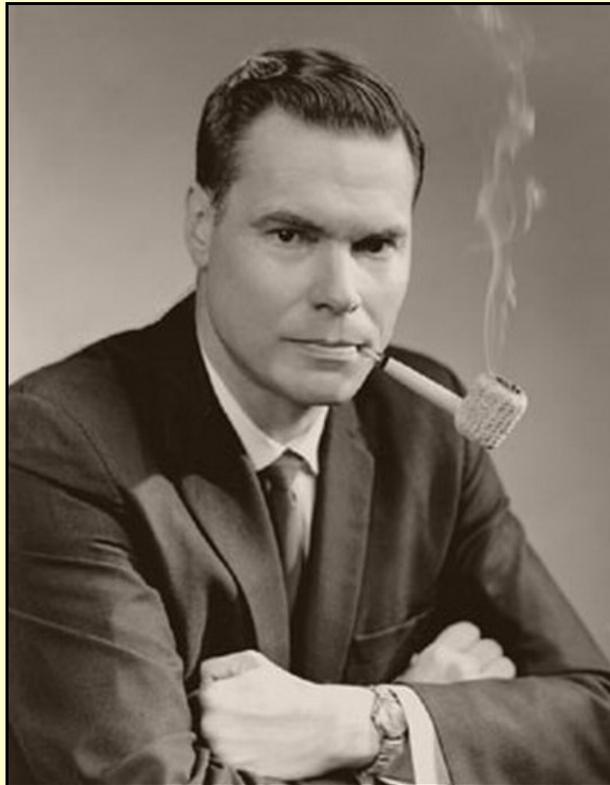


Collection of Miscellaneous Works of George Lincoln Rockwell



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In Hoc Signo Vinces

Long lasting success in any human endeavor is never the result of blind luck. The achievement of a clearly defined goal, whether it be the act of walking from point "X" to point "Y", the building of a house, or the organization of a business, is always the product of three things:

The intellectual ability to perceive the problem involved, the opposition which must be expected, and the best way to overcome that opposition to reach the goal.

The will and determination to do whatever may be necessary to reach the desired goal, regardless of opposition.

The physical means, strength, and courage to enforce and carry out the plan or fight conceived by the mind and determined by the will.

If any of these three elements be lacking on one's purpose, failure is the inevitable, predictable result.

A man who is too stupid to understand the various factors involved in trying to walk from point "X" to point "Y", where the path between us is a jungle infested with snakes, dangerous carnivores and fever, and who fails to arm himself with weapons and maps, medicine and other equipment will never arrive at "Y" no matter how dogged his determination or how mighty his muscles. Another man attempting the same journey, though he clearly perceives the dangers and prepares for them, and though he be mighty of muscle, will yet fail to reach "Y" if he is so irresolute and weak of will that he does not persevere at the struggle and ruthlessly use whatever force might be necessary to crush and destroy the forces opposing him. And a third man who has the intellect to perceive the dangers and to prepare for them, and the will and determination to fight his way through even with the utmost heroism, but who is frail of body and so physically weak that he cannot carry out the commands of his mind and his will cannot but succumb to the stronger adversaries he will meet.

It is with civilizations as it is with the struggles of individual men. Dozens of great civilizations have perished because of failure in one or more of these three elements necessary in the struggle for survival.

Savage societies usually perish, not so much from lack of vigorous will or lack of physical strength, as from lack of ability to perceive the real situation. Drowning in superstition and stumbling in the darkness of ignorance, they are overwhelmed by the physical forces of violent natural occurrences, catastrophes and diseases which more civilized societies have learned to overcome.

On the other hand, civilizations, for all their intellectual achievements and sciences, perish most often because of failure of the will, the diminishing of the savage and ruthless drive for survival and dominance which originally created society. They become

"humanitarian", selfish, and soft. They become physically weak and dependent on paid armies and police to do their fighting. The fighting spirit of honor and self-sacrifice and heroism of their ancestors gives way to a growing love of ease and luxury and cowardice masquerading as "humanitarianism".

When a civilization reaches this effete stage in its decay, only a very rare historical occurrence can halt the final collapse of the society as the decadence grows daily more apparent. Only when the dying society still has enough life-energy to produce a spiritual giant, a godlike throwback to the ancient heroism of its people who is able to shock and drive the civilization out of its natural historical night of sleep and death, in spite of the suicidal opposition of the dying peoples who long only for "peace" and the slumber of death, can a society once again rise for a while.

Western, Aryan civilization passed the historical point of no return on its journey into limbo during the nineteenth century, as was duly noted by Spengler, Chamberlain, and others. Were it not for the unbelievable, miraculous arrival of Adolf Hitler at the last possible moment, the only bearable course for an intelligent, perceptive, and sensitive man surrounded by a disgusting and suicide-bent civilization would have been resigned enjoyment of such momentary pleasures as provided escape from the soul-crushing reality of a Judaized, cannibalized and boob-ized civilization rushing headlong back to the jungle in the name of "humanitarianism".

But the appearance in history of Adolf Hitler is evidence that there still remains in White, Western civilization a sufficient spark of self-sacrificing, creative vigor to permit, perhaps, another thousand years or so of survival for the White man. This infinitely precious spark will remain just that, however, and quickly fade into darkness, so long as the tiny elite minority of humanity with the wit to see what Hitler did is too selfish, cowardly, and short-sighted to apply the lessons of history before it is too late forever, and fan the spark Hitler gave us into the roaring flame of creative civilization founded by our courageous ancestors.

So far, the fearful punishment meted out to Adolf Hitler's fighting heroes of civilization by Jewish forces of decay and destruction has so unnerved and terrified the world that even those able to see and understand the peril to humanity, and the way to salvation as shown by Adolf Hitler, are so pitifully attached to their lives and liberties and comforts that they dare not pick up the sacred spark of White survival and fan it with their own life's breath, which it must soon have---or go out forever.

Aryan, White humanity is on the precipice of darkness and oblivion. Strwn on the crags in the eternal blackness below are the bones of other know-it-all, pompous civilizations which were doubtless unable to imagine their own demise at the very time when they were surrounded by the outward power and magnificence of empire. They were unable to realize or face up to the TOTAL threat of a growing weakness and "humanitarianism", unable to muster the TOTAL will necessary to reverse the historical march to death and oblivion. They were too lazy and selfish, greedy and cowardly to heed the tiny few who have been burned, crucified, stoned, fed to the lions or handed the cup of hemlock.

If there is any history a thousand years hence, and any people able to study it, they will marvel in disbelief most of all at the stubborn refusal of the White man to use his overwhelming strength, his knowledge and the providential gift of Adolf Hitler's leadership to save himself from the most incredible and cringing slavery at the hands of a relatively tiny gang of disgusting, pathologically unbalanced, physically weak and cowardly, arrogant, tyrannical Jews.

Our problems today are not "American" problems, "British" problems, "French", "German" or "European" or "African" problems---they are problems of SURVIVAL FOR ALL WHITE MEN.

What, in the name of the most elementary reason, is the difference between whether Bartholomew Buckingham is born near the Thames, Hans Schmidt on the Rhine, Pierre Dubois on the Seine, Per Olafson in Stockholm, Eric Erasmus in Durban, Joe Doaks in Podunk, Ohio or John Smith in Auckland, New Zealand compared to the question of "Shall there BE any more Bartholomews, Hanses, Pierres, Pers, Erics, Joes or Johns?"

Our planet swarms with colored creatures who outnumber us by more than FOUR TO ONE---and in all of our nations these inferior beings, we are told, are our "equals", able to vote away our money, our liberties, our lives and our honor. By the old-fashioned notions of nationalism and democracy I, Lincoln Rockwell, am supposed to treasure and care for and be loyal to some of the lowest spawn of the jungle, providing only that their Black dam gave them to the world in some American ditch or filthy crib---because then, of course, they are "Americans", and aren't we all out for "America"?

Or am I to be loyal and die for these miserable and pitiable half-animals, my "fellow Americans", by slaughtering millions upon millions of the finest biological specimens of my own race, because a gang of Hollywood Jews teaches us that Americans must hate Germans?

Or again, is it a certain piece of geography to which I am to be loyal, and for which I must kill my own people and perhaps die myself? Does my loyalty to this hunk of geography stop at the Canadian border?

But perhaps it is "Americanism" to which I am to be loyal and for which I must make war upon German men, women and children. When I examine what they tell me is "Americanism", however, I find that it consists primarily in being willing to submit meekly to Jewish direction of my culture, government, religion, entertainment, and even my sex life.

No, all this is nonsense.

The only thing to which I can be loyal with any deep conviction -- the only loyalty which makes any sense -- is my RACIAL, and therefore cultural, brotherhood with my own people, no matter where they happen to have been born! When that loyalty is challenged,

and my people are in danger, it is monstrous to pretend that we must be suspicious of each other just because we live across imaginary geographical lines, and that, upon proper preparation and agitation by a gang of international Jews, we White men must march forth to kill each other and bomb each other to ashes and everlastingly hate each other because we are "trade rivals" or for "American democracy" or the "British Empire" or for anything else in the world.

I am a WHITE MAN, and a brother to all other White men, and I mean to stand with all of them and, if necessary, lead them in battle to survive against the unspeakable menace of the colored populations of the earth rising to slaughter and rapine against the White men -- and led by the scheming Jew!

But like the first man in the analogy of the walk through the snake-infested jungle, too many of our White "leaders" fail to perceive the cosmic proportions of the problem and imagine it is something which can be solved in "their" country, and by half measures.

The tiny few who do see the dreadful and total urgency of the White man's situation have, until our arrival on the scene, attempted to fight with less than the total weapons required in a total fight for survival. Most of the best leaders have imagined that small groups of beleaguered White men, gathered into little geographical huddles behind imaginary lines and waving different colored bits of cloth bravely in the breezes, can survive by themselves, and the hell with the other White men who have different bits of colored cloth.

The Jews have NEVER made the mistake of seriously dividing themselves into these phony geographical "teams". On the contrary, the Jews -- with their Bolshevism, Zionism, and mongrelism -- are attacking ALL White men, EVERYWHERE and ALL THE TIME. They are sending their black armies into all of our nations in an all-out attack against the White elite of the world, with absolutely no considerations of "national" boundaries or flags or languages or cultures. In the face of this total international threat of annihilation by RACE, millions of those who already see the danger are to be found babbling darkly of "Yankee imperialism", "British Empire", "dirty Catholics", "immoral atheists", "Republicans", "Laborites", "damned Yankees", "Germany first", etc., etc., ad nauseam.

Like little boys besieged by a mob of kidnappers and murderers, they cannot resist squabbling about who has the most marbles in the face of deadly danger they temporarily forget. The battle of our times -- if there is to be any battle -- is for the SURVIVAL OF THE WHITE RACE!

And to survive, the White man will have to RE-CONQUER the earth once conquered and civilized at the cost of so much blood by his ancestors. Under the banners of international Jewry, the colored masses are threatening to return civilization to savagery. Under the Swastika banner of Adolf Hitler, White men around the world will master the planet to save civilization.

The Jewish war against civilization has actually been a world-wide, gigantic REVOLUTION, in the course of which they got millions of us to murder each other shouting "Democracy!" "Gott mit uns!", "Free the slaves!", "Liberty, equality, fraternity!" And now they are preparing for the final bloodbath during which we will shout "Capitalism!" and "Communism!" respectively, as the two teams of White men slaughter each other with Jew-financed H-bombs.

In the course of these fratricidal and suicidal wars, the Jews have not been afraid to sacrifice thousands of their brethren in their devilish cause, as they did in the last monstrous slaughter in the 1940s. The Jews realize what WE must realize: that they are playing for the highest stakes in the knowledge of mankind---mastery of the whole earth--and they do not shrink from the inescapable conclusions of strategy and tactics dictated by knowledge of such stakes. If we are to survive then we too must have the wit and the strength of mind to face up to the deadly facts of the situation and act RUTHLESSLY, RAPIDLY, and EFFECTIVELY.

The Jews have almost won the final step in their 4,000-year revolution---OPEN world power. They now have total secret power to manipulate and control all world activities, and lack only a little more brainwashing and breaking of the will of the masses to make their world domination an acknowledged and formal power. They have fought and won their way to this incredible power by unsurpassed determination and iron will over forty centuries, and only a miracle can prevent the final victory of such fanatical warriors, tragically and viciously wrong as such a victory would be for humanity.

Even the atheist Jews---which is most of them---have an inexplicable belief in the ancient Jewish prophecies that when "the law comes forth from the hills of Zion" and Jerusalem, it will be the millennium for the Jews and they will own and rule the earth. THEY ARE IN JERUSALEM NOW, and lack only a few blocks of it for total possession! *[NB. - Commander Rockwell was writing before the 1967 war wherein the Jews seized the rest of the city. - WS]* They are experiencing a worldwide frenzy as they can already sense the total victory we are about to give them, and they are even now preparing their sacrificial orgy of victory in Tel Aviv!

In the face of this unspeakable threat, that the whole world and all of us will fall to the tyranny of a gang of criminal paranoiacs, the narrow chauvinism, conservatism, and regionalism of most right-wing leaders is the utmost stupidity! With the masters of mongrels, the Jews, leading MILLIONS of savages in a worldwide attack against the White-elite bearers of civilization, and with the end only moments away in terms of history, only the most short-sighted leaders can continue to keep our children divided and helpless into "teams" of Americans, Dixiecrats, Catholics, Germans, Yankees, atheists, Dutchmen, conservatives, Irishmen, etc. down through the whole pitiful, heartbreaking list. The Jew may be all of these things---but FIRST HE IS A JEW!

It is the first task of him who would save civilization---which requires saving the White man---to make White men supremely and totally conscious of RACE above all other allegiances. Our people can be Democrats or Germans or Catholics or Englishmen if they

want to and if it suits their purposes, but **FIRST THEY MUST BE WHITE MEN!** Otherwise, the Jew will keep us divided and helpless and unconscious of our racial unity and strength, while they fanatically fight as Jews, no matter where they are, until it is all over.

The world of TV, rockets and jet transportation has become too small to permit any group of White men anywhere to enjoy the suicidal luxury of fighting each other on behalf of the Jew ever again, no matter what the reason which may be advanced in the propaganda. We simply cannot afford to fight each other when we are under such overwhelming and deadly attack by such endless hordes led by such a fanatical and devilish enemy as the Marxist, Zionist Jew. The reason that the White man has been losing for so long in the first place is that he has failed or refused to see the enormity and the pressing urgency of his problem. He has permitted himself to be distracted into a million little squabbles over trifles, while his race has been driven almost to extinction.

Like the first man in the analogy, we haven't understood the path, the nature of the obstacles and, worst of all, we haven't even realized the goal we must win--or die. That goal is and must be **MASTERY OF THE EARTH BY THE WHITE MAN**, since civilization depends solely on such White mastery. Any lesser goal is utterly worthless, just as it would be worthless for a man scheduled to hang to take vitamins and attain perfect health.

And such a fantastically difficult and cosmic goal as world mastery cannot be won by luck, sneaking, half-measures, prayers, hopes, fine speeches, pamphlets, or sporadic violence. What we must aim at and achieve is a **WORLD COUNTER REVOLUTION** against the Jewish Marxist-Zionist revolution. And revolutions are never, never, **NEVER** the result of spontaneous and fortuitous uprisings, but **ALWAYS** the product of ruthless, scientific planning and fighting, based on the immutable laws of great social upheavals. Behind the pitchforks and the barricades there is always the story of the candle-lit conspiracies by the planners---otherwise the revolution would be over in a trice.

Not only have our handful of leaders so far failed to realize the unheard-of proportions of the goal at which we must aim, but they have singularly failed to face up to their terrifying responsibilities in planning. Time after time, would-be leaders have arisen and led us in pitiful efforts to nip the end of the tiger's tail, only to waste our substance and blood and heroism in a fruitless struggle which always ends in being crushed by a single, smashing blow from the paw of the beast.

The Jewish world revolution can only be broken and beaten by a counter world revolution.

Any revolution must be planned with care and precision in accordance with the iron laws governing human conduct in the mass. A world revolution, in the face of the international and staggering power of Jewry, must be planned and executed with a brilliance and ruthlessness unmatched in the history of the world.

The most fundamental rule of such a cataclysmic social upheaval as a revolution is: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church!" Perhaps it sounds cruel and brutal, but it is nevertheless true, that the greater the proportion of human upheaval aimed at, the greater quantity of blood and torrents of tears which must be poured out in vast quantities to gain the goal. The kind of unprecedented, colossal movement which can alone reverse the suicidal trend of the Western world, and usher in even another thousand years of survival for the White man, can never be launched--let alone won--in any safe, painless, or easy way. Even ordinary sufferings and martyrdom are too miniscule for the kind of movement we must set aflame to survive. Everything about the current deadly battle for world mastery is and must be Olympian, and we cannot shrink from Olympian AGONIES if we are to hope to win.

Mighty movements always require millions of people to immolate themselves in a passion of self-sacrificing devotion to the cause. And these enormous masses of people can never be moved to fling themselves into the flames of revolution with shouts of "Favorable trade balance!" or "States' rights!" etc. Only the FUNDAMENTAL drives from deep inside the human psyche can lift the slow-moving masses from their ignorant apathy to the wild pitch of emotion which carries them entirely away in the tidal wave of revolution. Nothing so affects these fundamental emotions of the masses as HEROISM, and only the utmost heroism can now save the White man from his lethargy and paralyzing fear of the Jews.

And there is no symbol other than the Swastika and no name other than Adolf Hitler which is so beautifully calculated to produce the persecution and consequent heroism which alone can unite and inflame the White man into an irresistible wave of anti-Jewish Marxist-Zionist revolution. Until the advent of Adolf Hitler, the White men of the world had nothing, absolutely NOTHING in the way of a common cause, common heroes, common martyrs, sacred shrines, names and symbols. But now, after millions of young German White men heroically flung their precious lives away in the first real fight in history for the White elite, we finally have the blood-soaked shrines, symbols, and martyrs which are the most elementary stuff of revolution.

Millions of equally precious young White men on the opposing side, fighting for the devilish Communist-Zionist Jews, will have lost their lives for absolutely nothing unless we accept this stupendous blood-sacrifice, and use it to ensure that never again will precious White blood be spilled fighting for Jews and negroes.

Nevertheless, and unbelievably, the lucky heirs of all this self-sacrifice and heroism---the recipients of these precious bloodstained banners and sacred names---reject their heritage as "impractical".

"We can never win with open adherence to National Socialism and the Swastika," these gentlemen explain feebly. "The Jews have taught people to hate them too much," they add. "If we use the Swastika and praise Hitler too openly, they will throw us in prison or kill us!" And did they not throw ALL makers of revolutions, including the Jew makers of the Red revolution, in jail---and even kill some of them? Are we National Socialists to be

more fearful and cowardly than a gang of Jews? The very persecution and bloodshed such irresolute characters seek to avoid is the *sine qua non* of our victory!

These are not empty words. I have personally proved their truth here in America, the power center of world Jewry, by being beaten, by going to jail and the insane asylum, losing my dear family, and living like an animal. Twelve days from today, as I write this, I face jail again. These things are unpleasant and even heartbreaking---but they MUST BE!

I have risen in two years to a commanding position in the worldwide fight for the White man, starting as a penniless, unknown and unaided single individual like millions upon millions of others---simply and solely because I have gratefully and lovingly used the precious names and symbols which have been bathed and soaked in such oceans of blood and tears---the Swastika and the name of the Leader, Adolf Hitler.

Temporary and flashy political successes are always easy. It is always simpler and quicker to put pads in one's jacket than to build the human muscles to fill the coat by months or years of work and sweat. For fifty years now, there has been a steady rise and fall of "right-wing" or White movements built entirely of pads.

By endorsing motherhood and virtue and patriotism, etc., and by avoiding brutal statements of the real purpose of such organizations---which must necessarily be the extermination of the Communist-Zionist enemies of humanity---great flocks of skittish "patriots", "conservatives", and even a few "tough" anti-Semites could be corraled. But these people are not attracted to such a movement because they are so inflamed with revolutionary zeal that they can hardly be restrained from attacking their tormentors in the streets. Rather they join the "patriot" society to relieve their guilty consciences by pretending to fight the Jews and their treason and terror by what they call "clever underground methods". They relieve themselves of their pent-up frustration at the tyranny of the Jews and negroes once a week at a "Rally" (private, of course) and then hurry home happily for another week of profits, parties and TV.

Such Mighty Mouses are horrified when it is suggested that perhaps they should hand out pamphlets in the street, or picket some outrageous example of Jewish-Communist arrogance. And if one exposes not only the Jews for what they are, but also exposes these political loafers who siphon off the support and energy for a real battle, these heroes reply by howling that one is an agent provocateur working to get them all crucified as a bunch of Nazis--which, except for their disgusting cowardice, they might otherwise be.

It is not the task of the world anti-Jewish revolution to attract and organize these contemptible sneaks, but to drive them out of the way and out of business, where they will be unable to milk the Movement of the tiny bit of available support for useless "projects", as they have been doing for years. Nothing accomplishes that task like the Swastika. The political drones, profiteers, prostitutes and cowards scoot with their tails between their legs from this hooked cross, as the devil does from holy water.

On the other hand, the Swastika has an irresistible attraction for the kind of daring, bold, devil-may-care fighting YOUNG men we need. In America, most of them are simply nigger-haters because of their pure White man's instinct. When they learn the Jews' part in the disgraceful negro situation they become Nazis in minutes. Then it is the work of only months until they also understand the deeper significance, the idealism, and the true aims of the Movement.

But even more important than these advantages, the blood-soaked Swastika has a supernatural effect on Jews. It is after all only a few black lines---but it drives the Jews out of their usual sly and calculating frame of mind and makes them hysterical and foolish. To them, it is not just the lines, but the awful threat of ruthless exposure, swift justice, and terrible vengeance which their guilty consciences tell them they richly deserve. It is like a picture of the electric chair to a hunted murderer.

A calm, calculating Jew is the most dangerous beast on the face of the earth. By the exercise of his devilish, perverted but brilliant reason, the Jew has almost mastered all the rest of us. But a hysterical, screaming Jew, out of his mind with hate and fear of punishment for his crimes, is helpless putty in the hands of a calculating National Socialist.

We have proved this time and again---when Jewish councils have spent millions of dollars to spread the word among the Jews to ignore us. But the hordes of guilty little sinners can't do it! When they see that Swastika and hear us praising Adolf Hitler and describing the gas chambers for traitors, they become screaming, wild ghetto Jews who have eternally blown up their victories at the last moment by their insane passions of hate and revenge.

The result is the lifeblood of a political movement: PUBLICITY! In spite of the Jewish domination of all the media of public information, the parading of Swastikas and National Socialists in public streets cannot be hidden or ignored without giving the game away. They can suppress the news, to be sure. But then too many people realize their press power and censorship. And when the young Movement is able to force publication of its existence on the giant national TV networks, in magazines, the press, etc.---it serves as a clarion call to the frustrated millions who are looking for such a movement. It is only thus that we have been able to contact thousands of people all over the world who have never before been in any "patriot" outfit but couldn't resist the American Nazi Party and the World Union of National Socialists. [NOTE: Commander formally changed the name of his organization to the NATIONAL SOCIALIST WHITE PEOPLE'S PARTY during his last national staff conference in June of 1967.]

The Swastika and Hitler, far from being millstones, are actually the answer to the eternal problem of the right wing---money! When you don't have money for paper, meeting halls, etc.---as our side never does---you can go into the streets and march and distribute homemade handbills and picket---for nothing. The Jews go wild, attack---and you then have free use of millions of dollars worth of Jewish TV, newspapers, magazines, etc. Of course, you may get bloodied and have to sit in jail a while recuperating. But this is a

small price to pay for the astonishing results.

In addition to the free publicity attendant on open operation as a Nazi, you also find that the very audacity of the thing will attract the young fighting men you need, even though they know nothing and care less about the politics of the business. They admire raw courage and daring. Later, when they have come to know the facts a little better, they will fight for ideals and the White man. But until then, these valuable protectors of your free speech will fight just for fun.

Above all, the Swastika will save you from the fundamental error of the right wing---that sweet reason will change the world and save us from the Jewish tyrants.

Reason is still an infant in human affairs, a precious and rare development found in the mutational brains of an infinitesimal minority of homo sapiens. And even the few geniuses able to exercise genuine, independent reason are almost entirely incapable of acting in accordance with the dictates of that reason---which is one of the reasons so many of them end up as failures in a world which does not appreciate them or their reason.

It is FORCE, POWER, STRENGTH which rules the world, from the ebb and flow of the tides to the decision of your neighbor to join the Rotary. Only a negligible fringe of oddball humans change their mind as a result of being convinced by a superior argument. The overwhelming masses, including the mass of today's "intellectuals", change their minds only in order to CONFORM. In other words, the minds of the vast majority ALWAYS bow to the strongest opinion---the opinion which brings rewards and avoids punishment.

The right wing examines its reasons and arguments and facts and finds them true and good---as they may be. They then become outraged which the slob next door cannot see and appreciate this rightness and, very probably, throw them out of the house for preaching "hate." But this is only as things are. The slob will hold whatever opinion seems to show the most strength and WILL TO POWER. They are completely, hopelessly female in their approach to reason and always, ALWAYS prefer strength to "rightness".

When they say "no" to our Swastika and National Socialism, they are only the eternal female saying "no" but meaning, "If you accept my no, then you are a weakling and have no right to my favors. Let us see if you have the manhood and the strength to MAKE me say yes!"

They hate us now because we are weak and powerless. All the reason in the world will never make them love us or our ideas in ANY guise, no matter how we try to sugar-coat them, until we COMMAND THEIR RESPECT AND ADMIRATION FOR OUR WILL, our guts, our force! As stupid as they are, their instincts in smelling force and strength are still pure, and the attempt to SNEAK National Socialist ideas in the guise of "patriot leagues" and other nice, safe groups very properly repulses them as being the actions of

cowards and sneaks.

To HELL with the sneaky, safer approaches! They get us persecuted every bit as much as the direct, open approach, and they doom us to miserable, sneaking failure every time. If we are to be the last of the White men who conquered the world; if we are finally to be overwhelmed by a pack of rats, let us at least face the death of our race as our ancestors faced their death---like MEN. Let us not crawl down amongst the rats begging for mercy or trying to out-sneak them and pretend to be rats ourselves!

Let us stand on the scaffold of history---if hang we must---like the martyrs of Nuremberg, tall and proud! Is life so sweet, is comfort so precious and a job in a Jewish counting house so sacred that we are AFRAID to grasp the mighty hand of ADOLF HITLER reaching down to us out of our glorious past? Again, to HELL with sneaking and safety!

It is part of the Jews to be sneaky and sly. The genius of our people has ever been joyous strength, robust forcefulness, directness, manly courage, and flaming heroism. When the Jews, with their economic terrorism, jails, bullies and hangmen, scare the White man into laying down his cudgel and goad him into trying to out-sneak Jewish tyranny, the Jews have completely emasculated the once-strong White man, and doomed him to dishonor and defeat. The White man can NEVER win by sneaking!

In the dawn of Nordic civilization, lesser races used to cringe in their rude huts and pray, "Lord, save us from the fury of the men of the North!" It was THAT kind of man who built Western civilization. If civilization is now to be saved from the swarms of degenerate Jews, their cannibal accomplices and their unspeakably depraved liberal friends, it will be THAT kind of man who saves it, NEVER sneaks!

WHITE MAN! The same iron blood of your mighty ancestors flows in your veins! The towering figure of ADOLF HITLER reaches out a giant hand to lift you up to world-conquering POWER! You have cringed long enough before pygmies! Now RISE! Defy the rats and vermin at your feet! Let them feel the toe and heel of your boot! Stamp them out!

You have been sleeping. When you rise and stand up, and the masses once more see what a man of FORCE looks like, they will love you as they now imagine they hate you. With the spark of National Socialism, struck by Adolf Hitler, burning in your breast, you are unconquerable! IN HOC SIGNO VINCES! In the sign of the Swastika, YOU will conquer!

Join hands with the heroes in America, Britain, Iceland, Denmark and other White countries who have raised the holy Swastika banner and defended it with their blood. It has risen from the ashes of Berlin, and never shall it be hauled down again. Stand with us before the altar of Adolf Hitler and the world-conquering White race, and pledge your life as we have, to bring the order and justice of Western, White civilization once more into the world. Let us teach the traitors and rats and pygmies once more to cringe in terror in their huts and pray, "Lord save us from the FURY OF THE MEN OF THE NORTH!"

What We Stand For: Goals & Objectives Of The National Socialist White People's Party

A WHITE AMERICA

We must have an all-White America; an America in which our children and our grandchildren will play and go to school with other White children; an America in which they will date and marry other young people of our own race; an America in which all their offspring will be beautiful, healthy White babies—never raceless mongrels. We must have an America without swarming black filth in our schools, on our buses and in our places of work; an America in which our cultural, social, business and political life is free of alien, Jewish influence; an America in which White people are the sole masters of our own destiny.

WHITE WORLD SOLIDARITY

We must have a foreign policy which is based only on the long-term interests of our race, not on the interest of other races or on economic considerations or anything else. We must never again let America be led into a fratricidal war like the last two world wars, for the sake of alien, minority interests. We must rid ourselves of the suicidal, anti-White insanity which has determined America's attitude towards the other nations of the world for so long. We must learn to look on White men around the world, in Australia, South Africa, Europe and elsewhere, as our racial kinsmen and natural allies.

A NEW SOCIAL ORDER

We must build a new society based on racial values rather than monetary or materialistic values. In a real White man's society a man's worth, his social rank, his opportunity to contribute meaningfully to his people must not depend on his ability to adapt to an essentially Jewish system of values and to learn to play the economic game that leads to wealth today. We must have a new social order in which a man's esteem and position depend first of all upon the extent to which he applies his natural abilities to the service of his people, and plays a racially valuable role.

AN HONEST ECONOMY

We must put an end to both economic freeloading and economic exploitation in America. There must be no place for parasites who draw their sustenance from society without giving anything in return. Those who thrive on usury, speculation, money-manipulation, and monopoly form a special class today whose primary interest is the maintenance of the system which allows their form of parasitism to flourish in the first place. We must have an economy based on the long-term interests of the man who works for a living, not the chronic loafer or the man who lives by renting out his capital.

WHITE SELF DEFENSE

We must have an America in which White men and women can live and work, in their homes and in the streets of our cities, without fear. We must have a government which is not only a guarantor of public order and safety and which preserves the right of White citizens to keep and to bear arms, which is the ancient hallmark of a truly free people, but we must have government which maintains an eternal vigilance against the enemies, both internal and external, of a White America. Every tendency towards denegeracy and subversion, every threat to our racial integrity, every form of organized crime and vice, every element which threatens public terror or chaos must be weeded out and utterly destroyed.

GOVERNMENT BY LEADERS

We must have a government by responsible leaders, not demagogues or political opportunists, in America. If we are to survive as a nation we must put an end to the catastrophic system of irresponsible misgovernment, incompetent leadership, and self-serving party politics which rules today—a system in which none but the hypocritical and the unscrupulous may rise to the top. Instead, we must build a system which selects, for every level of government, the best, the strongest, and the wisest men America has to offer.

A SPIRITUAL REBIRTH

We must turn our people from their present path of materialism, cynicism, and egoism and inspire them with a new faith based on racial idealism. Only then can we replace the alienation and isolation of the individual which exist today with a sense of racial communion. Only through a spiritual rebirth of our people can we achieve the profound reorientation which is a prerequisite for building a healthy racial community.

AN ARYAN CULTURE

We must encourage and promote every form of genuine White cultural endeavor—and at the same time we must break the alien monopoly which exists over our public opinion-forming media and flush down the drain the poisonous Jewish and negroid degeneracy which today passes for art and music and literature. We must instill in our youth the appreciation for beauty and order that characterize a genuine White man's culture. We must awaken a new understanding of our racial and cultural heritage, so that the creative instincts of our people can once again find expression in a direction which will continually renew and enrich that heritage instead of degrading and debasing it.

A HEALTHY ENVIRONMENT

We must make it an imperative duty of our government to protect the gifts which Nature has bestowed on America and to insure the maintenance of a clean, healthy, wholesome environment for our people. We must not only eliminate pollution and conserve our resources, but we must gradually bring about a whole new mode of living in America, a mode with less emphasis on forcing man into a mold determined by a congested, neon-

and-asphalt urban rat race and more emphasis on changing that mold to fit the racial propensities of Aryan man.

A BETTER RACE

We must make it our most sacred task to ensure the betterment and safeguard the future of our race. We must learn to place a higher value on the quality of our people than of our gadgets. We must determine that each generation of our people will be of a higher quality than the one before. We must take measures to emphasize in our children and grandchildren the best qualities of our people today and to eliminate their flaws and their weaknesses. To accomplish this aim we must be willing to put our duties to future generations of our race ahead of the selfish whims of the present.

White Self-Hate: Master-Stroke Of The Enemy

By Commander George Lincoln Rockwell

Last week I penetrated into the "South" for the first time in more than five years of speaking at colleges. I spoke at Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. It was a shocking - and unpleasant-experience!

Since last September, when I spoke at Harvard, I have been having such incredible success speaking all across the country, everywhere EXCEPT the South, that I was beginning to believe ALL America's college youth was waking up, especially to the nigger problem.

I had never penetrated the really "deep" South, for what reasons I am still not sure. I have had few invitations from South of Virginia - and all of them have been cancelled.

Around the rest of the country, this year has been one of immense gratification to me, speaking from Harvard and Brown in New England, across the nation through Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, North Dakota, Minnesota, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, California - just about everywhere EXCEPT the "deep South." The reaction to my speeches, as those who have heard the record or tapes of some of them will know, has been FANTASTIC! The violence has almost stopped, even the boos and the hisses have died down, and the audience reactions have been SO favorable that even the Jew papers in Minneapolis, for instance, reported I got "thunderous applause"!!!

Not only that, but the INDIVIDUAL reactions have been unbelievable!

Most remarkable of all is the tremendous change which has occurred since last summer in the reactions of these college kids to NEGROES.

For years, I was plagued by the ignorance of Northerners on the subject of niggers - and the same kind of ignorance by many Southerners about Jews. They have plenty of niggers in the South, so the Southerners know about them. But they have few Jews, and the ones they have down South are usually "tame" Jews, utterly unlike the wild and hateful Hebrews swarming in the streets of the North and West.

At the same time, the Jew-wise "Yankees" in North and West never got CLOSE to any "coloreds", and knew almost nothing about them. Until the riots began.

Back in those days, whenever I went to jail in the North, the cops would privately say "You're doing a great job on the damned Jews, but why do you go after the 'colored'?" - as they used to call them.

Down South, cops would say "God bless you for the way you're fighting the niggers, but what have you got against the Jews?"

This year, all across the Northern part of America, and all over the West and South West,

I found the people are growing rapidly more alert not only to the Jewish problem, which they always sensed, but are thoroughly aware - and worried - about the "coloreds", because, of course, the "coloreds" have finally let the Northerners SEE what they are like, at first hand, in the dozens of riots and the endless horror of nigger crime and terrorism in the city streets.

The success of my speeches in colleges and universities across most of America has been gratifying - and spectacular - fantastic! If even the liberal KIDS in these colleges are waking up, you can IMAGINE the way the working masses are ready to FIGHT!

While I have been speaking sometimes as often as six and seven times per week all over the continent, I have naturally presumed that when I finally DID get a chance to speak in the real SOUTH - it would be the best of all - a real triumph!

So I approached Wake Forest in North Carolina with my hopes up - and my guard down!

When I got there, things seemed SUPER relaxed. Usually, the campus where I am to speak is in a state just short of explosion - with threats, counter-threats, headlines, etc., etc. There are vast crowds outside the hall, hours before the address, and the hall is always packed to the point where the fire marshall often takes a hand.

But at Wake Forest, there was no crowd outside, when I came to the hall. And when I got inside, although they said it was the biggest crowd yet, there were several hundred empty seats!

Believe it or not, I HAVE NOT SEEN AN EMPTY SEAT IN THE LAST FOUR YEARS OF SPEAKING.

All of this got me "off balance" sufficiently so that I failed to follow my usual routine of insisting on only WRITTEN questions (to prevent emotional outbursts and speeches from the floor). But I figured that an audience of SOUTHERN kids would be wild with enthusiasm when I defended the great White Race and the history and traditions of their own grandparents.

What I ran into was something NEW!

In speeches everywhere else, there are always overtones of threat and violence, heckling and possibilities of mobs, etc.

All seemed quiet when I began to speak at Wake Forest.

But the minute I opened my mouth, the place busted wide open! American flags started to wave - HELD BY COONS! A Jew got up with a black armband and began marching up and down the aisles. Some of the kids acted like a bunch of kooks, whooping and cheering this disorder.

An old Jewess rose and began screaming at me in unintelligible "English". She got a huge round of cheers and applause!

In spite of all this, I managed to take control of the crowd as I have been forced to learn to do, and speak for about forty-five minutes. But I never did succeed in getting a train of thought started with the audience. Always, they managed to bust up any orderly presentation, and I had to keep using shouts and "tricks" to beat the heckling.

There was no applause at the end of my speech, although a few kids tried feebly, only to be squelched by their neighbors.

I made the mistake of taking live questions from the audience (being somewhat angered and frustrated by now, and hoping to beat these hellraisers). That did it!

One huge Negro walked up to the front of the hall just before my platform, held up his hands and signalled for silence. He got it!

The hall was hushed, FOR THE FIRST TIME, and I knew from experience what came next.

Had that Negro done nothing more than say "abracadabra", he would have been drowned in enthusiasm. He did a masterful job - whether planned or not, I don't know.

I had pointed out in my speech that ghetto Negroes were often in good physical shape because they were forced to do menial physical work such as garbage men, etc. This was not to insult Negroes. (Actually, it makes a lot of my own people mad when I point this out). But it is part of the reason the blacks think they can whip us because they say we've gotten soft. The big black used my statement to make appear I had advocated making nothing but garbage men out of all Negroes.

"Maybe all we're good for is garbage men", he said, "but if being garbage men is all the contribution America will let us make, then we'll make it, we'll BE garbage men!"

The audience rose, first the rabid ones, then more and more, until finally the hall was a sea of hysterical cheering, as the Negro (who I later learned was the local football hero) led the rest of the football team in a "walk-out".

None DARED fail to rise for this mad scene, for fear of being branded a "hater", as the arc-lights and TV cameras swept the audience.

I did my best to plug on, and succeeded to some degree. I even managed to get a good round of applause at the end, myself.

But I was bitterly disappointed to see all this take place in my FIRST speech in part of the "deep South"!

I had been winning rabid, liberal "Yankees" over with a "Southern" speech in the North all year. Now here I was being swamped by a wave of wild, hysterical "nigger-loving" - by SOUTHERNERS! Or so I thought!

I spent more than ten more hours at banquets and seminars, cocktail parties, and the other usual accompaniments to these speeches, and then, after I finally got to bed at 2 a.m., I laid awake for two more hours before I reached any kind of conclusion as to what it was all about.

At the banquet, the speaker was none other than Dick Gregory. I had to sit up at the head table only two seats away from this coon comedian-turned-revolutionist. I wouldn't have put up with it, except I really wanted to hear this "cat" (as he calls everybody) and see how he would affect these kids in North Carolina! He did a pretty smooth job on these kids, and I learned a lot.

First, he told a series of "supper-club" jokes to "warm up" the kids - which he did.

Then he launched into his "You-gotta-give-us-the-country, Baby" approach of the black scum now risen to glory among us as a result of Yiddish money, Yiddish leadership and Yiddish press-agentry for these miserable Africans.

I could hardly believe what I saw there. I watched the racially fine faces of the young White boys and girls who were intently watching the ape-like face of Gregory. They were hypnotized!

He actually went so far as to BOAST to them that the only way they could PROVE they were not full of "racism" and "hate" was to give our White women to the Negroes, thus showing that we recognize that there's no difference except color.

He went so far as to use the fact of motherhood, and went into a physical description of the process of birth, and how you couldn't stop delivery of a baby by crossing a woman's legs, etc., etc., ad nauseam - all to "prove" that delivery of our women to the blacks was "inevitable" - and standing in the way was like crossing the woman's legs, and trying to stop the birth of what he said was "Nature's insistence on equality"!!!

He got a STANDING OVATION - just as the earlier black ball player had in the audience!

Once more, I watched the fanatic few rise up applauding wildly the moment he was done speaking, then the guilty looks on the faces of more and more kids who rose up, until all (except me) were standing to give honor to a man who had just announced he was going to utterly DESTROY them - women and children and our whole RACE!

I had HEARD about this sort of thing happening - just last month as I was speaking at one college in Wisconsin, Stokely Carmichael was speaking only a few miles away at another. He got up and hollered, "BLACK POWER!", and openly announced his

intention of leading a "burn-baby-burn" ATTACK on White people, hollering "Get Whitey!" - and got the same "standing ovation", as I had just seen twice in one day, and in the "deep South"!! WHY?

In all of history, no people have ever sunk so low they have given cheers and ovations to their own executioners. Some people have become too rotten to resist, but no people ever before has sunk so low as have those of our people who stand and cheer when told by arrogant Negroes that the blacks fully intent to WIPE US OUT AS A RACE!

The blacks holler, "GET WHITEY!" - and WHITEY CHEERS AND APPLAUDS! Surely you, too, must have tried to figure it all out!

Lying there in bed in the Sheraton Motel in Winston-Salem, in the fancy room they always get for you on these visits, I think I found the answer: GUILT! - Self HATE!

The South has been BEATEN half to death, over a hundred years ago, now, and it has its psychological toll.

The approach of the second reconstruction, now under way, has acted precisely like the approach of the torturer, after a solid year of uninterrupted torture, in a Chinese brainwashing camp.

Sargent, in his magnificent, 'BATTLE FOR THE MIND', describes how the mind reverses itself when driven past the point of any further "bending" under the stress of physical privation, unbearable mental tensions and outright torture. He describes how the victim of endless torture, becomes a FANATICAL WORSHIPPER of his torturers! Like a whipped dog, he crawls up to lick the hand of the brutal master wielding the stick on him.

Before I turned in for the night, I spent several hours in the room with assorted interested groups who kept coming and going, once they knew my room number. Usually, I run them off because of the need to get some rest (I had to fly out next a.m. at 6:30 for the next speech), but in this case, I desperately wanted to learn as much as I could about these Southern kids who seemed so crazy about coons, and how they got that way.

First, I learned that MOST of the rabid ones were NOT Southerners. The first ones up in the "standing ovation" scenes were almost all Jews and similar "liberals" from the NORTH!

When they got into my room, in groups of ten or twenty, and away from the mob scenes, I found the Southern kids were mostly O.K.

ALMOST TO A MAN - AND GIRL - THEY APOLOGIZED TO ME FOR WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN THE AUDITORIUM THAT AFTERNOON!

Acting as though they, themselves, had not been part of that standing ovation scene, they

all explained to me that the Negro was the local football hero, that the student body was not what it seemed, that they were NOT all crazy about coons there, etc., etc.

I asked each one of them why he or she thought it all happened, and most of them came up with the ANSWER I think is right. They used different terms, of course, but the upshot of it all is GUILT - self HATE - "embarrassment", etc.

They felt that the poor coons had been insulted when I stood up there and slammed home the list of horrors happening to our country and White Race as a result of the Black Revolution! Those coon football heroes were their "friends" - courtesy of our race-mixing politicians, and they all felt as if I had kicked a poor little dog. When we talked later in the room, many of them admitted that the negroes were no pitiful little dogs, but rather a pack of wild, savage WOLVES - and that I was telling the simple truth. Nevertheless, when the black ballplayer was up there, they were helpless in the grip of GUILT FEELINGS for having participated in a meeting where the TRUTH about his race was mentioned!

Then, when the Northerners and liberals, Jews and race-mixers rose in the "ovation" scene, none of the rest had the nerve to remain seated, not out of love of the Negro - but FEAR! Fear of being branded a "bigot", a "hater" and finally a "Nazi".

What does all this mean in terms of the overall battle we must fight to survive as a race and regain command of our own Destiny as a nation? I think it shows that the battle is going to take place MOSTLY in the NON-Southern part of the nation.

The South has been so thoroughly beaten on and kicked and filled with guilt feelings that it is no longer - as an overall population group - capable of responding vigorously and ferociously. The Klan and various segments of the Southern population will still fight and even take risks to stand against the black hell closing over us. But today, many of their own fellow Southerners are turning, in fear and confusion, against the Klan and other fighters.

The AVERAGE Southerner has "had it", just like the average German I have met. The Jews and conspirators have consciously beaten much of the native fight out of ordinary Southerners and ordinary Germans, and left them filled with a crazy, suicidal "guilt" feeling for even THINKING about resistance.

The rest of the country hasn't experienced this terrible psychological reversal. Whites everywhere are somewhat frightened of the smear-words, "bigot", "hater", etc., but not to the point where they can be put entirely out of action with such Jewish psychological attack.

As an example of what I mean, take Cicero, in Chicago. There's no "Klan" in Cicero.

Instead, EVERY citizen of Cicero is ready, willing and EAGER to fight the FIRST nigger who tries to move in.

Remember the full color picture in LIFE last summer of the brave kid from Chicago who had been actually bayoneted, standing there bleeding, sticking out his chest in magnificent defiance of the Guardsman?

While they have been successful in ramming niggers in all over the South, I truly believe the whole Federal Government, the Army, Navy, Air Force and nuclear bombs won't get one nigger into Cicero. They haven't dared even TRY, yet. They might get ONE nigger into a house in Cicero, but he'd get right back OUT again - either with his black feet going as fast as they could - or not moving at all.

In the North, where they are relatively "fresh" in this fight, the little KIDS in every White working-class neighborhood are full of the most vigorous kind of FIGHT against the black invaders of their neighborhoods. The South, after battling and LOSING for more than a hundred years, is getting discouraged. But let the South take heart!

Remember Thomas Dixon's inspiring novel, "The Klansman", which was made into one of the world's all-time great pictures, "The Birth of a Nation"?

Captain Forbes, our Los Angeles leader, has a copy of that film at the headquarters there, and I was able to see most of it on my last visit a few months ago.

For those who may have forgotten, it is the story of how the Ku Klux Klan saved the South - and the White Race - from black terrorism after the Civil War.

The Klan did a heroic job. Had I been born one hundred years ago I would have been a Klansman. Terrorism WORKED beautifully, a hundred years ago. Today, it won't, because the politicians have available such total "legal" power to penetrate, capture and hound the few brave men who try to stop the black terrorism with counter terror.

But in the eighteen sixties and seventies, brave Klansmen were able to make a real start on saving the White South from the nigger beasts installed by carpetbaggers, scalawags and scum - most of them Jews and perverts.

They still couldn't REALLY save the South, however, because there was always the threat of FEDERAL TROOPS. Whenever the Klan began to get strong somewhere, heavily armed Federal troops would be sent in to protect and back up nigger-rule, and the Klan would have to shift operations elsewhere.

Remember the stirring scenes in "Birth of a Nation", when the White family in the little cabin is surrounded by nigger troops, and niggers have the old men, kids and women pinned down? Only a few more rounds of ammunition remain to protect the White women from the lust-filled black savages, when suddenly, at the last moment, the nigger troops are ROUTED - by FEDERAL TROOPS OF THE NORTH WHO HAVE FINALLY SEEN AND UNDERSTOOD THAT IT WAS THEIR OWN WHITE PEOPLE THEY WERE TURNING OVER TO THE BLACKS!

Today, the same thing is happening right before our eyes.

The South has been under siege year after year, for a CENTURY!

The defenses are crumbling everywhere in the South. Many good Southerners are losing heart, as they see one barrier after another fall before the terrible power of the Federal politicians.

"It's GOT to come" they rationalize. "We might as well try to accept it with a good grace and at least make it peaceful and prevent any more bloodshed."

Nobody can blame these good people too savagely for saying that today, any more than I can blame the Germans who put up THEIR fight for the White Race only to have fellow White Men (like me) come, at the behest of the Jews, and murder and torture them by the millions.

Last-minute rescue came in "Birth of a Nation" from White Federal troops who had been on the Jew-nigger Federal side, and switched when they understood, and finally stood shoulder-to-shoulder with their White brothers and sisters of the South against nigger terror - and it STOPPED.

Today, the SAME THING IS HAPPENING!

White Men and Women of the South, I can tell you surely and proudly, that my fellow "Yankees" are finally WAKING UP, like the Federal White troops in "Birth of a Nation", and are beginning to fight for you - for ALL of us! And when the White Men, North and South, have finally had ENOUGH of these arrogant niggers and their even more arrogant and vicious Jew leaders, we will put an END to the black horror and insanity, and the Jew Communist treason which spawned it in one hell of a hurry!

And this time, we will never again let them divide us against each other!

The Jews and race-mixing fanatics got the North hating the South, the South hating the North, so they could plunder and dominate both, as they have.

The moment White troops in the South refused to keep their White Southern brothers under nigger terrorism, the terrorism ended, and the carpetbaggers, scalawags and scum were DRIVEN OUT.

This time, the moment White men in all of the North and West are sufficiently disgusted with being used to impose nigger terror not only on the South, but the whole nation, the terror will STOP, and the nightmare army of black and white scum, led by the Jews will be seen and heard with their chants and insults no more!

But the re-unification of the White Race will not only be national, local and temporary,

this time.

This time, there at last exists in this world an organization not dedicated to saving just one PART of the White Race - as the Klan tried and succeeded for a time in saving the South, and the German Nazis tried and succeeded for a while in saving Germany - THIS TIME, the American Nazi Party and the World Union of National Socialists, of which the American Nazi Party is a part, will see to it that the White Race never again lays itself open to brainwashing and defeat by DIVIDING ITSELF and by being taught to HATE ITSELF and PARTS OF ITSELF - the way Yankees and "rebels" were taught to hate each other, and Americans and "Nazis" were taught to hate each other.

This time we'll hate, alright - but we'll hate the ENEMY - the vicious gang of colored scum attackers and Jewish-Communist traitors - rather than one part of our own people hating another part for the benefit of the Jews and their army of SCUM!

And the reason we'll "hate" and do such a bang-up job of it, is not that we are some kind of a monstrous "haters", "bigots", etc., but that WE LOVE OUR PEOPLE - the White Race of people given by the Great Spirit to civilize and dominate this earth and prevent it from becoming the filthy, crazy jungle of darkness and bloodshed which now threatens.

Last week, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, I had to watch the results of a hundred years of Jewish brainwashing on our beloved South. White kids, taught to hate "Yankees" first, "Nazis", and finally THEMSELVES, because of all the propaganda against the FACT that WHITES ARE, INDEED, A "MASTER RACE". I watched them stand up and give an ovation to an arrogant nigger who boasted he would take our lovely White girls for his nigger mobs!

Thank God, before this process can proceed much further, the White Men of the North will come "galloping" to the rescue of their hard-pressed Southern brothers and sisters and smash ANYbody or ANYthing which threatens ANY White man or woman, ANYWHERE whether he or she be called a "rebel", a "Yankee", a "Nazi", a "Christian", a "Britisher", a "Catholic" or even a "Russian".

We are living in the last days of the Great White Race, and cannot afford self-hate or division, regardless of the propaganda they pour on us as the reason.

WHITE MAN! If you are WHITE - you are my BROTHER!

I care not what religion, club, area or class you come from, nor what bit of colored cloth you wave as a flag. WE are ALL under deadly attack by colored hordes which outnumber us more than seven to one, led by a filthy Jewish, Communist conspiracy!

Stand with me and SMASH the enemy fist, TOGETHER!

Then, if you want to argue politics, economics, sociology, religion, nationality or other things with me, you can. I will even fight you, if I must.

But, **FIRST**, White Man, let us stand **TOGETHER** to secure the survival of your people and my people, for they are one and the same - they are our beloved, miraculous, wonderful, blessed and **MASTERFUL WHITE RACE!**

From Ivory Tower To Privy Wall: On The Art Of Propaganda

By George Lincoln Rockwell (circa 1966)

If each of the men in the fable about the blind men and the elephant were required to construct a model of an elephant, there would be three very different models. The blind man who felt only the tail would build a model as he described an elephant in the fable -- as "a sort of rope." The blind man who felt the leg and said an elephant was like a tree would produce a tree-like "elephant," while the man who felt only the trunk would construct his "elephant" like a snake.

Most men I have met in politics consider themselves automatically experts in the field of propaganda. But almost all of them make the same type of basic error in their propaganda as did the blind men in describing and reconstructing an elephant; both suffer from insufficient experience with the subject. A right-wing businessman, when he gets sick, doesn't try to doctor himself, nor does he try to practice law himself, nor does he even try to do his own advertising. He hires professional experts to do these highly technical jobs for him. But when that same right-wing businessman wants to move the people of a whole nation to an understanding of our national peril, he doesn't hesitate to spend relatively huge sums trying to write and produce his own amateur propaganda. In almost every case he produces propaganda which he likes, completely forgetting in his political excitement that the art of propaganda (and advertising) is not in producing that which one likes and admires one's self, but that which will produce the effect desired -- sales in the case of advertising and political conviction in the case of propaganda. Because he is able to think, he presumes that his audience is also able to think -- a completely unwarranted assumption. Because he himself is repelled by crudeness and exaggeration, he makes his pitch factual, logical, and usually subtle. In addition to this foolishness, he also forgets that the average man in the street is emotionally assaulted during all his waking hours by advertising brilliantly designed by experts to capture attention through the most powerful kind of psychological impact. The average right wing piece, crowded onto a page, verbose, and dull, is not only not able to win the attention of the average man amid all this competition, but positively repels him.

Even worse propaganda mistakes are made by both those at the top and those at the bottom of the right-wing intellectual spectrum. Because they can't read and understand "them big words," the Klan types are "agin" anything other than the crudest and most brutal of approaches. "Hit 'em 'longside the haid with a two-by-four," is the motto of these boys, and any attempt to produce anything else is likely to get you called a "Communist-Jew spy," or get you hit "'longside the haid" yourself. This type loves the American Nazi Party's "Boat Ticket to Africa" and the Stormtrooper, for instance, but rages that the Rockwell Report is too "long" and "dull."

At the other extreme is the Ph.D. right-winger who hurriedly claps his hand over his mouth and gulps in nausea when one shows him something like our all-time most popular propaganda piece, our "Boat Ticket to Africa," full of expressions such as "nigger-armpit stench" and the like. Because this refined gentleman prefers to read Spengler or Gobineau, he can't imagine that the ideas of these men might be gotten across to a semi-

literate farmer better with a "boat ticket" than with a volume of Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

In the middle group are the Birch-type blind men who produce millions and millions of dollars worth of wasted propaganda; wasted because it is not designed to do the job they really want and need done, but is instead what they like to hear. These people have never yet stopped to reflect that in order to win they need not just the thinkers -- the right-wingers, the bourgeois, rich folks, and the rest of the elite minority -- but the vast masses of the people who support demagogues like Johnson, FDR, and Kennedy. Goldwater's catastrophe was the result of producing propaganda and campaigns designed to win thinkers instead of masses. The result was that twenty-seven million Goldwater thinkers were swamped at the polls by some forty-three million Johnson wishers and hoppers, who can never, never, never be reached by "conservative" logic, facts, and boring, sissy tea parties.

The worst waste of money I have ever seen in the whole field of propaganda was the special Sunday supplement the Birch Society put out not so long ago in newspapers all over America. It cost as much as a quarter of a million dollars in some cities. Had it been designed to appeal to the mass, the "average man," the man who votes with his heart instead of his head, it could have been worth the millions it took to publish. But it was foolishly aimed at a relatively tiny minority. On the front cover, in full color, it showed a typical Birch Society meeting, in the home of a man obviously wealthy -- in the kind of living room which would make the average, working-class, overalled American uncomfortable. The Birchers were sitting around sipping tea with their pinkies daintily extended, and the whole atmosphere was foreign, ridiculous, and even painful to the man in overalls -- to America's millions of "ordinary Joes." There might have been some sense in printing that piece in *Fortune*. But to spend money to put that advertisement (which could reach only the rich and the sophisticated) in a mass medium, at the cost of a mass medium, was the kind of thoughtlessness which keeps the right wing powerless, eternally defeated, and discouraged.

Does this mean that the Birch Society's high-level appeal is a total waste? Should all their propaganda be like that of the Klan? An elephant is neither all leg nor all tail nor all trunk. A complete, whole elephant needs all of these parts to live. The Jews, masters of the art of propaganda that they are (unlike the right wing), have understood this fundamental truth and have organized their "pitch" to appeal to all levels.

For the kids and the primitives -- for the "masses" -- the Jews produce comic books and comic strips; crude, apparently "obvious" television programs, movies, and radio presentations; and the sort of printed material one can find in *True Confessions* and similar magazines - or on privy walls.

For the lower-middle classes, they provide pseudo-"objective" and thoughtful television "documentaries," which flatter the unthinking bourgeois into imagining that they are participating in a scholarly and high-level "study" of a controversial subject, while actually the Jews are pumping into their smug, ego-blinded minds massive doses of raw

lies and hatred. They also provide this kind of "intellectual" pap in Look, Life, and other mass-circulation periodicals.

For the upper-middle classes -- the college graduates, professionals, and business executives -- the Jews produce their Harper's Magazine and Atlantic Monthly "think-pieces," which are genuinely intellectual but nevertheless so subtly poisoned by false basic assumptions and misdirections that all the thinking in the world is bound to lead only to error. This is the sort of thing one finds among the sincere race-mixers and liberals, who have been taught, as religious dogmata, that anything other than democracy is unthinkable, that black men are only white men with dark skins, and that all opponents of liberalism are "fascists" who seek to murder almost everybody and who have no ideas other than bloodshed and tyranny. Starting with these as unquestionable premises, the most sincere and well-intentioned "thinking" in the world can produce nothing but the race-mixers, liberals, beatniks, rebels, and lost souls who are swarming like maggots in every intellectual center of our civilization.

Finally, there is the devilishly clever, ivory-tower propaganda designed for the truly intellectual and highly sophisticated academic community, which actually does examine even basic premises. For this latter, elite class, even though it is tiny, the Jews spare no effort or money. For were the intellectual leaders of a nation to see through all the propaganda on the lower levels, it would sooner or later be disastrous to the Jews, when the elite had warned the masses. For this minute, top group, the Jews actually produce manufactured "facts" of the most basic nature.

To give an example of this incredible process, let me cite the method they have used to make it a dogmatic "fact" that there are no measurable, scientific differences between races and, therefore, no races at all! The Jews first got a few of their boys into top university spots (Columbia University being an outstanding, but by no means unique, example) with the express purpose of giving academic respectability to their "there-is-no-such-thing-as-race" lie. One of the first and most important of these was Franz Boas, a Jew heavily involved in communist causes, who sent congratulations to Stalin on his birthdays {Jewish Voice, January, 1942} and whose red record cannot be doubted by any objective observer. This communistic Jew began teaching anthropology at Columbia University in 1896 and dominated the anthropology department there until his death in 1942. Meanwhile he produced one book after another "proving" that there were no such things as racial differences among men {Kultur und Rasse (Leipzig, 1914); Anthropology and Modern Life (New York, 1928); Aryans and non-Aryans (New York, 1934); General Anthropology (Boston, 1938), The Question of Race: Aryans and non-Aryans. Are They Distinctive Types? (New York, 1940); Race, Language, and Culture (New York, 1940): Race and Democratic Society, a post-mortem collection of his writings (New York, 1945), to name but a few.} The whole of Jewry pitched in to boost their boy. Boas was praised in every Jewish-owned newspaper and periodical and given every academic prize they could promote. Little by little, Boas gained such "stature" by this Jewish mutual-admiration society technique that he became an "acknowledged authority" in social anthropology and ethnology. His students and colleagues at Columbia -- Herskovits, Klineberg, Ashley Montagu, Weltfish -- as unsavory a collection of left-wing Jews as one

might hope for -- spread his doctrines far and wide, deliberately poisoning the minds of two generations of American students at many of our largest universities {Carleton Putnam, *Race and Reason* (Washington, 1961), pp. 18, 47}.

Meanwhile, honest race researchers were given the opposite treatment, full use being made of economic boycott and unlimited intellectual smear. Honest anthropologists couldn't get their books published or, if published, distributed {Ibid., pp. 19, 49}. As just one instance, at the time when Boas was at the height of his destructive activity, Madison Grant, president of the New York Zoological Society and a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, wrote a study of the racial situation in America, entitled *The Conquest of a Continent, or the Expansion of Races in America* (New York, 1933). The book was flatly contradictory to the Boas-Jewish racial propaganda and sounded a clear warning of the impending danger of serious racial degeneration in the United States. Whereupon the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith issued a circular letter to publishers, dated December 13, 1933, in which they blatantly stated that Grant's book was "antagonistic to Jewish interests" and demanded that it be "stifled" - as it has been! Copies of this book -- and any honest book about race -- are very hard to find. They are almost nonexistent in the university community -- in such places as college bookstores and all but a few of the largest university libraries.

This whole intellectual fraud would never work if our side had sense enough to understand it and courage enough to stand up to it. But our side can never understand, let alone fight, this vicious Jewish perversion of our people and their minds as long as our side, like the aforementioned blind men, remains utterly mulish in its insistence on amateur and one-level propaganda efforts. The left wing has its organizations and its propaganda at all levels. And the whole left aims the same way -- right at your heart! They have their Dean Achesons, their Harvard professors, their White House presidential aides. But they also have their brutal goon squads in the streets of the steel towns, ready to crack the legs of their opponents over a curbstone, as is their quaint custom. In between, they have their "soldiers" at all levels, and they are all part of the same army of hate against the white man and Western civilization.

Let one of my supercilious, intellectual critics just spend an evening watching television or reading a teenage magazine -- not for pleasure, but to analyze the masterful methods of the Jewish brainwashers, and he will see that they do not use intellectual propaganda exclusively to do their devilish work, but also the most stupid, obvious, and brutal anti-intellectual stuff imaginable. At the same time, let him examine the explosion of scatology on any big newsstand and see just what primitive, rough propaganda the Jew produces for the mass mind. Even the pornographic, illegal "comic books" smuggled from kid to kid and man to man are loaded with propaganda for race-mixing and degeneracy. And there is nothing subtle about the disgusting magazines openly sold for queers.

The Jews do not confine their attack on us only to gutter propaganda or only to goon squads; God knows, they certainly have flooded America with their filthy and degenerate "literature," "art," and "poetry," with their "comedians," their warped stage plays, and

their savage, jungle "music," while there are still plenty of communist muscle squads to break your head open if they can't pervert it. In short the enemy has brought about a "black miracle" of subversion of our people with his multi-level propaganda, while the reply of the leaders of our people has been almost entirely an attempt to "prove," with facts and arguments, that all this is "wrong." Right and wrong in propaganda have no meaning. There are only effective and ineffective. Jewish propaganda couldn't be more wrong, objectively speaking, but it is almost always right, psychologically. It is carefully aimed; it is designed for a specific audience; it is not concerned with what the producers think and feel, but with what the audience thinks and feels; and it is uniformly excellent and successful in doing the job for which it is intended.

Right-wing propaganda, to choose a contrary example, is almost always wrong. It is invariable, single-level material -- usually aimed at the upper middle class. It is utterly disdainful of the audience and endlessly insists that "the truth will make us free," if we just get out enough "literature" (almost none of which is read by prospective converts). Almost all right-wing literature is read by other right-wingers who do not need it. It is basically reactionary, concerned almost wholly with money, taxes, and protection of wealth and vested interests (masked, of course, with "deep concern" for the Constitution, "our American way of life," and the like). It is incredibly snobbish and contemptuous toward the kind of horny-handed, working, hard-pressed "ordinary Joe" who, in his millions, makes up the masses which have kept FDR, Truman, Ike, JFK, and now LBJ in office.

Surely we need the truth and facts and arguments -- but only to win over the officers and noncoms of our counter-revolutionary forces and then to educate and train them for intellectual combat with the well-trained forces of the enemy, not to convert the masses. To try to use the "facts and arguments" method with the masses of the people is the eternal stumbling block of the right wing. By insisting on only this method, in its pure (and dull) form, not only the right wing, but any movement of national regeneration, insures that its material is read only by itself and the few Jews whose professional job it is to study and neutralize its material.

Hitler's National Socialist movement not only did not make that stupid mistake, but brilliantly exploited every field of propaganda with inspired material, scientifically designed not only to appeal to a few stuffy professors -- but to move people, to move millions of people in the direction desired. Hitler had Julius Streicher's *Der Stuermer*, full of the wildest and wooliest sensationalism, designed to smash its way into the consciousness of the masses, as it did. He also had the regular party press, designed to reach and convince the great middle class. And, for the university community, he had the esoteric material of Alfred Rosenberg, Gottfried Feder, et al.

Again I stress that, whereas the academic scholar is most powerfully influenced by a logical, heavily footnoted dissertation at the highest intellectual level, the simple farmer or worker is utterly perplexed and repelled by "them big words" and is moved most effectively by a brutal and earthy presentation of a thoroughly subjective, grossly exaggerated picture of any situation. Only the latter class of propaganda can yield the

sheer weight of numbers of persuaded people needed to sweep into legal political office. The major propaganda of a mass movement, therefore, must be of the elementary, direct, and emotional kind which alone can win honest hearts (and empty heads) -- "boat tickets" and the Stormtrooper.

When I began, I purposely made my propaganda as brutal and shockingly rough as I could, simply to force attention. And I have kept everlastingly at the business of building a simple and direct image of all-out hostility to "Jews and niggers" in the minds of millions of Americans, regardless of the costs in other respects. (And when I have the rare opportunity to use some mass medium, as was recently the case when I gave a long interview to Playboy, I am forced to walk a careful line between what I should like to say and what the enemy would like to hear me say. Unless I deliberately sound at least halfway like a raving illiterate with three loose screws, such an interview would never be printed. This is another thing that most people fail to understand about my "Nazi" technique.) After I had become known to most Americans, I published the Rockwell Report at a somewhat higher level than my previous material to begin to recruit some of the brains and funds we needed to proceed. When this had begun to bear fruit, I used the talents obtained with the Rockwell Report to get back down to the people's level and produce a publication designed for the masses, for the "average" man, the comic book reader, kids: the Stormtrooper. As planned, this is now our most popular and largest-circulation publication. And were it not for the Jewish ownership of the news distribution business, we could sell Stormtroopers literally by the millions.

My Ph.D. critics regularly berate me for the vulgar and brutal material in the Stormtrooper. Because these gentlemen don't like to see the word "nigger" in print, or crude drawings of Jews, they often insist that I am a damned fool, a hoodlum, or an agent provocateur, trying to ruin the whole movement by printing such rough stuff. These sincere but pitifully blind men are going to have to understand that one can't win elections with Ph.D. votes. As Goldwater proved, one can't win elections even with all the upper classes. It is the vast masses of the lower classes, the beer-and-dirty-joke-loving workers, on whom we must depend finally for survival. The Stormtrooper with its pages full of cartoons, violence, insults, jokes, and general hell is exciting and readable to men who would never, in a million years, pick up and read a right-wing tract.

With a base of operations established and with successful publications directed at both the lowest and the middle-class levels, the movement is finally in a position to afford the relative luxury of a publication directed exclusively at the academic intellectual-professional class. The National Socialist World, now in your hands, is designed not only to reach but to move people in that category. Perhaps our material is not what you, personally, enjoy most. But our aim, and the aim of the World Union of National Socialists, is not to produce material to please our friends -- but to win over millions of those who are now our enemies or who are oblivious to both sides. The years of success with the Stormtrooper and the Rockwell Report give me confidence that the new National Socialist World will also do what it has been carefully designed to do -- that National Socialist World will beat its way into the highest intellectual circles just as the Stormtrooper smashed its way into the minds of the juveniles and working folks.

Finally, if you'll permit me, I'd like to drive my principal point home with one more analogy. If you own a grocery store, and a man comes in from a painter's truck in overalls to buy groceries, you don't try to sell him a one-ounce jar of Russian caviar at two bucks a throw. You offer him beef, potatoes, and bread. If a French diplomat comes in, you don't offer him hawg jowl; you might try the caviar. It is the same with propaganda. If you wish to win the "trade" of all potential "customers," as we must do if we are to survive, you must have in stock a complete line of goods, especially the kind of goods most desired by the majority of your potential customers -- and that means bread, potatoes, and beef, not caviar and truffles. If you can open a special store to peddle only caviar and truffles, do it in the silk-stocking district. Conversely, if you want to open another branch to sell only chitterlings, hawg jowls, and the like, then do it in the "nigger" section of town. And if you want a mass grocery business, in the name of sanity, stock up on something besides caviar and truffles. We intend to win enough "customers" to become masters of the grocery business, against the competition of the greatest and most complete "chain" operation the world has ever seen: "The Sheeney Supermarket," which stocks something for everybody. To do it, we have designed some great products to appeal to specific customers: the "hawg-jowl" Stormtrooper, the "Delmonico steak" Rockwell Report -- and now the "Cherries Jubilee" which you hold -- National Socialist World.

Nightmare: The Prophecy Of George Lincoln Rockwell

It's hot. The night atmosphere is heavy and oppressive. All the windows are open. You can hear a siren a few blocks away, the kids screaming in the street, and even the drunken voices of the O'Malleys in their usual argument. But no breath of air comes through the windows. You lean back in your squeaky wicker chair, tee shirt wet with perspiration. Even the little fan oscillating back and forth just emphasises the brutal heat and sweatiness of the air when the fan's draught momentarily brushes you.

You turn on the TV and take a gulp of beer out of the cold can. It seems like any other hot August night – only somehow this one is different. You can feel it. There's an air of tension, expectancy, foreboding.

The news has been bad. But then it's been bad since the riots began way back in June. You've gotten used to the riots every summer, since 1963. Now it's 1978.

The summers are expected to be periods of almost open warfare between Blacks and Whites. Even the winters aren't real truces anymore as they used to be in the sixties. There are outbreaks of the Black-and-White war even in the coldest winter months. But always the harried authorities have managed to keep working and to keep up some pretence of civilised life.

But this year the riots have been almost constant. The TV in front of you has just shown dramatic pictures of what's going on in other American cities; the searchlights stabbing into the city night, highlighting black faces distorted with hate, fighting the police and the National Guard troops, the gunfire and the blazing buildings where hurled Molotov cocktails have set up whole apartment and retail blocks in flames.

However, it's been quiet in your city now for almost two weeks. The cops and the soldiers beat down the last uprising by the Blacks before it got out of the Negro area situated only a few blocks away.

The TV newscaster is telling how another boatload of black saboteurs, fresh from guerrilla training in Cuba, has been intercepted after a running gun-battle in the Caribbean. They have been prevented from landing in Florida.

You are sick of it! Sick to death of this eternal trouble with these coloured mobs and Communist agitators, raising hell, raping, killing, rising up and burning, looting and threatening whole cities.

You turn off the TV.

You gaze up at the ceiling in the growing darkness, wondering where in hell it will all end, how it will end? The heavy hot air of August is laden with sounds of automobile horns, kids shouting, neighbours hollering and somebody practicing the piano nearby. More sips of beer, getting warm as you reach the bottom of the can. You want to get your

mind off the damn coloureds. For a change you turn on the light to read the Western paperback you bought on the way home. Then you hear it.

At first you think it's some kind of crowd cheering at a ball game. There's the sound of a tremendous number of people shouting, a long, long way off. But somehow it's different from any sports crowd and anyway there's no sports game on that you know of! There's a vicious, deadly sound to this roaring mob. You get up from the wicker chair and go over to the window. Over the black silhouetted brick apartments to the east, you see the familiar glow. Fires!

So, it's started again.

Why can't they kill all those black bastards, once and for all, and put an end to this crazy business?

To hell with it; you won't watch this time! You close the window, go back and turn the TV back on. Maybe you can get your mind off this everlasting nigger trouble by watching some movie or comedy show.

With the window shut it seems for a moment you've gotten away from the damnable riotous hell. With the TV on you can't hear the mob or the occasional bursts of gunfire.

You get another cold beer and try to relax in the glow of the TV tube.

Just as you get interested in the western the damned thing goes dead on you. You get up to wiggle the plug. Sometimes you can fix it that way. Then you notice that the fan is off too.

Must be a fuse so you go into the kitchen and look into the fuse box with your flashlight. No fuses are blown.

But by then you're already beginning to notice all the lights are off, even the street light which usually shines into the kitchen window. It's really black! You're not used to such total darkness, such absence of any glow or reflected light at all. It gives you an eerie feeling.

You stick your head out the kitchen window. Outside there is something new, something evil. You don't know what it is but it grips your heart with fingers of ice.

It's silent in your neighbourhood. No more kids shouting, no more piano practising, and no more quarrelling over at the O'Malleys –nothing – just silence. A dead, empty, heavy silence. The quiet lends impact to the distant sounds of the mob in the central part of the city. In the silent dark, in which you can see nothing, the sounds of the black mob down there are amplified and emphasised until they seem to be coming at you.

In the darkness outside your window, you can hear Jack Morgan, whose been drinking

beer on his front steps, hollering to his wife upstairs. "Don't worry, honey. It's just a power failure. They'll have it on in a little while. Keep your shirt on."

A kid begins to cry – then another. Then there is an excited but hushed buzz outside as the neighbourhood tries to adjust to the total darkness.

Everybody is listening to the sound of that black mob in town, but reassuring each other that the authorities will soon put down the rebellion as they always do.

Then you hear Mrs Johnson calling to a neighbour for some water. "Something's wrong with mine." Mrs Johnson hollers. "I can't get any water to fix the baby's bottle."

Then from most of the neighbours all at once you hear that everybody's water is off.

Realising that something must be seriously wrong you pick up the phone to call the cops. At least you can report the water is off in your neighbourhood. The phone's dead!

Remembering your transistor radio you turn it on: ". . . the public is asked to remain calm until the National Guard can restore order. Stay in your homes and do no panic. There is nothing about the present emergency that is any different Oh, my God! Oh . . . – aghhh"

Over the tiny speaker in the radio comes the unmistakable gurgling sound of a man gasping his last breath. Just before the station goes off the air, you hear: "How do you like that, you white mother f . . . er?"

You lean out of the window: "Did you hear that?" you holler to the neighbourhood in general. "Hear what?" comes from a dozen throats.

"I just turned on my pocket radio and heard what sounded like an announcer getting killed, right on the air. Then they went off."

"Try another station." Somebody hollers.

"I already have." Comes from somebody else. "They're all off!"

"I'm getting my guns!" You holler.

"Better be careful." Shouts a neighbour, "you know the new laws on guns!"

"To hell with the new laws." You roar. "If those black bastards come messin' around here they're gonna get shot. I don't care if they throw me in gaol for it. I'm not going to let those filthy niggers shoot up and burn this place, and hurt our women."

But before you can grab your hidden guns and get out front, they are here.

A car comes screeching around the block, its revolutionary occupants tossing Molotov cocktails and firing automatic weapons. In the flare of the flaming airborne gasoline bombs you can see the white eyes in the black faces. But even if you couldn't see them, you'd know what they are by their filthy language! As usual they are drunk and roaring typical black curses on all white people – liberal, rich, poor, right wing, Klan – any whites; they're all 'white devils'.

As the carload of black terrorists disappears, still firing, you can hear the screams of the wounded and the dying, and the expressions of horror from the people whose loved ones have been shot.

You grab your old Marine Corps M1 and the .38 and take the flight of steps, even in the dark, three and four at a time.

Outside, in the flickering light of the fires, surrounded by moans and prayers of your neighbours, you find a little group of men who have had enough service experience not to panic. They have their guns ready and are trying to decide what to do.

You suggest that somebody be sent to the police station over on Grand. They all agree. A kid with two pistols volunteers and he disappears into the dark. You don't know the cops are all dead. Neither does he!

Just as you're discussing where each guy will be posted another carload of the bastards, high on drink, drugs and revolutionary hype, comes roaring back toward the small suburban town, blasting away.

You hit the deck, slam home the bolt of the old M1 and feel a surge of satisfaction when the old rifles rattle off each round at the black terrorists. You can hear one of the sons of a bitch scream as he's hit! It reminds you of the war. But then you remember this is home! This is the United States where your wife and kids live. And that brings a new and horrible thought.

The wife and kids are visiting across town. What's happening there?

Your heart stops for a moment. But then fury surges up within you. If they've touched Janie and those little kids

You begin to consider your position.

No lights, no water, no phone, no radio – few guns, fewer who know how to use them and have the guts to use them – no organization, and very little ammo.

While you're thinking about all this, and a matter of only minutes since the first attack, here comes three more cars filled with whooping brigands taking full advantage of their unequal battlefield in which their most of their white enemy have already been disarmed!

You blast away with the M1. You hit another one. But the rest of the guys are firing away at nothing, wasting the few rounds of ammo you've got. You yell at them to cease-fire! It's too late; they're all out of ammo.

The groans and crying and the prayers of the people who have been hit have demoralized most of the rest of the people. Surprisingly, a lot of the women seem tougher than the men, and are doing their best using torn skirts and shirts for bandages and providing what comfort they can with words. Many of the men, especially the younger 'jive' generation with the long hair and stoop shoulders, are acting like a bunch of hysterical girls, screaming and screeching, begging somebody to 'help' them. Help them? You'd like to help them with a good kick up the ass.

Now it's no longer dark, the whole neighbourhood is blazing. The fires set by the flaming gasoline Molotov cocktails are burning viciously. There's nothing to stop them. No fire department – not even any water.

The night was already oppressively hot. With many houses now roaring infernos the heat makes your skin shrivel. Already, many others are moving on to a vacant lot, trying to get away from the heat, smoke and searing flames.

You can hear a man and his young wife screaming at each other, a few houses away. She is trying to run back into their home to get something, before it burns up. He is holding her while she struggles and screams. Their kids are scattered around some huddle around her, crying.

She never gets to go into the house.

A carload of blacks sees her in her nightgown as they go by. They shoot down her husband and kids. They grab her and drag her screaming into the car, laughing insanely and boasting to each other what they are going to do to her. And you can't do a damned thing with empty guns.

Within minutes two more carloads of the black devils roar into the neighbourhood. But these don't keep going – shooting – like the others. They get out to loot – and rape!

Most of the men around you have long since scrambled off to hide in terror. You can do little else yourself.

From under a bush on somebody's lawn, shaded from the worst of the blazing heat and light, you watch the gangs of looters grabbing everything they want – radios, TVs – and women. God! You never thought you would ever see a sight like this.

You had read about it happening far away in the Congo and other places, but always thought it was something you would never see here.

Now you are forced to watch helplessly from your hiding place, while six of Negroes rip

the clothes off the little teenage O'Malley girl and rape her, one after another – after murdering her mother, father, and brothers.

At first she screams and struggles desperately. But after two or three of the lustful black beasts have beaten her and had their way, she lies whimpering. Then there's no more whimpering. She has ceased to exist as a human being.

All night the horror continues. The houses burn to black ruins. Carloads of mixed race revolutionaries roam at will through the neighbourhood, looting, murdering the wounded just for pleasure – and raping.

You are helpless, beaten.

Finally, about 3.00am things slow down a bit. You crawl out and call to some others still alive. "Where the hell is the National Guard?" you keep repeating to each other, stupidly, dazedly. "Where in hell is the God-damned Guard?"

You are the only one with enough experience and leadership to try and do anything at all. You suggest gathering the wounded and helpless and trying to get them all together, behind a pile of old bricks and stone in the vacant lot. The wounded are crying, really crying for water. But there is no water. Nobody thinks of food, yet. That will come later. But for now, everybody is just trying to survive. And every moment, you can hear the roar of the huge mob in the city centre moving out, getting nearer.

The others agree to try and get the wounded down behind the brick pile. But before you can finish the job you hear a new noise – the clanking familiar motor noises you remember from the war in which you fought to prevent Germany being exclusively German. Now you are in a war to keep America exclusively for the Americans, white Americans!

TANKS!

The Guard! At last!

"It's the National Guard." You shout to others. "I can hear the tanks."

They all listen. A feeble cheer goes up as they too hear the tanks.

Just in time too, because now the black mob is within blocks. You can imagine just what it would be like if the black swarm of bloodthirsty Africans get here to finish off the remaining scattered survivors.

Now the tanks are moving in to restore order at last! You feel for the first time that you will survive. And you resolve never to be caught like this again, never to be so disorganized and so poorly armed. If the bastards ever try to do it again, gun laws or no gun laws, you resolve to be ready!

The noise of the tanks gets closer – closer. Now you can see them. Thank God!

The iron monsters are clanking along the streets, with infantry troops moving in behind them in full battle gear.

My God! What a beautiful, delicious, gorgeous sight!

Nothing ever looked so beautiful. Slowly, in a daze, those able to walk begin to move out from behind the brick pile.

The tanks and troops uncover a swarm of scores of mixed race insurgents hiding in a construction project. The infantry troops prepare to move in to round them up as the tanks stop.

But what's this? What the hell! What are the tanks doing now?

They're turning! They're not waiting for the infantry to round up and finish off the black terrorists in the construction project – they're turning back! My God! Don't they know there are hundreds of white people out here helpless?

But they're not just turning back!

The tanks have swivelled around their guns and are mowing down their own infantry troops! What the hell? While you're still stunned the tanks rake the infantrymen, mowing them down, hundreds of them.

Then the top of the lead tanks swings open – and you know why. A big black head comes out, grinning!

Now there is silence among the little band of men, women and children behind the bricks. They are too stunned even to curse. Nobody needs to explain. They realise now what has happened.

The great majority of the blacks in the armed forces and the National Guard have joined the black uprising.

Now the mighty technical weapons of the United States are in the hands of black savages, only a few generations removed from animal life in the jungle. Rockets, tanks, nuclear bombs – all that white genius has created to protect itself, stupidly and treasonably turned over to the enemy, fired up with anti-white propaganda, in the name of 'brotherhood' and 'equality'.

You use the last reserves of your will and energy to herd the tiny band of your surviving neighbours down into an abandoned cellar under the bricks and wreckage. Now you are alone, against a world gone mad.

No water, no food, no ammunition, no communication, no medicines! Nothing! But you aren't going to give up yet!

Maybe it's only local. Maybe the Army or the Marine Corps, or somebody will be able to get control of this revolution. If only you can hold out, maybe help will come.

Swarms of insurgents from every race under the sun, stream out of the city, drunk with whisky and blood. They are following the tanks now. Every white soldier and National Guardsman in the area is dead, many mutilated – taken by complete surprise by their own black 'comrades'.

Day dawns hot, more horrible than the night, filled with smoke and flames. Dozens of moaning wounded lie all around you, crowded down here under the rocks and bricks.

The cries for water, particularly from the kids, are endless – and heart breaking. But there is no water; you can do nothing.

About eight o'clock things have become fairly quiet in your neighbourhood. Only the crackling and snapping of the fires all around can be heard. Then you hear a wailing sobbing cry from the street.

You peek out – and see one of the Negroes you shot last night, now conscious, crawling, moaning, and crying out for help. You dare not move.

But suddenly one of the womenfolk, a woman who had been comforting and bandaging and helping the wounded and the dying all night long, dashes out from under the shelter. She runs towards the black man lying in the street and you watch with horror as she plunges a big kitchen knife, again and again and again, into the quivering black body.

You recognise her. It's Mrs Moody – the liberal. She's contributed hundreds of dollars to the ethnic minorities. She has helped them endlessly, marched in their picket lines, attended sit-ins with them and even went to Mississippi with them to help register them as voters. Now you watch her out there, finally asserting the animal wisdom God gave to her to protect her own! Last night her husband and kids were murdered. Mrs Moody is no more a liberal. Now she's a member of the great white race – a fighter! But it's too late.

At ten o'clock, you see more anti-white mobs roaming around the neighbourhood, picking over the ruins, kicking the dead, ripping the clothing off females and laughing insanely at their unspeakable atrocities.

For the whole day you manage to survive and keep the little group together. But several die, and thirst becomes unbearable for all of you.

About seven o'clock, when the summer night is still hot from the day's sunshine, you have to watch a little girl die in her mother's arms. She keeps crying for her 'Mommy,'

and her mother keeps crooning ‘Mommy’s right here, darling, right here! I’m right here!’ and sobbing softly, rocking the curly-haired kid back and forth, back and forth, until the little girl’s head falls sideways in death.

Your eyes fill with tears and your heart fills with rage, at the idiots and political rats that brought the greatest nation on earth to this – and all in the name of ‘brotherhood’ and ‘progress’. Progress?

At about eight you can hear a sound truck in the distance. For a long time it cruises around but you can’t figure out what the message is. Then it begins to move into your neighbourhood, and you can now hear the message rasping from the loudspeakers:

"This is the new Socialist Democratic People’s Government of the United States. We have overthrown the racist ‘hate’ government of the United States. United Nations Ambassador Alfred Goldberg has already recognised the new People’s Democracy. The Armed Forces and the National Guard are now in our hands. United Nations Chinese and Cuban troops are now landing at all airports to assist the freedom-loving People’s liberation army in restoring order.

Resistance is useless. Nothing can move without our permission in the entire nation. You are ordered to come out of hiding and report to the nearest registration point for movement to prepared refugee area where you will be fed and put to work. After nine o’clock tonight all those who have not checked in to registration centres will; be shot . . . This is the new Socialist Democratic People’s Government of the United States. The Armed Forces and the National Guard of the United . . .” and the truck went out of the neighbourhood, playing its message of doom for the American nation, over and over again.

Your eyes blurred with tears, you watch most of the people stumble up out of the hiding place and begin to wander around looking for the ‘registration points’. You have found one round to put in your .38.

You point it at your head . . . then you notice a pretty young girl looking up at you; a silent prayer in her eyes. You hand her the pistol and stumble out of the hole before you hear the explosion.

-George Lincoln Rockwell

Note: The preceding is not the hysterical pipe dream of an alarmist. Those who despise the White race, Christianity, white order, and envy its privileges, plan precisely these tactics and in a myriad of ways; sometimes in isolation, these events are already taking place.

To say that ‘it can’t happen here’ or that ‘it can’t happen to me’ does not change the historical fact that it has happened to hundreds of peoples and nations in the past.

In defeated Germany the victorious French Armies sent in black Senegalese troops

specifically to demoralise, terrorise, rape and murder among the defeated population. US General Dwight Eisenhower did likewise, herding thousands of German females, even children, into subways, before ordering Negro troops down among them to do their worst. The victorious Red Army was responsible (with Winston Churchill's assistance and blessing) for the ethnic cleansing of four million German civilians in northern Germany alone.

Relatively stable former eastern bloc countries, East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania etc, fell to similar revolution in just a few days. The accounts given here are now a fact of every day life in South Africa, Sierra Leone and of course Zimbabwe. These events are now recognisable in many of Europe's inner city areas and of course, the United States.

The rate of alien immigration (and the crime wave accompanying it) in northern Europe has reached such a pitch that the alarmed indigenous population has already declared open war on the intruders.

Throughout these landmasses, treacherous politicians who have organised 'Trojan Horse' immigration, aided and abetted by civil servants and palace lickspittles who organised integration, and protected by the police, have reacted brutally against dissenters.

Modern day racial revolutionary anti-white activity as described here in the United States has already been put into bloody action in other countries wherever the black population has risen against what they see as White privilege' Portuguese Angola, Haiti, The Congo, Kenya, all serve as examples. (Since then Rhodesia, South Africa, Mozambique, Tanganyika, Israel/Palestine and many others – ed).

'Nightmare' was written in the middle sixties, and many of its predictions are now coming true. The steady inter-racial and 'revolutionising' of the armed forces is certainly a reality today. Over half the American armed forces are now coloured and well over half are of non-European stock. In an increasing number of states the white population is now officially a ethnic minority, ripe for 'ethnic cleansing' by a disenfranchised embittered alien majority who have been nurtured on the belief that the White race is their enemy and owes a debt in blood.

This Article is dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of Europe

Wherever They Reside:

"In the end all will be forgiven except treachery to the race."

How To Get Out Or Stay Out Of The Insane Asylum

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The imposing Municipal Court Room of the District of Columbia was jammed with Negroes and Negro policemen as batch after batch of the dregs of humanity were dredged up from the drunk tanks below and herded into court for their one and two minute “trials”. Judge Neilson on the bench was noted for his severe sentences and harsh judgments, and my men and I sat for hours watching him mete out two and three month sentences in jail to defendants on an assembly line schedule. We were waiting for our turn to face the old judge.

It was July 6 1960, and we were all charged with “Disorderly Conduct”, the same offense for which many were getting three months in jail. Our “offense” had consisted in trying to SPEAK (my own emphasis) on the Mall in D.C., as we had done successfully and peacefully for over three months. But, on July 3rd, after the riot in the court house in New York City, the Jews were HYSTERICAL WITH RAGE, (And I saw this first hand when the White Peoples Party protested against illegal Mexicans over 3 years ago for the hecklers were led by a Jew who openly said he was. The Jews demand 100% worship, and even God doesn’t demand that. The Jews think they are above God or having destroyed the will to worship God to transfer that worship to them for the human instinct is to worship something higher, whether human or divine.) . . . and had been calling both headquarters and the Department of National Capital Parks to threaten violence if we tried to speak again. Harold Thompson, the Director of the National Capital Parks had called on the phone to warn us that he doubted the police could protect us any longer, and sought to dissuade us from speaking any more. When this did not intimidate us, he sent us an official letter by special messenger again warning us that if we tried to speak again, the police might be unable to save us, and urging us to stop speaking, or move to a more isolated spot. He begged us at least to place all our men inside of the roped enclosure he set up around our speaking stand, instead of having them in the crowd where they could keep the attention of the most violent Jews and prevent a mob from getting organized.

We had painted a huge sign saying: ‘WARNING: U.S. OFFICIALS WARN US THAT CERTAIN GROUPS MAY RIOT HERE TO PREVENT US FROM SPEAKING. THEY SEEK TO CREATE DISORDER BECAUSE THEY DON’T DARE LET YOU HEAR AND JUDGE FACTS FOR YOURSELF! KEEP ORDER!’

I drilled our brave little band of men over and over in the tight discipline necessary to avoid being arrested fro “disorderly conduct” no matter how much they were provoked by the hysterical Jews. They were told not to fight unless physically attacked. . . . — even if spit on, as it were.

(Who would put Jews in insane asylums for their behaviors? Nothing but bouquets and awards for them and plenty of trillions and White sex.)

The week before the riot, we had had 26 of our troopers on hand in case of attack by the Jews or Negroes, but, by some stroke of fate only 11 had been able to attend on July 3rd,

and one of these was a newspaper spy who hid when the fight began and another volunteer wind-bag from Florida who ran out of the ring when the Jews struck.

We called for police again and again as we were spit on and hit with objects, but they stayed far out of operating range most of the time with folded arms. They even hid their two mounted policemen, which had previously proved most effective in stopping disorder. The horses were stationed far around the corner of the Smithsonian Museum where the Chief of the Park Police testified they could be in the “shade”, — altho he admitted that there was plenty of shade within a few yards of the howling mob.

Finally, when the Jews had worked themselves into a sufficient frenzy to be brave enough for two-hundred and fifty of them to attack our 11, they burst through the ropes and we had to fight desperately to survive. The spy fell to the ground and cowered with his head covered by his arms, and the Florida wind-bag set off for home and we haven't seen or heard from him since. Nevertheless, the 9 of us gave the Jews plenty to remember before plainclothesmen broke up the fight, and the Jews have not attacked us since.

Now I stood in Court, charged with “Disorderly Conduct,” and prepared with plenty of evidence to show WHO promoted the disorder and certain of acquittal. But before I could begin my defense, got one of the heaviest shocks of my life, although as our friends will know, I have been expecting what happened. but I was so wrapped up in righteous indignation at the charges and my facts and arguments that it very nearly caused me to lose my composure when the prosecutor stepped up and said, “Your Honor, I believe I have a prima facie showing here that this defendant may not be of sound mind and may not be competent to stand trial. Under the Federal Rules of Criminal procedure and the District Code, I move that he be committed to the Psychiatric Ward of DC General Hospital for a period of 30 days for observations”!!!!!!! (So here the Jews attack the 11 White people with 250 hysterical Jews, and the law, government and media and \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ backing them up instead of guns and bombs which they now have.)

The murmur of joy from the horde of Jews and the ADL, who had filled up the Court Room was audible. I realized immediately that, with no knowledge of the rules of procedure in insanity proceedings, I would never stand a chance against whatever devilish plans the ADL had cooked up with the prosecutor. In addition, I had had no opportunity to prepare any defense whatever, so I asked the Court for a lawyer and a continuance to get my balance and prepare a fight.

Since it was clearly my privilege to have an attorney in such serious proceedings, (my son Mikey was denied an attorney when my husband spent the \$1,500.00 I gave him when Mikey was arrested in 1991 or so and my husband demanded the judge to sentence my son without an attorney even from the state. The judge complied and Mikey was imprisoned for stealing a CD, his first offense, and all the others in the car went off scot free. Surely my son faced the same thing as this man will describe.)... the Court granted my request, and gave me a man who was an experienced police-court lawyer, but who naturally had little knowledge of the kind of political battle involved and little

imagination. Most of his practice consisted of drunk, disorderly and petty police-court cases, but he was honest and turned to with a will to help all he could.

We got a three week continuance and permission to hire our own psychiatrists to establish my sanity and competence.

Then we tried to find two Gentile psychiatrists to examine me, — and learned once again why the WHITE MAN IS BEING DRIVEN OUT OF EXISTENCE. Because of greed or cowardice or both, NOT A SINGLE PSYCHIATRIST IN THE AREA WOULD EXAMINE ME AND TESTIFY!! Finally, I found one Irishman who would examine me and who gave me a letter as to my sanity, but that was not acceptable in Court, of course. Nevertheless, it was the best we could get, so we paid him, and got the letter.

In the meantime we had been speaking regularly, even though the Interior Department had forbidden us to use our platform, loud-speaker, banners, etc.— and had even withdrawn the protective ropes and moved us to an undesirable area in D.C. which is deserted on Sundays. The Jews, who had imagined that the trial hanging over us, and the withdrawal of everything except a piece of deserted ground to speak on, we would fold up and quit, — were more hysterical than ever when we continued to speak. Even in the new place, we drew substantial crowds and lots of applause as we drove home the treason and subversion of the Jewish traitors. (And yes they were and are and will be if we stay on this path.)

So these apostles of “free speech,” again arrived in force and determined to cause a riot. This time I was familiar with their tactics, and the “hands-off” attitude of the Park Police, so I had instructed my men, on command, to surround the worst Jew inciters and shout back at them. Since the police evidently considered it the right of the Jews to scream and howl, they could not, I reasoned, deny us the right to scream back. And we had learned by experience that the Jews lose a lot of their steam when confronted with a dose of their own medicine, especially from good sized men who are not afraid of them.

When the riot-provokers began their antics, I ordered out the first two squads with folded arms. As they went forward, so did the Police — and arrested everyone of us, even the man who had done nothing from the beginning but HOLD THE AMERICAN FLAG!!!! (love his many explanation points as punctuation. I think if he could scream his emotions from the grave this is it.) A huge Negro policeman shoved us brutally into the patrol wagon and packed us off to the ugly cells at the first precinct.

As a result, before we had had a chance to find a psychiatrist and get a report on sanity, I found myself once again facing Judge Neilson. I could have forfeited “collateral” and avoided it, but as a matter of principle, we must establish our right to speak WITHOUT BEING CONVICTED FOR DISORDERLY CONDUCT EACH TIME, so I chose to face him again, come what may.

And come it did. Again the prosecutor brought up his charges of incompetence and insanity, and this time I could not get the Court to wait for my own psychiatrists. He

presented three witnesses. One was a photographer who had been at our headquarters. He testified to the signs we have up telling about the Jews, etc. but admitted on cross-examination he considered me thoroughly competent. Another was a man who had joined us last year to write a psychology paper. He acted most ashamed, as he had since learned how right we are, and did the prosecutor little good. Under cross examination, he too admitted he believed I was sane and able to stand trial.

But then the prosecutor brought out the inevitable Jew.

Dr. Shultz, the head of the D.C. General Hospital, took the stand and showed dozens of photostats of cartoons I had done for the college humor magazine “Sir Brown,” TWENTY YEARS AGO AT BROWN UNIVERSITY. Since then I had fought two wars for my Country, risen from enlisted ranks to Commander in the Navy, commanded three Navy squadrons, established two successful businesses and a currently successful national magazine, “U.S. Lady”, — and never been accused of being “sick”. The photostats were kindly donated to the prosecutor by the Anti Defamation League of B’Nai B’Rith, — the inevitable Jew! Dr. Shultz also had some of our Party Literature, and he testified he read it and it showed that I was “very probably very ‘sick’ “, — “Paranoid”! Such hatred of “nice people” (ie: Communist Jews) was evidence, he testified, that I was probably very dangerous! (There is a good bit of grim humor in that. To traitors I AM dangerous.)

Under cross-examination, the great Doctor admitted he had never even seen me before in his life and didn’t even know if the stuff given the prosecutor by the ADL was my work!!!!

But this seemed like a nice way to put an end to the Jewish pressure and agitation which was and is drivign the public officials of D.C. to injustice and even perjury in some cases. So the Judge ruled that I must be dragged off and locked up with the lunatics for a month to see if I could “understand the charges against me and assist my lawyer in my defense”!!!

For citizens who have never experienced the more brutal side of the law, it is something of a shock to discover how quickly the decorum the genteel atmosphere of the Court-room shifts to the naked force of the prison once the judge orders a commitment. As it becomes apparent that the verdict will be “guilty,” three or four husky “marshalls” slide in behind you, and, at the last word, hook a hammy hand in your belt and growl “let’s go”! You are lucky to hand your papers, etc., to a friend beside you before you are shoved out the side door and behind bars in a big cage which usually contains a herd of wretched looking criminals, mostly black, shuffling around, vomiting and spitting on the floor and all explaining how they were railroaded.

Back into the filthy tank I went with the human scum, mostly black, until the patrol wagon came to trundle a load of us off to the jail and the insane ward. Those who have never ridden in a patrol wagon on a broiling summer day with a load of unwashed blacks will not be able to imagine the peculiar nature of this refined torture. There are only four

little slits for air in the black wagon, which absorbs heat far worse than an ordinary auto in the hot sun, and it reaches well up above a hundred in only minutes. Jammed in with the reeking blacks for even a few moments is an olfactory experience never to be forgotten, to say nothing of the unbearable heat. And there is no rush to get the trip over. There are interminable waits for papers, for shifting prisoners, etc, so that the trip lasted a good hour, at the end of which even my socks were soaked with sweat and I feared I was permanently flavored with the stench of unwashed black bodies.

Finally, however, I was taken, under double guard to one of what they call the “units” at the D.C. General Hospital. After a check-in, in which even my wedding ring which has never been off was impounded, I was handed over to two Negroes and ordered to strip. My clothes were locked up, I was given a shower, and ordered to put on a degrading set of “safe” pajamas which could not be used for suicide, etc.

Then I was ushered out to the corridor and greeted by what the seedy looking herd of inmates told me was the “welcoming-committee”. This group consisted of alcoholics and dope addicts, black and white, who had been locked up there for long enough to regain some composure, and who sought sincerely to ease the shock for the newcomers like myself. But there was no easing it for me. These people were so obviously nuts or seedy or horrible that it only served to double the impression on me of being locked up in a madhouse. One had only one tooth and insisted on keeping a grisly smile on his pock-marked face. Another, a dope-fiend, had runny eyes and nose, and clammy wet hands which made me cringe as we shook hands.

After welcoming, I was led to my “room,” with a seeing eye at the top and an eternal light. Everything is done by the personnel there to pretend that the place is just like home, — but no amount of make-believe can hide the nuts and the locks on the doors. EVERY door is locked everywhere, everytime you go anyplace, —even the door to the place where they keep your toothbrushes. etc.

In all fairness, I must admit that some of the negro guards were kind and understanding, and to these I’m very grateful. I was entirely at the mercy of and in the power of Negro guards, attendants, doctors and nurses. (You will find that when I protested with the White Peoples Party against illegal Mexicans we were surrounded by all non-White police, SWAT teams, etc. We were at their mercy. You will also find that as we get older when we go into nursing homes there will be all non-White people taking care of us with Jewish heads to dictate to them our destiny!!!!)

A white face was rare.

But as might be expected, some of the guards and attendants took extreme advantage of their monstrous power over a white man, and did what they could to make life miserable. With my picture appearing on TV often in the day room, these sadists took especial delight in demonstrating their dictatorship over me. (The Jews are dictators over us and have thus made the other races dictators over us also.)

Shining their infernal lights in my eyes all night was one of their tricks, making me take a shower in the middle of the night, locking my little barred window on unbearably hot nights, and giving arbitrary orders leading to my discomfort all day were some of the other methods used by these boss negroes.

In the meantime, my brave lads were out everywhere picketing and agitating for my release, even though many of them were convinced that I was a goner, and they might follow me. But they kept the light of publicity on the case, which is the only thing preventing the Jews from eliminating me by open and brutal direct bribery, legal skullduggery and even violence.

My own thoughts were often tinged with terror as I lay in my bare cell at night. It had been so easy for Schultz to railroad me this far; – it would be even easier for them, now that I was in Shultz's own hospital, to "discover" that I was crazier than a bedbug, and lock me up without communication for life. (Surely the Jewish doctor would have done that to me if I ever told of his criminal rape.) I was even more worried about the possibilities of frontal lobotomy, — where the thinking part of the mind is neatly severed from the brain by a simple operation, or injections which would make me appear genuinely insane at any hearings. It would be SO easy it seemed.

But, as I thought and pondered the possibilities, I came to the conclusion to which proved to be true that, while the Jews do indeed have a conspiracy going, — it is not TOTAL. They can't possibly have everybody in on it, — else it would soon be no conspiracy; everybody would know all about it. The conspirators are forced to rely on a few key Jews, a few stupid or scared shabez-goy who will do what they are told for money or because of fear, a larger group of brainwashed boobs who imagine themselves "progressive" and "enlightened" because they "understand" the twaddle put out by the "liberals" as deep thought. This whole apparatus works as well as it does mostly because of the ignorance, fear and cowardice of those who discover the truth about it.

The top Jews who operate the terror and tyranny machine can survive and manipulate us exactly as the lion tamer can manipulate a cage-ful of deadly lions and tigers because the animals are too stupid and afraid of the silly crack of his whip and his chair to see the situation as it is and use this enormous power they have but are afraid to use.

That I was not insane, nobody had any doubt. But proving my sanity under the circumstances was a terrifying prospect. Psychiatry is NOTORIOUSLY JEWISH, and it is so steeped in its own involuted concepts that anyone who "differs" in our regimented society is, by their definition, NUTS. Since Negroes and Jews are obviously so lovable and valuable, failure to perceive and appreciate and worship the superior qualities of these marvels of Nature, is ipso facto evidence that the subject is a lunatic. And here I was, not only a man who professed a dislike of many jews and a refusal to mix socially with Negroes, but who openly and scientifically planned to put large number of Jewish traitors in gas chambers, and get millions of Negroes to go back to their African home! What chance had I to convince Dr. Shultz's herd of psychiatrist, whose jobs depended on

the man who had already committed himself to the proposition that I was “probably insane”? And what of Shultz himself?

The prospects were anything but bright. I am ashamed to have to admit that they were so bad, in fact, that two of my lads, men who had stuck with me through all sorts of fights and threats and jail cells now decided that the fight was over and ran off. One even went as far as Oregon, imagining that the whole Party would soon be in padded cells. (And that holds true until today for those who want to be of help to the White race “only.”)

But I was convinced that I would not only get out of that hell-hole, but that history has come to the point where evil has reached its zenith, and our rise and triumph is as inevitable as the rise of the sun after the dark of the night. (This was 50 years and nothing has changed, Jews have gotten more powerful and have taken away the Whites power and \$\$\$, wives and children.)

To make things more difficult, however, my court-appointed lawyer came to see me and whispered that he was convinced of the most monstrous plot to railroad me for life, and that my only hope lay in refusing to talk to ANYBODY, especially psychiatrists. Mr. Parker, the lawyer, had never heard of any of the facts of the Jewish conspiracy, but his short introduction to Jewish pressure, threats and tactics when he was handed my case convinced him that I was practically a goner. When I first mentioned the way the Jews work, he scoffed, but soon got panicky when he discovered that I had put it mildly. The pressure they bring on everybody and everything to get what they want in the most brutal way IS frightening the first time one is exposed to it.

But I was locked up and helpless under Dr. Shultz, and my only hope lay in THINKING my way out of the mess.

I had already discovered, in my battle to expose the Jewish traitors politically, that the conspiracy is not total, — that only a very few top people were in on the illegal aims and plan, and these depend on fear, stupidity and brilliant tactics to achieve their goals in what always must appear to be legal ways.

The major weapon against this hard core of plotters is publicity, which I had already achieved with more than satisfying results. They can't slide one into a dungeon or padded cell quietly when you succeed in becoming sufficiently notorious and well-known.

And the other weapon I discovered and perfected in that mental lock-up is the technique of dividing the top plotters from their tools.

Here is the secret which is worth life itself to my fellow battlers for America and the White Race when the enemy attempts to lock-you up and shut you up as a lunatic: MOST OF THE PEOPLE YOU FACE WILL BE SINCERE EVEN IF MISGUIDED. The Jews cannot afford to let everybody in on what they are trying to do, and they depend on brainwashing tools to do their dirty-work. The tools imagine they are full of “modern”

“progressive” ideas, etc, and SINCERELY accomplish exactly what the Jews want done for their own filthy purposes.

For instance, it is the Jews themselves who are, as a whole group, paranoiac. The major symptoms of paranoia are Delusions of Grandeur and Delusions of Persecution. For four thousand years these Jews have been ranting that they are “God’s CHOSEN people”, — a delusion which would get a single individual committed in a minute if it were not made the fetish of a whole “religion,” — and, at the same time, we are endlessly reminded, with a pitiful wails, that “Jews are persecuted,” — they are always “innocent scapegoats,” anti-Semitism is “hate_ — etc etc. These are clear-cut and inescapable proofs of paranoiac tendencies, — but the mad ones have developed a whole science, —psychiatry—to convince the world that anybody who discovers and reports this simple fact is a “paranoiac” who imagines there is a Jewish Plot. This is one of the key tenets of the Jew Freud’s ideas, along with the typical Jewish preoccupation with sex, as clearly shown in the Talmud on page after filthy page.

Knowing this, we know that the psychiatrist, when he gets hold of you, is going to be looking for these “delusions of grandeur” and “delusions of persecutions.” He is going to be waiting like a cat at a rat’s hole for you to come out with the slightest hint that YOU, (instead of the Jews) are chosen to fulfill an historical mission such as preserving the White Race, and the concomitant proposition that the Jews are “persecuting” you for trying to expose them. It makes no difference if the White Race IS being driven out of existence so far as it is the power of a group of Jews, and that you MUST fight to defend yourself from the terroristic machinations of these “chosen” apostles of tolerance and brotherhood. Facts have nothing to do with the situation. Any attempt to convince the psychiatrist who is steeped in Jewish thinking will only snap the last lock on your padded cell.

But, at the same time, the psychiatrist, if he is not a Jew himself, is still human and subject to manipulation.

Knowing the rules of his game, if you have self-control and plenty of courage, you can BEAT him at it and win his OK.

The first rule is to COOPERATE! — Instead of obeying my lawyer, (who also is taught in Jewish schools) who said not to talk at all, I volunteered to be a social worker in my cell-block for the insane blacks in need of therapy. I drew pictures for them, wrote letters for them, and talked to them, although their “conversation” was enough to send one half-way up the wall in some cases. They are looking for ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR, — any indication that you can’t “get along.” So repugnant as it may be, be friendly, popular with the coons, and make yourself liked by one and all including the guards. Above all, don’t get into a fight no matter what the provocation from the idiots, lunatics or guards. Any violence, and they can honestly testify that you “fight” are “dangerous” and must be committed.

The second rule is to be HONEST! When they sit you down with their little pads and tests and tricks, do not be afraid. They will be looking for NEGATIVE attitudes and fear itself. Take it easy and attack the tasks they give you with good will and a determination to accomplish them well and quickly. If they ask you what you see in their ink blots and smears, gear yourself to see POSITIVE things and pleasant things, — and then tell them honestly. You will see in the blots what you are SET to look for, just as a woman notices another woman's dress while a man doesn't even see it, an artist sees the painting and skill of the artist in an advertisement which a layman never notices, and an architect sees principles, details and ideas in a building which may simply be a public comfort station to the ordinary person. Do not see blood, bodies, wreckage, etc, but SET yourself to honestly see birds with handsome plumage, perhaps Japanese dancers with flowing robes, etc. If you do not thus set yourself, the gruesome atmosphere of the asylum, the guards, doctors etc will cause you to give DISHONEST reactions of doom and death, which will only drive you further into the horrors of the mental lock-up.

The third rule is to realize that, bad as is the Jewish conspiracy, it is NOT all-powerful, and it is NOT total. No matter how much more Jews cause us to feel like disliking all of them, there ARE “good Jews,” honest men who hate the conspiracy which is going on as much as we do. I owe a lot to a Jewish psychiatrist from another hospital who volunteered to come over to DC General and examine me in spite of the pressure to rush me permanently and forever into the lunatic lock-up. I trusted this man, talked freely and honestly to him, and CONVINCED HIM I WAS ON THE LEVEL AND AS SANE AS HE WAS, EVEN THOUGH OUR POLITICS WERE 100% OPPOSITE!! It was a long chance, but it paid off. He reasoned correctly that if I really were a paranoid nut, I would be totally hostile to a Jew who looked and talked like a Jew, regardless of my objective determination that he was not part of the undeniable plot to railroad me. When this Jewy – looking Jew asked me even the most embarrassing questions, I literally shocked him by telling the TRUTH without reservations. In spite of himself this Jew got to LIKE ME, — AND WENT OUT AND WROTE UP AN AFFIDAVIT that I was of sound mind and capable of standing trial. He along with another volunteer psychiatrist from St. Elizabeth's was on hand to Habeas Corpus proceedings ready to stick his neck out for me, and which would have gotten me out if I had not gotten myself out first by winning over the staff of the hospital, particularly the psychiatrist directly in charge of my lock-up or “unit.”

Dr. Shultz was head of the whole hospital and the man who got me locked up sight-unseen by telling the court I was “probably insane.” Under him was a liberal lady psychiatrist who was head of psychiatry. There was NO question of their position in the railroading scheme. And the Jews were sure that with the head of the hospital and the head of psychiatry determined to “get” me, I as a gone r.

But even all this power won't work if you keep your head and remember that not too many people can be in on a plot, or it gives itself away.

If you are ever seized and locked up as a “nut” as I as, remember that the vast majority of the people you will meet are NOT in on the deal, and will try honestly to do their jobs as

the do with the thousands of other inmates they see all the time. It is impossible for the schemers to take them all into their confidence and get them all to help “railroad” you. They depend on power and influence at the TOP to overwhelm all opposition.

Your job is to mobilize the entire body underneath in outrage at your incarceration and the plotters at the top are helpless. Not all our courts, except possibly in New York in Jewish Courts, are dishonest, and the villains know that you can summon as witnesses others beside themselves. They HAVE to give you some kind of a hearing before committing you for life, and, if you don’t get panicky and win over the entire staff of junior doctors, nurses, guards and spies on the ward — the senior schemers find themselves in the uncomfortable position of exposing their dishonesty to their own staff if they insist that you are crazy when all the others know you are not.

In my case, the doctor directly under the Chief Psychiatrist was educated almost entirely in Jewish hospitals and schools, but he was not a Jew and was, I believed, sincere. I had every opportunity to howl persecution and “plot”, — but I DIDN’T! My lawyer had told me to “clam up” and the psychiatrists knew it, but I DIDN’T. I was supposed to be a wild hate-monger, down on the world and crazy with hate of all Jews and Negroes. but I WASN’T! The Negroes liked me, the psychiatrists liked me, and I was so obviously taking the injustice of the incarceration with a good will and calm assurance that they could NOT question my sanity or personality, especially after the dose of lies they had heard from the Jews before I arrived.

Rule four, if you are locked-up as a mental case for trying to expose Jewish treason, is to remember that even the plotters are not courageous enough to resort to murder or outright Soviet-style injections, etc. What they try to do is frighten and goad you into ACTING like a nute, so they can honestly testify that you ARE staff. If you are uncooperative, howl about persecution, sulk and curse the staff, they will class you with all the REAL nuts they see all the time who do exactly those things without cause, however.

The major attack by the plotters could have been fatal to me if I had not steeled myself to a fanatical belief in my own reason. They burst into my cell one night with two negro guards, a Chinese doctor, and a Negro nurse. The nurse held aloft a huge hypodermic filled with a vile looking brownish–black fluid, and ordered me to roll over for a “shot.” I asked what it was, and they said it was “vitamins.”

Ask yourself what you would have done under similar circumstances. I knew they were determined to put me away for good, Walter Winchell (Izzy Lipshitz) had stated this was the official line on what to do with me, and I knew there were plenty of ways to drive me out of my mind by shots, etc. while I was “under observation.” Now here they come with “vitamins” in the middle of the night, tenderly thinking of my health, no doubt.

The temptation to fight, to scream, to struggle to the last ditch to avoid that “deadly” shot was overwhelming. But I didn’t do it. I believed they would not dare use such methods, since getting caught would totally wretch their scheme for good. But if they got me to

fight and scream and act insane and those WERE vitamins, any court in the world would commit me!

So I rolled over docilely and took the “shot.”

And it WAS vitamins! I could TASTE them as they coursed into my blood stream.

That little scene in my cell with the vitamins is a capsule version of what the Jews are doing to our people who try to fight them all over the Country. They get US to act like madmen and get many of us to believe that they are so all-powerful that everything which happens to us is part of their plot.

The Jews have no such all-powerful plot. They DO have a deadly plot of the top Jew-Communist-Zionists, and it is taking over the world, — not not because they are so brilliant or so daring. They have been winning because we have let them goad us into being stupid, weak and disorganized. As the Jews planned to show I was “nuts” in court because they were sure I would fight their innocent vitamin shot— they keep showing Americans how wild and crazy our side seems to be when it howls “plot” every time one of us is arrested for speeding or for violating a Court order. The law says, for instance, as it stands now, that schools must integrate. This is an ILLEGAL law, to be sure, but it does have the sanction of law at the moment, — and the FBI for instance, MUST enforce it. When rabid “Southerners” join the Communist Worker in damning the FBI for enforcing that law,— or the Constitutional Amendment which says Negroes are citizens and can vote, they are “fighting the vitamin shot” and convincing millions whom we must win that they are just what the Jews say we are, “hate mongers,” and lawless terrorists. The proper remedy is to CHANGE the illegal law, not fight honest police and FBI for enforcing the laws WE ALLOW TO BE MADE by a cowardly Congress and a trained-ape Supreme Court. (What would he say now of a Supreme Court that is head by 3 1/2 Jews of 9 and no Protestant White males and a black President, with a Jew with the last name of “Emanuel” meaning “messiah” for a side kick? He is surely rolling in his grave!)

When you out THINK them, and then back up your reason with GUTS, as I had to do with the vitamins and as we are doing with our Nazi party, they are WHIPPED and dumbfounded!

By the exercise of REASON and GUTS instead of wild emotion and “righteous wrath” at the illegal incarceration, I won over the DR’s under Shultz and the lady liberal psychiatrist, and these people had the courage to defy the two top bosses and declare that I was sane in TEN DAYS in spite of the hysteria of the Chief of Psychiatry, who was shouting; “You’re SICK! SICK! SICK! even as I left the lock-up.

The Fable Of The Ducks And Hens

Many, many years ago,
When animals could speak.
A wondrous thing the ducks befell,
Their tale is quite unique.
Down by a pond dwelt all these ducks,
Ten thousand at the least.
Their duckish joys were undisturbed
By any man or any beast.
One day down near the entrance gate,
There was an awful din.
A hundred hens all out of breath
Were begging to come in.
Oh let us in! these poor birds cried,
Before we do expire!
Tis only by the merest inch
That we escaped the fire!
Their feathers burned, their combs a droop,
They were the saddest sight.
They'd run a hundred miles or more,
All day and then all night.
Come, come in! the ducks all quacked,
For you our hearts do bleed!
We'll share our happy lot with you,
Just tell us what you need!
And so these poor bedraggled hens
Amongst the ducks moved in.
For, after all, the ducks declared,
We're sisters 'neath the skin.
Before too many months had passed,
The hens were good as new.
They sent for all their rooster friends,
And these were welcomed too.
To please their host, these chickens tried
To waddle and to quack.
To simulate the duckish ways
They quickly learned the knack.
This pleased the flock of ducks because
It gratified their pride.
...But hear my tale and learn how they
Got taken for a ride.
The ducks, it seemed, spent all their time
In fixing up their place,
In growing food and building homes
And cleaning every space.

They asked the hens what they would do
To earn their daily bread.
We'll teach and write and entertain,
And buy and sell, they said.
And so these hens began to teach
The baby ducks and chicks.
They traded food and eggs and things,
With many clever tricks.
They wrote great books & put on shows,
Of genius they'd no lack.
It wasn't long till chickens owned
The Duckville Daily Quack.
One day a mother duck who took
Her ducklings to the lake,
Was flabbergasted when one said,
A swim I will not take!
Why ducklings always swim! she gasped,
It's what you're built to do!
Like bunnies hop, and crickets chirp,
And cows most always moo!
Your just old fashioned, a fuddy duck,
That stuff is all old hat!
It's wrong for birds to swim; ...besides,
It's too cold on my little pratt!
Oh fie! the mother duck exclaimed,
You're talking like a fool!
Up quacked the other ducks and said,
He's right! Ms. Hen taught us that in school!
Such things must stop! the mother cried,
Those hens can't teach such lies!
For sheer ingratitude and nerve,
I'm sure this takes the prize!
...But she was wrong, for even then
The hens did thump the tub.
Demanding they be let into,
The Duckville Swimming Club.
But you don't swim! the ducks all cried,
To join, why should you care?
That's not the point! the hens replied,
To exclude us isn't fair!
The younger ducks, who'd been to school,
Agreed right there and then,
To keep them out is bigotry!
T'would just be ANTI-HEN...!
Outnumbered by the younger ducks,
The old ducks soon did loose;

They agreed to let the hens all in,
If they would pay the dues.
That night the Duckville Daily Quack
Contained this banner spread:
Reactionary Ducks Are Licked!
DUCKVILLE MOVES AHEAD!
Down at the Duckville Gaiety,
The younger set laughed with glee,
At cracks about Old Fuddy' Ducks
In burlesque repartee.
Next day the hens were at the club,
A petition they'd sent around.
They objected to the swimming fund
With fury and with sound.
You use our dues to fix the pond,
to keep it neat and trim.
And this is wrong, they said, Because
You know we do not swim!
God help us! cried a wise old duck,
These chickens have gone mad!
We'll take this to the court, by George,
And justice will be had!
But when they went up to the judge,
Imagine their dismay!
A CHICKEN-JUDGE decreed that they
Had a heavy fine to pay!
Minorities must have their rights!
The judge declared right then.
To use hen's dues to fix the pond
Is very ANTI-HEN...!
Once more the Duckville Daily Quack
Emblazoned across the page:
Old Foggy Ducks Refuse to See
The Great New Coming Age!
In Duckville church on Sunday morn,
The preacher spoke these words,
Discrimination's got to stop!
Remember we're all birds!
The wisest duck in all the town
Sat down in black despair.
I'll write a book, he thought, and then
This madness I will bare!
Let Swimmers Swim, let Hoppers Hop,
Let Each One Go His Way.
Let No One Coerce a Fellow Bird!
Was what he had to say.

Twas wrong to force the hens to swim
So here's the problem's crux;
It's just as bad for hens to try
To chicken-ize our ducks!
I can't print that, the printer said,
Twill put me in a mess!
My shop is mortgaged to the hens,
The chickens own my press!
This worried duck then tried to warn
His friends by speech and pen.
Young ducks fresh from school just jeered
He's one of those vicious Anti-Hens...!
Now up the stream a little way
Was Gooseville, on the lake.
The hens had come to Gooseville too,
But the Geese were more awake.
When the hens began to spoil the young
And Gooseville's laws to flout,
The Geese Rose Up in Righteous Wrath
And Simply Threw Them Out...!!!
Of course, you know where they all ran;
On Duckville they converged.
We've got to take these refugees.
Was all Duckville's hens had urged.
The Duckville Daily Quack declared:
These Geese Will Stop at Naught!
They Plan to Conquer all the World!
Atrocities They've Wrought!
That's right! the young ducks agreed,
We'll help our fellow birds!
These Geese have plans to conquer us!
...We've read the Quack's own words!
They let the hens from Gooseville in,
The whole bedraggled pack.
.... And every hen took up a job
on the Duckville Daily Quack!!
When the Duckville mayor's term was up,
The Quack put up it's Duck;
A vain and stupid duck was he,
A veritable ... cluck!
But when he praised the wild young ducks,
And cursed the evil Geese,
The Quack declared he was all wise,
His praise would never cease.
The hens chipped in to help this cluck
Give grain away for free.

The old ducks sadly shook their heads,
The writing they could see.
And sure enough, this stupid duck,
He was elected mayor.
From this point on, The Duckville ducks,
They never had a prayer.
The Mayor said, Gooseville must GO!
We'll wipe them off the map!
While Duckville slept, the scheming hens
For Gooseville set the trap.
They called the Geese by filthy names;
They filled their pond with sticks.
They helped the weasels catch the Geese,
and other hennish tricks.
The Geese got mad and threw the sticks,
It's WAR! the Quack announced.
We ducks must Fight those evil Geese,
Till they've been soundly trounced!
The ducks (who knew not of the tricks
Indulged in by the mayor),
Were filled with patriotic zeal,
And pitched right in for fair!
So when the ducks whipped the Geese,
The Mayor called Retreat!!
Our HENVILLE friends should really take
Gooseville's big main street!
The hens were back in Gooseville now;
They starved and beat the Geese.
They prayed for Peace — but organized
The HENVILLE ARMED POLICE!!!
They drained the Geese's swimming pond,
They De-Goose-ified their schools;
They wrung the Gooseville mayor's neck
On lately made-up rules.
They formed a council of the hens;
UNITED BIRDS the name.
The other birds who joined the thing
Did not perceive the game.
No sooner had they set this up,
Than they announced their hennish plan:
To seize up Swanville as a home
For all their hennish clan.
They took a vote among the hens,
And everyone approved!
Swanville was for HENS! they said,
Way back, before we moved,

And so they kicked the swans all out,
With Duckville's help and power
And Duckville couldn't understand
Why swans, on them turned sour.
By this time, Duckville was a mess,
The young ducks had all gone mad.
They stole and laughed at Truth and Law;
They went completely bad.
The hens were selling Loco Weed
in every nasty den.
But ducks who dared to mention this,
Were labeled ANTI-HEN...!
The hens all preached of Tolerance,
They invoked the Golden Rule,
But they subsidized the indigent,
The greedy and the fool.
At last the very dumbest ducks
Began to smell a rat.
This mayor is no good! they cried,
And we will soon fix that!
But the hens had planned for even this
A candidate they had,
Whom even wise old ducks believed
Just never could be bad.
This Hen-tool duck whipped the Geese,
A soldier Duck was he.
Although the hens had set him up,
The Ducks all thought him free.
This Hen-tool got elected,
Through ignorance and greed,
Through hennish lies in Press & Speech,
Through Bribes of Chicken Feed.
The hens now kicked the ducks around
Without a blush of shame,
Until the mayor ran the town
In nothing else but name.
They pumped the Duck's pond all dry;
They taught the ducks to crow,
While duckish numbers dwindled,
The hens began to grow.
The hens stirred up the happy crows
From out of the piney wood,
To Fight to Mix and Marry ducks
in the name of Brotherhood.
Things got so bad that fifty ducks,
Who knew the days gone by;

Took up their wives and children
And decided that they'd fly.
They flew through storms and tempest;
They froze, and many died.
But on they drove, until, at last,
A lovely lake they spied.
They settle down exhausted,
But soon went straight to work;
To build and clear and cultivate,
No danger did they shirk.
Now after many years of toil,
This little band had grown.
The fields around were full of grain
From seeds that they had sown.
The first ducks were long since dead;
Their struggles long had ceased.
Through hard work and suffering,
Their joys had been increased.
One day down near the entrance gate
There was an awful din;
A hundred hens, all out of breath,
Were begging to come in.
Oh, let us in! these poor birds cried,
Before we do expire!
Tis only by the merest inch....

... ..

....This epic really has no end,
Because No matter how you fight em,
Those HENS'll show up Every Time.
And So, ...Ad Infinitum ...!!!

Battle Song

We march and fight, to death or on to victory
Our might is right, no traitors shall prevail
Our hearts are steeled against the fiery gates of hell
No shoot or shell, can still our mighty song.

Our sword is truth, our shield is faith and honor
In age or youth, our hearts and minds we pledge
Though we may day, to save our people and our land
This cause will stand, our millions marching on.

We close our ranks, in loyalty and courage
To god our thanks, for comrades tried and true
Let traitors quail, and fear the wrath of honest men
Who rise again, to smash the devil's throng.

We march and fight, to death or on to victory
Our might is right, no traitors shall prevail
Our hearts are steeled against the fiery gates of hell
No shot or shell, can still our mighty song.