

WHITE POWER



George Lincoln Rockwell

[Chapter 1 - DEATH RATTLE](#)

[Chapter 2 - SPIRITUAL SYPHILIS](#)

[Chapter 3 - THE CHART FORGERS](#)

[Chapter 4 - CROOKED CAPTAINS](#)

[Chapter 5 - THE SHIP WRECKERS](#)

[Chapter 6 - A CLOSE LOOK AT THE CROOKS](#)

[Chapter 7 - FRIENDS OF THE CAPTAIN](#)

[Chapter 8 - FRIENDS OF THE CREW](#)

[Chapter 9 - THE BLACK PLAGUE](#)

[Chapter 10 - THE FACTS OF RACE](#)

[Chapter 11 - NIGHTMARE](#)

[Chapter 12 - FIFTY YEARS OF FAILURE](#)

[Chapter 13 - WHITE IMPERIUM](#)

[Chapter 14 - WHITE REVOLUTION](#)

[Chapter 15 - NATIONAL SOCIALISM](#)

[Chapter 16 - WHITE POWER](#)

REPRODUCED WITH GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO THE



[WHO FIRST PRODUCED THIS BOOK ON THE WEB](#)

[-ARTICLES-](#)

DEATH RATTLE

Sitting in the darkened theatre, you are at first conscious of the audience coughing, and whispering. Then there is the rustling noise of the curtain going up a very silent noise, but you can hear it. The stage is pitch black. A powerful spotlight stabs into the darkness. It reveals a live chicken crucified on a miniature cross. You hear the audience gasp almost in unison.

Then a young girl in leotards comes out, slashes the throat of the chicken, unties its wings and legs from the cross and lets it run around the stage with its blood spurting until it falls dead. The stage lights up. The girl takes off her leotards, and picks up a large doll. Howling and giggling, she twists the arms and legs off the doll. Then she lies down, naked, and a huge male comes out with a razor -and shaves the White girl's private parts. They get into a burlap bag and, standing up, engage in sexual intercourse. Finally, the girl emerges from the bag and her naked flesh is rubbed all over with wet spaghetti.

You have just been to a performance of the "New Theatre," a "happening" - a classic example of the way Shakespeare has been "improved" by Jean-Jacques Lebel, the producer of the above nightmare.

Not to be outdone by "Whites," the Negro race is doing its share to create the same sort of "New Theatre." TIME magazine reports that Le Roi Jones, the Negro "playwright," puts on a play appropriately called "The Toilet." As the curtain goes up, we see a White boy being held with his head in a urinal by a Negro, while other Negroes actually urinate on the White boy on stage.

According to Le Roi's play, the White boy has been trying to get the Negroes to engage in homosexual acts with him, and the Negroes are chastising him by beating him up, stuffing his head in the urinal and actually urinating on his face.

Not only is this play actually staged, without public protest, but U.S. tax payers subsidized this degeneracy with \$40,000 in federal funds; (U. S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT, December 13, 1965)

In Berkeley, California, the newspaper at the University of California advertises naked sex orgies of the Sexual Freedom League. There are advertisements such as "Slave wants Master," in which masochists want sadists to chain and beat them. These degenerates now brazenly push for naked sex and homosexuality - IN PUBLIC. Their program states, "We would rather see a sex organ in the hands of a child than a war toy." They do not specify WHOSE sex organ. This is distributed freely to innocent young girls on the campus.

In San Francisco, under the auspices of a rabbi, the homosexuals hold a formal "ball." In Washington, D. C., in the Sheraton-Park Hotel, the homosexuals, both "male" and "female" hold an official convention, and lobby against any restrictions on their spreading filth. They picket the White House for freedom to "marry" each other. Queers DO get "married" and live

together in public. And nobody really protests!

Women have been wearing pants for such a long time that it is no longer noticed. But now the "American Observer" newspaper reports that "men" are taking to long hair, cosmetics, perfume, lipstick, and feminine clothes as "high fashion," until it's hard to tell males from females any more among so-called young "mods." Finally, the first skirts are appearing on men!

The Associated Press tells us, on May 22, 1966, that there is a huge, million-dollar business in making FALSE EYELASHES for U.S. businessmen! - not just for queers, but ordinary businessmen!

TIME magazine for December 9, 1966, describes a Boston opera production including a wild and completely nude SEX ORGY on stage. Herds of animals are slaughtered and naked men and women run riot! This is taken seriously as "art." The police do nothing.

United Press International reports that Richmond Professional Institute, with lovely White girls in attendance, has chosen a negress, Beatrice Wynn, as "Beauty Queen" in once-proud Richmond, Virginia. Again, no protest!

In Middlesex, England, (a White nation even further along on the road to degeneracy than the U.S.A.) the District Post for March 25, 1965, presents a photograph of a college play about Christ and the Disciples. Christ is portrayed by a Jamaican Negro, while all the White Disciples are shown on their knees before this arrogant black buck, posing as Jesus Christ. In Berkeley, California, an "Anti-Vietnam War Committee" puts out a booklet telling American youth how to duck military service. The pamphlet, called "Brief Notes on Ways and Means of Beating the Draft," list the following methods for our youth to avoid fighting for their country.

1. Be a conscientious objector (with details on how to do this).
2. Agitate at the Induction Center, wear anti-war signs, etc.
3. Refuse to sign the oath of loyalty to the U.S.A.
4. Act queer. "Flick your wrist, hold cigarettes delicately, move like chicks do."
5. Get a fake doctor's note that you are "sick," by buying the doctor.
6. Have an epileptic fit on the floor (with full details on how to act it out).
7. Get a jail record for a lot of misdemeanors.
8. Be "nuts." Tell them you're a secret agent for "God."
9. Arrive roaring drunk.
10. Arrive "high" on heroin.
11. Go without a shower for weeks. (Stink, have long hair, go barefoot, talk far-out.)
12. Be a foul-up. Do everything wrong, cause trouble.
13. Be antagonistic, smoke where it's prohibited, fight, argue, raise hell, etc.
14. Be a bed-wetter. "If they don't believe you, prove it!"

All of this is being done OPENLY, in violation of the Federal laws against sedition, etc. but nobody does anything about it! (Can you imagine what would have happened if anybody had tried this when HITLER was the enemy?) Nobody stops this sedition!

On April 26, 1966, United Press reports that the historic Old South Church in Boston conducted a Sunday "worship" service in which the congregation "frugged" in the aisles, as shown by the incredible picture. No real protest.

A Negro preacher halts traffic in Boston, dares the police to arrest him, and tells the black

mob that if he IS arrested, they will "rock Boston." This "gentleman" is not arrested, (Boston Record, June 18, 1966)

The San Francisco Examiner, June 17, 1966, reports that the United States regularly helps Castro send arms to the Communists in Vietnam with which to kill Americans, by passing Castro's arms ships through "our" Panama Canal. Meanwhile, the U.S. Navy guards Castro from Cuban anti-Communist patriots trying to recapture their own country, and sends any Cuban patriots they catch to PRISON!

The New Haven Register, November 29, 1965, reports that American widows and mothers of servicemen killed fighting Communism in Vietnam are being harassed all night long with vile phone calls from Reds who gloat over the deaths of their loved ones!

In Dos Palos, California, United Press reports that Jack E. Mulkey, Superintendent of the Poverty War in that area, was "fighting poverty" by buying tuxedos for Negroes so they can go to dances in style!

Associated Press and Reuters report that a chimpanzee named Cindy-Lou in the Worcestershire Zoo, near London, has "astonished the art world with a series of dazzling abstract paintings". A descendant of master painter, Sir ,Joshua Reynolds reports that these "wonderful" ape-paintings are worth hundreds of dollars each!

In an officer's club in Murnau, Germany, according to TIME magazine, a Major Robert G. Wallace passes two thousand dollars in bad checks. When the Army seeks to punish him for thus dishonoring his American uniform and for the crime of passing worthless checks (\$2,000 worth) the U.S. Court of Appeals turns him loose - saying that since the money was used to gamble, he could not be held to blame for writing any amount of bad checks! No national outrage.

In Cleveland, Philadelphia and many other cities, police officers are forbidden to interfere with Negroes openly looting stores. For centuries, looting has been dealt with by shooting all looters, out of hand. Our "leaders" do nothing.

TIME magazine reports on September 2, 1966, that one of America's top writers, Norman Mailer ("The Naked and the Dead"), now concentrates on the bowel. "Man's nature," says this Jewish playwright, "can be divined by the color, the shape, the size of the movement of his bowel contents!" This "artist" regularly appears on national TV and has his books published. No outraged protest.

While Jewish groups have managed to get Christmas Carols outlawed in many schools in New Jersey, California, New York, Illinois and many other states, Negro groups are actually agitating for NEGRO SANTA CLAUSES - and GETTING them! The Cleveland Press, December 17, 1966, reports they even have a union, 'The Union of Negro Santa Clauses' lobbying for black Santa Clauses in stores. Can you IMAGINE the effect of setting YOUR little toddler on the knee of a BLACK Santa Claus? If the kid cries, the case is no doubt referred to the State Discrimination Commission and the toddler sent to reform school for being a "hater."

All over Washington, our top diplomats and dignitaries engage in drunken orgies of dancing the "frug" and the "watusi". Photos are made of our leaders appearing in sexual poses exactly like those of naked cannibals in Africa.

In San Francisco, a Negro named Harry Dedrick runs a shoeshine parlor. He has hired topless, White girls to shine Negroes' shoes!

A press dispatch on August 9, 1961, reports that a Negro mother of 14 illegitimate children in Newark, New Jersey, blames her plight on lack of relief money. She told New Jersey State Senator Grossi that, although she had received more than sixteen thousands dollars in relief money, this amount of money was so small that she was "forced to cohabit with men." No protest.

In Berkeley, California, students kidnap a female dean and hold her hostage over night, while the police and administration do nothing. When the police finally arrest one student, mobs surround the car. They imprison the officers for more than a day and most of a night, using the top of the police car as a platform for speeches blasting the university and the police.

The prisoner is released! Nobody is disciplined in any way for all this hell. Then the same students parade around the university with signs reading "F-ck!" and other "freedom" words. Still no discipline or resistance!

In the middle of the United States, we have set up the world's biggest spy and subversion center, the "United Nations." The first General Secretary of this infamous "Trojan horse" in our midst, was none other than Alger HISS, since convicted of perjury and exposed officially as a SOVIET SPY, working to destroy the United States of America, while he was a top officer of "our" state Department AND the Secretary General of the United Nations in San Francisco. Not only does nobody protest, but last year, when this convicted traitor spoke at Princeton University, he was CHEERED by Americans!

The Washington Post of November 19, 1966, reports that the Chief Judge of the D.C. Courts has reprimanded police and prosecutors for daring to charge a Negro named Watts with "threatening the President!" At a (Communist) Du Bois Club rally on the grounds of the Washington Monument, Watts shouted that he "would not serve if drafted" and that if he got a rifle in his hands, "the first person I'd shoot would be the President." If you or I said that, we'd be gone. This Black Communist not only howls that threat against our President in our capital, but gets caught with a package of dope on him - and the police are cussed out by the judge for arresting him!

Richard Wagner's great opera, Tannhauser, is performed in Bavreuth, Germany, with "Venus" played by a Negress, Leontvne Price.

Walter Jenkins is arrested for soliciting homosexual degeneracy in the men's room of the Washington, D.C. YMCA. It turns out that Mr. Jenkins is the closest personal aide to the President of the United States, who does everything possible to cover up the arrest.

Meanwhile, Jenkins and the President are famous for conducting nude swimming parties in

the White House pool, and almost forcing other top U.S. administrators to strip and swim naked with them. After the hullabaloo dies down, Jenkins moves from Washington to a few miles from LBJ's ranch in Texas. No mention in the press.

The Santa Barbara High School puts on the play "King Arthur's Round Table." Sir Launcelot, the lover of Queen Guinevere, is played by a six-foot Negro football player.

In literally tens of thousands of Jobs, White men are fired or passed over for promotion, especially in the federal government, to make jobs available to admittedly incompetent Negroes! Harry Golden recommends \$100 billion be given outright to Negroes by White taxpayers! Negro labor leader A. Philip Randolph goes before Congress and demands a \$185 billion gift to Negroes! Americans accept this arrogance meekly.

Sammy Davis, Jr., the Negro-Jew entertainer, plays "the fastest gun in the West" in "The Rifleman" TV show. When this one-eyed Jewish Negro appears in the western town, we are shown all the White men running and hiding. Americans swallow this without protest.

In Washington, D.C., police corner a Negro rapist in an elevator, stuck between floors, with his White female victim still terrified in there with the Black rapist. Before police break in to rescue the White girl and capture the Negro, they have to read the criminal a speech about his "rights," his privilege of remaining silent and his right to have a lawyer, for fear he might shout something "incriminating!" Madness! - and nobody cares enough to stop it!

All over the country, although it is not being reported except in isolated incidents, Negroes are using a new robbery technique. 15 or 20 tough Negro males walk into a small store and, at a given signal, run out with armfuls of goods. Nothing much can be done about it, since they are BLACK.

Arrogant traitors parade through American streets burning American flags, and flying enemy Vietcong flags, the flags under which enemy troops are now killing American boys. I try to get the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Birchers, Klan - anybody - to help stop this unspeakable outrage. Nobody will do a thing except talk about it. So I - George Lincoln Rockwell - go out and tear down the first enemy flags in the District of Columbia. And I go to jail for it! My brave lads in Los Angeles, Seattle, Dallas, New York - everywhere - keep tearing down the commie red flags - and going to jail! So the American Legion passes resolutions condemning us as "tied in with the Communists." So do the Birchers!

Meanwhile, "peace" marchers sell and wear rings made from metal of American airplanes in which our sons and brothers died over Vietnam. Nobody protests.

In San Francisco, firemen going into the tinderbox Hunter's Point Negro section are regularly beaten, stoned and shot at. The firemen can get no protection from cowardly politicians and picket San Francisco City Hall demanding protection. They get none!

In Boston, Negro schools are so dangerous the Board of Education can't get any teachers to go in among these vicious Blacks. So they offer a thousand dollar bonus for teachers to face

the razors, knives, rape and filth-"Combat Pay" it is called in the press. But it is not enough. Teachers still balk at braving the black hell. (Washington Post, Jan. 13, 1967)

Washington, D. C. once had the best schools in the nation. Then it desegregated. Now the schools are overwhelmingly black, after almost all the Whites moved to suburbs. So the D. C. schools have become among the worst in the country- so bad that the race-mixers who ruined them now claim that children attending them are "deprived".

Police officers have to be stationed in the halls of these Negro schools, the rooms and halls smell of urine, windows are all smashed out every year, and it is almost impossible to get good teachers to put up with the attacks and abuse heaped on them by Black pupils.

The government builds tremendous, multi-million dollar "slum clearance" modern apartment buildings, and turns them over to Negroes almost free. The fine new buildings promptly become vile slums, with elevators unsafe and often inoperative from all the Negro urine which literally shorts out the wires and rots the cables and flooring.

Washington, D.C. papers run advertisements for the new "Watergate Apartments," which boast that these new apartments have closed-circuit TV to guard all passageways, electrified fences, armed guards at all entrances and the rest of the things common to a PRISON. Negro crime is so rampant in the capital of the United States that a Congressman is stabbed in his offices by a Black savage.

A Congressman's secretary is stabbed as she kneels in prayer in a church. Women in D. C. office buildings must use the ladies rooms only in pairs, because the Blacks lie in wait in rest rooms for unwary, helpless women alone! The Supreme Court of the U. S. provides its secretaries with armed escorts to the women INSIDE its building!

High school girls coming to visit their nation's capital in the spring are regularly ravished by sex-crazy Black bucks and even the White school boys are now victims of gangs of Black teenagers who "shake them down" for money, watches and other valuables. Nobody dares point out that this is NEGRO crime. Everybody deplores the "crime wave," but it's "hate" to identify the Black criminals, who commit 85% of serious crime (FBI reports).

Tens of thousands of these Blacks, most of them living on "welfare" provided by hard-working White people, have openly organized what they openly call a "Black Revolution," in which they violently attack our cities, policemen, firemen and anybody who is White.

They scream, "Burn, baby, burn!", and loot millions of dollars of goods from stores, right under the noses of our policemen (who are usually ordered by politicians to do nothing). And they boast that, if we don't give them what they want, they will "tear down everything Western Civilization stands for," as Stokely Carmichael puts it. There is no real resistance. In fact, at colleges, Carmichael gets standing ovations from White students for his "GET WHITEY" speeches.

On almost any magazine stand these days you can buy dozens of paperback books and magazines devoted to the most disgusting pornography, depravity and homosexuality-

emphasizing enlarged male genitals and showing nude men caressing each other!

A Negro from the Watts section of Los Angeles wins an art prize with a sculpture consisting of the broken window of an automobile, an old generator, a busted oil can and some odd, dirty junk, all welded together. Another "great" "sculptor"-Lipshitz-wins another "art" prize and has his work exhibited in the White House.

On October 26, 1965, two Chicago police officers are attacked by two Puerto Ricans. To quote the UPI dispatch of March 8, 1966, "The officers encountered Suarez and Rodriguez in an alley, where they said Suarez was waving a broken beer bottle. They pulled their service revolvers, identified themselves as policemen, and ordered Suarez to drop the bottle. Instead Suarez slashed Officer Desutter in the face. He was scarred for life."

When the case went to trial before Negro Judge Leighton, the judge freed the two colored citizens and cussed out the cops . "The police officer has no business to pull a gun and attack a citizen," said the judge. "What is a citizen supposed to do when he is approached by two officers with a gun? It is not a crime to walk down a street with a broken beer bottle." Nothing is done.

The VIRGINIA SUN TIMES, for March 9, 1965, reports that a Private Burchell of Reno, Nevada, conducted a "lie-in" against the U. S. Army, in the Guard House. Burchell claimed the "right" to get out of the Guard House and the Army, and to win the "right," he refused to eat, wear a uniform, drill, or do "anything except lie in his sack."

The Army CAPITULATED to this "lie-in" and discharged Burchell, as he demanded!

In Leb's restaurant in Atlanta, Negroes invaded the restaurant, urinated on the tables, and defecated on the floors and chairs! None of these people were arrested.

On March 11, 1965, United Press reporting the Negro march on Montgomery, reported that "about 200 boys and girls. . . stood at a given signal and relieved themselves in the street!"

An exhibition of "modern art" features a gigantic statue of a female called "She." The statue lies on its back, with the breasts touching the ceiling of the exhibition hall, and its legs spread wide. Visitors enter and leave through a tremendous aperture between the legs! (Ramparts, October 1966)

Crucified chickens, naked sex-orgies on stage, bowel-movement prophets, businessmen wearing lipstick and false eyelashes . . . !

As painful as it has been for me, I have steeled myself to set down these almost unbelievable samples of rot and insanity infecting our civilization.

But the real depth of the problem cannot be gauged by these mere symptoms of degeneracy.

To plumb the depth of our plunge toward hell, one must examine the less sensational course

of our every-day affairs, and the astounding way we tolerate growing horror in our daily lives.

Take a look at what YOU put up with every day of the year - what millions and millions of us meekly tolerate!

Just a few generations ago our forefathers fought a desperate war against the mightiest power on earth - the British army and navy - over relatively minor taxes on tea and some stamps required on legal documents. They fought a bloody war for the right to help set those small taxes.

Today, not only do we have literally thousands of different taxes on stamps, tea and everything else, but they have **STOLEN OUR MONEY TOO!**

Literally!

They've done it so gradually that we have actually allowed ourselves to be robbed, just as surely as if it were done by bandits with pistols.

Our grandfathers could guard against future insecurity by saving up actual gold coins. Many young people today have never **SEEN** a gold coin. They don't miss what they have never experienced. And too few of the rest of us stop to think about it all, so we never remind them.

Franklin D. Roosevelt started the robbery by decreeing that **YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY GOLD.**

FOREIGNERS CAN GET ALL THE U.S. GOLD THEY WANT - BUT NOT YOU!

In the hysteria of a depression, people let Roosevelt and his gang take away every last gold coin we had. It's illegal for you to own them.

People tolerated this outrage because, we were told, the gold was held in safekeeping for us at Fort Knox. It said, right on our paper money, that it was backed by that gold (at Fort Knox). My older readers may remember the "Gold Certificates," which were orange-colored instead of green, and redeemable in solid gold.

Then, after the people had become accustomed to the idea of not being allowed to have their gold, but only the certificates standing for that gold, they went a step further.

They withdrew the gold certificates. They took away the gold backing for our paper money, and replaced it with "Silver Certificates." People went along with this, too, since they felt they could always fall back on the solid silver behind the paper.

Then, in 1964, the thieves moved ahead to step three: they changed the paper money again, and took away even the promise to pay for the paper in silver. Take a look at the paper money in your pocket. Unless it is a rarity, it no longer says "Silver Certificate," as it did only a few years ago. Now it just says "Federal Reserve Note."

And what does THAT mean? Literally NOTHING! You can get neither gold nor silver coin for the paper.

But still there was actual SILVER in the pockets of Americans; dimes, quarters, half-dollars and silver "cartwheels." We still had something of real value.

Finally, in 1965, they took the last step and removed the silver from the coinage. Now the coins in your pocket are as worthless as the paper - just slugs.

And all this time, FOREIGNERS can and do drain YOUR gold - the gold our ancestors sweat and died to win for America. Foreigners take BILLIONS of dollars worth of gold in periods of weeks. As I dictate these words, foreigners have the right to "call" more of our remaining gold at Fort Knox than is available, leaving you - and your country - penniless.

Our great-great-granddaddies fought and won a bloody war over PENNIES and taxes on tea and stamps.

Yet the present generation doesn't make any effective protest even when it is ROBBED by its government and given worthless paper and slugs for its gold, while the gold is being hauled out of the country by arrogant foreigners who are getting it FREE - as "foreign aid!"

Meanwhile, even the paper money and credit we still have left is taxed at a higher rate (an average of more than 25% total of all taxes) than anything ever known in history under a supposedly free government. Most Americans meekly work about two days out of every week, not to take care of themselves and their dear ones, or even to help OUR nation- but to send wheat, food, machinery and our services to Communists, cannibals and criminal gangsters posing as "statesmen" in Africa, Haiti, Asia, India, etc., and loafing Negroes in America, Much of what we send to India for instance is devoured by millions of sacred COWS and rats- while there are hungry Americas right here at home!

Never in history has a great people so meekly submitted to outrageous robbery and payment of tribute to its ENEMIES!

Millions of fine American young people who would like to get married, and should be able to, can't - because they can't afford it!

So while they work to save enough money to have good American kids, their money is taken in taxes and in gold to enable foreigners and Blacks in Africa and here to have swarms of Black kids on OUR money - on "foreign aid" and "welfare!"

Instead of having a sweet little White American baby, American couples must work hard to produce African kids, Asian kids and kids of nations which openly hate us, and millions of illegitimate Black babies living on welfare here in America!

Meanwhile, take a ride out on a main road near any big city in what are called the "rush

hours." You can't move. You sit, bumper to bumper, jammed in by the enormous crush of PEOPLE. We are almost swamped with people, polluting the air with the cars and manufacturing for too many people, polluting the water with the flood of sewage from too many people, jamming every road, every public and private facility with too many people. And there are such a hellish number MORE people on the way that even the liberals and the United Nations experts cringe. They babble about birth control.

But while we already suffer from such a log-jam of population, and limit our own numbers by birth control, our "leaders" are regularly letting down the bars for more and more immigration! We have recently gone all the way in this insanity and opened up the country to the endless millions and millions and millions from teeming Asia and Africa.

If you live in or near a big city, is it necessary for me to inform you of what has been done to our beautiful parks?

New York's Central Park is perhaps the most horrifying example in America. This refreshing patch of green in the dingy stone canyons of Manhattan was once a haven for nature-starved humanity toiling and living in the depressing artificiality of a great city.

But then came the "love-mongers" with their "equality" propaganda and the resulting flood of savage Africans from Harlem. Today, no amount of policing can make Central Park safe for honest citizens, especially women. The Park has been almost formally given up to the Black Terror -to African savagery!

It is the same in all the big cities. In Chicago, they have had to rip up the shrubbery in the many small parks scattered throughout the city, because the bushes were used by lurking Blacks to attack White passers-by, especially women. Nor is it only the city parks which have been abandoned to the spawn of the jungle by those who created them.

The streets of America, even in small towns, have become the hunting grounds for growing swarms of criminals, almost all of them BLACK. In the face of this danger, the obvious, tried and true methods by which police once kept the streets safe have been abandoned, and the police handcuffed with a crazy pattern of restrictions, so that YOU are no longer able to depend on police to protect you. Many policemen, understandably, would rather look the other way than take the chance of jail or losing their job for stopping a Black criminal and then being accused of "police brutality," or starting a riot.

If the reader is a young man, he PERSONALLY faces a horror none of us in previous generations ever had to face.

In all wars before Korea and Vietnam, our leaders at least tried to WIN - they didn't risk our lives without letting us use every weapon we had to defend ourselves and beat the enemy. But as I dictate these lines, young Americans boys, armed only with a pistol and a flashlight, are being sent down filthy tunnels after the deadly Vietcong guerillas!

All that would be necessary to save the lives of many of these kids would be to squirt TEAR GAS down these holes, forcing the red rats out.

But since "world opinion" would raise a hue and cry about even tear gas, we sent those kids down there in the dark and death for NOTHING! Tear gas is reserved only for use on our OWN people, such as college girls at Oxford, Mississippi. Our leaders use bayonets and gas on White girls resisting Black invasion, but won't let American fighting men use that Same tear gas on our deadly Communist enemies in Vietnam!

Nobody has even mentioned this, to my knowledge!

And, in spite of the fuss made about "our boys" as veterans, they are abandoned the moment they apply for employment with their own government, in favor of AFRICANS. All over America, in Post Offices, Federal installations and federal-funded projects, White men, even veterans, are being discriminated against in favor of Negroes!

Mothers with small children are being forced to put helpless White kids on buses and ship them miles across town to BLACK schools, where their White girls will be fondled and attacked by animalistic Negro boys, and little White boys will be beaten and "shaken down" by these same African animals.

Literally thousands of the Blacks, man and boy, are heavily armed and openly DRILLING for war against us, war they have already been practicing in dozens of cities, during which they have OVERCOME THE ENTIRE POLICE DEPARTMENTS of such cities as Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, etc., so that the National Guard had to be called out.

In the face of this open insurrection by heavily armed Black armies, which have been able to destroy police protection, our "leaders" are demanding that WE be disarmed!

They want to take away or register our guns so they can be seized at a moment's notice - by Negro police officers.

Nobody disarmed the bloodthirsty "Black Panthers" -who invaded the California Legislature, armed with automatic weapons, shotguns and revolvers!

Such examples of depravity and insanity could be multiplied indefinitely. My files bulge with thousands more documented items such as the foregoing.

But it should not be necessary.

The pattern should be clear to all those who are not determined to be stubbornly blind.

It is not these crazy facts themselves which are horrifying. There have always been nuts and criminals and wickedness, treason and depravity.

The difference between all previous times and our times is that the sort of monstrous insanity I have reported causes no particular outrage or indignation! These mad and vile things are

accepted by most Americans, and the rest of the world. In fact, many of them are points of pride!

Nobody has a fit when a Negro gathers our young girls up for a "Sexual Freedom League" and holds naked, interracial sex orgies in Berkeley, California. No. That is a sign of "freedom" and "progress" today!

Nobody demands impeachment when the President's top personal aide of many years turns out to be a filthy, degenerate and the President sends Abe Fortas around to hush up the story, even when it is discovered this is not the first time. Instead, the degenerate moves near the President's home in Austin, Texas (which isn't even reported), and the President wins a national election by a landslide!

The paintings of apes and the sculptures of madmen and criminals are pushed at us as "art," and those who deny that such depravity IS art are cursed and banished from "decent" society as bigots, "squares" and "philistines."

Other civilizations before us have gone down to collapse and death. But always before they fell, they have died of senility, of age, weariness and centuries of decline.

White, Western civilization is not old in terms of the millions of years of human existence. It is young, especially in America, and should be vigorous, healthy and aggressive.

Instead, it is mortally sick, weak, feeble, mad and depraved - dying.

Even Rome, during its decline, never reached the depths to which America has already sunk. If that sounds hard to believe, just try to imagine the following:

Picture the pomp and splendor of a Roman "Triumph" for a returning general at the head of his legions; the blaring trumpets, the horses and chariot wheels clattering on the cobblestones, the roar of the Roman crowd, the senators in white togas waiting in their dignity on the steps of the Imperial palace, the marching, armored legions, helmets and swords flashing in the sun, scarlet banners flying from their eagle, standards

Now, into the midst of this scene, picture a mob of Black Ethiopian slaves swarming from the gutter over the palace steps shouting "F--- CAESAR!", carrying signs "Smash Roman Power," and singing "We Shall Overcome !"

Can you IMAGINE Rome, at its worst, ever tolerating this outrage?

But wait! . . . There is more!

The trumpets blare and the vast crowd waits for Caesar himself to appear on the balcony high up in the magnificent palace. The great man appears. He raises his hand to still the roars of the crowd. The crowd falls silent, and mighty Caesar speaks. Caesar shouts the battle-cry of the Ethiopians: "WE SHALL OVERCOME !"

The Ethiopian Blacks are still mobbing the steps below the balcony, shouting "F--- CAESAR !" Suddenly some members of the Roman crowd leap forward and bash the Ethiopians.

Caesar immediately orders the Roman citizens seized and executed, and invites the Black Ethiopians up to the palace so he can apologize over tea and cakes.

While Caesar is serving tea and cakes to the Ethiopians, they stage a sit-in in the palace, refusing to leave all night, finally urinating on the marble stairs.

Is it necessary to draw the picture to the last line?

Can any American forget the scene in the joint session of our Congress in 1965 when our President shouted the slogan of the Black terrorists and revolutionists, "We SHALL OVERCOME!" and our robed Supreme Court rose and applauded? Or when the Negroes held a mass urination in the streets of Montgomery, Alabama?

Did any nation ever sink so low? Where, in the history of all peoples for all time, will you find an equal for the situation in America where our "leaders" openly ally themselves with our enemies and persecute patriots? Where our Attorney General gets down on his knees, begging these Black revolutionists to leave his office?

How come? Why? What's happened to our people?

It is not surprising that there are evil forces at work. That has been the case since history began.

But in our time, the very victims of the evil are the chief promoters of the evil itself. Our leaders are for the "barbarians" and against us!

Somehow, our people have been brought to the point where the arrogant Khrushchev could boast, rightly, that Americans would soon fall because we have become "too liberal to fight."

It is not the evil itself which is horrifying about our times-it is the way we not only tolerate evil, but have made a cult of positively worshipping weakness, depravity, rottenness and evil itself.

It is not the death rattle in the throat of Western civilization which is surprising; it is the fact that millions of Americans believe that the death rattle is a beautiful song!

Too many Americans are doing everything possible to hasten the death of our civilization, to welcome inferior barbarians who openly organize to murder and destroy our kind forever, all in the name of "Brotherhood" and "Freedom."

Why? And what can we do about it?

I have written this book to seek the answer.

Chapter 2 - SPIRITUAL SYPHILIS

SPIRITUAL SYPHILIS

The guy at the door of Nazi Headquarters was the living embodiment of the national suicide I have set forth in chapter 1.

He seemed young. But you couldn't be sure, because he was wearing a matted red beard.

He wasn't wearing clothes just a raggedy blanket and sandals.

"Shades" (sun glasses) covered his eyes. Unkempt hair covered much of the rest of his face.

Our duty officer, sharply uniformed in well-pressed khakis, jump boots and side arm just stood there looking, bug-eyed in amazement.

The apparition, his head sort of bobbing and rolling to some rhythm while he snapped his fingers, looked the Duty Officer up and down.

"What's with you Nazi cats?" he said.

The Duty Officer stared.

"Say, man, will that thing shoot?" the man-in-the-blanket tried again, pointing a finger with inch-long dirty nails at the Duty Officer's .45.

"Certainly" replied the Duty Officer, finally getting over his first shock. "What can we do for you?"

"I want to join, man. Like I wanna be a Nazi! Wanna gas me a Jew! I wanna sign up! Where's this Rockwell cat?"

I was in a back room, printing. (I had to do much of it myself back then.) I heard all this going on. Although I didn't like to let visitors see me covered with printers ink, I couldn't resist coming out to see what was at the door.

"He wants to join, sir!" the Duty Officer said to me, still flabbergasted.

I couldn't resist talking to this thing from outer space.

I have often found that I learn most, not from books and literature, but from people and events themselves. And this guy looked like a whole encyclopedia of everything degenerate.

I invited him in. We talked. He couldn't stay still, but kept moving around the room, seeming to float a few inches above the floor. (I later learned that he was on pills and narcotics.)

After an hour or so of talking, he began to change a bit. He appeared unsure of himself in the presence of something he'd never experienced before - men who were sure of themselves and had a purpose.

A look of unbelieving wonder came over his blue eyes, even through the "shades" as I talked to him of what we really were and why we had given up everything of fun in life to fight for our nation and White Race.

Little by little, I began to get the story out of him. He was only seventeen years old, and had lived an entire lifetime.

He'd done everything, tried all kicks, and was already bored to death with an empty life. He'd made a mistress out of his art teacher, he'd run a den of degeneracy and debauchery called "Mule's Pad" where the local beats and wild crowds did anything, including enjoy dope. He'd shot a man, gotten off, and lived as fast and hard as he could until finally, he contemplated suicide in utter despair of finding ANYTHING worth doing any more all this at seventeen! Before he committed suicide, he told me, he decided to come to see the Nazi "cats," figuring it might be one last kick.

What he found, unexpectedly, was what every human being needs to survive this life a PURPOSE - something which gives life more meaning than a constant search for more pleasure and kicks.

He actually convinced me he wanted to try to be a Storm trooper!

As a matter of policy, whenever I hear that (as I do every day), I do all I can to discourage the applicant. We want no dabblers, but dedicated, fanatical fighters who will STICK through hell itself.

With this crazy character, I went even further. I made fun of him. I told him he'd never make it, that we'd run him off the first day.

He rose to the challenge.

"You name it, and I'll make it!" he said.

Strangely, I could sense a fiercely burning WILL behind the words.

I told him he couldn't come up to try life as a Nazi Storm-trooper until he was eighteen.

He left, vowing to return in a few months.

He did return - without the beatnik get-up. He turned out to be a blonde, young Viking, built for combat.

We poured it to him.

There was no place left inside for him to sleep. So he was assigned to a wrecked car out back. It was still winter and cold. But the kid moved into the wrecked car with a couple of blankets.

We put him to work cleaning the toilets, and yard.

He worked.

Spring came, and then a broiling summer. He was still in the wrecked car, eaten alive by mosquitoes.

I tried him on the printing press, and never saw such a bear for work. He was all dried out of booze, off the pills and dope, exercising plenty, and showing every sign of "making it." He accomplished dozens of dangerous missions against the SNCC, NAACP, Communists and peace creeps. He accompanied me to many a fight - and many a jail.

Within eleven months, faster than almost anybody before or since, this kid became an officer in the Storm troop section, and led more successful operations against the enemy than any single Party Officer, with one possible exception.

An example of the work of this kid was the time the Black agitators were trying to unseat the White Mississippi delegation, and our own blackface "delegation" sent the Black agitators packing back to Mississippi as laughing-stocks. My ex-beatnik managed to race onto the floor of Congress on opening day in blackface, with top hat, loin cloth and cigar, shouting. "I'ze de Mississippi delegation, and ah demands mah seat!"

The young man escaped the vicious circle of despair, boredom and degeneracy of millions of "modern youth" ONLY because he happened upon the spiritual life-preserver of Nazi love of Race and Nation before he sank forever into the putrid slime of modern spiritual syphilis.

There will be many who will say that he could have been saved, perhaps even more effectively by religion. Fifty years ago, yes. But I have had five years of experience seeing these lost kids on college campuses all over America. And I can assure the reader that most of these young people are far too cynical and hardened to be able to open their ears and heart even for a moment to ACCEPT a religious approach. Start talking about religion to such hard-case cynics and you drive them further and further away, no matter how hard you try.

It takes a new and SHOCKING approach, a dramatic and powerful approach to have any hope of making an impression on such lost, bitter kids. We have it, and it works.

Millions and millions of the youth of all Western nations are sinking into various degrees of the misery and degradation of the young "beat" who came to our door in beard, blanket and

sandals.

Other millions of good people who don't look like beatniks are lost, without purpose, without confidence, without ambition, without beliefs or religion, without respect for home, flag, country, parents or anything else, without self-control or discipline, without morals or standards of any kind, with neither love for their own people nor hatred for their mortal enemies, without hope and without any real desire to live in any real sense. "Beat" is an apt description. They have, indeed, had almost everything beaten out of them. They have gotten disgusted with the hypocrisy, disorder and corruption of our times and QUIT. In their own words, they have "dropped out."

In "Battle For the Mind" William Sargent, top British psychologist, shows how the Communists use the principles of Soviet psychologist Pavlov to "brainwash" victims. And the FIRST thing they do is "empty" the minds and souls of the subject. They spiritually "beat" him until he QUITs. Once he is "empty" it is a relatively easy job for the Communist masters to pour back into his head whatever lies they want. That's how the Soviets can produce victims after a year or so in jail who get up in court and shout that they are guilty, and beg to be punished, as did the victims of Stalin's first great purge.

Our youth, in various stages of "beatnik-ism" are precisely like the victims of Soviet brainwashing - they are empty, or nearly empty, of anything positive. They are sick and disgusted with just about everything. Although they don't realize it they are desperate to believe in SOMETHING, to become a part of something bigger than they are, to be WORTHWHILE, to have a purpose, to have somebody care about them enough to discipline them and to show them something worthwhile to do in this world.

But NOBODY DOES SHOW THESE LOST KIDS ANYTHING THEY CAN BELIEVE DEEPLY.

They have been made to feel they are living in a ruined, dirty, hypocritical world about to blow itself to pieces with the "bomb." Many of them have been spoiled rotten. Many know nothing of constructive efforts to earn a living, they are told they are the same as black Negroes (and they try desperately to believe that, but it destroys them inside because instincts are stronger than words).

Worst of all, they have been taught that mature love of ANYTHING, (except themselves and pleasure) is "corny" and "square." Their family, flag, country, national heroes, race and even God have been dragged down and ridiculed until there are no fixed stars in their heavens, nothing to aim at, nothing but an aimless wandering for more and more selfish pleasure and "kicks."

Unthinking animals can live from moment to moment on purely animal pleasures and satisfactions.

But man has been blessed - or cursed - with consciousness and the ability to imagine the future. Man forms an opinion of himself. This has given him an even greater need than the mere satisfaction of his animal needs. "Man cannot live by bread alone" says the Bible, and no truer words have ever been recorded. Men long for the admiration of other men, and a clear

conscience. Every great religion in the world sets its precepts for human behavior not on mere satisfaction of animal pleasures and "kicks" but on the more lasting and deeply satisfying joys of OUTGOING activity, activity to be good and helpful to other people. When men concentrate only on themselves and their own animal lusts, they begin to despise themselves, they become despicable and hated by other men, and they become unhappy and hateful, in turn.

And each generation in Western civilization is being brought up to be more spoiled and selfish than the last. Predictably, each generation is becoming more and more unhappy, until today we have many young people from supposedly "the best" homes going forth into the streets to beat old men to death just for "kicks" while others abandon themselves as "hippies" to drugs, filth and sloth.

During the Korean War, not ONE American prisoner of war escaped! Many Americans (almost half of them) COOPERATED with the enemy when captured!

No matter how vicious the enemy in all previous wars, Americans have never failed to escape in large numbers, and have always resisted every effort by the enemy to make turncoats out of prisoners.

But now, the fighting American spirit is dying.

Americans have more cars, more telephones, more televisions, more household appliances and luxuries - more of almost everything than any human beings who have ever lived, or who live now.

Yet never have so many had so little inside. Never have there been so many suffering intolerable boredom. Never have people been packed so close as in our giant cities. Yet never have people been so alone, so cut off from one another.

There is a vast ocean of spiritual misery drowning great numbers of our people. Many of them have lost their religion, and there is nothing to fill the black numbing void which freezes the soul of modern, "emancipated" men. They desperately seek escape from this cold hopelessness in alcohol, LSD, dope or wild, crazy living.

It is not physical lacks or hardship which bears down on our people and drives them unconsciously toward national and racial suicide.

It is a SPIRITUAL failing, a DISEASE of the spirit, which has our people down and beaten.

Our people are rotting from the inside, no matter how the outside gives the appearance of prosperity and happiness. Like a man with a diseased heart, the first time America is subjected to a real crisis, unless something changes mighty quickly, America - and all of Western civilization with us will fold up with a whimper and die.

No spiritually healthy people would ever tolerate the sort of horrors catalogued in Chapter 1.

Western civilization, as Spengler predicted long ago, and America in particular, are far gone down the road toward decay and death. Nor is there any real resistance.

On the contrary, millions have made a "love" cult and a "religion" out of worshipping their own destroyers, and work tirelessly to hasten our national and racial death.

Is this a natural development? Are we, as a civilization and as a nation, dying of old age, senility and natural decay? Or is there something UNnatural about the situation? And if there is something unnatural, if there is something sinister, what is it and who is doing it? And why?

Where is all this spiritual syphilis coming from?

Chapter 3 - THE CHART FORGERS

THE CHART FORGERS

The affairs of a great nation are often described as the "Ship of State." It is an apt analogy.

A nation has a "captain," officers, crew and navigator, who must sail it through endless storms, rocks, shoals and dangers to stay afloat.

In a so-called "free" country, the people are the "navigators."

You, the citizen, are supposed to steer the American ship of state. You are supposed to elect a captain who does what YOU want done. Above all, you are supposed to set the policies of the state by majority rule.

And to do the steering of the American "ship of state," you need charts.

No matter how wise he may be, the navigator of a great ship cannot steer the vessel safely through rocks and dangers without accurate charts.

And you cannot make wise decisions on the policies for the American ship of state, without accurate facts and information - the "charts" of dangers surrounding America.

Can there be any doubt about what would happen if somebody managed to give the navigator of a ship PHONY CHARTS - charts showing rocks where the channel really was - and showing a clear channel where the jagged rocks lurked to rip out the ship's bottom?

And whose fault would it be if a ship piled up on the rocks because the navigator had been given falsified charts? The navigator's? Of course not! The fault would be entirely that of whomever forged the charts and sneaked them over on the honest navigator.

The navigator would THINK, however, that he must have done something terribly wrong, because who would imagine anyone would be low and vile enough to substitute forged charts? The thought would never OCCUR to most honest navigators.

That's just what's happening to America. That's why we keep piling up on the rocks of Communism, crime, corruption and degeneracy.

The good people of this great nation have been supplied with NOTHING BUT false charts, charts which show a "safe channel" precisely where lie the deadliest rocks, and which pretend that the only possible safe channel is the path to destruction.

Trusting and believing in these forged "charts" - the phony "facts" and rigged "news" they are given - our people have innocently driven the once great American ship of state onto just

about every shoal and rock there is, producing the kind of wreckage and despair we saw in chapters One and Two.

Our people have been taught that their real heroes and leaders are "haters," "bigots" and "fascists," while the real haters and bigots are exalted by our phony charts - our press - as "statesmen" and "world leaders."

We have been FORCED onto the rocks of Communism and degeneracy by the press, TV, books, etc., which have praised every kind of rottenness and filth as "love," "brotherhood," etc., thus insuring that our people will sail unsuspectingly down the channel onto the rocks. And even when they keep piling up on the rocks, the people still do not suspect that anybody has palmed off forged charts on them. Rather, they naively believe that they simply didn't try hard enough, so that next time, they smash up even harder.

When integration, for instance, produces some of the horrors shown in Chapter I, our poor, swindled people are taught to believe it is because we need MORE integration. While the liars and forgers are driving our unwitting people up the rock-studded fake "channels," they are also removing all the light houses and buoys which once guided mankind into safe and quiet harbors in the storms.

They have ripped up the light houses of religion, family, old-fashioned disciplined education, moral standards, authoritarian fathers and teachers, loving and motherly women, and that precious love of home and country called "patriotism" without which a people loses its bearings - as have ours.

The chart forgers have been so successful in driving our people onto the rocks time after time, over a period of forty years, that millions have given up, thrown away all charts, abandoned any effort to steer at all, and are just drifting. Others, more aggressive but equally frustrated, grow beards, wear filthy clothes, mount motorcycles, and race around attacking almost anything in sight.

Still others, the "liberals," have made a cult of shipwreck, They have seen their own lives ruined under the impossible spiritual and intellectual frustrations of the "liberal" lies of the chart-forgers. They haven't got the guts to face the facts of their own mistakes and so they have convinced themselves that no matter how many rocks they hit sailing by the false charts, their charts and lies are right and true, and the fault lies in "extremists," "haters" and "fascists" who are secretly putting rocks in the channel.

Confirmed and rotten old whores and drunkards get a certain relief from their conscience pangs by seducing young innocents into their own rotten ways of life. And in the same way, the liberal victims of the chart forgers, who have had their own lives spoiled and "shipwrecked" by the lies of the chart-forgers, get a depraved satisfaction out of seducing other young innocents, by spreading the same lies and fake charts which wrecked their own miserable lives and are wrecking the life of our young people.

The chart-forgers and their "liberal" army of victims begin their attack on the minds of our people when the child is still in kindergarten. Subtly, the tots are infused with unconscious

doubts about the wisdom and methods of their own fathers and mothers. The tiny minds are led to believe that any discipline and order imposed at home is old-fashioned and "tyranny," - although the kids never hear such words.

On through the grades, the process of misleading our new citizens proceeds. American heroes, Washington, Patrick Henry, etc., were not real heroes at all, but greedy little men out for gain or glory. The Constitution is "out-dated." Religion is an "opium." Morals are "square."

I didn't notice this subtle forging and distortion of our national heritage and degrading of our heroes and traditions imposed on me at first.

It was not until I was a young undergraduate of Brown University in 1938 that I finally made direct contact with these chart forgers, whose identification and overthrow would later become my life work. But I didn't know or even suspect them then. I don't remember even thinking about such a thing, any more than I did Thuggee-ism in India. I was still blissfully and totally ignorant of Communism, Jews, Negroes and the assault of the colored masses of the world against the White Race and its elite.

In a way, I am glad of this long maintained ignorance, because today, when I meet young college men and women who are full of conceit because of their "liberalism" and "understanding" of our social problems, I can be patient with them. I can imagine my own reaction if I had been told as a college-boy, that there was a Jewish or any other kind of world conspiracy. I was sure, at that time, that my "deep" studies into the profundities of knowledge would have long ago revealed any such monstrous conspiracy -and even if not, that my professors and men of learning would surely have known it. I would have been angry at such effrontery, just as most young college kids I meet today are, at first, angry because they've heard only one side.

In 1939, I sat in "Sociology I" class at Brown University and tried my best to make some sense out of it all. I had been happy at the chance to study sociology, as it appeared to me logical that there must be some fundamental principles of the development of the social relationships of life as I had discovered simple basic principles of other affairs I had looked into. I was most eager to learn these basic principles of the operation of human society so that I could understand the events around me, and perhaps even predict sociological occurrences in accordance with the principles I would be taught. I have since learned that there are such principles, as will be shown later.

But it would be many, many years before I would fight my way to the simple, fundamental and logical facts of social life. In Prof. Bucklin's classroom on society at Brown University, all was the most depressing darkness and confusion. It all sounded most enlightening, of course. There were lots of brave new words, "ethnic groups," etc., but try as I might, I could not get to the bottom of it all to find any idea, nor could I get hold of any principle. Muddiness of mind was not deplored, but glorified. I buried myself in my sociology books, absolutely determined to find why I was missing the kernel of the thing.

The best I could come up with in sociology was that human beings are all helpless tools of environment; that we are all born as rigidly equal lumps, and the disparity of our achievements and stations was entirely and 100% the result of the forces of environment that everybody,

therefore, could theoretically be master-geniuses and kings if only we could sufficiently improve everybody's environment.

I was bold enough to ask Prof. Bucklin if this were the idea. He turned red with anger. I was told it was "impossible" to make any generalizations, although all I was asking was for the fundamental idea, if any, of Sociology.

I began to see that Sociology was different from any other course I had ever taken. Certain ideas produced apoplexy in the teacher, particularly the suggestion that perhaps some people were no-good, biological slobes from the day they were born. Certain other ideas, although they were never, never formulated and stated frankly, were fostered and encouraged - and these were always ideas revolving around the total power of environment.

Slowly, I got the idea. At first I just used it to get better grades. When I wrote my essay answers in examinations, I poured it on heavily that all hands in the civilization in question were potential Leonardo da Vinci's, no matter how black they were or how they ate their best friends for thousands of years - and that with a quick change in environment, these cannibals, too, would be writing arias, building Parthenons and painting masterpieces.

But then I began to wonder "how come"? Certainly environment was important. Anybody could see that. But it was obviously negative. You can make a helpless boob out of a born genius by raising him locked in a dark closet. But you can't make a genius out of a drooling idiot, even by sending him to Brown. Was it just old man Bucklin who was insane with environment? Or was it the whole subject?

I went to the library and read more sociology books. They were universally pushing the same idea. I began to make fun of Sociology in the college paper in my column, and got into more trouble. Some of the columns were "killed" before seeing the light. I was still too ignorant to know that I was fighting Lysenko and Marx and the whole Soviet theory of environmentalism, which has captured and hypnotized or terrorized all our intellectuals. I imagined I was battling just one foolish college course.

During my second year at Brown, my picture of the world darkened, as I discovered more and more the intellectual dishonesty in this university which had at first seemed almost heaven itself to me. I still knew little or nothing about Communism or its pimping little sister, "liberalism." But I could not avoid the steady pressure, everywhere in the university, to accept the idea of massive human equality, and the supremacy of environment. In every course I was repulsed by the intellectual cowardice of the faculty in standing up for any doctrine whatsoever.

I majored in philosophy, and, while I admired the intellectual brilliance of my professors, particularly Professor Ducasse, I was hugely disappointed in the headlong retreat of all the faculty whenever they were asked their own opinion as to the objective truth in any matter. I was told that "eternal seeking" is the way to knowledge. (And there is no denying that.) But lively discussion is also vital to any advance and you cannot have any lively discussion where the opposition either doesn't exist or melts away like a wraith when you seek to take hold of it.

I was running into the social disease of our modern life-cowardice and pathological fear of a strong personality or strong ideas. Dale Carnegie has codified and commercialized this creeping disease as "how to win friends and influence people," which boils down, in essence, to the principle of having no personality or strong feelings or ideas and becoming passive and empty so that the "other fellow" can display HIS ideas and personality. But he, too, is trying to get "popular" by being passive and dispassionate, so that the result is like two dead batteries - no current. Such human robots are suited to enslavement by a 1984-type society, but not to a bold, free society of men.

I found the same wishy-washy approach in every subject except in the sciences and for these last, I was very grateful. Here, in geology and psychology, I could find a few principles and laws, which stayed there when I reached out to grasp them. And so I reveled in these subjects, and rebelled to the limit of my capacity in the others.

In sociology, I went so far as to write an insolent examination paper, which almost got me thrown out of Brown. We were asked to write an essay on the factors leading to criminality and delinquency.

I wrote a fable about a crew of scientific geniuses who set out for Africa to see what made ants act like ants, searched around until they found a lot of ant-hills, observed them for many years, and finally came up with the discovery that when eggs were hatched in tunnels in a certain kind of hill in Africa, and grew up among six-legged creatures called "ants," they themselves were so affected by this strong environment that they became, themselves, ants, and waved their antennae like ants, scurried around like ants, looked like ants, and WERE ants.

I was hauled up before the administration for this impudence, and almost thrown out. Instead, I was given another opportunity to write the exam. And for the sake of my dear good Grandmother and my patient, loving Aunt Margie, I sat down and wrote what I knew they wanted -a piece showing how unfortunate and most excellent Negro babies were invariably driven to stealing from their parents, relatives and friends, robbing strangers at the point of a gun, looting, and finally axing somebody in sheer desperation at their nasty environment.

Meanwhile, I was learning mightily from my endless "bull-sessions" with Vic Hillery and Bob Grabb, my constant companions. Both of them were soused to the ears with the prevailing "liberalism," although I still did not know what it was. I simply discovered that almost all my ideas clashed violently with theirs. My ideas that socially-significant novels were dangerous (because they allowed ideas to sneak into the mind while it was hypnotized by an illusion of "reality") was especially aggravating to them both, as we all aspired to creative careers, they as novelists and writers. My attack on the very social novels they were aiming to write was painful. And their reactions, particularly Hillery's, were most passionate. Far into the night we would battle over this matter, with the usual results - no progress. But in the process, I learned the art of controversy.

At first, I was too sincere and naive to do anything but try to make my opponent see the truth of my position with the utmost force and honesty. But then I found that I would fall victim of the dirtiest kind of sly tricks. My position would be enormously and ridiculously exaggerated, and then it would be flung in my face in triumph, to the great laughter of the audience of listeners or participants. I could not understand when even my beloved and revered friends did

this to me. I was more than once too hurt by such 'liberal' tactics to defend myself.

But, as with everything else in my life, when I discovered the inevitability of such illogical skullduggery. I schooled myself in it and one day turned the tables on my "liberal" friends.

More and more, at Brown, I came into basic conflict with the prevailing super-liberalism - still without ever realizing what it was all about. My companions, my courses, my professors, and the latest erudite books - everything seemed to me to be touched with madness. I fought it fiercely and, for my ignorance, powerfully, but mostly by instinct. I simply had never heard of Communism as anything but a doctrine held by a few fanatics someplace overseas. That the campus, dorms, fraternity houses and class rooms of Brown University were crawling with the filthy thing, I would never have believed. I would have laughed to scorn anybody who had tried to tell me such a "Fantastic" thing - then!

Since this environmental "equality" idea of liberals is literally insane (a delusion, substituted for reality); since men are also creatures who differ by breed just as much as dogs, horses, birds or any other living creatures; since some breeds of men are brighter than others (and some are infinitely stupider than others), it is inevitable that the attempt to organize any useful body of organized facts about human behavior, starting from the insane premise that they are all hereditarily equal, must wind up full of obvious contradictions and insanities. And this is exactly what happens!

If you try to argue with the guy in the nut house who thinks he is Napoleon, he will not only prove it to you, but he will hate you for doubting his "sacred, holy truth," and believe you are out to "get" him. But if he tries to write his "proofs" that he is Napoleon into a learned "scientific" paper, if he is a "lucid" type nut, he will see that his "proofs" don't look too well in writing. And so he will resort to 'gobbledygook' writing of profound phrases and sixty-four dollar words to becloud what would be obviously insane if it were clear.

That's precisely what I found going on in "Sociology," only I didn't know it then. I didn't know what was wrong. I only knew that there was no way to get my feet on the ground in "Sociology." no way to come to grips with one, single, sure fact. Everything was, "by and large," "on the one hand - but then on the other hand," "Blatner and Fink say so-and-so, but then Fiddler and Fud say it's the other way around." etc., etc., ad nauseum.

I had stumbled head-on into one of the fundamental symptoms of our times, a very literal insanity - a desperate, frantic, pitiful effort by men who pretend to be the most enlightened of all humanity, to cling to the delusion that the only difference between Shakespeare and a savage is environment; that if we only manage to improve the environment enough, every cannibal can be a Chopin, every pygmy a Lord Nelson, every Bantu a Beethoven, and even' East Indian ragamuffin a Voltaire, History, biology, political science, economics - every organized body of knowledge must be twisted and wrenched to any extreme to maintain this insane and obvious delusion.

The way those afflicted with this modern Insanity cover up their madness from others - and mostly from themselves - is this process of pious scientific muddying of everything about the "sacred" doctrine. It is for this reason we are forever told things are always "grey" in this world, that there are "no simple solutions," that there are "no black and whites."

The fact that many things do exist as "shades of grey" rather than black and white does not mean that there is no such thing as black and white. Yet that is what the modern mad-men of "equality" keep trying to put out, precisely because they don't want any ordinary guy with common horse sense pointing out that they are full of beans.

Put simply, the "equality" theories of these witch-doctors of "modern science" would be laughed out of countenance by any school boy if they were in plain black and white, simple language. They are idiotic and dishonest, on their face! But in pages of witch-doctor "gobbledygook" they intimidate and impress many of our supposedly highly-trained minds, and produce "liberal" fanatics.

Sociology was an endless sea of grey mud. The only thing I could get clearly was that environment was everything, while heredity was a myth concocted by Southern brutes trying to re-enslave the Negroes.

By nature, I am a rebel. So I rebelled at this insanity. I wasn't sure what it was, or why they were doing it, but I did know for sure that it was crazy.

While at Brown I never did learn why the obviously intelligent and learned men all around me at the college were so all-fired "hung-up" on what seemed to me to be such obvious madness.

Now, more than twenty years and three wars later, I know what was going on, and why. I was surrounded by the most basic of all the lies of the chart-forgers the lie denying RACE, denying that there is any such thing as BREED among men, as there is breed among all other species.

In order for the chart-forgers' scheme to work, (as will be shown later) they must first pull down and destroy the resistance of the captain of civilization, the elite White Race. They must destroy its spirit and its ability to fight. They must fill it full of guilt feelings and degeneracy. Then, and then only, can chart-forgers and their army of mongrels overwhelm the White champion of civilization by sheer numbers.

So the chart-forgers have brilliantly exploited one of mankind's most ancient and deadly failings to produce a mass intoxication with what is actually mankind's last and most dangerous superstition - "humanitarianism." The White Race has been disarmed and poisoned with this clever lie. To get at the truth of the swindle, we have to "unthink" a lot that we have carelessly or, more often wishfully, assumed.

My own youthful experience with a drinking glass in the dish water is a perfect example of the frequent need to "un-think" a misconception.

As a boy, I was assigned "chores" around the home. One of them was the dishes.

But I don't think I did the dishes like other kids.

I experimented and wondered and tried to figure out the "why" of everything. I puzzled for

hours why water stayed in a tumbler when you lifted it, upside down, almost out of the dish water. I got in endless trouble over experiments with soap suds. What made them? What were they? Would they be bigger if you added various items? I tried talcum powder, mustard everything I could get my hands on. The usual result was that somebody got their hands on me for my trouble. I got a licking.

But the investigative turn of mind, which often fetched me out to the woodshed for "experimenting" with the dish water, has stayed with me. One of the dominant passions of my life is and always has been, the effort to discover the natural laws behind what appear, at first, to be a thousand disconnected "wonders" - like the water in the tumbler and the soap suds.

I began to discover that there were truly beautiful laws behind these things - that things in this universe are magnificently organized if only we are bright, unprejudiced and persistent enough to find the laws and the organization. I fell in "love" with the business of discovering and using the laws of the Universe.

I soon discovered, of course, that I was not the original discoverer of this organization of the universe or the methods of learning its laws and system. In high school I learned that the whole delightful business was called "science," and that a lot of very wonderful men hundreds of years before me had been looking into the dish water too and the heavens, and the seas, and into everything else in the universe. I fell upon such knowledge like a starving man and devoured it. Every new morsel was a delight. Even hard-to-digest items were delicacies, once I could intellectually "swallow" them.

That air pressure held the water in the tumbler in the dish water by pressing on all the water outside the tumbler, and thus PUSHING IT UP inside the glass, instead of the vacuum inside "sucking" it in was a big and tough lump for me to digest. But I got it down, and it was great! This taught me not to be prejudiced, not to be a "bigot," not to jump at easy conclusions.

What seemed was often simply not true, even though the truth seemed less likely at first. The whole history of man's scientific progress, I learned has been his struggle to get rid of ideas which, at first seemed right and were therefore pre-judged to BE right In primitive societies, any suggestion that the gods did not exist when everybody KNEW they made the earth, the heavens, the sea and people, etc. got one promptly burned or sacrificed. Everybody knew for thousands of years that the earth was flat you could see it for yourself. And the first few half-wits who suggested it was round were not only laughed out of countenance, but some of them were burned at the stake for such "insanity."

The whole history of humanity is tragically soiled with a million repetitions of the burning of people who dared to suggest the wrongness of a precious prejudice of the times. Each generation in the last few centuries has looked with horror on this history of stupidity and insanity and then gone about the ruthless business of exterminating the men of its own times who dared to question the popular superstitions of the day.

The bigots of each era have dutifully shaken their heads in disbelief and horror at the witch-doctors of other eras, and then hunted down and destroyed anybody who dared to question the witch-doctors of their own era.

Why do I write this sort of stuff? Is this not the very essence of the arguments of the other side? Is this not "liberalism" at its worst? And the very words "prejudice," "bigotry," etc., not the chief weapons in the arsenal of the Communists and the rest of the enemy apparatus?

Yes, of course.

The enemy does inveigh endlessly against the "bigotry" of "racists" and "anti-Communists," etc. I am supposed to be the biggest bigot of them all. I "hate" nice Negroes and Jews, "just because of the color of their skins" or because of their "religion." This is the propaganda spread by the enemy. Somehow, goes the superstition of our times, I have developed an unreasoning hate of innocent and equal people who have dark skins or who go to a synagogue instead of a church.

Well, let's examine this idea, as I once examined the soapsuds and the dish water inside the tumbler. It would be a mark of the utmost stupidity to hate something or a person because you didn't like the color of his skin or hair, if there were no other differences. This would be as silly and stupid as hating chocolate ice-cream because it is dark.

I would shrivel up and die of shame before I would participate in any such stupidity and madness. Then why do I head a Nazi Party, and cuss out Negroes and talk about gassing Communist-Jew traitors?

Is this not the worst sort of "bigotry," "hate" and "prejudice?"

No!

For thousands of years, people suffered from the delusion that the earth was flat. Those who dared to question the idea got burned or crucified.

And for more thousands of years - even now, people are getting burned and crucified for questioning the idea that 'man' is somehow the "center of the universe" and therefore above natural law.

That is the whole source of our ideological trouble today, the "liberal" idea that men can disobey natural law.

Corpernicus and Galileo fought and suffered for preaching that the earth was not the center of the universe. Had not God Himself said the earth was the center of the universe, and Man its crowning glory, the Master of Creation? Of course! Therefore, Copernicus and Galileo were a couple of evil "haters" for suggesting otherwise. Had the word existed, they would doubtless have been called "fascists."

Since these two gentlemen got "crucified" for their insistence on Natural Law instead of conceited man-made law, facts have piled up to prove they were right. Only nuts, today, dare question that the earth is round or that it is only a small planet circling a very small sun in a minor galaxy in a very big universe. The battle against that prejudice is all over.

We are too "enlightened" today to fall victim to any such stupid prejudice.

Like hell!

Every time I speak to a university group, there are super-"intellectual" professors there, and the university students are super-enlightened, as is usual at such institutions. No witchcraft or superstition for them. No, sir! They wear beards and beatnik hair-dos to show their contempt for ordinary, stupid, unenlightened, prejudiced and bigoted dolts like me and other racists.

Their attitudes are precisely those of the ecclesiastical courts which condemned Messrs. Copernicus and Galileo; i. e., they are all conforming slavishly to the prejudice of our times (that every two-legged creature somehow has "dignity" and "rights," and has some mystical "value" just because he can squirm under the wire as "Man").

I am portrayed as a wild, raving lunatic, a "nut" and a heretic! Not one of the "enlightened" is able to see that what they are doing to "racists" today is just what the bigots who condemned Copernicus did. Like all bigots, they are right - and tell me so.

One professor at the University of New Hampshire went so far as to admit he was a "bigot," when it came to the possibility that he could ever see things my way.

"Never!" he gasped, for all the world like the gentlemen of the cloth examining Copernicus and his heretical ideas. I pointed out that anybody could be wrong, and might change - even I. He stuck by his guns. He hated racism, always would, and was proud of it! And there is the point.

Today's liberal intellectuals, who pride themselves on scientific method and being "broadminded," are the most narrow-minded, self-righteous and hate-filled bigots in the history of humanity. No primitive tribe worshipping with its witch-doctor was ever more vicious in its hatred and suppression of heretics than today's Marxist intellectuals, anti-racists and liberals.

Their intellectual position is pure, unadulterated superstition and prejudice, and they burn us heretics in the hottest fires of their hate and lies!

That, of course, they will deny, puffing and blowing and gasping with utter outrage.

But let's examine it. Let's do as science does with the tumbler full of dish water and see what their position IS.

Let's start out by exempting from combat the devoutly religious Christians. If you say to me, "God made all humanity in His own image, including savage black cannibals," then I cannot argue with you, because there is no way of proving you are wrong.

(However, to me, it is hard to imagine a good God purposely and knowingly dumping into the world, in all innocence, such of his own "Images" as the Australian aborigines and animal-like

Congo cannibals. If all "humans" are indeed the "children" of a good God, and were all "created in His image" - then I do not really see how to escape the conclusion that we are all equal and "brothers." Because I can see no fair or honest reason why God would have given the White Man all the brains, good looks and energy which he has exhibited in history, while He gave seven times as many Blacks all the stupidity, laziness, ugliness, etc., which they have exhibited for thousands of years.)

Nevertheless, if you postulate God as the "Father of Humanity," then you can go from there to argue that God wants all His "children" to be "equal" and that we racists are mean, "un-Christian" and "prejudiced" if we "discriminate" against some of His children and claim we are superior.

(I am not saying, of course, that Christians have to argue that all men are equal. Many of them claim that God designed some to be inferior from birth as part of His plan. I personally cannot believe that a good God would do this to more than 6/7th of humanity. It is impossible for me to believe that God wanted to create a half-animal Congo cannibal when He could have made an intelligent, energetic and fine-looking White Man, instead - especially when He made at least seven times as many of these colored "Images" of Himself as White Men.)

But it is possible to argue such a position logically from the postulate of a Special Creation of Man as the Image of God just as it is also logically possible to argue the absolute "equality" and "brotherhood" of all men as "Children of God" - from the same postulate. Those who postulate a personal God reserve the right to make their own rules, and I cannot argue with them.

BUT THE LIBERALS I HAVE MET DO NOT POSTULATE "GOD."

Most of them are arrogant, sneering Atheists. And the open Marxists and Communists, as everybody knows, are all militant Atheists! * Thus, their belief in equality among men, when it exists nowhere else in nature, is pure superstition.

* (Just for the record, I am NOT an Atheist. I think Atheism is just as much superstition as some religion. The religionist says, "I have examined the universe, and discovered 'God,' and 'God' is such-and-such and all who disagree are heretics and wicked. I alone have the 'truth' in the matter." The Atheist says, "I have examined the universe and there is nothing I cannot eventually know and there is no 'super-human-power' who could qualify as a 'God'." To me, the latter statement is just as conceited as the statement of the religious fanatic, maybe worse, because it tries to prove a negative proposition. I don't think either one of them knows a thing. Both are guessing from insufficient data. What I have been able to observe indicates to me that there are many things, which happen which could be (anti probably are) the work of a super-human agency, which could be called God. In fact, I believe the preponderance of evidence indicates there IS some Unknowable Agency at work, and I "believe in" this agency, which I call "Des tiny" or "Providence." In this sense, I believe in a God. But I am no bigot on the subject, and seek all scientific data one-way or the other. Technically, I am thus a pro-Christian "Agnostic." My answer to the riddle of the universe, which I think is answered with unwarranted certainty by both the religious person and the Atheist, is simply "I do not know." My job is not to be a preacher, but soldier in the service of my people, Since most of my people are overwhelmingly Christian, I will fight for their right to keep this White, Christian

country, as long as that is the majority will.)

When we examine the common nature of all superstitions and error from which men have suffered down through the ages, it will be found in every case that the supernatural beliefs of every group of men, from the gloom of the tropical rain-forests of the Congo up to and including some modern religions, contain one constant, permanent factor: egocentrism. They all start from the presumption that the believers are something special, and there are supernatural beings who has a special interest in them, and that if they perform the proper rites and avoid the proper taboos, they will gain special ascendancy in this world, and total ascendancy in the next.

The road-block to progress in science has always been human conceit - the belief that humans are something special. The earth was the center of the universe, and for anybody to question that was to hurt men's ego, so such heretics had to die. Man had to be a special creation of special god. And he who questioned that must also die because if that is not true, then Man was just "homo sapiens," an intelligent and communicating form of higher animal who was part of animal nature, and must obey Nature's laws.

It is natural for men to love and admire themselves, and their false beliefs and superstitions have always partaken of this enormous self-love.

And this infinite capacity for self-love has always blinded man to scientific truth.

For scientific truth reveals that man is mighty near to nothing in the scales of this universe.

The struggle for science has been a constant battle within man himself to see himself AS HE IS, not as he likes to imagine himself to be.

And that battle is still going on.

The last battle in the long struggle is taking place now.

At New Hampshire University, I faced the high priests and cultists of the liberal (and ancient) "Man-is-something-sacred" superstition, and suffered their hatred and scorn for making them look at themselves.

But I also found the "Achilles' Heel" of these Marxists and liberals!

Marxists and most liberals are thoroughly UN-religious. They boastfully and arrogantly deny God. They are their own gods. "Humanity" (themselves) has become their "god." They deny any supernatural agency. So they cannot claim, as humanity has for eons, that God made "Man" as something special. No! The Marxists and liberals are, by and large, materialists - and cannot claim any such thing.

This puts them in an absolutely impossible situation - if we will only take advantage of it and press it without mercy.

If man is merely an intelligent animal and thus part of all the rest of nature - which the Marxists and liberals assert, then man is also subject to all the laws of biology and evolution, the same as all other animals.

The religious man can and does draw a line between man and the rest of living creation. "God created Man as something special," he says. "And everything above that line can be called 'Man,' and is holy, sacred and special.

THE MARXIST AND LIBERAL CAN DO NO SUCH THING. HE CAN DRAW NO LINE WHATSOEVER. He preaches, as the very essence of his doctrine, that everything exists in "shades of greys," not black and white - that there are no arbitrary lines of demarcation between things.

So if we ask the Atheist Marxist or liberal about "Man's Natural Rights," or the "Human Dignity" which is so fondly preached by Martin Luther King, we have our opponents in a corner. If there is no God, then where did man get any "rights" which are not also the rights of horses, or apes - or worms? What "right" have we to murder cows and eat them, any more than cows have "rights" to murder us and eat us? And what, indeed, is "man?"

Phenomena do exist in this world in degrees, not as absolutes. There is an old story about the man who tried to wade across a stream which averaged two feet deep, and fell in a twenty-foot hole in the middle and drowned. Who is a "tall" man? When does a man become a "fat" man? How many stones in a "pile"? Two? Three? Five? How old is an "old" man? When does a "baby" cease to be a baby? Which year? Which month? Which week? Which day, hour, minute, second, etc.?

Any scientific examination of the animal world shows that there are no lines between one set of phenomena and another set. There are certainly recognizable groups, but the groups shade into each other at the edges, without hard sharp lines.

Now, without postulating "God," just how do the Marxists, etc., explain the concept of "Man" - as an absolutely homogeneous and "equal" mass of creatures, completely separate and above the laws of the rest of Nature, A NATURE WHERE ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING ELSE ALIVE EXISTS IN DEGREES OF CAPACITY, BOTH BY INDIVIDUALS AND GROUPS.

In every other specie of living creature, animal and vegetable, there are groups of recognizable varieties, which vary from other groups of the same species in hardihood, longevity, ability to adapt, sensitivity, etc.

Among plants, horses, dogs, monkeys, snakes, pigs, flowers, birds and cats there are breeds.

Some breeds are tough. Some are delicate and nervous. Some are stupid but strong. Some are weak but clever. There are draft horses and racehorses, sled dogs and clever trained poodles, Greyhounds and Newfoundlands, Humming-birds and Penguins.

Nobody in his right mind would say "all birds are equal," or "all breeds of dogs are equal" or "all monkeys are equal." Every zoologist knows that chimpanzees are the most intelligent, while baboons are more stupid - although all of them are of the basic family. The same can be said of every single animal type in the world. In every specie the breeds vary by quality.

Yet, when it comes to what he claims is an intelligent kind of primate, which walks upon two legs and can think and talk better than a chimpanzee - the Marxist suddenly becomes religious, he talks of "human rights," "human dignity," etc.! WHAT "human dignity"? If there is such a thing as "human dignity" for one animal then why in the name of reason is there not "chimpanzee dignity" and "ape's rights" and even "snakes rights"?

The liberals and Atheists have no answer to this question. The typical egalitarian will trot out miles of statistics to show that some Congo cannibal once learned to play chess or run the hundred-yard dash or went to Harvard.

Such "argument" is precisely the same as if I were to try to "prove" that race and draft horses were the same, by training a race horse to pull a cart, or a draft horse to run a race. It would still be an un-typical draft horse running the race, and an un-typical race horse pulling the cart. Even if some odd fluke produced a fast draft horse who could beat some race horses it would not mean that there is no such thing as breeds of horses. Only an idiot would try to maintain such a mad argument.

If you want a racehorse, you breed for a racehorse; you do not try to train and beat a poor old plug draft horse into becoming a racehorse.

Above all, you do not spend all your money feeding a million heavy old plugs while you cut down on the oats and the breeding of the finest stock you have, hoping to teach one heavy plug to win a race!

Yet this is precisely the superstition - the "religion" if you will, of our times! - and exactly what we are doing all over the world. This is the irrational, crazy, egotistical fanaticism which I experience at the universities every time I speak at a college.

There is no reason for it. It is UNreasonable in the extreme. There is no logic behind it. It violates all logic. There is no excuse for it. It is the crazy "faith" of those who pretend to worship science and facts.

And it has been consciously; cunningly foisted on us the chart-forgers who KNOW it is a LIE!

The truly enlightened men of every age have had to struggle and often die because of the stupidity and ugly prejudice of those who truly believed themselves the very guardians of truth. Every "decent" person knew the world was flat and the center of the universe, and applauded the saintly men who persecuted Galileo for preaching the ugly story that the world was not the center of the universe.

Today, every "decent" liberal believes that "humanity has "dignity". Some religious people base their belief on an edict of God, and can find some excuse for their belief in equality. So

our preachers and priests are fighting fanatically against the new "heresy" of belief in human breeds.

And the Marxists and liberals are fighting just as fanatically right along with the preachers they scorn for the same thing!

The scientific fact is that man is super-intelligent but also a kind of animal and, like all the rest of life, differs by breeds or "races"!

This scientific fact is just as world-shaking as was the fact that the earth is not the center of the universe, in its day. And this fact is meeting with the same frantic struggle against it by the same bigots who have been crucifying bearers of truth for ten thousand years.

The curse of "liberal", "humanitarian" mankind is egocentrism, conceit. And the chart-forgers have learned to use this human failing to destroy humanity.

It simply kills the modern liberal that there are millions and millions and millions of his kind who are worthless scum (compared to the finest breeds of his kind). So he believes the chart-forgers and denies it -- denies it and makes a religion of that denial-- the religion of "liberalism" and finally Marxism. There is no reason or logic to it only the same old "if you don't agree with us, we will silence and destroy you" which has been the unhappy lot of every fighter for truth against bigotry, for thousands of years.

There is one difference, though.

Humanity could believe the earth was the center of the universe - and flourish in its error. Nature took care that humans keep evolving, by eliminating the unfit and breeding the race ever upward, in spite of human egotism.

The present egocentric "equalism" of "enlightened" humanity is DESTROYING HUMANITY ITSELF.

The chart-forgers know all this very well, and are cynically going ahead anyway, spreading the atrocious, suicidal LIE that men do not differ by breed and quality, as does all the rest of creation.

This is the kernel of the chart-forgery, which is driving our people and our country onto the rocks of final and total shipwreck.

The scientific facts of RACE, today are being smeared and suppressed just as the facts about the round world were a few hundred years ago.

But note that the process of going from superstition to science is not going in the natural direction this time.

The "flat world" error came first and existed for untold thousands of years before men became courageous and self disciplined enough to THINK instead of feel and thus learned they were not the center of the universe, but only specks on a tiny round globe, circling a very small sun in a minor galaxy. Once they knew that fact, they did not regress BACK to the belief in the flat world again.

But with the facts of race, there is a new and sinister pattern, which emerges before our eyes.

For millions of years, men lived close to Nature and nobody could get away with saying, "all cows are equal", "all hens are equal", "all dogs are equal" or even "all corn is equal". The constant and eternal FACT of ALL life was the INequality of all living things, both among individuals, and VARIETIES of individuals. No farmer could survive pretending all corn was equal, and he needed no scientist to tell him that certain breeds of dog, such as the shepherd, were more intelligent and capable in handling sheep, while other dogs might be less intelligent, but, like the husky, better by Nature at pulling. Nor did he give his daughter to inferior humanity.

Then, as men began to get away from Nature and live artificially in urban, mechanized complexes called "cities", they stopped seeing the lessons of Nature before them, and the chart-forgers found their opportunity.

No farmer, who bred chickens, cows, dogs, etc., and saw the natural inequalities in all the rest of Nature could be convinced of the crazy lie that breeding means everything in all the rest of creation but nothing among humans.

But the man born under anesthetics in a hospital, nursed out of a glass bottle, raised on cement and asphalt instead of grass and forests, fed out of cans and packages, and "educated" 100% out of books with no contact with the hard realities of Nature, could be and has been led to believe that "there are no such things as breeds of men".

The forgers set about their endless repetitions of this LIE, which they now press upon us as such an "accepted fact" that any questioning of that "fact" is prima facie evidence that the questioner is himself a "bigot", "hater" and finally a "Nazi".

From this equality lie stems all the other forgeries of natural fact, which have been imposed upon our helpless people. From the basic false idea that humans are born biologically equal they derive the Marxist basic principle that therefore every human is ENTITLED to equal shares in the good things of this world. And from this, stems their further lie that all should and must share equally in government regardless of ability or qualification - the basic premise of their beloved "democracy" - and Marxism.

But it is not just this one basic lie about race, which is killing our people and our Nation; from the basic "equality" lie, they have spread out and built a vast lying machine which includes our press, TV, radio, magazines, books, movies and even religious publications, to lie about everything.

To show you just how powerful this network of poisonous lies has become, let me present just

ONE example of how it works to keep the American people utterly helpless and ignorant of what is really going on in the world around us.

Let me ask the reader to try to imagine what would have happened just thirty years ago, if I, George Lincoln Rockwell well, had defected from the United States to Nazi Germany, denounced America, became an ardent Nazi citizen of Germany, then came back here to America and assassinated Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Does anyone imagine that our government and every organ of our press would have been insisting, over and over, that the assassination of Roosevelt was the act of just one man, me, - and had nothing to do with the Nazis? - as they keep insisting that Oswald was a "loner" and had nothing at all to do with the world communist movement, although there is plenty of evidence that communism makes a BUSINESS of assassinations, - and that Oswald was a most vital part of the international communist apparatus?

To give the reader an inside peek into just how false is our whole information network, when it comes to anything involving race, or communism, - let me set forth the KNOWN facts behind the assassination of President Kennedy, and YOU judge how the lie-machine has misled America.

In the Jew-dominated Bronx, New York, when he was an adolescent youth, Lee Harvey Oswald admitted that his dark journey into Communist terrorism began. He was handed a pro-Communist leaflet on behalf of the two convicted Jewish Communist spies, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who were finally electrocuted for treason at Sing Sing Prison.

After reading the Communist pamphlet on behalf of the Jew Communist Rosenbergs, Oswald was inspired to obtain and read the works of Marx and Lenin. Later, in Dallas, Oswald boasted that "Das Kapital" became his "bible".

Instead of enjoying normal American pursuits and interests, young Oswald began to soak his mind in the fanatic class hatred of Communism. All millionaires were "enemies of the people", "tyrants" who should be killed.

The juggernaut that would, on November 22, 1963, blast out the brains of an American president - (a millionaire) was launched in New York's Bronx from the pages of the "Communist Manifesto", Rosenberg literature and "Das Kapital".

Continually soaking himself in this poisonous Communist hatred, Oswald became a typical young, liberal pseudointellectual.

In the Marine Corps, his Commanding Officer, First Lt. John E. Donovan, has told how Oswald, just like the young leftist college students I meet all the time, was full of liberal, Marxist and "intellectual" conceit, and arrogant attitude of superiority to all non-Marxist humanity.

In October 1959, full of hatred for the "capitalist" United States, Oswald traveled to the Soviet Union, turned his passport in to the U. S. Embassy, denounced his native America and applied for Soviet citizenship. In a press conference in Moscow, he heaped abuse on the United States

of America, said its people were "bigots" and "exploiters" and scorned everything American.

Getting a work assignment is difficult in Russia. Oswald, however, had no trouble, once he made friends with Soviet factory boss, Alexander Zeger, whom Oswald describes in his diary, (January 13, 1960) as a "Polish Jew". This Jew gets Oswald a top job in his factory. Believe it or not, Oswald also gets a regular payment from the "Red Cross" while in Russia! (Portrait of the Assassin, Gerald Ford. page 51.)

In Kiev, Russia, the Soviets maintain a school for terrorists and assassins. While ostensibly living in Minsk, Russia, Oswald made frequent trips of long duration to Kiev! Oswald, strangely enough, in the Soviet Union, was granted a most extraordinary privilege, especially for a non-citizen. He was allowed to use a rifle and practiced to target shooting!

In Oswald's Diary, October 18, 1960, Oswald records that he is in love with a Jewess, Ella Germain. He becomes infatuated with her, while running around with the Jews with whom he works and their Jewish friends, but she will have none of him. He winds up carrying a "torch" for this Jewess, and soon resorts to the traditional method of "rebounding". On April 13, Oswald married an attractive Russian woman, Marina Pruskova, and had a child. After 2½ years in the Soviet Union, Oswald suddenly asked the Soviet Government for a favor almost never granted he wanted to get an exit visa for his Soviet wife and child to return to the U.S.A.!

Amazingly, he had no difficulty whatsoever in getting this rare permission. He then wrote to Senator John Tower, demanding help in returning to the United States.

There is a man who committed naked treason, denounced his native land, turned in his passport and still was openly contemptuous of the United States, its people, its government and its ideals.

Nevertheless, tremendous forces went to work and the U.S. Embassy in Russia gave Soviet-loving Oswald his passport back!

As if this were not enough, Oswald thereupon asked for, and got, from the very government he had denounced and betrayed \$435.00 to return to the United States of America.

The State Department of the United States Government then issued a special non-quota immigration permit for Oswald to bring his wife, Marina, into the United States.

(Just for purposes of comparison, let the reader note the way I was hunted down and thrown out of England in 1962 by the British Government, although I am no criminal, nor in any way disloyal, while American Jewish traitor Soblen was pampered in every way while I was there and England refused to turn him over for deportation to the United States, even while I was being shipped out!)

Traitor Oswald and his wife arrived in the United States on June 13, 1962 and proceeded to Dallas.

The record shows that Oswald told a public stenographer that in 1962 an "engineer" in the area offered to publish a book about the Soviet Union to be written by Oswald. It just happens that a man named Michael Paine is an engineer who claims that he did not meet or know Oswald until a left-wing pro-Castro party in 1963. Oswald, having recently returned from the Soviet Union, was invited to a Russia-loving Castroite party, and all the local lefties, proCommunists and other Unitarians, Quakers and "peace" workers (leftists) attended to meet Oswald and his Russian wife. A Mrs. Ruth Paine, who attended that Castroite party, had been a super-leftist liberal at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio and the University of Pennsylvania, and had studied Russian in line with the usual "liberal" magnetic attraction to everything Russian and Soviet. (Her folks were Unitarians). At this party, we are supposed to believe, the Paines became so entranced with this traitor Oswald that they began to subsidize him and his family and Mrs. Oswald actually moved in with them!

During this time, with Mrs. Paine and Marina Oswald amiably chatting every day, (in Russian only), Oswald obtained and lost several jobs and traveled to New Orleans, the city with the largest port and concentration of Communists in the South. Here Oswald contacted the Communist Party and "Fair Play for Cuba Committee" at 799 Broadway, New York City.

The "Fair Play for Cuba Committee" now claims that Oswald's activities in New Orleans were in no way authorized by the Committee. Yet there are six lengthy letters from Oswald to the Committee, which were published in the New York Times of December 9, 1963, p. 38, which make it perfectly obvious to anyone of normal intelligence that Oswald was working hand-in-glove with the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee". The head of the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," Mr. V. T. Lee, (Jewish name, Tappin,) has announced that he "lost" or "misaid" the carbon copies of the answers which he wrote to all these letters of Oswald's.

During this period, Oswald had his photograph taken holding up a rifle and his favorite newspaper, "The Militant". "The Militant" is the newspaper of the Trotskyite Communist "Socialist Workers Party" and its title is clear enough indication of its nature. The Trotskyite Communist members of the "Socialist Workers Party", about 90% Jews and Negroes, are violently "militant" and scorn the more subtle activities of the regular Communist Party and Soviet Russia as "too slow". They are passionate adherents of Trotsky's doctrine of "international violent revolution". The Chinese Communists, the African Communists (100% Negro) and Castro (50% Negro) are also violent adherents of the bloody Trotsky doctrines of bloodshed, murder and assassination.

I went to the Library of Congress and obtained a copy of "The Militant", the Communist newspaper with which Oswald proudly had his picture taken with his assassination rifle. Here is a quotation from that filthy Communist rag. (Judge for yourself what kind of "hate" killed President Kennedy - and will kill all of us if we don't put an immediate and complete stop to this sort of incitement.)

"WHAT CASTRO WOULD DO ABOUT RACISM IF HE WERE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES"

"May I draw a word-picture of what we are really talking about when we say 'Decolonize America now'. Let us imagine that in November 1960, Fidel Castro, instead of John F. Kennedy had been elected president of the U. S. On the basis of his clear record of eliminating all racial

barriers in Cuba and stopping police brutality, about 95% of the cops in this country, Black and White, North and South, would catch the first planes out to escape persecution. Many of them would wind up in South Africa as "refugees". There they would find a political and racial climate wholly compatible and congenial.

If 'Bull' Conner were caught and arrested before fleeing, Fidel Castro would not permit anyone to lynch him. He would be given a fair trial. In open court, evidence would be presented of 30 years of his tyranny and terror as Birmingham police commissioner. Old 'Bull' would have full opportunity to testify in his own defense. His attorneys could cross-examine all the prosecution's witnesses, many of who would be Negroes. And then, since it is inconceivable that any court would find him innocent, he would be taken out and shot.

"Meanwhile, on his first day in office, Fidel would have occupied the entire South with Federal troops without bureaucratic delays, the jails would be emptied of all Freedom Fighters and other victims of the Jim Crow system. Fidel's new cabinet would decree the immediate desegregation of all public facilities. Thenceforth, all persons who continued to discriminate would go to jail or to humanely operated rehabilitation centers (Communist euphemism for "concentration camp" -G.L.R.) in an effort to cure them of their racist insanity. All jobs, all housing, all opportunities would be made available to everyone without discrimination.

"Most beautiful of all, Fidel would disband the entire repressive F.B.I. apparatus and would burn all the secret police garbage and intimate gossip that thousands of psychopathic F.B.I. agents have assembled over the years. He would put J. Edgar Hoover in an integrated cell in an Atlanta penitentiary as punishment for four decades of criminal neglect of duty. Hoover has never protected the Constitutional rights of Negroes.

"Sadly, but realistically, even a Pacifist has to make a prediction that will scare and alarm many persons. The prediction is that it is going to take drastic, Castro-type revolution before this problem of the racists will be resolved. North and South, the twisted White Man in the U. S. has no more intention of giving up his Jim Crow system than do the fanatics in the Union of South Africa."

In the voluminous records of testimony about the assassination, the wife of Lee Oswald, Marina, admits Oswald used the name "A. Hidell" in sending for the rifle he used to kill Kennedy, because "Hidell" sounds like "Fidel"-- (Castro!)

While living with the Paines, Oswald practiced sharp shooting with the rifle he kept in the Paine's garage. He took a pot shot at General Walker, ran home and boasted of the fact to his wife in Russian, explaining that Walker needed to be wiped out for his "extremist", right-wing, anti-Communist and "Fascist" views. Mrs. Oswald, with complete naiveté, has told this to the Federal Bureau of investigation. But we are supposed to believe that she never mentioned this to Mrs. Paine, her protectress and only confidante, the only person in America who regularly talked with her in Russian, the only language she understood.

In September it is announced that President Kennedy will visit Dallas.

Three weeks later, Mrs. Paine calls up Mr. Truly, the manager of the Texas school book

depository and gets Oswald a job working there.

Within a matter of only an hour or two after Mrs. Paine contacted Mr. Truly to get Oswald the job at the ideal assassination spot on the Presidential parade route, Oswald appeared at a rooming house at 1026 N. Beckley Street, using the name "O.H.Lee"!!!! The room was far smaller than the one he already had and cost him \$1 per week more! Also, why the phony name? (See New York Post, Dec. 10, 1963, page 22). Can any reasonable person doubt that there was a criminal intention present, at least in the mind of Oswald, when he got the job at the Book Depository, and that Mrs. Paine's involvement is, at the very least, highly suspicious?

Meanwhile, Bernard Weissman and another New York Jew drive all the way down to Dallas to place a full-page advertisement in the Dallas papers for publication the precise date of the President's assassination. Printed with a black border, the advertisement attacks Kennedy in a most extreme manner.

Consider: Dallas, supposedly a hot bed of right-wing extremism could apparently produce no "extremists" willing to put up the money for or write such an "extreme" anti-Kennedy ad. Two Jews had to come all the way down from New York to print this "extremist" ad in Dallas. Why?

Later, it turns out that Weissman's partner in this 1500mile extremist excursion to Dallas from New York City to put a hate-Kennedy ad in the Dallas paper is a top leader of "Young Americans for Freedom" - an organization put together and master-minded from 79 Madison Avenue, by Jew Marvin Liebman - "ex"-Communist! (Mentioned in Chapter VI).

During his period in Dallas, at the request of a local "engineer" (Mr. Paine was an "engineer"), Oswald began writing a Marxist, pro-Communist, pro-Trotskyite, pro-Castro - (but anti-Soviet) book. (It should be pointed out here that vast numbers of American Communists, particularly Trotskyites and Reds in our State Department, feel that the Soviets have "betrayed" the Communist Revolution by re-creating the necessary institutions of society - authority, the family, marriage, discipline, etc. - which these Marxist fanatics consider to be "Fascist" perversions of "pure Communism". The Trotskyite Communists, which include most of the Jew Communists, are becoming racist Communists like the yellow Chinese Communists, the all Negro Black Communists in Africa, and the mongrel Negro Communists like Castro and the Cubans. These are the "way-out", "leftist" Communists who favor Jewish Trotsky's bloody doctrines against the more moderate policies of Russia.) (It is also interesting to note that, right after the assassination, in a printed report, I called attention to the fact, in connection with the fight between the Trotskyites and Red Chinese on one side, and Russians on the other, that "White, Gentile Khrushchev is finding himself more and more at odds with the dark, racial Communists of the World and the Jew Trotskyites who lead them". - Within months after I wrote this, Khrushchev was dumped.)

But the most significant and startling thing about Oswald's episode is the public stenographer's story of what happened when Oswald began to give her sections of the book mentioning Kiev, where the Soviets maintain their school of assassination and terror.

The stenographer reports that when Oswald reached the Kiev episodes, he became highly

agitated snatched away the entire manuscript, notes and carbons leaving only \$10 in payment!

The Paines took Oswald to a meeting of the American Civil Liberties Union, which has defended literally thousands of Communists, murderers and saboteurs, and helped Oswald to apply for membership. He was told the ACLU "defends radicals" - which it does.

Shortly before the assassination, Fidel Castro held a "Hate America" parade in Havana, Cuba. He had Castroite mobs carry a casket, labeled "John F. Kennedy", through the streets to the jeers and hoots of the red Cubans. On top of that casket, Castro had placed a huge sign reading, "Here lies Kennedy, killed by the Cuban Revolution!" (See Y. A. F. New Guard, Nov. 1966, page 13).

Robert Williams, the American Negro who publishes the Crusader boasted to the mob, "Kennedy has persecuted American Negroes long enough! Soon we will be avenged!" (New Guard, Nov. 1966).

Three days before the assassination of President Kennedy, the F.B.I. seized three Castroite terrorists in New York, precisely like Castroite Oswald. The Federal Bureau of Investigation revealed that had these three Castroite terrorists not been caught, they planned to bomb Wall Street, blow up oil refineries in New Jersey and spread a wave of assassinations and terror throughout New York!

This would have occurred about November 22, - the day the President was shot!!

Here is a quote from the "New York Journal American", November 18, 1963:

"If the F. B. I. had failed to smash a Cuban plot geared to spread death, terror and destruction in the metropolitan area, Government sources said the three arrested saboteurs planned to destroy national defense material sites and utilities in New York City; blow up gasoline and oil refineries - the expected result: 100 million dollars worth of damage; plant incendiary bombs in New York City's largest department stores; train ten other pro-Castroites in the art of sabotage. These ten were already undergoing training clandestinely. The expected result: a stepped-up program of sabotage that in time might completely paralyze the City. The blowing up of bridges and subway facilities for example, might have been part of the plot for the future."

One day before the assassination, on November 21, Havana Radio boasted that Castro Communism would "export" bloody terrorism to all the nations in the Western Hemisphere - including the United States! (Washington Post, Dec. 8, 1963).

Meanwhile, inexplicably, Oswald slips over to Mexico to the Cuban and Soviet Embassies and is seen by witnesses in a station wagon! The border guard remembers there were two women and a man with Oswald - (Mr. and Mrs. Paine and Mrs. Oswald?) (Toronto Telegram) (Mrs. Paine had a station wagon and used it to transport the Oswalds several times, including from New Orleans to Dallas.) Oswald talked at the Communist Embassy in Mexico City just before he went to Dallas for the assassination.

Simultaneously, Castro, as a matter of historical fact, is spreading murder and terror in Venezuela, where U.S. citizens were beaten, kidnapped and killed by the Castroite terrorists. On November 7, 1963, United States Congressman Kirsten wrote an official warning to President Kennedy that the Communists were training "professional assassins for action in the United States"! (Northern Virginia Sun, Nov. 27, 1963, Page 1).

Exactly fifteen days after this official warning, President Kennedy was killed by a Communist assassin. And now we are told it was only the act of a "loner", and we mustn't get mad at the Communists, Soviets or Cuba!!!

On November 22, 1963, Lee Oswald killed the President by shooting out of one of the windows of the building where Russian-loving Mrs. Paine had gotten him a job! (A "coincidence" of course.) Within a matter of minutes after the assassin turned out to be a Communist, the United States State Department sent out a top-priority demand to leading U.S. news agencies to minimize any connection between Oswald and world Communism "in order to avoid distributing relations with the Soviet countries and Cuba". (Washington Daily News, Dec. 4, 1963, P. 5). We get hardened to the redness of our own State Department. Perhaps it will help the reader to see the red reality here if we reverse the situation Suppose Hitler's Germany were still going strong, and I shot the President. Can you imagine the State Department sending out a plea to the press not to mention that I am a "Nazi" to avoid disturbing relations with Mr. Hitler?

Any normal American cannot help asking himself how it was that a notorious traitor and defector to Russia could calmly sit in the window of a building on a Presidential parade route with a rifle and shoot the President, in spite of the FBI, the Secret Service and the Dallas Police Department, and walk away from the building.

The answer is absurdly simple. Tragically simple! Because of the intense anti-right-wing-"extremist" propaganda led by the President himself, all the security forces were watching anti-Communists. There was nobody left to pay any attention to the real deadly danger, the Communists! Within moments of the shooting, five harmless ANTI-Communists were seized by the Dallas Police by the officers right on their tails in the crowd. These five were held four days because of the crazy hysteria whipped up against anti-Communists, even though the Police, while they were holding these anti-Communists, caught the real culprit, a Red, allowed him to be shot in the basement of the Police Station by a Jew, and then locked up the assassin's assassin.

The President was shot because he, along with the Jews and the rest of the left wing, had blinded America to the deadly menace of the Reds, calling it "witch-hunting" "hate", etc., and set all our Security forces on a phony "witch-hunt" after Rightists, the D.A.R., etc. -while -trained and deadly Communist killer Oswald was allowed to run around free of surveillance - just like hundreds of thousands more like him who are running around America today, right now!

The American Nazi Party was damned by Attorney General Kennedy as unAmerican." But if the American Nazi Party had had its way, the Attorney General's brother never would have been shot, because Lee Oswald would have been in his grave, where traitors belong, according to the Constitution. And dead Communists can't shoot people or overthrow governments.

There is no "middle ground" with the Communists, no "moderate" position. You either kill them, or they kill you - as they did kill our President.

After Oswald had gotten clear of the building from which he shot the President, the whole plan of the Jews and the reds to wipe out the Right wing and jam through the enabling legislation for a Soviet America, was in the clear. If Oswald had not been caught, there would not have been one voice raised to suggest that a Communist might have done it, and just as with the Birmingham church bombing, where the bomber is unknown, the anti-Communist Right wing would have been violently "lynched," "for shooting our beloved President"! - although, just as in Birmingham, there was no "fair trial" - just a newspaper "lynching."

I believe Destiny took a hand at this point and threw a monkey-wrench into the Jew-Communist machinery. By the most improbable of chances, a Dallas Policeman heard the barest possible description of the suspect, - height, weight, age, etc., - and saw a man who might fit. When he tried to stop this man, the man shot him. - And all the plans of the reds went up in smoke! Oswald was only blocks from Rubenstein's apartment, probably on his way to hide out. But the shooting of heroic officer Tippit "loused up" the plans. He ran for a movie house in panic and was caught.

It is impossible to overemphasize to the thoughtful reader the history-changing magnitude of this event!

Had Oswald "disappeared", like the "Birmingham hate bombers", -the assassination of the President by the "dangerous" right-Wing "extremists" and "fascists" would have been used with deadly effect to hammer in the last links of Communist slavery in America! In the emotional atmosphere, which would have prevailed, nothing could have stopped the passage of the most extreme gun-control laws, the disarming of all Americans, and the complete liquidation of all anti-communist "extremists."

To accomplish this, the red Castroite terrorists were willing to shoot a President!

Destiny put Officer Tippit in the path of these fiends. Tippit died doing his duty. But his death saved America from the immediate threat of the Communist Revolution! I must admit that I could not believe the reds would be insane enough to shoot the President, but as I dug up more and more of the deadly facts, I became thoroughly convinced that November 22nd was "Revolution Day" on the Red calendar. We could never have resisted nor survived the raging lynch mob they would have whipped up, had Officer Tippit not stopped Oswald and thus led to the immediate capture and identification of the killer as a red!

But there is more!

While the President was driving through Dallas, an ex-Chicago Jew named Jacob Rubenstein was pointedly in the advertising offices of the Dallas newspaper going over his display ad, which promoted his degenerate strip tease burlesque club. As the President was driving by outside, Rubenstein refused to join others in the office in going to the windows to glimpse his "idol"!

Later when Oswald was caught, Rubenstein rushed to the Police Station and managed to slip by all guards. For an entire day, while Oswald was in the Police Station, Rubenstein was running around in the middle of everything, participating in a press conference and even prompting the District Attorney with the answer to a question on local geography! Rubenstein was busily passing out his bawdy "calling-cards" for his burlesque show to police and reporters! As long as Oswald showed no signs of "breaking" under questioning by police, Rubenstein "joked with reporters" and simply hung around. Then it was announced that Oswald was "ready to talk", and appeared ready to expose the real set-up. Rubenstein suddenly became so "upset" over the President's death, and was so "touched at the thought of Mrs. Kennedy's sorrow", that he shot Oswald, sealing his lips forever! Consider the position of the conspirators!

If Oswald talked, the whole thing would blow wide open and, instead of a red victory, the atmosphere, (if Oswald admitted he was in on an international Jewish Communist plot) would have been Nazi. The Jew-Communists and traitors would have had to flee for their lives - as they should!

But even if Oswald didn't talk, the prolonged trial of this Communist assassin would have driven into American consciousness at last the deadly danger of tolerating this criminal conspiracy on our soil for one moment longer, and would have led to a great revival of the patriotism the reds call "McCarthyism" - and an impossible position for the Communists. The trial of Oswald just simply mustn't happen. All the day before the shooting of Oswald, it seems reasonable to me that the high councils of treason in America were desperately scrambling for the solution. And they found it, - the same solution they always find.

Death!

At the very last moment when Oswald could be reached by "Ruby", - as he was being transferred to secure quarters from the police station, the Jew Rubenstein rushed forward, was recognized by Oswald, (as slow motion movies have proven beyond doubt) - and shot the assassin dead. With Oswald's death, the worst of the crisis was over for the conspirators.

Consider some of the deadly facts, which would have come out of Oswald's trial.

Oswald was working for the "Fair Play for Cuba" Committee. We have met and fought this gang of swine personally, several times, - and can testify that they are the filthiest, vilest, most treasonable and vicious gang of reds in the Country. But more important, the Castroites are the nucleus of the "civil rights" movement! On April 6, 1960, the "Committee" was launched by an ad in the New York Times, a full page, - paid for with Red Cuban money! At the top of the list of sponsors for this vile ad on behalf of treason is the name, "James Baldwin", the repulsive, black sexual-pervert "author". The rest of the list contains NAACP luminaries, and, perhaps even more important, big shots in the American Civil Liberties Union The head of the Fair Play Committee in L.A. and a national Co-chairman is Jew A. L. Wirin, - who is also the head of the L. A. ACLU! The head of the vile Castro committee was the Jew, V. T. "Lee" (Tappin), who also turns out to be the Secretary of the ACLU in Tampa, Florida!

A trial of Oswald would have driven into the consciousness of America the unspeakable

treason of these people who keep pulling off the same old Communist trick of calling violent Communist terrorists "reformers" until these murderers have seized control of pro-American, Christian governments as Castro did to Batista and Mao Tse Tung did to Chiang Kai-shek - after which the filthy Red fakers in America moan and wring their hands at their "betrayal" by these hard-core Communists who always seem to "fool" these trusting 'lovers of "civil liberties" and "civil rights".

Just a few weeks before the President's assassination our government, with the help of these pro-Communists, civil libertarian creeps, snubbed and insulted pro-American, Christian Madame Nhu. Then the Viet Nam communist "reformers" brutally assassinated her husband and set the stage for the present crazy Viet-Nam war!

Daily exposure of all of this would have been inevitable in any trial of Oswald. And such daily exposures would have inevitably and finally aroused the American people to the deadly facts about Communism and the "civil rights" Black Horror which we of the right wing have been trying so hard to warn America.

In short, the trial of Oswald would have been a fatal blow to the Communist conspiracy in America. It would have been utterly impossible for Martin Luther King, Queer James Baldwin, A. Philip Randolph, Queer Bayard Rustin and the rest of the "liberal" and "civil rights" Jew and Negro leaders who have infiltrated even our churches to continue their deadly but creeping Communist revolution in America.

Oswald had to go.

And he went. He was gunned down in typical gangland fashion by a man typical of Jewish "Murder. Inc."

Immediately after the assassination, three honest groups were preparing to investigate: The Texas Attorney General, the F. B. I., and the U. S. Congress.

Such honest investigations were intolerable to the Reds. On December 9, 1963, only eleven days after the assassination, the Communist Worker newspaper had the gall to demand that these three honest investigations be forbidden, and the outrage investigated only by Earl Warren.

Three days later, the President of the United States obliged the Worker, did exactly as the Communists demanded, and, on December 12, 1963, called off the other three investigations, and ordered Earl Warren to "investigate", - even though Warren had rushed into print within moments after the shooting, with the pre-judged statement that "Hate killed Kennedy", - precisely the phrase used by the Communists, - and every red in America and all over the world!

Warren "investigates" by hiding much of the record for seventy-five years, and actually burns much critical evidence, (such as the autopsy report on the dead President's body!)

With unbelievable arrogance, almost the whole press and publishing industry is diligently helping to spread a gigantic smoke screen being thrown up around the assassination, with the eventual aim of shifting the blame on the anti-communist movement, the way it was originally planned.

Only two years after even the Communist Worker's choice for chief investigator, Earl Warren, had to admit that the assassination was the product of a COMMUNIST, four leftist authors, Mark Lane, Joachim Joesten, Harold Weissberg and Jay Epstein, (all four of them Jewish), are peddling books of the most sophist "reasoning", casting doubt on the inescapable fact that it was Oswald who shot the President. They have manufactured "extra bullets", "grassy knolls", "contradictory" testimony, etc., and very cleverly left out all the damning facts which leave NO doubt that Oswald did it. (And, unfortunately, there are many conspiracy-buffs in the anti-communist side who are actually cooperating with these Jewish smoke-screen operators).

But it is not the books of these men themselves, which are worthy of note in studying how our charts are forged. By themselves, the books would expire of their own weaknesses.

It is the constant top coverage given these books by book reviewers, TV interview shows, newsstand operators, etc., which have shoved them down the throat of the public. I have studied them carefully, and there are no two ways about it, - they are devilish, if slick, - lies. Any careful student of any one of them knows this immediately. Yet they are given enormous publicity and dignity by editors, interviewers and publishers.

What they are up to is a game they have played many times.

When a fact is impossible to get around or cover up, -the liars and chart-forgers help each other throw up an enormous smoke-screen. These assassination books are that smoke screen. They are given such dignity and publicity that before long, most Americans, WHO WILL NEVER READ THE BOOKS, - will begin to believe that the Oswald theory is thoroughly discredited. It's the same technique they used with the facts of RACE. Whenever anybody tries to bring the obvious inequality of human groups into question, the chart-forgers and liars chant, "the claim that there is any such a thing as 'race' has been thoroughly 'discredited'!" they intone together. "Nobody believes that race myth anymore." But they have never actually discredited it, - merely covered it with smoke and finally mud.

Now they are doing the same thing with the fact that a COMMUNIST shot the president, - they are promoting a great, manufactured hue and cry that there is a lot of doubt that Oswald did it. Before long, we will be told that, "There's so much doubt now, about the Oswald theory, that nobody believes that anymore." And the last step is to start referring to it as the "discredited Oswald theory".

They create an artificial bedlam all around the truth, then they point to their OWN bedlam and smoke screen to "prove" that nobody believes the truth anymore!

These arrogant chart-forgers are getting away with it, too, because too few people are willing to do the research homework to track down their massive lies.

As will be shown in later chapters, the chart-forgers have utterly blacked out of the minds of our people whole areas of human knowledge, (such as the fact of race), they have made "patriots" out of our outright enemies, and enemies out of patriots whom they have smeared as "extremists" and "bigots", they have filled the minds of our youth with such lies and madness that vast numbers of them have become LSD-crazed drug addicts and anti-social "hippies", reds and moral-degenerates. They have filled the minds of Negroes with the fanatic belief that Negroes have unlimited rights and no duties. They have turned millions of once-self-reliant Americans into Federal dependents sucking frantically on the public teat. They have poisoned American history with suspicions of the motives of our heroes, slyly implying that they were lechers, profiteers and "haters". They have made the great virtues of duty, faith, work and honor the butt of ridicule, especially among youth. They have actually gotten inside religion, and promoted endless outright lies as the "new Christianity". The list of the lies they have spread among us could fill the rest of the book, but this should be enough to show the deadly PATTERN.

Why has anybody gone to such trouble to build a lie machine and then peddle such enormous lies to million of us?

What has anybody to gain by piling Western Civilization and our American Republic up on the rocks?

Who wants to turn us into a race of brown, communized mongrels, with heads full of lies?

WHO seeks to do such evil things, and for what evil purpose?

Chapter 4 - THE CROOKED CAPTAINS

CROOKED CAPTAINS

Off the New England and Gulf Coasts of America, a century or so ago, there were murderous gangs called "ship wreckers". The gangs would set up false lights near real lighthouses, cunningly placed so that suspecting ships approaching the coast in the dark and in storms would be guided onto deadly reefs.

As soon as the ship was smashed, while the captain and crew were trying to survive the storm, these vultures would pounce on the helpless ship and rob it.

To protect themselves from exposure, the gang murdered every human being aboard.

There was nothing complicated in shipwrecking. It was the oldest crime in the world - murder for what the other man had. The only difference was in the method of using false lighthouses.

Today, there is abroad in the world an enormous gang operating in almost every nation doing EXACTLY the same thing as the early ship-wreckers, except that the modern "ship-wreckers" have added a tremendous complexity of refinements, and instead of wrecking ships, they wreck whole nations.

They are called "Communists", or "Marxists". But basically, the leaders are out to ROB and murder productive people for loot, just as the ship-wreckers robbed those who had worked for the ship's cargo, and then killed them.

Their basic technique, in the end, just as with the ship wreckers, is always naked violence and murder.

But also, just as with the ship-wreckers, they cannot beat the honest productive people of the world by sheer force. They also need surprise and guile. That's where the chart forgery and the fake lighthouses come in.

The Red gang of ship-wreckers lure decent, honest and sincere people onto the deadly reefs of Marxist insanity with their fake lighthouses of "brotherhood", "peace", "love", "democracy", "equality". And then they rig all the charts available to show these fake lighthouses as the ONLY safe guides. Meanwhile, these robbers and forgers rig all our charts (the press) to show the real, safe channels, in which America sailed to greatness, as the most deadly and dangerous of all reefs.

Once our civilization has been wrecked, the Red gang plans to loot it, as they have looted every nation they seize.

In the next chapter, I shall present the fingerprints, footprints, witnesses and handwriting experts to prove before a jury of my fellow Americans just WHO these Red ship wreckers,

robbers and killers are.

But first, I want to prove THAT THE CAPTAINS OF OUR SHIP OF STATE, FOR THE LAST FORTY YEARS, HAVE BEEN WORKING WITH THE CRIMINAL INTERNATIONAL GANG OF SHIP-WRECKERS, STEERING BY THESE LYING CHARTS!

Returning to the coast gangs, a hundred years ago, you can imagine the additional effectiveness of the crime, if the gangs could install some of their own criminal members as the captains of the ships approaching the phony lighthouses.

With a fake captain, the unsuspecting ship and crew would have NO chance - even if some of the navigators began to "smell a rat".

Any navigator who began to protest too vigorously that dirty work was afoot could be clapped into irons by the captain, with the full agreement of the other officers, who could be shown the phony charts. The evidence of dirty work would be too complex for most other officers and crewmen to see, and they would be led to believe the captain's lies, because the captain always has the phony charts to prove he is right.

That's precisely what has happened to America's ship of state.

Men like the great Joe McCarthy were "navigators" who tried to warn the other officers and crew that the captain and the gang were wrecking the ship.

But the fake captains of our nation have been backed up 1000% by the fake chart-makers - the press, TV, etc. -and have managed to keep the innocent victims (the crew and ship) convinced that it was McCarthy who was trying to wreck America on the rocks, while the crooked captains have been presented as the greatest navigators in the history of the world.

Meanwhile, the same "wonderful" captains have been smashing our ship of state into one rock after the other, always with brilliant explanations by the captains, and adoring acceptance of the explanations as the ultimate in statesmanship, by our crooked chart-makers the press. The American crew never really has a chance.

If this sounds like an exaggeration, consider some of the evidence - riot even much of it - just some outstanding examples.

Let's start with something, which isn't ancient history, something going on before our eyes, **RIGHT NOW.**

For more than one hundred years, America had a sacred principle of foreign policy called the "Monroe Doctrine." President Monroe had declared that the United States could not and would not tolerate the establishment in the Western Hemisphere of any power base for the forceful export to the Americas of the seething troubles in Europe. And for a hundred years, we enforced this Monroe Doctrine rigorously.

Today, a rabid, revolutionary, Red-Chinese-dominate Communist Cuba exists only ninety miles from our state of Florida. Far from doing anything about this dangerous situation and utter violation of the Monroe Doctrine, -we helped bring foreign communism to Cuba, and our U.S. Navy now protects and guards it from any attempt by Cuban patriots to re-take Cuba from the enemy! U. S. Navy and Coast Guard ships actually pick up and arrest Cuban anticommunists ON THE HIGH SEAS, - and drag them back to jail! Think of it! Can you believe that there are NOT enemy hands on the wheel of our ship of state?

While we assist communism into power and protect it less than 90 miles away in Cuba, we are sending tens of thousands of American young men to fight and die in Viet Nam, TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM AMERICA, - ostensibly to "stop communism." If we are out to "stop communism," why go so far away when we can do it in our own back yard, - and have a hundred years of the Monroe doctrine to back us up and assure that it is a "just" war?

And if we MUST send our boys so far away to "stop" communism" why do we not let them DO it? At this writing, we are still not attacking the enemy air bases from which come the planes, which are killing Americans, nor do we attack the port of Haiphong, through which come the tons of ammunition and weapons to kill thousands of us. But all of these things are complex and there will be a thousand arguments from the liberals, conservatives and assorted creeps to justify all this, one way or the other. Instead of wasting further time quibbling with these things, let me present the most damning case I have, to prove to any honest man that the CAPTAINS of our ship of state are steering it PURPOSELY on the rocks, - for reasons I shall reveal in the next chapter.

When I got back from fighting World War II, I truly believed all the propaganda that I had helped the "good guys" fight the world's last war, the war to see that there was no more tyranny and "aggression." I remembered that the world declared War, in effect, on Germany, for marching into Prussia and Silesia, ex-German states which had become Poland. And it was, I was told, to get these people out from under the tyrants that I risked my life, and saw thousands die. But then I watched our "leaders" GIVING all these countries I was supposed to be fighting to "free" - to Soviet Russia. I thought I had "saved" Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, etc. - Then I couldn't help noticing that we had NOT stopped tyranny in these countries, - instead, it seemed to me, by fighting in WWII I had helped turn most of the world over to the SOVIET UNION and COMMUNISM. All the Countries I went to save - who had them after WWII - and who has them NOW?

I began to notice, for the first time, that there was something most peculiar about this fight for "freedom" they got me and millions like me into. When ever any Country was in the hands of ANTI-Communists, we were told they were "tyrants and oppressors" and we had to fight to get them out at all costs - as we did, Germany, Italy and Japan.

But when a Country was in the hands of Communists -we HELPED them, and I heard nothing about "tyranny."

In fact, reviewing my career in World War II - I came to the conclusion that I am a Soviet War Veteran. I fought to turn over the major portion of the earth's surface to the Soviets.

This, in turn, led me to become politically aware, for the first time. I began to notice what might be BEHIND the things I read in the papers and saw at the movies, etc.

Around this time right after the War, we began to get massive doses of propaganda about a man named Chiang Kai Shek. He was a "war-lord" we were told; corrupt rotten, vicious - dictatorial and oppressive, he was the President of the China which had fought as a U. S. Ally in WWII, but now, suddenly, he was painted as an unmitigated, villain and enemy of the "good guys." Our press and magazines and books were just alive with articles and material showing over and over what a scoundrel Chiang was. At the time, I was still politically ignorant, (as most Americans still are), and didn't realize that the trouble with Mr. Chiang was that he was ANTI-COMMUNIST. I was to learn soon enough.

Meanwhile, there was another Chinese leader rising over there, Mao-Tse Tung.

The chart-forgers really went to work here, telling us what a great and good man Mao was. It's hard to believe it today, but they pulled out all the stops telling us that Mao Tse Tung was an "agrarian reformer" out to help the peasants with land reform and protect them from the corruption and extortions of "war-lords" like Chiang Kai Shek. The Saturday Evening Post, for instance, ran 26 articles in a row, praising Mao Tse Tung as an "agrarian reformer," scoffing at any idea that he could possibly be Communist - and attacking Chiang Kai Shek as a corrupt "Fascist War-Lord." Young folks today are (probably mercifully) unaware of the unbelievable extent of this lying, vicious PROPAGANDA put out to our innocent people.

Almost every one of our leaders and top journalists went to work tirelessly telling America that Mao was NOT a communist, but a great patriot and the only hope of establishing justice and decency in China. Walter Lippmann, Dean Acheson, Truman, Dean Rusk, Eleanor Roosevelt and the whole pack of our "leaders" assured us over and over again that Mao was NOT a Communist, but was only a Chinese patriot trying to help the peasants establish land reform. In fact, just to show you how far our "leaders" went, let me give just ONE example of the way they poured out these lies on the heads of our people. On June 14, 1951, Dean Rusk, then a top officer of our State Department, (now our Secretary of State) made a speech praising Mao Tse Tung at the University of Pennsylvania.

Rusk (with all the mountains of information available to the State Department) stood up before these thousands of Young Americans and told them, Mao Tse Tung did "not aim at dictatorship," was "not communist," and that Mao himself was the "George Washington of China"! Those were the actual words - all too easily forgotten - of the man, who now sets our State Department policy all over the world.

I remember, even back then, hearing the warnings of "right-wing extremists" filtering through the curtain of "good taste" thrown up to silence such rabid people, that Mao was a COMMUNIST. These "extremists" warned that there was plenty of evidence of Mao's real, Communist nature and plans. But, at the time, it was impossible for ME, anyway, to believe that our top leaders wouldn't know of such things if they existed - or that they would lie to us or cover such facts up if they did exist. At the time, I was naive enough, (as most Americans still are) to believe that our leaders "just couldn't" be working with such communist terrorists and enemies of our Country as Mao Tse Tung. That our leadership and our press was CRAWLING with enemies of our Country I NEVER could have believed. I would not even have

listened to such outrageous charges.

So, with the American people thoroughly brainwashed on the subject of who was the good guy and who the bad guy in China, General Marshall went over there to China and **BOASTED** that, "with one stroke of the pen, I disarmed twenty Chinese divisions" (meaning Chiang's anti-communist troops). At the same time as our top General was "disarming" our anti-communist allies, the communists were turning over to Mao Tse Tung mountains and mountains of captured Japanese arms and ammunition.

In short, **WE** threw Chiang out of China, and turned this mighty land over to our "friend," "agrarian reformer," Mao Tse Tung!

Our leaders rejoiced at this triumph of justice . . . until Mao threw off the cloak of "agrarian reformer" and revealed himself as a 100% Marxist, by slaughtering 40 million Chinamen to "thin them out," which is one hell of a way to give the peasants "land reform" - kill half of them so the rest have more to share!

Of course, the crocodile tears and exclamations of shock and surprise from Lippmann, Eleanor, Acheson, Rusk and the rest were copious and warm. **HOW** surprised and disappointed they were! Here they thought Mao was a nice "liberal" like they were supposed to be - and he goes and spoils it all by exposing the fact that he was a **RED COMMUNIST** and a hater, killer and terrorist all the time! One would think that one such "surprising" experience would be enough for the likes of Rusk and Co. Surely they wouldn't let it happen **AGAIN!**

No sooner had our leaders gotten over their "shock" and "dismay" over Mao, than the game began all over again!

Suddenly our national life was filled with wails of agony about a new "Chiang Kai Shek" right here in the new world - Batista.

In the 1950's, our chart-forging press and "intellectual" leadership began a campaign of vilification of the leader of Cuba, Fulgencia Batista, because he was a "dictator" who was oppressing the peasants. Batista was a Christian, an anti-Communist, a friend of America and in league with no foreign power. But Batista had something about him that our shipwreck leaders didn't like and could not tolerate. He was damned and hounded by our leaders for "oppressing" people. The subject is rarely mentioned, even though every Communist dictator today is oppressing **AMERICAN** young men and women in Communist prison and slave-labor camps. Such Communist dictators as Khrushchev are called "Chairman" and invited to our White House by men like Eisenhower. But anti-Communist dictators are called "fascists," and are scorned and smeared almost beyond belief by everything from our presidents to the New York Times.

So it was with Batista. Our State Department and CIA aided and abetted every kind of movement to overthrow and murder Batista (as they did with Trujillo, another anti-Communist Latin American leader). As just one sample of how "our" State Department operated to get rid of anti-Communist Batista, one has only to study the U. S. Senate Internal Subcommittee's hearings on the man whom the State Department assigned to run the campaign against

Batista, William Weiland. The record shows that this man, Weiland, went to incredible lengths, including perjury and withholding of official U. S. documents to cover up the fact that the man we were helping, Castro, was a COMMUNIST.

Castro helped LEAD an abortive revolution in Venezuela which is all reported in the Senate hearings on Weiland.

Castro's brother, Raul Castro, was trained in the techniques of Communist revolution in Moscow. All of Castro's life he had devoted himself to Marxist uprisings and revolutions, and this fact was known to our State Department, AND much of our press.

Yet we poured aid and comfort on Castro, and heaped scorn, hatred and attacks on Batista. We refused to sell arms to Batista, even while Czechoslovakia was pouring arms in to Castro - ARMS MADE AVAILABLE TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA BY "U. S. AID"!! (Even after Castro took power and began to abuse and shoot Americans as an arrogant, open COMMUNIST, Kennedy and Johnson continued to give "AID" to Czechoslovakia.)

All of this was done by our sold-out "captains" in violation to the Monroe Doctrine and in open furtherance of the Communist wrecking of the American Ship of State. The system they use in suckering the poor, innocent crew of the good old ship, "U.S.A.", is to play upon the noblest instincts of our people to help the oppressed and helpless. In the name of the oppressed peasants of Cuba, they disarmed and destroyed American friend Batista (because he was "brutal" to his people), and then installed a devilish and much more brutal COMMUNIST tyrant.

All the while, the relatively few people who saw this terrible steering of our ship of state onto another Communist rock were doing their best to alert the American people to the fact that Castro was a RED COMMUNIST! But our people were lulled to sleep by the chart-forgers who used their usual technique of accusing their victims of the very thing they themselves were doing.

The New York Times' Herbert Matthews, for instance, assured the American people over and over again that Castro COULDN'T be a Communist that he was an "agrarian reformer" trying to help the peasants who were being oppressed and brutalized by Batista. Patriots who tried to deny this fairy tale were blasted as "extremists", "haters" trying to "divide" Americans and thus HELP the Communists! President Eisenhower lent his support to this campaign against BATISTA, and for Castro. So did all our political pundits, from Walter Lipmann to Eleanor, from Dean Acheson to Dean Rusk, ALL of them, the men in the best position to know the facts, told us over and over again that Castro "COULDN'T BE A COMMUNIST" - that he was an "agrarian reformer".

The same "leaders" did everything possible to smear and discredit those patriots wise and courageous enough to try to warn America of the facts. McCarthy, Welch, Hargis, Smith, McGinley, Buckley, among others - and Rockwell - were all preaching and printing the FACTS which proved that Castro was exactly what he turned out to be, a Communist robber and tyrant.

All such patriots were blasted as "fanatics" (or sometimes, as in Smith's and my cases, given

the silent treatment). We were "Red-baiters", paranoiacs seeing Reds under every bed, etc., etc.

So Mr. Castro was duly able to smash a Batista we disarmed, with Communist weapons we supplied, whereupon Castro was brought to the U. S. A. for a triumphal tour of the nation. Ed Sullivan put him on national TV and, before millions of innocent Americans, said that Castro was "the George Washington of Cuba"! From our president on down Americans were hearing the same deadly lies. Can you BLAME our people for being lost, confused and often disgusted?

Of course, as soon as Castro got back to Havana, he proceeded to stand up and boast, with utmost arrogance, that he had always been a Communist and his revolution was Marxist. Then he started the usual shooting of his opponents and LOOTING of American property. (Remember what we said about the ship-wreckers and how they operated - that they are primarily ROBBERS who use lies and murder as tools?) Remember how the ship-wreckers looted the ships and shot the possible witnesses? Castro and every other dictator always grab PROPERTY and MURDER those who possessed or defended it!

The crocodile tears from Eleanor, Acheson, Ike, Rusk and Lipmann, et al., over this Communist "betrayal" by Castro were a wonder to behold. They were "surprised" and "caught unawares" to the point where they were speechless.

But no amount of these disastrous PRO-COMMUNIST "mistakes" by our leaders ever provokes any outcry from our press, radio and TV, etc. On the contrary, they give each other endless Pulitzer, Nobel and "Brotherhood" prizes. But the "extremists" and "bigots" who turn out to have been right each time, get the full treatment from both the Chart-forgers and the Crooked Captains.

Whenever any American leader shows any signs of alerting the American people to what is going on, and shows any signs of success, the chart-forgers and liars and crooks in our national woodwork pounce on the poor devil with a ferocity understandable only when you realize they are fighting for their very lives. If the American people once find out how the captains and officers of our ship of state have been working with the ship wreckers on the shore to DESTROY THIS GREAT COUNTRY, there will be lynchings from the White House on down through the State Capitols.

The classic example of how a potential threat to the forgers was destroyed is the case of Joe McCarthy, who was warning Americans of the truth, that Mao was a genuine Communist. So the chart-forgers in the press, on TV, in magazines - and in the White House - went to work as never before. They vilified and lied about Joe McCarthy as few men have ever experienced national attack.

I was commanding officer of a Navy anti-submarine squadron in Iceland at the time, and couldn't understand how a U. S. Senator could be as rotten as McCarthy was made to appear.

I sent away for the actual transcripts of the hearings in which McCarthy was supposed to bully and abuse the witnesses.

And I found that the FACTS were precisely the opposite of what the American people were being told and STILL believe! The FACTS showed that McCarthy was understating the case, if anything; that our leaders and every engine of public opinion were selling us out, lying to us. Time after time, I found that McCarthy was accused of flinging "shot-gun charges" at innocent people - only to discover by hard digging that the so-called "innocent" people were the most atrocious kind of RED AGENTS - often-outright SPIES.

A perfect example was the way TIME magazine tried to pillory McCarthy for attacking a man named Gustavo Duran. McCarthy accused Duran of being, at one time, an agent of the OGPU, the Soviet secret service and terrorist organization.

"Duran", said TIME, "never a Red, was actually a strong anti-Communist."

I found the evidence, produced under oath, and documented by our own House Committee, that Duran had been an agent of the OGPU in the Spanish Civil War, where he fought on the Communist side. But even this was not the revealing thing. The real shocker was the proof that the Time writer who wrote, "Duran, never a Red, was actually a strong anti-Communist" - had in his possession when he wrote that lie, the documented evidence from Time's own files that Duran was not only a Red, but an AGENT OF THE SOVIET OGPU - just as McCarthy charged.

Yet millions of Americans were led, innocently, to believe that McCarthy had "assassinated the character" of one more "innocent"!

The serious reader must ask himself just how flagrant the evidence must get before we draw the only possible conclusion - that the lies and smears were DELIBERATE and KNOWING. And if they were deliberate, then the further conclusion is inescapable that they are indeed "forging the charts" for Americans - that our biggest disseminators of information and news are either COMMUNIST or PRO-Communist.

Further, the record of our leaders since Franklin D. Roosevelt is even more flagrant in the way they have aided and protected and promoted Communism every time they could. Notice the PATTERN in the cases of China and Cuba.

Our "leaders" first begin a campaign to vilify and build hatred of a pro-American, anti-Communist leader like Batista or Chiang Kai-Shek because he is "corrupt" and a "dictator" - a "fascist". Then we begin to hear that the opposition to this "dictator" is a "George Washington", an "agrarian reformer", a "liberator" of "oppressed peoples", etc.

Then we arm, aid and assist the "liberator", while we disarm and harass the dirty "dictator", always in the name of "helping the oppressed" and thus "holding back Communism". Any American who casts doubt on the "liberator" is ruthlessly attacked as a "smearer", "fanatic", "hater", "Red-baiter". Once the liberator is in, in the name of helping the oppressed, he turns out to be a Red just as us "haters" and "red-baiters" warned.

But the people are distracted from noticing this fact by some new outcry in the press, by some

new cooked-up crisis, until the Communist dictator has shot millions and established iron rule as a tyrant, much to the "surprise" of our leaders and experts.

Whenever our leaders do let us get into armed conflict with the Communists - observe that it is ALWAYS under conditions where we can do nothing but die, spend money and lose, while the Reds have nothing to lose and everything to gain, as in Viet Nam.

In Asia, manpower is not only unlimited, it is a drug on the market. They need the population thinned out. So we obligingly went to Korea and threw away vast numbers of American lives and limbs in a war our boys were forbidden to win or even fight. We did not use our best weapons, but kept our men dying for NOTHING, when we could have won in a matter of days.

Now we are committed even more viciously to the same madness in Vietnam. We have the force and strength to win that war in a week, if our "leaders" would let us.

But instead, they continue to pour out American lives and treasure, BLEEDING AMERICA TO DEATH, and making us the devil and laughing stock of the world to boot. Another rotten and perfidious example of crooked captains was the actions of John Kennedy in the Bay of Pigs invasion.

With the utmost cynical cruelty and disregard for honor and decency, Mr. Kennedy organized the whole invasion of Cuba to make it look good, committed thousands of lives of anti-Communist patriots and then, single-handedly and arrogantly ORDERED the grounding of the only force which could have given the landing parties any chance of success - air support. The CUBAN pilots, waiting to take off, were prevented from doing so by Kennedy's DIRECT ORDERS - at the last moment! (U. S. News and World Report, Sept. 17, 1962).

When men like McCarthy or any other patriots in our Congress have attempted to hold investigations of this sort of unbelievable treachery and treason by our top leaders, these leaders, particularly our Presidents, have applied the most ruthless kind of gag. By executive order, officials involved are forbidden to give information on these horrible catastrophes to your representatives in Congress! Perhaps the most revealing episode of all, showing the way our leaders themselves are in cahoots with the chart forgers, was Truman's incredible actions in the Harry Dexter White case. (All of this is available from the Government Printing Office, in the Harry Dexter White hearings of the Internal Security Subcommittee, U. S. Senate.)

Harry Dexter White (real name, Weiss) was Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, under Henry Morgenthau.

In that capacity, Weiss stole the engraving plates for U. S. paper money, and sent them to the Soviets to print money for use in occupied Germany. He also arranged for the mass theft of tons of our special money-paper. The Soviets printed BILLIONS of dollars of U. S. money for occupied Germany with which they were able to gain vast amounts of U. S. material, pay spies and American Communists.

J. Edgar Hoover went to President Truman with all the evidence that the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury was not only a Communist, but an espionage agent for the Soviets, and a master

thief to boot - stealing billions of dollars.

Of course, the President at least fired this traitor and thief.

At least, that's what you would certainly think.

But that's not what Truman did.

After being told by the Chief of the FBI that Weiss was a Red SPY, Harry Truman PROMOTED Weiss to be the head of the International Monetary Fund, where he was in a position to give billions to pro-Communist governments like Poland, etc., and starve anti-Communist governments to death, which is exactly what happened.

When the Senate got this information from J. Edgar Hoover himself, President Truman told the Senate that what Hoover actually said was that it would be best to promote Weiss so he wouldn't realize that the FBI was wise to him. J. Edgar Hoover, as usual, with magnificent courage and integrity, promptly showed up the President as a liar on behalf of this despicable Communist enemy of America! Hoover testified under oath that he said no such thing to the President, that he suggested Weiss be gotten out of government as quickly as possible.

As usual, the matter was quietly dropped in the press.

Weiss himself was found dead - one more "suicide".

When Alger Hiss, the convicted Communist spy and perjurer was on trial, Eleanor Roosevelt, Dean Acheson, Secretary of State, Felix Frankfurter from the Supreme Court and many other top government officials appointed by the Presidents, went on the stand to testify that Hiss COULDN'T be a Red, just as they all testified that Castro and Mao Tse Tung "couldn't be a Communist", either.

The record is almost endless. The way you will find "Your" presidents acting in such a manner that Communism always gains, and damning all opposition as "extremism" and Red-baiting is monotonous. The captains of our ship-of-state ALWAYS "blunder" onto the rocks, year after year!

The most depressing thing about it all is the way it WORKS.

The people of the country are like the crew of a ship, too absorbed by their individual tasks to pay much attention to the navigator and captain's business. They presume that these officers MUST be on the level. And they are forever reminded by the chart-forgers, (the press,) what geniuses and saints these captains are, no matter how many times they smash us up on the rocks of China, Cuba, Korea and Vietnam.

What is going on is the old shipwrecking conspiracy, with precisely the same purposes: LOOT and MURDER.

The only difference is that the gang working this devilish criminal operation is not depending on just one false lighthouse to lead their victims to destruction.

They have installed NOTHING but false charts, showing the path to the rocks and destruction as salvation itself, and showing the only safe channels as the most deadly reefs - which they call "hate", "Red-baiting", "witch-hunting", "bigotry" and finally "fascism" or "Nazism".

They have installed NOTHING BUT crooked captains who see to it that, no matter how many times the false channels of pro-Communism and liberalism smash us into rocks and reefs, we keep roaring ahead faster and faster toward more rocks and reefs.

They have destroyed all the buoys, lights and markers which once guided our people through the channels of life; the channel markers of religion, education, ideals, heroes, traditions, discipline, and morals which didn't make us perfect, but did make us a great people.

But our people fail to see the pattern of what they are doing, and so never realize what is happening to us.

Consider the pattern of what happened in China, what happened in Cuba, - and what is NOW HAPPENING IN THE USA.

In China, the chart-forgers and liars first began to moan about an oppressed group, the farmers and peasants, and tell us how these poor "peasants" were being "exploited" by the "war-lord", Chiang Kai-Shek. In Cuba, it was Batista who oppressed the Peasants. Then they raise up, with massive publicity, a "champion" of these poor, oppressed peasants; Mao Tse Tung in China, Castro in Cuba. In spite of foul Communist records, the liars and chart-forgers manage to make their "champions of the oppressed" into heroes with the millions who don't look too close ly. All opposition to their red "heroes" is smeared to death as "hate" and "witch-hunting".

Native leaders who Oppose their great champions of the oppressed are then DISARMED by our American leaders, because they are so "corrupt" and "fascist", etc., as happened with Chiang and Batista. Meanwhile, the communist "saviors" are heavily armed, with the secret connivance of our American leaders.

The "liberators" then take over in the name of the oppressed, but promptly turn on them, much to the "surprise" of our leaders, and start the usual communist terrorism and murder. They followed precisely this pattern in China and Cuba, and our people never noticed. Now they are doing exactly the same thing here in the USA, and millions of our best people are HELPING them, front the noblest motives in the world.

In America, there are no masses of starving peasants. But they do have a group which is "oppressed" in the sense that they have almost nothing, - the blacks.

So, in the name of helping the "oppressed" blacks, the same gang of liars and manipulators, chart-forgers and crooked captains, - have set up the exact same "movement" here to

"liberate" the oppressed, with a leader who has just as "suspicious" a red record as Mao Tse Tung and Castro. The battle cry of Fidel Castro's "liberation" and "agrarian reform" movement was "Vinceramos !" (We shall overcome!) - Sound familiar?

It should, because the same pattern is being followed right here in America. "Agrarian Reform" here is called "Civil Rights". Instead of Mao or Fidel, we have Martin Luther King, - who "COULDN'T be a Communist! All our top leaders tell us over and over what a great and holy man he is, - JUST AS THEY DID ABOUT MAO AND CASTRO.

We've had two strikes in this red ball game already, China and Cuba, - Now it's America, - and our last strike. And we're fanning - striking out on our LAST chance.

None but the stubbornly blind and blindly stubborn can now fail to see that Western civilization cannot much longer survive the way it is being driven.

Unless, by some mighty, convulsive effort of intelligence and will, we can find a way to rise up in a veritably frenzy of energy and throw overboard the crooked captains, together with their phony charts and chart-forgers, our whole people will soon fall into the bloody hands of the Communist ship-wreckers. As has happened to dozens of other nations, we will be taken over in the name of liberation, and then the ship-wreckers will loot the wealth of the productive people, shoot all who protest or even appear to protest, and put the remainder to work in their slave-camp society.

To stop a gang of ship-wreckers a century ago, it was necessary first to IDENTIFY them, then to CATCH them, and finally to punish them and see that there were no more ship-wreckers. Precisely the same steps are necessary today, with the modern, worldwide form of ship-wreckers - the Marxists. We've got to IDENTIFY them, before we can proceed with the other, more direct steps.

So let's take a penetrating look at these criminals, and see if we can learn who they are.

Let's remember that no gang can be stopped as long as all you do is chase the peons and sub-leaders.

We've got to find who is the "Mr. Big" behind this gang of international, Marxist ship-wreckers. And it's going to be a little dangerous.

Whenever you penetrate the inner circle of a gang and begin to put the finger on "Mr. Big", you can expect lots of heat and fire.

We won't be disappointed.

THE SHIP WRECKERS

In most criminal gangs, the "troops" usually wind up on the short end of the stick while "Mr. Big" takes not only the lion's share, but everybody else's too. Usually, most of the "troops" don't even know who the top boss really is. Further, "Mr. Big" usually has a "respectable front".

It is just so with the criminal, international gang of ship-wreckers and looters called the "Communists". The "Mr. Big" of the Red ship-wreckers is a very special kind of boss. He appears to the world as the very essence of respectability, he is almost unknown for the killer and gangster he actually is, even among his own Red "troops".

But in spite of all the fronts and cover-ups, there is one sure way of knowing who is the real boss anyplace.

In Capone's mob, you could cuss the torpedoes. But if you made vile remarks about Big Al, you weren't around long.

In China you can have all the "free speech" you want - so long as you don't criticize Mao Tse Tung.

In Cuba you can have all the "free speech" you want -so long as you don't criticize Castro.

Let's see if there's anybody in America whom nobody dares criticize.

It's certainly not the President. Razzing the President is a national sport. Several times, LBJ has been unable to speak for all the criticism being screamed at him by demonstrators.

Nor is it any other official. You can't name any elected official in America who is so "sacred" there isn't somebody blasting away at him. Nor is there any group you can't take a pot-shot at.

You can cuss the Pollacks, the Irish, the Squareheads -even the Catholics and the Pope himself, as Rudolph Hocuth's play "The Deputy" shows. You can even criticize the Negroes, if you do it in the guise of "States' Rights" or solicitous love of the "colored people". It's done all the time, North and South. Even Huntley and Brinkley recently ran a news special on a Negro housing project in St. Louis and showed the Negroes in the brutally bad light they create for themselves.

But WHO dares criticize JEWS?

Can you imagine a TV special by Huntley and Brinkley on the fact that almost all our Soviet spies, like the Rosenbergs, Sobel, Soblen, Brothman, Gold, Moskowitz, Greenglass, Weinbaum, etc., have been JEWS?

It takes only a moment of reflection for any honest American, looking right inside his OWN soul, to see that the ONE group most feared and dreaded in "our" country is the JEWS.

Nobody EVER criticizes Jews, as Jews. Do you, dare do it?

How did this happen? What's so special about these Jews?

Why is everybody AFRAID of them?

The word "afraid" is derived from the word "fear". You can only be "afraid of" what you FEAR. And you only fear what has some kind of POWER over you.

What power have Jews over us? And how did they get it?

It was the much publicized "little old lady in sneakers" who started me thinking seriously about the power of Jewry for the first time.

For thirty-two years of my life, I had, like almost all Americans, believed that Jews were just a special religious group, who are good businessmen. Also, like most Americans, I believed they had a special affinity for money, and a fantastic ability to get money. But that's all.

I had, of course, heard all the standard canards about Jews. But, again like millions of my fellow Americans, I figured these accusations against the Jews were just the product of bigotry, "scapegoating" and envy of Jewish ability.

Then, in 1950, when I was instructing Marine and Navy pilots in close air support of ground troops during the Korean war, I got interested in trying to put Douglas Macarthur in the White House.

As a Naval Officer I had known and respected Douglas Macarthur. I thought he would make the greatest President of the U.S.A. When there was a campaign to get him the Republican nomination in 1952, I wanted to do what I could to help. I read a letter in The San Diego Union from a woman who lamented that no one would help her get a Macarthur rally going. So I called the lady (whose name I have forgotten) and offered what help I could give. She was very grateful, and invited me to the little cottage where she lived in retirement with her husband.

I started to tell her all the things I thought could be done. I suggested we get a hall and hold a rally. She just smiled with a patient, sad smile and stopped me.

"No," she said, "you can't get a hall so easy, even if you pay. They won't rent one!"

"What do you mean!" I burst. "Who won't rent one?"

She looked queerly and quizzically at her husband, clearly asking him with her eyes about something.

He just shook his head.

"Who won't rent you a hall?" I asked again, looking from him to her.

She took a deep breath, looked pained, and then said, "The Jews".

"The Jews!" came out of me involuntarily. "What have the Jews got to do with it? What do they care whether you get a hall or not?"

"They hate Macarthur!" she said, and started to say something else when I interrupted her.

"Hate him! That's silly! I suppose some of them do. But certainly not all of them! And certainly none of them hate him enough to stop you from hiring a hall for a Macarthur rally!"

She took another deep breath, looking hurt. "It's true," she said, "they all hate him. Look at this, for instance!" and she handed me a copy of The California Jewish Voice. There it was: "MAC ARTHUR APPROACHES: HITLER ENTERS THE CHANCELLERY!" and the paper went on to rave about how General Macarthur was the threat of a "new Hitler"! I couldn't believe it!

"That's only one paper!" I countered. "It's probably just an extremist sheet. I am sure the Jews don't imagine Macarthur is really another Hitler!"

She showed me another Jewish paper, The B'Nai B'Rith Messenger. Its tone was more dignified, but the same hatred of Macarthur was there. She showed me still other Jewish papers. In most of them were vile pictures of Joe McCarthy, terrible charges against him and Macarthur, and unmistakable venom for both of these men.

This is the experience, which awaits every honest American who begins to think about the Jewish question. I had suddenly been exposed to a whole secret world which the average American never even imagines, and never sees -the secret world of the Jews. In the same Jewish Voice I saw the headlines by the editor, Sammy Gach, "THANK GOD!" the day Russia got the A-bomb! (Jewish Voice, Sept. 30, 1949).

I saw hundreds of similar treasonable items. But most Americans are too insulated and easy-going ever to look into this Jewish press. Sooner or later, no matter how long the average American is kept in the dark, or keeps himself in the dark by imagining that discovering Jewish treason against his country and people is "bigotry," he will find the naked evidence of this unified, alien, fanatical Jewish world in the midst of his own people - implacable, hateful, spiteful, bitter and diabolically clever at appearing to be only a "persecuted" religious group.

The whole thing, however, still didn't register with me at the time. It was too fantastic. I felt sure there was some misunderstanding somehow. But the lady gave me some books and papers to take home and study.

When I got home, I looked at the first paper. It was called Common Sense, and the headline was "RED DICTATORSHIP BY 1954!"

I figured right away I had found the paranoid nature of this monstrous "Jewish scare" the lady had told me about - a fantastic Jewish "world plot" - and I couldn't even finish reading it. It seemed too silly and disgusting for an intelligent man to bother about reading.

But in the few lines I did read, Common Sense gave what it claimed were startling facts about the Jewishness of Communism and the Russian revolution. It listed, as the sources of some of these unbelievable facts, the Jewish Encyclopedia and various official U. S. Government documents.

This seemed like an excellent opportunity to spike such a fantastic idea as that Communism was Jewish, and I decided to check these supposed "facts" out. I went over to the San Diego Public Library and dug around in the volumes mentioned in Common Sense.

Down there in the dark stacks of the San Diego Public Library, I got my awakening from thirty years of stupid political sleep, the same deadly sleep now closing the eyes of our people and making them cooperate with their enemies in their own destruction, all in the name of "good citizenship", "brotherhood" and all the rest of the shibboleths of 'nice' people.

I discovered a whole, secret world - the world of the Jews.

And the Jews' world is secret only because the 'non-Jews can't believe there could be such a world, and never look into it!

Perhaps one of the simplest ways to demonstrate this secret Jewish world even to the most hostile reader is to let him perform a simple experiment. And here is a catalog of the thousands of manufacturers who are forced to pay the Jews to put this symbol, called a "hechsher," on its labels and for which the rabbis get a special certification fee!

Let the doubter go to his kitchen and get out any dozen cans of different foods, and a few cans of scouring powders, soap, etc. Examine the labels of these cans carefully for either a little "U" in a circle, or a "K." The "U" means Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America and the "K" stands for kosher. You will find those Jewish symbols on most of your groceries. Here are some advertisements from Jewish papers to give you an idea of what is going on in the Jewish secret world:

Food products in Canada have "MK" (Montreal Kosher) and "COR" (Canadian Orthodox Rabbis) on the labels.

The Wall Street Journal for April 23, 1969 revealed that grocery companies were paying millions and millions of dollars to put these kosher symbols on their labels. In fact, even The Jewish Newsletter for June 1, 1959 warned the Jews that this "K" and "U" business is a racket, pure and simple, and that if the Jewish racketeers didn't ease up a bit on it, the non-Jews

would find it out and there would be hell to pay!

The whole dirty Jewish business almost broke into national news when a greedy rabbi in Indianapolis in 1957 (as court records will show) sued the Coca-Cola Company and made them pay him \$30,000 to put his Jewish hechsher (kosher label) on this soft drink! (The same Jewish newsletter points out that the greatest rabbinical authorities testify that neither Coca-Cola nor any other drink require rabbinical supervision!)

That's \$30,000 paid to just one rabbi in one city, by one company, to put these Jewish symbols on one soft drink for general American consumption - which almost no non-Jewish Americans know about.

But it is the non-Jews who are paying for this racket. YOU, the vast Christian majority, pay that rabbi, not only in Indianapolis, but also in every city in every state in America, day after day, year after year, to make almost all your food kosher - Jewish!

How long do you think the Jews would tolerate Catholics running such an out-and-out racket costing us all millions of dollars in tribute, and forcing Catholic religious practices on all of us in our food? How long do you think the Jews would tolerate a Nazi "minority" in Israel insisting on having a Nazi storm trooper in every Jewish food factory, to put a little swastika on every can of food eaten by the Jews?

Continuing my research into still another area of the secret world of the Jews, I found, in unimpeachable documents and intelligence studies by our own U.S. Government that the Russian Revolution was not "Russian" at all, but almost wholly led by Jews! A table made in April 1918 by Robert Wilton for the G-2 Section (Military Intelligence of the U. S. Army), shows that at the time of the Russian Revolution: there were 384 commissars (running Russia), including 2 Negroes, 13 Russians, 15 Chinese, 22 Armenians and more than 300 Jews. Of the latter number 264 had come to Russia from the United States since the downfall of the Imperial Government." (War Records Division of the National Archives. Record Group 120: Records of the American Expeditionary Forces.) Not even Russian Jews, but New York Jews!

On page 2 of his Secret report to Washington on the nature of the Russian Revolution, Capt. Montgomery Schuyler, G-2, Intelligence, - states the situation brutally but so clearly there can be no doubt: "It is probably unwise to say this too loudly in the United States," writes Schuyler in his report, "but the Bolshevik movement is and has been since its beginning, guided and controlled by Russian Jews of the greasiest type."

Here was smashing evidence that the "Russian" revolution was not Russian at all, but the CAPTURE of Russia, by a gang of criminal JEWS!

Moreover, I discovered I had been the victim of one of the rottenest con games in all history, - the use of the mantle of RELIGION to cloak a filthy, criminal conspiracy of murder and robbery.

In looking through some JEWISH sources, I came across a book put out by the Jews themselves, called, 'Who's Who in American Jewry.' Here's the title page:

Now let the reader ask himself if he, like me, has not believed that Jews are a RELIGIOUS group. If a person denies Judaism, we are told, then he is not a Jew.

Imagine my horror and surprise, then to find, on page 556 of Who's Who in American Jewry, the picture and name of the head of the atheist Communist Red Army, Leon "Trotsky," with the further information that he was born "Bronstein !"

In the same Jewish book, on page 673, I found the Jews proudly listing Maxim Litvinoff, the first Foreign Minister of Soviet Russia, as an American Jew named FINKLESTEIN! Now if the Jews are honest when they tell us they are not a race or a conspiracy, but only a 'religious' group, what are they doing listing these militant Atheist, BOLSHE VIKS, not only as Americans,' but as believers in "Judaism?"

Since then, I have found the same thing in the current Jewish books, which Gentiles rarely bother to investigate. In Who's Who in World Jewry (1965), endorsed by the B'Nai B'Rith, Jewish Theological Seminary, etc., as "An honor roll of World Jews," I found, on Page 29, a listing for Herbert Aptheker, chief theoretician of the Communist Party, the Jew whose Communist daughter Bettina runs the riots at Berkeley!

I learned from the article called "Khazars" in the Universal Jewish Encyclopedia (published by the Jews) that most Jews are not even "Semites" or descendants of the Hebrew people of Palestine (and thus of Christ's people), but mostly the descendants of a semi-oriental tribe in central Russia called "Khazars" or "Chazars," whose king, Bulan, in the sixth century after Christ, ordered his people en masse to become "Jews." I discovered that these "Jews," called "Ashkenazim" in the "trade" (as distinguished from the real Semitic Jews, called "Sephardim"), constitute the bulk and the leadership of the people we call generally "Jews." It is swarms of these "Khazars," with their oriental heritage, who are pushing us around, forcing integration on us, degrading our culture with their filthy "art" (chaos and pornography), and, worst of all, spreading the disease of Communism - all while hiding in the robes of the Jewish "religion!"

Knowing how incredible all this may seem to the average American (as it seemed incredible to me when I first came upon it), I will here include a document I later found in the Library of Congress, a document at once so shocking and yet so absolutely unimpeachable - that in the 15 years since I first saw it, and while presenting it constantly to thousands of people, in college speeches, I have never yet found anybody to contradict one line of it. In the London Illustrated Sunday Herald for February 8, 1920, I found a full page article written by Winston Churchill (including his picture, so there can be no mistake of the identity of the author), called "Zionism versus Bolshevism - A Struggle For the Soul of the Jewish People."

In this full page article, Winston Churchill sets forth the fact that the Jewish people all over the world were divided between two courses of action - Zionism and Communism.

He points out that THE RUSSION REVOLUTION WAS NOT "RUSSIAN" AT ALL, BUT THE CAPTURE OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE BY ATHEISTICAL, MARXIST, INTERNATIONAL JEWS!

Either Winston Churchill himself is a liar, a "bigot," a "scapegoater," and a "hater" - or one of the biggest facts in the history of the world has been denied to you and millions of other non-Jews! If Communist revolutions are not the act of the people in the countries themselves, but are rather the capture of those countries by Jews, AS WAS THE CASE IN RUSSIA - then it is impossible for you to protect yourself from a Communist revolution in America if you are denied the knowledge that Communist revolutions are JEWISH! And it is precisely this knowledge you - and millions of other Americans - are denied - to make you helpless before this arrogant Jewish aggression.

Now I had found the second of the forged charts foisted off on my people; the first was the lie that there was no such thing as breed or race among humans, although there was breed everywhere else in Nature. And here was the second big lie of the forgers, that Jews were "just a persecuted religion," rather than the race or breed of people responsible for Communism!

I went on to find, in the February 3, 1949 issue of the New York Journal American, that Jacob Schiff, then head of the gigantic financial empire called "Kuhn, Loeb & Co.", and grandfather of the woman who now owns the super leftwing New York Post, "sank over twenty million dollars in the Russian Revolution," financing another Jew, Trotsky (Bronstein), in the murder of the Christian and anti-Christian and anti-Communist "White Russians" in masses!

Most surprising and revealing of all was the often invisible connection between a seemingly pure Gentile Communist, and the inevitable Jew, lurking directly in the rear, as Churchill explained in his article.

Lenin, not a Jew, was married to Krupskaya, a Jewess. Stalin, also not a Jew, was married to the sister of Lazar Kaganovitch, Rose - a Jewess. Stalin's son married another Jewess, and it turns out that Khrushchev was the protégé of this same Jew, and married another Jewess in Kaganovitch's family. Cheddi Jagan, Communist Premier of Guinea, is married to a Jewess named Janet Rosenberg from Chicago.

In the satellite countries, it was the same. More Jews! Even that sacred "friend" of America, Tito, was the protégé of Moses Pijade, another Jew Khazar, who does the "suggesting" for the strutting Mr. Tito. And in Cuba, we find a Jew named Zinowich quietly advising Fidel. The Jewess, Anna Pauker, ran Roumania. The Jew, Berman, ran Poland and the Jew Rakosi (Rosencranz) ran Hungary, and the American Jew, Gerhardt Eisler was running East Germany!

In the U.S.A., the F.B.I. and other agencies were catching and/or exposing hordes of Jew spies and Communists: Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Morton Sobell, Harry Soblen, Robert Soblen, Sidney Weinbaum, Judith Coplon, David Greenglass, Abraham Brottman, Miriam Moskowitz, Kramer (Cohen), Harry Gold, Joseph Weinberg, Nathan Silvermaster, Klaus Fuchs, Jacob Golos, the Krugers (Cohens), White (Weiss), Alex Trachtenberg, V. J. Jerome (Isaac Romaine), Simon Gerson, Alex Bittelman, Betty Gannett, Isadore Begun, Jacob Mindel, Israel Amter, W. Weinstone, Fred Fine, Sid Steinberg, Louis Weinstock, Albert Lannon, Fred Rose, "J. Peters" Goldberger, Jacob Stachel, Gerhardt Eisler, Hanns Eisler, "John Gates" (Israel Regenstreif), Gilbert Greenberg,, "Gus Hall" (Arvo Mike Halberg), Irving Potash, Carl Weissburg, Philip Bart, Philip Jaffe. Andrew Roth, Mark Kayn (Mark Julius Ginsberg) "Gil Green" (Gilbert Greenberg), "Carl Winter" (Philip Carl Weissberg); the names were sometimes changed, but the pictures of

these camel-like Jewish faces were more than enough to identify them as Jews. (This list of identified promoters of Communism and spies could be extended for many pages if there were any point in merely multiplying the list of names. But this ought to be enough to eliminate any question in the mind of any reader as to the Jewish inspiration of Communism.)

Out of 41 workers with Communist records at our secret radar laboratories in Fort Monmouth, 39 turned out to be Jews! Out of 18 Americans convicted of espionage for the Soviet Union since 1946, 16 were Jews and 1 was a Negro! Out of 21 convicted of Communist conspiracy to overthrow the U. S. Government by illegal force and violence, 18 were Jews! When the F.B.I. nabbed the "Second-string Politburo," out of 17, 14 of the traitors were identified as Jews! Out of the "Hollywood Ten" who took the 5th Amendment when asked if they were Communists, 9 were Jews! In the U. S. National Archives, in Washington, D.C., researcher Harold Arrowsmith found a letter dated February 23, 1921 from J. Edgar Hoover, the Special Assistant to the Attorney General, addressed to W. L. Hurley, Office of the Undersecretary of State, Department of State, Washington, D. C. It bears State Department decimal file number 861.0078795, and reads:

"Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of the 4th instant (U-H/861.00/7885) referring to copy of dispatch No. 62 from the American Consul at Reval, dated December 1, 1920, relative to the disseminators of Bolshevik propaganda, submitting a list of the same and requesting a reply, the substance of which will be communicated to the American Consul at Reval.

"From an examination of the list of names and addresses submitted, it is indicated that at least the major portion of the list of thirty-two names is authentic, particularly because of the notation, J. Ferguson (evidently Isaac Ferguson); Felix Frankfurter: Jacob Hartman and Fred Biedenkapp; - all known to be actors in this movement."* (signed) J. E. Hoover Special Assistant to the Attorney General *(underlining mine, G.L.R.)

So our government had known all along that Frankfurter was a Bolshevik! They had known it when Frankfurter was slipping scores of communist spies, such as his protégé, Alger Hiss, into our State Department. And Roosevelt must have known it when he put this same treacherous Jew on the Supreme Court in 1939. But no one had ever dared tell the American public.

Another Frankfurter protégé was Dean Acheson, "our" Secretary of State who helped give China to the communists. When their mutual pal, Alger Hiss was on trial as a perjurer and communist spy, Acheson and Frankfurter, who was then a Supreme Court judge, both testified for red spy Hiss as "character witnesses!!"

In the early days of his career, before he had built a machine to do the work for him, Frankfurter was openly Communistic. He led a rabble in defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, the Red anarchists who were eventually executed. He was attorney for the Russian-American Industrial Corporation which was set up to organize and finance the textile industry in Russia after the 1917 Bolshevik victory.

Among others now known to have been Communists, indoctrinated by Frankfurter at Harvard Law school and later placed in key government positions, are Lee Pressman, John Abt (the

lawyer that Oswald, the President assassin asked for before he was shot by Jew Rubenstein), and Nathan Witt, all Jews.

I looked into the Daily Worker, and found the atmosphere to be strictly "kosher." There were touching "In Memory Of" ads to "our dear mother" from Bernie, Abie, Izzy and Nathan Ginzberg, notices of picnics at "Weinbaum's lovely Grove," and an ad for "Harry's Clothing Store" which advertises both special rates for Communist customers in the Worker and also rabbi's outfits. The Editor of the Worker at the time was "John Gates," but when "Gates" was arrested, I learned that his real name was Israel Regenstreif!

I had read in the newspapers that anti-Semitism was running rampant in Russia. But I found the Jews boasting that the head of Soviet propaganda was a Jew - Ilya Ehrenberg! With all the Jews being caught red-handed as Red spies, is it surprising that the Jew Ehrenberg, head of Soviet propaganda, wished to spread the idea that the Communists are "anti-Jewish?"

Even in Japan and China, I found the early planters of the Communist seeds were Jewish. In Japan there was an Anna Rosenberg, and guess who turned up in China as advisor to Sun-Yat Sen? Good old Jewish George Sokolsky, our late "conservative" columnist!

To an intelligent man, the facts were undeniable. They might be unexplainable, but they were simply undeniable. Communism was Jewish! A racial, atheist Jew, Marx, started it, and other atheist Jews like Engels and LaSalle led it. And the Jews in the United States, at least, were almost unanimous in their venomous hatred and suppression of anybody who so much as asked about this fact. Even noticing the number of Jewish Communists and race-mixers brought the unfortunate victim an hysterical campaign against him as a "hate monger!" The same people who screamed the loudest for "academic freedom" to preach Communism were also the most merciless in their campaign of suppression against anyone wishing to discuss the Jews in anything but the most fulsome and disgusting praise.

One of the things which makes it very difficult for many people to believe that Jews are behind Communism is the fact that Jews are also noted for loving money and are, therefore, thought to be, without exception, "capitalists."

This idea, that because Jews love money they "couldn't be Communists," would be true, - if Communism were "on the level" - if Communism were actually a movement to help poor people, as it pretends to be.

But everywhere that Communism has succeeded, it does not help the poor people; Communism always puts into position of tremendous power and wealth vast number of Jews, and robs and enslaves the people.

In other words, Communism with the Jews is not a genuine ideology; it is a confidence game, a swindle and a method of using force and revolution as a shortcut to wealth and power, which usually takes longer to obtain by regular, "business" means (even employing the sort of "business" methods for which Jews are justly notorious). Communism is the old "ship-wreck" business for the criminal profit of Red Jews!

The fact of the matter is that Communism has been largely financed by rich Jews, starting with the Rothschilds and continuing right on through the Lehmans, Sterns, Oppenheimers, Rosenwalds, and other rich Jewish families right here in America.

For instance, Marx himself was financed by a Jewish soap millionaire, Joseph Fels (Fels-Naptha soap). As already mentioned, Jacob Schiff, the head of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., contributed over \$20 million to his fellow Jew, Leon Trotsky (Bronstein), to put over the capture of the Russian people by the Communist Jews. (New York Journal American, February 3, 1949).

At a mass rally in Madison Square Garden, New York City, celebrating the revolutionary victory in Russia, and attended by tens of thousands of New York Communist Jews, Jacob Schiff, the same multi-billionaire Jewish head of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., sent the following telegram to the Committee in Charge, when he could not appear there in person: "Will you say for me to those present tonight how deeply I regret my inability to celebrate with the Friends of Russian Freedom the actual reward of what we had hoped and striven for these long years!" (New York Times, March 24, 1917, page 2).

In this connection, it is also interesting to note that Communism, supposedly a product of poverty, flourishes in the United States, not where the people are the poorest, in places such as Appalachia or Mississippi. In fact, the F.B.I. statistics show there are fewer Communists (only one) in Mississippi, the poorest state in America, than in any other state of the Union! At the same time, the same F. B. I. statistics show the heaviest concentrations of Communists in New York and Los Angeles, the two heaviest concentrations of wealth - AND JEWS!

Whenever a Communist has run for office, the Communist vote has tallied almost precisely, geographically speaking, with the areas containing the most Jews: again, New York City, Los Angeles, Miami Beach, and other areas where wealth and Jews are concentrated. The most recent Communist candidate Aptheker, a Jew, did not run in poverty-stricken Appalachia nor in Mississippi, but in wealthy, Jewish New York City!

Finally, to dispel this notion that rich Jews "just couldn't be" Communists, since Jews "love money", one has only to take a look at the roster of some of the top Communists to see that poverty has nothing to do with it, while Jewishness most certainly does.

A prime example is Charlie Chaplin, a man of enormous wealth earned here in America under our system, which Red Charlie Chaplin despises and attacks so viciously that even our pro-Red State Department excluded him from America for his pro-Communist activities. (Chaplin has never bothered to become a citizen of the United States!)

At first glance, it is very difficult to see why a man who has enjoyed such largesse and wealth from America as Chaplin could possibly be a Communist. But we have only to learn one fact - the same fact you will find at the bottom of almost all Communist activities - to understand "Charlie Chaplin's" Communist tendencies: Chaplin's real 'name is ISRAEL THORNSTEIN, and he is neither an American nor an Englishman - BUT A JEW!

I was really amazed to find out how often, all throughout history, not only with Communists, but also with other world figures who have committed various atrocities, it turns out to be a

Jew or Jewess behind the dirty work.

The classic case occurs in the Jews' favorite book of the Torah, Esther, in which the Jews gloatingly report how the King's girl friend, Esther, succeeding in having the King order the hanging of twenty thousand innocent Gentiles, a "smashing success" which the Jews celebrate every year in the feast of "Purim".

I found the same pattern in ancient Rome, where, during all the persecutions of the Christians under Nero, his Jewish girl friend, Poppaea, was gently making her Jewish suggestions, which changed world history. She got Nero to murder his mother, his wife, and feed thousands of Christians to the lions in the coliseum. (With a straight face the Encyclopedia Americana, 1960 edition, Vol. 22, p. 364, adds, "The one redeeming incident in her career seems to be the mercy she urged upon Nero in behalf of the Jews"!)

One of the arguments I constantly encounter by people trying to "put me down" for claiming that there is a Jewish, Communist, Zionist conspiracy operating in America and all over the world, is the fact that, if such thing were true, "the F. B. I. would take care of it".

Although J. Edgar Hoover repeatedly emphasizes the fact, the American people continually forget that the F.B.I. cannot prosecute anybody!

The initials "F.B.I." stand for Federal Bureau of Investigation. And "investigate" is all that the F.B.I. can do. In order to take action against enemies of the United States, they must get permission from the Justice Department, which controls the F.B.I. And if the Justice Department will not prosecute, or refuses even to get arrest warrants, as has happened over and over again even in the most flagrant cases, the F.B.I. is completely helpless. In fact, J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the F.B.I. (who I believe has been almost solely responsible for holding back the Communist conspiracy in the United States over the past 30 or 40 years), is helpless even to tell the American people what is going on. He can be fired at will by the President or, technically, even by the Justice Department. And, should Hoover say the wrong thing about the Jews, he will be GONE! And he would undoubtedly be replaced by one of the pro-Jewish Communist Gentile toadies who swarm in our Justice Department.

Therefore, Hoover has been forced to steer a careful course between every possible effort to protect the United States of America and our people and the need to avoid giving the Jews and Red rats in our Federal Government the excuse to fire him.

In spite of this difficult and often almost impossible situation, Hoover has brought some amazing things to the notice of the American people.

A prime example is the case of the Jew Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Harry Dexter White (Jew name, Weiss) who stole our money-engraving plates. (Already mentioned in Chapter IV) This same pattern as the Weiss case has repeated itself over and over in our government, where honest investigators and law enforcement officials uncover treason, only to have it covered up and ruthlessly promoted by the very top officers of our government including the President!

I, myself, had a hair-raising experience with this sort of thing, in 1960, when a young man joined my organization, only to confess that he had once been a spy for the Communists! The man's name was Roger Foss, and he told me when he joined that he had been working for the First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, Valintin Ivanoff, who had paid him money to attend a U. S. college and then become a phony U. S. official!

I immediately took the young man to the F.B.I. and saw to it that the entire story was made available. F.B.I. agents spent several days getting the full story from Roger Foss.

Then I waited for something to happen.

Nothing happened! Weeks passed. The matter had apparently been dropped. The Jew lawyers in the "Justice" Department sat on it.

So I took action myself. I knew an honest (if rabidly liberal) reporter on the "Washington Post", Les Whitten. Whitten had covered the effort of the Jews to have me thrown in the Washington lunatic asylum, and had been instrumental in an editorial, which deplored such tyranny, because he is that sad creature: a sincere liberal.

I waited until a weekend (when most of the Jews at the "Washington Post" were enjoying their money) and took the story to Les Whitten, together with Foss and all documents, etc. Whitten was able to get the story spread all across the front page of the "Washington Post". Within 24 hours, Valintin Ivanoff was kicked out of the United States and deported to Russia, with national headlines.

Had I not been able to find some way of forcing the hand of the Justice Department, I have no doubt that Mr. Ivanoff would still be in the Soviet Embassy, paying U. S. college students to attend places like Harvard, Berkeley in California, etc., to raise hell and eventually become Soviet agents, as hundreds or perhaps even thousands of U. S. students are now doing, right now!

The important point to note here is that the F.B.I. was absolutely unable to do anything more than gather the information in this case. After they have presented the information to the Justice Department, they are totally helpless. Time after time after time, there have been similar cases, where the F.B.I. has, by diligent and faithful work, uncovered treason and subversion, only to have Justice Department lawyers - the "Moskowitz's", "Finklesteins", "Cohens", "Goldbergs", "Rosenblatts" and "Lipshitz's" - ignore the information, or cover it up.

In the whole history of the F.B.I., there has only been one "rat" - an agent who turned against the F.B.I. That agent was a Jew named Jake Levine who went on pro-Communist radio WBAI in New York and Radio Pacifica on the West Coast and charged that the F.B.I. was "fascist" and that the agents hated Negroes and Jews!

When asked to name the biggest Communist paper in America, most people will name the "Worker".

But they are wrong. The largest Communist newspaper in America is "The Morning Freiheit" which is actually published in Hebrew characters - in the Yiddish language - for the thousands and thousands of Communist Jews in New York City. When the income tax people temporarily padlocked the "Worker", they never missed an issue; it was simply moved across the hall to the offices of the "Freiheit", where the "Worker" was published until the Communist lawyers got the tax people off their backs.

In Canada, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police broke up a spy ring with the aid of Igor Gouzenko, who defected from the Soviet Embassy and exposed the top Communist agents in Canada. It turned out the two bosses of this Soviet spy ring in Canada were Fred Rose and Sam Karr. The report of the Royal Commission, printed by Her Majesty's Stationery Office reveals that the real name of Fred Rose, a member of Parliament, was Fred Rosenberg and the real name of Sam Karr, was COHEN.

As usual, although the public is not made aware of it, the two leaders of Communism in Canada turned out to be two atheist Jews.

Just before World War II, Communists almost took over the Government of Spain. When General Franco rose up with Spanish Christians and fought the take-over of Spain, Russia and international Communism sent every possible form of aid to turn the Spanish Christian people over to Communist tyranny. The leader of the outside Communists was none other than Bela Kuhn (real name Cohen), the same bloody Jews who had put on the Hungarian revolution right after World War I. From America came hundreds and hundreds of New York City Jews, organized into the "Abraham Lincoln Brigade" to support the takeover of Spain by Communism. All of this can be documented in the study of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade put out by the House Committee on Un-American Activities (Appendix IX, Vol. 1), which lists the names of hundreds of these Jews for your inspection. Meanwhile, to protect the Christian people of Spain from the assault of international Communism, Benito Mussolini sent troops, guns, ammunition and airplanes, and so did Adolf Hitler.

In fact, Spain was a rehearsal for World War II. Only it was much more obvious in those days that one side (the "loyalists") was Communist and Jewish, while the other side (Franco) was Christian, anti-Communist and anti-Jewish.

World War II was exactly the same, but the Jews managed to disguise their purposes better than in the Spanish Civil War.

I found this horrible secret world of the Jews exciting, interesting and frightening, but also very depressing. Far down in my soul I could feel the cold dread of our fate, if what seemed to be going on was going on. I, too, had been brought up never to say the word "Jew" right out, but always "Jewish person" or person of the "Jewish faith" because of what the Bible calls "fear of the Jews" (John 7: 13).

I could imagine the result of my own temperament and reaction to a challenge, if I found out that there really WAS a Jewish plot against my country and my people!

I re-read the papers and books the lady gave me and read them carefully. The tone of the

things, in most cases, repelled me. They were loose in their charges, poorly composed and full of rabid sensationalism.

But they kept revealing new little hidden pearls of truth, which I found checked out. And when I correlated all the facts as best I could, there was no question about it; there was a Jewish plot of some kind or another, and it definitely involved Communism and moral subversion. I found out that the Jews were involved in something more than just Communism and Zionism. As Hitler writes in Mein Kampf, one has only to cut carefully into any diseased abscess of our society "to find down in there the little Jew boy, often quite blinded by the sudden light". There is simply NO excess, no degeneracy, and no horror too low for some Jew to use as a method, not only of getting our money, but destroying our society and our character in the process.

Remember the "poem" which begins "A rose is a rose is a rose". etc.? It was one of the first of the crazy (and rotten) examples of insanity and degeneracy in the form of "poetry" which now parades as "art" - no rhyme, no reason, no sense, just pure madness - and often pure filth.

Do you remember who wrote that crazy stuff and "popularized" it? Her name was Gertrude Stein, and she was a Red Jewess - and a homosexual.

Have you seen some of the crazy "sculpture" in museums of modern "art", where you see, on top of a pedestal, some lumps which look like somebody went into a pasture and shoveled up a few choice ones and piled them on top of each other as a "modern" sculpture? Remember who is the "hero" of this kind of "art"? His name is Jacob EPSTEIN. Another one of the "tribe", laughing at us, thumbing his nose at us, and getting us to pay him for it, and make him a "great man" to boot!

Who is the modern "master" of crazy filthy poetry for "beatniks" and "hippies"?

His name is Allan GINSBURG - a Jewish "artist", teaching our youth about the "finer things" of life.

Who has established the record in America for a filthy magazine? Ralph GINSBERG, who has been sentenced, to prison for his utterly vile "Eros". Even the Supreme Court couldn't stomach this Jew's filth - showing a White nude female in upright intercourse with a huge, naked Negro in full color on a whole page.

The "theatre" scenes described in the first words of this book, where a chicken is crucified, a girl's private parts are shaved by a nude male, and they engage in vertical intercourse in a burlap bag, among other "artistic" antics was produced by Jean Jaques Lebel, a French Jew!

The center of this filth is New York's lower east side, where there is a whole colony of "hippies".

Their headquarters is a storefront called "The Peace-Eye Book Store". It is labeled "strictly kosher".

The producers of filthy and crazy art, poetry, music, sculpture, literature, etc. - almost all Jews, Jews and more Jews!

Nor is it only in these three fields, Communism, Zionism and degeneracy - that I found Jews seem to "excel".

When I investigated the movement to force White people to mix with African blacks, I found these same Jews once again as the masterminds and moneybags.

Later on, I'll go into the Jewish nature of "race-mixing" more thoroughly, but for the present, let me present just one or two of the most shocking documents and facts so that the reader, before he proceeds will have some idea how thoroughly the Jews have used every weapon to destroy the White Society which has welcomed them and given them more than any nation in history.

Here is a photostat from the largest Communist paper in America, the Yiddish morning "Freiheit", printed in Hebrew characters for the tens of thousands of Jewish Communists in New York City. Every Sunday, they print a page in English. That's where we got this exhibit. This one article boasts (privately to the Jews) "95% of the lawyers pushing the Negroes in the civil rights movement are JEWS"! Just to make clear what they mean, let me name one of the chief villains in this script, the lawyer who has done more in the South to disrupt and destroy the White race and civil order than any other single race-mixer and who is head of the NAACP Legal Defense - Jake Greenberg. Jake Greenberg, not a Negro, but a Jew, is the "NAACP" legal brain in courts all over America. It is Jew Greenberg who gets injunctions, defends the black hell-raisers who disrupt whole states, gets White leaders cited for "contempt" of Federal Courts, and thus gives the thousands of black hell-raisers carte blanche to do about whatever they want in the U. S. South!

The NAACP itself is not Negro, but largely Jewish. The president is not a Negro, and never has been. First it was Joel Spingarn, a New York Jew - then his brother, Arthur Spingarn. Now it is another New York Jew, Kivie Kaplan!

Until the blacks took over and ousted him, the big wheel in CORE was another New York Jew named Marvin Rich.

Here is a photograph of the Jewish Post and Opinion newspaper front page, after the blacks in CORE and SNCC rebelled against all these Jews, and took over. The Jews here (privately in their Jewish paper) admit that they have been the masterminds and moneybags for the "Negro" movement, and are now ceasing support, since the Negroes rebelled. They further boast that, 'without Jewish money, the blacks are going broke!

I learned, way back when I first started studying, that it was the American Jewish Congress and American Jewish Committee, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith which spent millions of dollars to produce the "scientific studies" of Swedish Marxist, Gunar Myrdahl, to "Prove" to the U. S. Supreme Court that segregation was unconstitutional, and agitate for complete integration of the South. I found every Jewish paper and every Jewish group

pushing race mixing - quietly in the South and openly and viciously everywhere else in America!

I found:

Communism - largely Jewish. Zionism - all Jewish. The Black Revolution - largely Jewish. 99.9% Jew-financed. Commercial degeneracy and pornography largely Jewish. Commercial racketeering in "religion", with their "K's" and "U's" Jewish, as in Christ's time. Movies, TV, press, books, magazines - strictly kosher.

The secret world of the Jews not only exists - if it continues to exist and flourish, WE will cease to exist.

No people can tolerate such a vast and poisonous secret attack and survive.

For the first time, I began to see these arrogant Jewish Bolsheviks, Zionists, race-mixers, promoters of degeneracy and madness as the ship-wreckers of civilization which so many of them are!

I went back to the lady and we talked some more, this time with me doing the listening. She was mixed up and confused in many ways. But she knew there were dark forces at work to destroy her country and the White people, and she had the fundamental ideas right.

She asked me if I wanted to hear a man named Gerald L. K. Smith.

I remembered the name vaguely, as some kind of horrible radical or other. But she said he was a great American patriot and a great speaker, and gave me a ticket to a speech he was making in Los Angeles.

I was worried about going, since I was a Naval Officer, and the whole thing seemed so wild, radical and dangerous. So I went to the F.B.I. office and asked to see an agent. I was ushered into a private little chamber, and seated opposite an extremely Nordic-looking man. I told him about Smith, and asked if it would be all right to go to his lecture.

"Yes, if you don't participate," he said.

So I went to the speech.

And what a thing that was!

Few Americans today have ever heard an orator. They have heard talks, speeches, even ravings, perhaps, but it is doubtful they have ever heard an old-fashioned, roof-lifting, earth-shaking, soul-shattering oration.

Gerald Smith is the master to end all masters of the human voice. Whatever else he may be,

he can seize you by the lapels of your soul, jerk you out of your seat, and hold you helpless and spellbound for as long as he wants to. He does not just roar and bellow.

He whispers; he sighs; he wheezes; he coos; then he blasts with the power of a locomotive roaring through a tunnel. He laughs; he cries; he howls; he cajoles; he mimics; he screams; he begs; he goes back to whispering, sneers, leers, yells, bursts into hysterical laughter - then whimpers some heart-rending bit which leaves you limp. I sat in the balcony, literally on the edge of my seat. Gerald Smith is still the grandest master of the spoken word alive today, and I would walk twenty miles to hear him again.

But it was not just the way he spoke which captivated me - it was what he said. When you peeled aside all the emotional overtones of his speech, and got down to the raw meat, you found the basic elements of recognizable truth, beautifully put together to show, at last, the clear pattern of what it is the Jews are trying to do with their conspiracy.

And, when history is examined, we find this Jewish nation steadily and surely progressing toward its goal as "God's Chosen People", who are destined to quietly conquer and subdue the world under the bloody, old-testament despotism of the "King of Zion".

They really literally believe "And it shall come to pass". . that the Lord thy God will set thee high above all the nations of the earth". (Deut. 26: 19).

A sermon by Rabbi Leon Spitz, quoted in the American Hebrew, March 1, 1946, illustrates the message by which the flames of Jewish hatred of non-Jews are rekindled every spring in the synagogues:

" Let Esau whine and wail and protest to the civilized world, and let Jacob raise his hand to fight the good fight. The anti-Semite. . . understands but one language, and he must be dealt with on his own level. The Purim Jews stood up for their lives. American Jews, too, must come to grips with our contemporary anti-Semites. We must fill our jails with anti-Semitic gangsters. We must fill our insane asylums with anti-Semitic lunatics. We must combat every alien Jew-hater. We must harass and prosecute our Jew-baiters to the extreme limits of the laws. We must humble and shame our anti-Semitic hoodlums to such an extent that none will wish or dare to become their 'fellow-travelers'."

*Esau is the code name used in Jewish publications to represent the gullible tolerant gentile; Jacob is the code name for the Jew, gifted in the art of deception.

Such is the expression of appreciation Americans are awarded for having taken in, with the greatest of good will and tolerance, an alien people who represented themselves as harassed and persecuted.

As a researcher into the subject of Zionism, I found the Jews not even bothering to cover up this aim of world domination. With the most monumental disdain of the boobs they call the "Goyim" (non-Jews), they openly declare that they spurned offers of much better national "homes" for the Jews than Palestine - places where it would not have been necessary to exile and make homeless a million helpless Arabs. But the Jews arrogantly demanded Palestine

"because it is the center of the world" - not because it is a Biblical promise, but because it is the cross-roads of all the earth between three continents - their chosen seat of eventual world power, and immensely mineral rich. David Ben-Gurion (Prime Minister of Israel) predicted in an article in Look, January 16, 1962, that, by 1987 the world would be run by the Jews from Jerusalem through the Jewish United Nations: "All armies will be abolished, and there will be no more wars. In Jerusalem, the United Nations (a truly United Nations) will build a Shrine of the Prophets to serve the federated union of all continents; this will be the seat of the Supreme Court of Mankind, to settle all controversies among the federated continents, as prophesied by Isaiah."

I am aware, as I dictate these words, of the outrage upon reason of such statements. I myself suffered this outrage when I first considered or heard of the ideas. But I can assure the reader that I would not lightly set these things forth in such a permanent thing as a book, which will be around a long time to "haunt" me, if I am frivolous or in error.

Wide awake now, after reading and studying all I could, I began to think realistically for the first time in my life, instead of according to the slogans to which I had been trained since babyhood, slogans I had never even thought to question, such as: "you mustn't judge people by groups, but only as individuals".

When you come to think of it, that slogan, for instance, is madness! I helped sink German, Jap and Italian subs during the war without asking which ones of the crew were Nazis, Fascists or Militarists. We sank them all. I hated Roosevelt. But the Japs and Germans were not too careful about shooting at me along with the New Dealers who were so anxious to get America into the war.

When you see a nun, you do not inquire as to the health of her kids, nor do you invite 86-year-old men on a parachute jumping party, even though a few of such age, like the late Bernarr MacFadden, used to make parachute jumps. You might fairly expect a Chinaman in a small town would try the laundry or restaurant business, and a Sicilian member of the Mafia to be mixed up in some kind of crime, Nor is it sensible to insist that skirts are not an indication of females just because Scotsmen are found in skirts, too, although they are called "kilts". Nobody would be considered mad for presuming a member of the Ku Klux Klan to be a racist, nor a member of the Americans for Democratic Action to hate the Klan. And by the same token, simply because of the weight of previous evidence, we are not crazy or "hate mongers" when we presume that any given, unknown Jew is a Zionist or a Communist. The probability that any given Jew is one of the two, and sympathetic, at least, to Communism, is overwhelming.

About the only way we can and do judge people, until we get to know them extremely well, is by the group to which they belong. If that group has proved over a long period of time, by its actions, that it is hostile to us, it is not "hate" or bigotry to consider unknown members of that group also hostile, unless and until we learn differently about some particular individual who is an exception to the rule.

The Jews have calculatingly deprecated this utterly necessary rule of daily living and cultivated the opposite, insane idea that we must presume every individual to be a "blank", no matter what the evidence that he belongs to a cannibal tribe or the Mafia - all in order to keep

people from noticing that a devilish lot of Jews are Communists and traitors!

Once one has realized that the Jews are not "just a religious group" (and a "pitiful, persecuted one at that) but a racial anti-nationalistic group in our midst, then one can see the obvious fact that most of the individual members of this group can be expected to be certain things - especially Communists, Zionists and race-mixers. This does not mean, of course, that all of the group must be a certain thing, any more than all Germans were Nazis or all Italians are Catholics.

The Jewish-Communist Zionist-traitor situation is much like that of the Mafia. Everybody knows that the Mafia is mostly Italians and mostly gangsters. But that does not mean, "all Italians are gangsters" or "all gangsters are Italian". On the other hand, the principle the Jews want to suppress is that a member of the Mafia is probably an Italian and probably a gangster. Only madmen would put a member of the group called "Mafia" in charge of their police department. Yet this is exactly what the United States has "strangely" done with its deadly atomic and hydrogen bomb. From Lillienthal to Strauss, we have put almost nothing else but Jews in charge of atomic weapons and programs, although Jews have constituted more than 90% of our atomic spies and Communists! Lillienthal, Oppenheimer, Teller, Straus, Rickover, Rabi, etc., etc., always more of the same deadly pattern. "Don't judge by groups." But only one group somehow is always in control of the key spots - and that same group providing almost all our Red spies.

As Winston Churchill pointed out, the "driving power" and leadership of the Marxist forces is Jewish, and most Jews are at least sympathetic to Communism in one form or another, or they "cover up" for Communists by screaming "hatte monger" at real anti-Communists.

But by no means are all Jews Communists, nor are all Communists Jews. The scientific truth is simply that, on the basis of undeniable statistics, an unknown Jew is probably (but not certainly) pro-Marxist, whether Communist, Trotskyite, or just a race mixing "liberal".

As I studied and thought my way further into the chaos of our national madness, I began to wonder why we had gone to war on the side of the Bolsheviks, who had openly boasted for nearly a hundred years of their plans to destroy us by force and violence and lies and subversion - while we completely wrecked Christian Germany, which never had a single highly placed spy in our country, and no practical chance (or plans) for conquering the world, as I had believed they were trying to do.

I wondered about Adolf Hitler and the Nazis. I had learned he was right about the Jews. It might be worth reading his book, Mein Kampf, to see if he had said anything else right, too.

I hunted around the San Diego bookshops, and finally found a copy of Mein Kampf hidden away in the rear. I bought it, took it home, and sat down to read.

And that was the end of one Lincoln Rockwell, the "nice guy" - the dumb "Goy" - and the beginning of an entirely different person.

Reading Mein Kampf was like finding part of me. Chaos and disorder and mental "greyness"

are immensely frustrating to me. I had suffered for years trying to fathom the endless philosophical, social and political mess in the world, and the even messier explanations offered by religions and sociology.

Over and over I had said to myself, "There must be some sense, some logical causal relationship between social and political facts, and how they got that way !" In spite of the sometimes-messy appearance of things and creatures in Nature, there is no real mess. There is a reason, a cause, for every atom being where it is, in Nature. I could not and do not believe that Nature has no laws, no reasons and no causes in social affairs.

But no person, no book, nor my own mind had been able to discover head or tail to things. I simply suffered from the vague, unhappy feeling that things were "wrong" -I didn't know exactly how - and that there must be a way of diagnosing the "disease" and its causes, and making intelligent, organized efforts to correct that "something Wrong".

In Mein Kampf I found abundant mental sunshine which bathed all this grey world suddenly in the clear light of reason and understanding. Word after word, sentence after sentence stabbed into the darkness like thunderclaps and lightning bolts of revelation, tearing and ripping away the cobwebs of more than thirty years of darkness, brilliantly illuminating the "mysteries" of the heretofore impenetrable murk in a world gone mad. I could not lay the book down without agonies of impatience to get back to it. I read it walking to the squadron. I took it into the air and read it lying on the chart-board while I automatically gave the instructions to the other jets circling over the desert. I read it crossing the Coronado Ferry. I read it into the night and the next morning. When I had finished, I started again, and reread every word, underlining and marking especially magnificent passages. I studied it; I thought about it; I wondered at the utter, indescribable genius of it.

How could the world not only ignore Mein Kampf, but also damn it and curse it and hate it and pretend that it was a plan for "conquering the world, when it was the most obvious and rational plan for saving the world ever written? Had nobody read it I wondered, that people went around saying it was the work of a mad "rug-chewer"? How could sensible people get away with such monstrous intellectual fraud? Why was it so hated and cursed? I could see why the Jews would hate and curse it, but why my own people?

I learned that Hitler not only did NOT want to conquer the world, or any other nation, but only to get back the parts of Germany hacked off by the Versailles treaty.

I know that, were Mexico to beat us in a war and get Texas and Arizona away from us, I would never rest until we had them back. Would you?

Hitler didn't and couldn't. He openly said he wanted back the parts of Germany given to Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc. The only places he ever "attacked" were once parts of GERMANY, such as Prussia and Austria, stolen by Versailles, just as if we lost Florida and Texas, you would certainly "attack" these states until they were again American.

Hitler said, in the same Mein Kampf, that the survival of Western Civilization rested on the preservation of the British Empire, and that if the Jews were able to get a war started against

Germany by England, the end result would be that England would lose her empire. Is that not exactly what has happened? Hitler went so far as to say that he would gladly help the British defend the British Empire with force of German arms!

Check just one sample from Mein Kampf, to see how YOU have been swindled and lied to about Hitler and World War II.

How many times have you heard the phrase "Hitler's Big Lie Technique"? Is not the "big lie" generally believed by most people to be an invention of Adolf Hitler - a technique Hitler is supposed to advocate in Mein Kampf?

The Anti-Defamation League of B'Nai B'rith put out a booklet "simplifying" "Nazism" for the average man, in which the Jewish author writes: "Of course, part of the Nazi propaganda technique was simply the art of fabrication. Hitler wrote: 'A definite factor in getting a lie believed is the size of the lie. The broad masses of the people, in the simplicity of their hearts, more easily fall victim to a big lie than a small one'."

Now here is what Hitler REALLY wrote, on page 232 of Mein Kampf on the subject:

"It required the whole bottomless falsehood of the Jews and their Marxist fighting organization to lay the blame for the collapse on that very man who alone, with superhuman energy and will power, tried to prevent the catastrophe he foresaw and save the nation from its time of deepest humiliation and disgrace. By branding Ludendorff as guilty for the loss of the World War, they took the weapon of moral right from the one dangerous accuser who could have risen against the traitors to the fatherland. In this they proceeded on the sound principle that the magnitude of a lie always contains a certain factor of credibility, since the great masses of the people in the very bottom of their hearts tend to be corrupted rather than consciously and purposely evil, and that, therefore, in view of the primitive simplicity of their minds, they more easily fall a victim to a big lie than to a little one, since they themselves lie in little things, but would be ashamed of lies that were too big. Such a falsehood will never enter their heads, and they will not be able to believe in the possibility of such monstrous effrontery and infamous misrepresentation in others; yes, even when enlightened on the subject, they will long doubt and waver, and continue to accept at least one of these causes as true. Therefore, something of even the most insolent lie will always remain and stick - a fact which all the great lie-virtuosi and lying-clubs in this world know only too well and also make the most treacherous use of. The foremost connoisseurs of this truth regarding the possibilities in the use of falsehood and slander have always been the Jews; for after all, their whole existence is based on one single great lie, to wit, that they are a religious community while actually they are a race - and what a race! One of the greatest minds of humanity has nailed them forever as such in an eternally correct phrase, of fundamental truth: he called them 'the great masters of the lie.' And anyone who does not recognize this or does not want to believe it will never in this world be able to help the truth to victory."

Note that Hitler, far from recommending the "big lie", condemns it as a JEWISH technique!

I found the same thing all through Mein Kampf - the very opposite of what the Jews keep telling us is in the book. But nobody ever bothers to read it, so that the Jews continue to get

away with this arrogant big lie.

Perhaps even more shocking, I discovered, long after the war, just how arrogant the Jews had been in claiming that Hitler "started" World War II - when even before we got into it, they published a book called "Germany Must Perish", which actually preached the EXTERMINATION of the German people (long before any possible gas chambers were even to be alleged). And more startling still the Jews laid out the division of Germany on a map in 1940, and the line the Jews drew on their map way back in 1940 is pretty much the same line which now divides Germany!

All of this would be too unbelievable without proof, without the documents, so here they are - together with comments of such sterling "love-mongering" as TIME magazine, which called the Jewish plan to exterminate the German people (before the war) "A sensational idea!", and the New York Times which called it "A plan for permanent peace among civilized nations!" Observe how arrogantly the Jew author, Kaufman, boasts on the title page, that "This dynamic volume outlines a comprehensive plan for the extinction of the German nation and the total eradication from the earth, of all her people. Also contained herein is a map illustrating the possible territorial dissection of Germany and the apportionment of her lands." -All this before the war!!

I didn't see this Jewish plan to exterminate all Germans, all over the earth (which includes tens of millions of Americans of German extraction), until after these Jews had propagandized me and millions of other innocent Americans into going over there and actually trying to exterminate the German people. For instance, we fire bombed more than a quarter of a million women and children and refugees in non-military Dresden, in ONE NIGHT of nightmare and horror. We followed up, after the war, not only by "dissecting" Germany, as this Jewish genocidist recommended, but by putting into effect the savage plans of his fellow Jew, Mongenthau, to destroy Germany's possibility of feeding and taking care of itself. We went over there after the war, and destroyed not only factories, but millions of acres of forests to destroy the land itself!

I reread and studied Mein Kampf some more. Slowly, bit-by-bit, I began to understand. I realized that National Socialism, the iconoclastic world-view of Adolf Hitler, was the doctrine of scientific, racial idealism - actually a new idealism for our times. I saw an age similar to that of two thousand years ago, when another world-view was on the rise - a world-view that shook and changed the world forever. I realized that this new and wonderful doctrine of scientific truth applied to man himself, as well as to nature and inanimate matter, was the only thing which could save man from his own degradation in luxury, self-seeking short-sightedness and racial degeneration. The doctrine of Adolf Hitler was the political salvation of our times, and Adolf Hitler himself the rescuer sent recurrently to a collapsing humanity by an inscrutable Providence. Hitler's and Germany's "crucifixion" was all according to the inevitable workings of this unknowable Scenarist. Even the eleven hanged "disciples" in Nuremberg were not without significance!

The most hated and dreaded idea two thousand years ago was Christianity. And the most hated and cursed man on earth was Jesus Christ. His followers were bitterly persecuted and murdered by the "good", "sensible" people who, like anybody in his "right mind" recognized Rome and the Empire were the most solid, substantial things in the world. I realized that

today's Marxist-Democratic world is another sprawling "Roman Empire", and today's Nazis similar to the early "Christians".

What is going on is far more than a battle for political supremacy in the present social and political situation. It is the utter smashing and destruction of a society which has become so rotten that it will tolerate and even love its own Marxist destroyers - and the painful slow growth of the new Nazi society which will replace it, even though it is now the most "hated", "despised" and "feared" doctrine on earth, (as Christianity once was)

Such mighty, awesome thoughts come over a man but once in a lifetime, if ever. And when they do, that man changes for all time.

At once a great weight lifted off my soul. I knew that I had found my way to the sun at last. The days of mental dankness, searching and endless frustration were over. But at the same time, an immensely heavy burden replaced it, but in a different, even satisfying way. I knew that I had to do what I could to spread the new and wonderful idea and secure its victory in the collapsing world, no matter what it cost me, even if I were to become a "failure" to be "fed to the lions" in the coliseum. I was as sure then as I am now that it will be done. Nothing can stop the victory of what is now a historical necessity, determined by events beyond our control.

The Marxists pretend it is their victory, which is historically assured. But their timing is off. They were fated to rise to the top. And they have. They have had their victory. Now it is all over, no matter how mighty and terrifying their power and their "Roman Empire" may appear to be. Today, they are in the Kremlin, in Jerusalem and in the White House, wearing different masks to be sure, but nevertheless grinding the whole world under the brutal heel of the Marxist doctrines of "mass" and "equality" and racial defilement. The "Roman Legions", which they control and of which I was so long a part, march and destroy everything, which dares oppose them. They "crucify" the whole German nation, and apostles of the great man who dare to speak one word for his genius.

But they themselves have spoken their funeral oration when they said "each thing contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction". They, too, are victims of this perfectly valid law. And their destruction now is ready to burst from within themselves in a furious catastrophe. Even their "legions" are disintegrating under their own Marxist, race-mixing doctrines.

WE are the new "barbarians", forged to iron hardness in the fires of their hate and persecution. All over the world, WE wait to pounce on the arrogant, strutting "emperors" of Marxism when they have over-extended themselves only a little bit more. They can shore up their confidence with the belief that Nazism is "dead", that they are on the march to final "world revolution", and Jewish mastery of the world by their King of Zion. - whether they call him a "Commissar" or "Secretary General of the U. N.", or "Premier of Israel"!

But there are millions of us, everywhere. I know, today, whereof I speak. Nothing can stop us. On the contrary!

Only three times in the history of the world have any nations once under all-out attack by the Jewish ship-wreckers even managed to fight off the Red plague and recover control: Italy,

Germany and Spain. And each time, it was not conservative talk which foiled the Red ship-wreckers, but ACTION, which the enemy always curses as "fascism". What they call "fascism" on "Nazism" is nothing more than Aryan on White Man's DEFENSE AGAINST THE RED SHIP-WRECKERS.

"Nazism" is the defense mechanism of the Aryan White Man against the deadly attack of world Jewry, with its Communism, Zionism, racial defilement, degeneracy and "democracy". Nazism replaces the collapsing "conservative" defense with vigorous ATTACK.

And when a people are as near to historical death as the whole White Race, attack is not only the best defense, it is the ONLY defense.

Until our appearance on the scene, the Jews have driven every "conservative" opponent into hiding with the fearful accusation. "You're a fascist, a Nazi !"

So far, even the so-called "anti-semitic" organizations have all run like rabbits when they have been hit with that one. They remind me of Peter protesting he was not a Christian when the Jews got after him. "Not me !" shout these terrified people. "We're not Nazis !"

For the first time, with the arrival on the American scene of the American Nazi Party, there is now a spiritual force to look these Jew terrorists in the eye when they start that "You're-a-Nazi"-bit and reply, "You're damned right we're Nazis, and we will soon enough take care of you traitors, thieves, liars, terrorists and communist enemies!"

In the old days of the shipwrecking crews, the leader was often a "pillar of the community" who conducted his ship-wrecking secretly. Attacking him was almost suicidal. But there were always courageous men to do it, in spite of the public outcry.

Americans are easy-going, friendly people, slow to wrath.

Many groups and nations around the world have mistaken this easy-going nature to indicate we are also easy marks, - suckers who can be endlessly "taken".

But from the Barbary Pirates to the Mexicans we have shown that when we finally get MAD, - God help those who have tried our patience!

Turn him loose, and the American White Man can and has whipped anything in sight. Sooner or later, the Jews will finally cross the borderline of American patience as they have done all throughout their history.

When they do, the reaction of the American White Man will make the Jews get on their knees and pray for Adolf Hitler to save them. The revenge taken upon them by other outraged host people will seem like heaven compared to the ferocity of the White American, once he has had all he is going to take from these arrogant Jews.

It is my hope to be organized and ready to channel this damned-up flood of righteous

American rebellion against Jew tyranny, once it breaks loose, into CONSTRUCTIVE, rather than purely destructive directions.

If I am successful, we can find a just solution to the Jewish problem.

If I am unsuccessful, there will be Jews swinging from every lamp post in America.

Chapter 6 - A CLOSE LOOK AT THE CROOKS

A CLOSE LOOK AT THE CROOKS

WHY? Why does such a vast proportion of the Jews devote their entire energies to the criminal red ship-wrecking operation against the millions of non-Jews, most of whom have never done anything to injure Jews?

Unless we understand why so many of these people are doing what they do, it will be impossible to out-maneuver and out-think them.

At first blush, what many Jews are doing seems pure, unadulterated insanity.

One of the commonest and most virulent forms of insanity is called "paranoia". Its symptoms are delusions of grandeur and delusions of persecution.

The guy in the booby hatch who thinks he is Napoleon is a "paranoiac." He suffers from "delusions of grandeur." Almost always he will be found to suffer from a parallel delusion that everybody is plotting against him, hates him and is trying to hurt him. Since they don't recognize that he IS "Napoleon" (or God, or Jesus or whatever the nut imagines himself to be), "they are out to get" him. He talks darkly of the "radio waves" they have "beamed" at him to "control" his mind, and he is absolutely sure that he is unjustly persecuted.

Whenever we find an individual preoccupied with the idea of his own supreme importance, and always talking of how everybody hates and persecutes him, we may justly suspect the poor fellow of being afflicted with the mental illness of paranoia.

When we examine the nature of the Jewish "religion", we find it almost totally preoccupied with precisely these delusions.

The Jews have been howling across the ages that they are God's "Chosen" people, superior to all others, and destined by divine right to plant their feet on the necks of all other people. (See Exodus, Genesis, and especially Deuteronomy.) And because other peoples have not been willing to allow these "Chosen" Jews to stand on their necks, and have always kicked the Jews out or killed them when the Jews managed by manipulations to grab most of the wealth and power in their host nations, the Jews have howled even louder, down through the centuries, that they are "PERSECUTED", "hated" and made "scapegoats". They themselves are always guiltless, lovable and the very models of righteousness.

In other words, the Jews have actually made a religion out of PARANOIA. And anybody who doubts the Jewish claims of persecution and "chosen" status is proclaimed as INSANE, by the Jews!!!

Viewed objectively, it is utterly incredible that these Jews, openly and arrogantly FLAUNTING their own paranoiac delusions of being "Chosen People" and being unjustly "persecuted,"

could get so much of the world brainwashed into believing that anybody who dares mention these facts about the Jews is "crazy" and - yes, even PARANOIAC that's the very diagnosis the Jewish "psychiatrists" make of anybody who takes a realistic view of Jewish paranoia!

But paranoia is not the only reason for the otherwise inexplicable actions of the Jews - actions which, for four thousand years, have ALWAYS gotten them expelled, murdered and hounded out of every country they have infested, because of Jewish ACTIONS.

Observe the pattern of Jewish activity wherever they go.

Jews are welcomed to one country after the other. Then they proceed to use any and all methods, from swindling to violence, to rob and impoverish their non-Jewish hosts. They use their wealth to gain control of press, education, etc., to brainwash their hosts into giving them positions as behind-the-scenes overlords of national leaders; but at the same time, they prepare revolutions to create anarchy and upheaval, during which they use force and violence to seize ALL power and wealth. And the end results of their revolutions are always that they set up crazy, non-productive, Marxist states which cannot survive without enormous transfusions of money and goods from non-Communist (productive) states and peoples. (As witness Israel, which exists largely on German "reparations" and American largesse and Soviet Russia, which is always rescued by U. S. wheat, money and "AID".)

This has been going on for at least three thousand years that we know of. The Jews have done this (as an historical fact) in Greece, Persia, Rome, Spain, England, Portugal, and a dozen other kingdoms, and were then expelled or murdered for their parasitic operations against their hosts, for living without producing.

And there lies the first part of the answer to why Jews act the way they do.

A huge proportion of Jews just plain doesn't like to do hard WORK.

>From time immemorial, they have sought ways to avoid producing what they need to exist.

With every other people in the history of the world, LAND - actual territory - has been the fundamental on which the people's existence has depended. You cannot imagine a France, an England, an Egypt, a United States, a China, a Japan, an Italy, a Sweden or any other nation without land from which the nation earns its living and which, in a spiritual sense IS the nation.

Yet there is one nation, which has lived for almost two thousand years WITHOUT a foot of soil on which to earn a living - the Jewish nation. How low did they do it?

The answer is that the Jews have always used other PEOPLE as other people used LAND.

It may be objected that the Jews were EJECTED from their land and had no choice. But literally hundreds and hundreds of other people have also been ejected from their lands, and have either perished or - more often - have proceeded to CONQUER some people someplace

and regained some land from which to earn a living.

Instead of doing as all other people and finding or getting some land from which to earn their living, when they were ejected, the Jews made a different adaptation; they simply learned to live off of other people, who, in turn, earned the living from the land.

And over the centuries, the Jews have in-bred to become socialized and highly adapted to this, and **ONLY THIS** way of life. Whoever heard of large numbers of Jewish farmers, Jewish cowboys, and Jewish pioneers? Jews never arrive in a country in large numbers until it is **SETTLED** and **PRODUCING**. And then the Jews do not go into the country to get land and till the soil, like most other people in a new country; instead they settle in the towns, villages and cities, as soon as they are built, and become traders and merchants, or operators of saloons, etc.

Among forms of life, this way of life is called "parasitism" - taking a living from a host without working.

There are many animals and plants with exactly the same characteristic: tape worms, ivy, suckerfish, etc.

In order to be a successful parasite, a plant or animal must find a way to get its food and protection from its host over an extended period of time, which usually means that it must find a way of anaesthetizing its host to what it is doing; it must do its stealing of food and shelter in some relatively painless way so that, at first, the host is not aware of the robbery going on, and tolerates the sucking up of its own nourishment.

You can't **FEEL** a tapeworm. You just miss your food. You get weaker and weaker and finally die, as the worm sucks up all the nourishment.

And there's the paradox of the parasite: the more successful he is, the quicker he kills off his host, and therefore the quicker the parasite dies himself!

This is precisely what an overdose of Jews does to a nation (and to the Jews).

They slip in unobtrusively as peddlers and "intellectuals," then gradually begin eating away at the hard-working host, devouring more and more rapaciously, always covering up their blood-sucking with the most plausible and high-sounding phrases about "brotherhood" even while they are slipping the "hood" over the "brother."

I doubt that more than one Jew in a million realizes that is what he is doing, with his high-pressure merchandising, his hyper-intellectualism, and his dishonest speculations. But the **RESULTS** are eventually catastrophic for both him and his host.

After sufficient time, although you still may not **FEEL** a tape worm, you know for damned sure that **SOMETHING** is wrong, and you begin to search desperately for the source of the agony. Sooner or later, when you realize the worm is in there eating out your insides, you physic him

out with the utmost ruthlessness, and pleasure at his passing.

The endless anti-Jewish "pogroms" of history have been the purging of a deadly tapeworm in the agonized bodies of the people attacked by Jewish parasites.

And always, the spores of the worm passed out by one people quickly find their way into the bodies of new and unsuspecting host peoples to begin the same old act of growing and eating out the host once again.

In case it seems too incredible and vile to the reader that there should be HUMAN parasites, let me present, from the works of the Jews themselves, their OWN official description of the process.

The earliest and most complete record of Jewish methods can be found in almost any home in America, right under the noses of the non-Jews, who have actually been taught to worship the very parasites that are eating them alive.

In the Old Testament, we can read the story of a typical Jewish operation in any nation they invade. Jews almost always come to a new nation as hapless "refugees", or prisoners and slaves (having had "difficulties" with their previous hosts).

So it was in ancient Egypt.

A Jew named Joseph was out tending sheep. His brothers were at first going to kill him for his "coat-of-many-colors" and threw him into a pit. (Genesis, 37) But then some Midianite slave traders happened along and we learn in verses 26 and 27 that these Jews decided it was wasteful just to kill their brother, when they could SELL him for a profit.

So his own Jewish brothers sold Joseph as a slave for twenty pieces of silver, and Joseph wound up an Egyptian slave.

In Genesis 39:6, we find Joseph doing such a good job of running an Egyptian household as a slave that the master makes him the "overseer." In verse 6, the Jewish slave has become so indispensable to the Egyptian master that Joseph is made the boss of the entire Egyptian household.

But Joseph gets in difficulty with the Egyptian's wife. She claims he tried to rape her. Joseph claims, innocently, that she tried to rape him. (Gen. 39: 12)

Joseph is tossed into prison, where he repeats the pattern: he becomes so invaluable to the prison administration with his clever business suggestions that he becomes boss of the prison!! (Gen. 39:22)

In this choice spot, he becomes a confidant of Pharaoh's butler, who is in jail. Joseph cleverly interprets dreams for him.

Pharaoh later reinstates his butler, and has a dream he can't interpret. The butler suggests Joseph. Pharaoh has Joseph brought before him, and tells Joseph about seven fat beeves, and seven thin ones. The wily Jew tells Pharaoh this means Egypt will have seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. (For centuries, in the Nile valley, there were huge floods and then periods of drought, so that "lean years" were absolutely certain to follow "fat" years, and vice versa.)

But young Pharaoh is so impressed with Joseph that he asks Joseph what to do about it. The clever Hebrew replies that Pharaoh must find a man smart enough to gather up huge stores of Egyptian grain during the next seven years. "Surprisingly" enough, Pharaoh picks Joseph as that man, and, in Chapter 41, verse 30 of Genesis, Pharaoh turns all Egypt over to his new Jewish "friend." Joseph becomes the "Bernard Baruch" of Egypt, with Pharaoh ordering, "Without thee no man shall lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt."

Joseph duly gathers up and stores the grain produced by Egyptian labor, in vast amounts.

When Egypt is drought-stricken, and the Egyptians are starving for food, Joseph begins to sell their own grain back to the Egyptians. (Gen. 41:56)

The same rotten Jews who sold Joseph into slavery now come over from Canaan to buy some Egyptian grain. Joseph, who is selling the grain to the Egyptians, gives grain to his fellow Jews. In fact, he gives the Jews a double order of grain on their second trip, and Egyptian gold in the bags to boot! (Gen. 44:1) Then he kicks all the Egyptians out of his office, and tells his Jewish brothers to bring all the Jews over to live free off Egyptian grain. (Gen. 45: 1, 10, 11)

Meanwhile, Joseph is selling back their own grain to the Egyptian farmers who produced it. The king is tickled to death, as the treasury bulges. So Joseph tells the king his brothers and families are on the way, and the king promises Joseph that the Jews will live on "the fat of the land". (Gen. 45:18)

>From the money being paid by the Egyptian farmers to buy their own grain back, Joseph gives all the Jews wagons, equipment, furniture, and doles out 300 pieces of Egyptian silver to all these Jews! (Gen. 45:16, 22)

Next, Genesis 46 describes how a whole ARMY of Jews moves into Egypt, with who "begat" who and all the children and "children's' children," etc. Joseph tells his fellow Jews to lie to the king that they are not shepherds (which he knows might aggravate the king). Instead, the Jews all get free Egyptian cattle and land, the best in Egypt. Gen. 46:34) Not one of these Jews has done a lick of work to produce the wealth they are grabbing. (A familiar parasitic pattern)

Genesis 47, verse 14 reveals that Joseph, Egypt's Jewish boss, has "gathered. up all the money" of the Egyptians, selling them grain.

As a result, in verse 15, we discover that the "money of Egypt fails !"

A depression?

The starving Egyptians plead with Joseph to let them have a little grain because their money is all gone. Joseph tells them, in typical hockshop, Jewish style, that they still have their cattle! So the Jew takes the Egyptian farmers' cattle! (Gen. 47:16)

The next year, the starving Egyptians again beg for grain. But the Jewish keeper of the granaries (filled by Egyptian work) tells them that they will have to give up their land, too! To survive, the people have to give this Jew their land in the name of the Pharaoh (verse 20). Joseph then puts them all into "concentration areas" - cities, taking them off their own land! (Verse 21) When the Egyptians are finally reduced to utter despair, starving, without their money, without their land and without their cattle, Joseph puts them back on their own land as SHARE-CROPPERS, at 20% profit! (Verse 24)

Understandably, since Joseph is running the affairs of the Egyptians, the Egyptians are poor, working like slaves and hungry.

But, meanwhile, the hordes of Jews he has brought in are getting "rich and fat" (verse 27) living off the "fat of the land" - WITHOUT WORK!

Sound familiar?

After 80 years of this process, the Jews have almost everything and the Egyptians are all slaving for the Jews! (The story doesn't mention what the Egyptians think of the arrangement, but it isn't hard to imagine.)

In the Jews' own book of Exodus, we next find Joseph dying, and the Egyptians trying to find some way of getting the Jews off their backs. In Exodus I, there are some verses worth repeating whole: "7. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceedingly mighty, and the land was filled with them. "8. Now there rose up a king who knew not Joseph. (An 'anti-semite,' no doubt.) "9. And he said unto his people 'Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we! (Take a look at New York City, Los Angeles, etc.!) "10. 'Come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, lest it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies..' " (As traitors, spies) (Remember the Rosenbergs, Sobels, Greenglasses, Golds, Moskowitz's, Silvermasters, etc., etc., etc., who "joined also unto our (Communist) enemies?)

Observe here the classic pattern.

The Jew arrives in rags and tatters and terrible misery because of the actions of his own people. (Not Gentiles, but his own Jewish brothers sold Joseph into slavery.)

The host people are relatively easy-going, and soon recognize the undeniable clever business manipulations of the Jew. (Joseph becomes boss of the household where he was a slave.)

The Jew begins to push. (Joseph is accused of getting "fresh" with the wife of his master, who sends him to jail.)

In spite of adversity however (jail), the Jew prospers because of the same old Jewish ability to manage and manipulate. (Joseph becomes boss of the jail.)

Using his wits, the Jew reaches the highest positions of Power. (Joseph becomes the "executive officer" under Pharaoh, and actually runs Egypt).

Abusing every leverage of the high office of power, the Jew begins to gather up not just money and power, but all the money and all the power that he turns over to more and more Jews. He becomes so greedy and rapacious that he smashes the whole economy. (Joseph grabs up so much money from the Egyptians that "money fails.")

In the following "depression" the Jew gathers up all the material wealth and the land. (Joseph did exactly this, giving his fellow Jews the "fat of the land.")

Once the Jew owns and controls everything, he proceeds to make financial slaves out of the native population. (Joseph sent the farmers back to their own land as sharecroppers, producing 20% profit!)

Inevitably, this process produces such a horror of Jewish power and wealth and such misery for the native population, that the host people become "anti-semites" and the Jews begin to look around for another country to which they can flee. THEY BECOME SPIES, etc. (The king of Egypt warns his people that the Jews are more powerful than the Egyptians in their own land, and that the Jews are likely to be traitors. He first tries to make the Jews work as slaves.)

The next and last step is for the native population to try to hold the Jews back somehow. (The king orders infanticide for all newborn male Jews.) When these less radical methods won't work, the native populations rise up and either kill the Jews or drive them out. (Moses led the Jews out of Egypt only yards ahead of the king's armies.)

That Jewish pattern was established in writing more than four thousand years ago - by the Jews themselves. You can check every word of it in any Bible!

Basically, it hasn't changed.

Always the Jew arrives, as in America, as a tattered "refugee" and is welcomed and assisted by kindly host peoples. The Jew then begins his usual climb up the back of the host people, using any and all methods, even cooperation with his murderous Marxist brothers, until finally the Jews are "exceedingly mighty" and "abundant" in the land, and the host people are paying huge taxes and fees to the Jews to live in their own lands. The Jews sooner or later smash the economy entirely, and wind up owning the very land, making wage-slaves out of the masses of the people, while they slyly ingratiate themselves with the last few non-Jews with power and money.

Ask yourself: did the Egyptians unfairly "persecute" the Jews?

According to the Jews' own account of things in Genesis and Exodus, the Egyptians did absolutely nothing against Joseph and the Jews. Quite the opposite, the Egyptians made Joseph "ruler over all Egypt," and gave his great multitude of fellow Jews the "best" land in Egypt, free cattle, free grain, and endless advantages. The Egyptians couldn't possibly have done more for Joseph and the Jews.

In return, when the Egyptians are hungry and starving because of a terrible drought, there is no "sweet charity" from these Jews. No. Joseph demands first all their money, ruins their economy, then grabs all their cattle, and finally all their land itself!!!

While he gives the Jews the "fat of the land," he moves the native people off the land into cities where they are beggars, and then "permits" them back on their own land as sharecroppers, at 20% profit.

Would you tolerate a guest, to whom you gave the best room in your home, who took all your money, all your furniture and finally your home itself, all because you came upon hard times and would you then let your "guest" move you back into your own basement as janitor while he lives like a king without working?

Once it is understood that the Jews have inherited a most peculiar trait - parasitism - a trait found in no other people, no matter how primitive, it will be easier to understand why they are what they are, and why they act as they do.

All the screams of "anti-Semitism," all the howls about "persecution," all the propaganda about the "Chosen People" - and all the whole hell-raising history of the Jews will be found to go back again and again to the nature of the Jew to keep trying to live without working, to consume without producing.

And the need to try to keep his hosts anesthetized - unaware of the source of the misery caused by Jewish parasitism - has forced the Jew to develop a whole flock of secondary characteristics which are often more soundly hated than the parasitism which is the basic cause of the trouble.

The first of these characteristics is his ability to lie.

Almost every great man, from Christ to Schopenhauer, has damned these people as LIARS, "the great masters of the lie," and a hundred other ways of saying the same thing. Hitler says a Jew tells the truth only to be able to tell a greater lie later.

In order to hide the fact that they have become a special breed of humanity (i.e., parasitic), they have developed the monstrous lie that they are "only a religion." Their Jewish appearance is loudly denied, their Jewish characteristics are denied, their Jewish operations and depredations are denied, while those who mention these things are attacked by every Jew in creation as a "hater," an "anti-Semite," etc.

And in order to rationalize to themselves this miserable trait of living by manipulations off of

those who do produce, the Jew invented the despicable myth of being the "Chosen People." He has granted himself a special license from Heaven to be a gold-brick down the centuries.

A father who "chooses" one of his children for favoritism, and then withholds the same love and "choosing" from other children he has brought into this world is a cheat and a scoundrel. Yet the Jews would have us believe the Almighty does exactly this! It is monstrous!

Once they adopted the parasitic way of life, the early tribes of Jews were forced to rationalize that such inhuman injustice and criminal bloodsucking was "ordained" by God.

The whole Old Testament abounds with their ringing statements of how they will "put their feet on the necks of all other people," how they will have in their greedy hands all the gold and wealth of the earth and make slaves of all other people the dream of human tape worms!

I have no doubt that, if a tapeworm could talk, it would groan "Oy, why does everybody hate me and persecute me?"

Combining this "chosen" rationalization for parasitism, with a fanatical love of themselves and resulting unity, they in-bred, century after century.

And this inbreeding produced the special, recognizable breed of the fat, greasy-looking, rapacious Jew, typified by the appearance of convicted mail swindler Harry Golden better than anything I could put in words.

Along with the bad characteristics of parasitism, the Jews were also forced to produce something in which they have excelled the rest of us - a purely materialistic and superficial cunning.

There are, of course, stupid Jews. But the AVERAGE Jew exceeds the AVERAGE Gentile in superb mental slyness and sharpness. He HAS to. The average Gentile is a man of force and courage.

Whenever he discovers what the Jew is up to, how the Jew is conning him out of his hard-won production without working, the Gentile resorts to naked force to put an end to the depredations of the human tape worm. To avoid this violent end, the Jew has to "live by his wits."

So the Jew has developed a good set of "wits."

What the Jews palm off on the world as their "religion" is the codified essence of these Jewish "wits," the rules for living like a parasite off the sweat of their hosts, for grabbing the Gentile women for Jewish pleasure, and Gentile men to labor for the Jews, all while getting their victims to worship them as a "holy" people!

Does that sound wild, extreme - even wicked and vicious?

I must confess that it does.

But the evidence that every word of it is true exists in the Jews' own words. Here is a direct quote from the correspondence of Karl Marx with another Jew, Baruch Levy, quoted in "La Revue de Paris," June 1, 1928, page 574:

"In the new organization of mankind, the children of Israel will spread over the whole surface of the earth and will become everywhere, without opposition, the leading element, especially if they can impose upon working classes the firm control of some of them. The governments of the nations forming the Universal Republic will pass without effort into the hands of the Jews under the cover of the victory of the proletariat, private property will then be suppressed by the rulers of Jewish race, who will everywhere control public funds. Thus will be realized the Talmudic promise that, when come the times of the Messiah, Jews will possess the wealth of all peoples of the world."

Even more convincing is the original source for the rules the Jews worship as their "Bible," the Talmud. This enormous set of rules for using and abusing the "stupid Goyim" - cattle, as they call us - contains more filth and hate than any other book on earth. Judge for yourself! Just read some samples from this Jewish holy book - the basis of the Jewish "religion":

At the time of the Cholhamoed the transaction of any kind of business is forbidden. But it is permitted to practice usury on the Gentile, because the practice of usury on a Gentile at any time pleases the Lord. Schulchan Aruch, Orah Chaim, 529 On the Haman-holiday all Jews must say prayers of thanks, called Arud Haman, in which it says: "Cursed be Haman and all Gentiles, blessed be Mardocheaus and all Jews. Schulchan Aruch, Orab Chaim, 690

The Kadish-prayer shall only be given when ten Jews are together and they must be together in a way that no unclean thing separates them, as, for example, excrements or a Gentile. Schulchan Aruch, Orah Chaim, 55, 20

Jews are human beings; the other people of the world are not human beings, but beasts. Baba Mezia

All non-Jewesses are whores. Eben Haezar

A Jew is permitted to rape, cheat, and perjure himself; but he must take care that he is not found out, so that Israel may not suffer. Schulehan Aruch, Jore Deah

A Gentile girl who is three years old can be violated.

Aboda Shara 37a

Extermination of Christians is a necessary sacrifice.

Zohar II 43a

Even the best among the Gentiles deserves to be killed.

Abodan Zarah 2Gb

The best of the Christians must be strangled. Rasoni, Exodus 14

Every goy who studies the Talmud, and every Jew who helps him in it should die.

Sanhedrin 59a

The Jews were created to be served by non-Jews. The latter must plow, sow, weed, dig, mow, bind, sieve and grind. The Jews are created to find all this in readiness.

Berachoth A woman who had intercourse with a beast (i.e., a dog) is eligible to marry a priest. Yebamoth 59b

Israel is like the lady of the house to whom her husband brings the money. Thus Israel is without the burden of labor and receives the money from the people of the world. Jalkut Schim., 75, 2

And he who desires that none of his vows made during the year shall be valid, let him stand at the beginning of the year and declare, "Every vow which I may make in the future shall be null." His VOWS are then invalid. (Kol Nidre) Nedarim 23b

God has given the Jews power over the possessions and blood of all nations.

Seph. Jp., 92, 1

Regarding any Gentile claims to property rights, their possessions are "like unclaimed land in the desert." Baba Bathra, 54h

It is always a meritorious deed for a Jew to get hold of a Gentile's possessions.

Schulchan Aruch

When a Jew has a Gentile in his clutches, another Jew may go to the same Gentile, lend him money and in turn deceive him, so that the Gentile shall be ruined. For the property of a Gentile, according to our law, belongs to no one, and the first Jew that passes has full right to seize it. Schulehan Aruch, Choschem Hamischpath, 156

It is not permitted to rob a brother, but it is permitted to rob a non-Jew, for it is written (Leviticus XIX, 13) "Thou shalt not rob thy neighbor." But these words, said Jehovah, do not apply to a goy who is not thy brother. Baba Mezia, 61a

A Jew may lie and perjure to condemn a Christian. The name of God is not profaned when lying to Christians. Baba Kama, 113a, 113b

Being a gross materialist in love with himself and his gold, and having his whole nature depend on getting rather than ever giving (exactly like the tape worm), the average Jew has a hard time being physically "courageous." He can't see any point in sacrificing himself since, once he is dead, he sees no gain. (Can you imagine a "courageous tape worm?")

Above all, the Jew realizes that his only hope of survival is the utmost effort to keep his hosts from ever realizing what he is doing. Once the host realizes he has a tapeworm, the castor oil is inevitable, and all the Jew's cleverness, lies and ability to disguise himself as a religion are useless. Out he goes into the sewer!

So the Jew becomes the world's absolute champion in the art of being a chameleon. In America, he is the original MODEL of the American, devouring apple-pies, yelling at the umpire at ball games and even joining the Unitarian church to parade around in the suburbs like the Goy on Sunday. In England, he becomes "royalty", with a title and the rank of "knight" or "duke". In Spain he hollers "Ole!" at the bullfight and becomes a "Don". In pre-World War II, some Jews even tried to be "Nazis". But underneath, the Jew is still there, and when the crisis arrives, the Jew will out. He is a Jew first, - then an "American" or a Spaniard.

The first Jewish justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, Louis D. Brandeis, in his book, "Zionism", pages 113 and 114 set down the real truth of the Jewish business for the eyes of his brother Jews when he wrote, "Let us recognize that we Jews are a distinct nationality of Which every Jew, whatever his country, his station, or shade of belief, is necessarily a member"

"Organize, organize, organize, until every Jew must stand up and be counted - counted with us, or prove himself, wittingly or unwittingly, of the few who are against their own people."

Perhaps the most famous Jewish rabbi in America, Rabbi Stephen Wise, put it even more clearly in a quotation in the New York Herald Tribune, June 13, 1938:

"I am not an American citizen of Jewish faith. I am a JE\W. I am an American. I have been an American for sixty-three sixty-fourths of my life, but I have been a Jew for 4,000 years. Hitler was right in one thing. He calls the Jewish people a race, and we are a race." From the New York "Herald-Tribune," June 13, 1938.

The Jew also has different "skins" into and out of which he can crawl as the occasion demands, much like the snake.

The Jew is merely a "religious" group, whenever you begin to notice the devilish number of Jews who are selling us out to communism. "These people, like the Rosenbergs", - are not "Jews anymore", explains the clever Anti-Defamation League Jew, slyly, "because a Jew believes in God, while Commies are atheists. Therefore, the Rosenbergs were NOT Jews!"

But when it comes to Jewish crooks from all over the world escaping into Israel, they have a

thing called the "law of the return", under which any person with a Jewish MOTHER is a JEW, - by their own definition. Thus, when convicted communist spy Robert Soblen jumped \$100,000 bail put up by Jewess Buttonweiser, and slipped into Israel, he would have been welcomed, and indeed WAS welcomed by a vast segment of the population, until there was such a hue and cry over his being sheltered by Israel that it was hurting Jewish "public relations" and they reluctantly turned him over to the USA. However, this produced a near civil war; because most plain Israelis felt that the government had betrayed the "law of return", for this COMMUNIST Jew spy.

Then there is the third Jewish "skin" of nationality.

The Jews are the chief promoters of the doctrine of the separation of Church and State, agitating successfully all over America to have Christian prayers banned from schools, Christmas celebrations stopped, etc. BUT THEY RUN THE ONLY RELIGIOUS STATE IN THE WORLD, ISRAEL!

Even while damning the idea of any connection between religion and statehood for others, they run the most intolerant, fanatic religious state yet seen on the planet. You can't even get married in Israel, - unless you are a JEW.

But whenever this Jewish religion is called into account, they quickly slip into the "Zionist" skin, and become innocent, patriotic "nationalists"!

>From the racial "skin" to the religious "skin" to the nationalist "skin" is but the work of a few moments to Jews around the world, and they change back and forth, depending on whether they are in America, where they are a religious group, or Russia, where they are a race, - or Israel, where they instantly become fanatic "nationalists".

Whenever you try to pin one of these Jews down on just what they ARE, - you will find the argument very much like trying to grab up a handful of slime, - as fast as you close your fist around it, - it oozes out between your fingers and is right back where it was. Attack them as a race - they are a religion. Attack them as a religion, -they are a "people," - and a "holy" people at that. Attack them as a people, and they are a religion again, until that becomes impossible or uncomfortable, in which case they take refuge as a persecuted race.

Call them a race, (as they do themselves), and they will accuse you of being a "bigot". Call them only a "religion", and therefore deny them nationhood, and hear them holler how they are the "people of the book" with the "right" to seize Israel from the Arabs for their "nation". Call them a nation and therefore susceptible to the same responsibilities as any other nation, - and right away they are a religion again and you are persecuting them.

With all these disguises and frauds, they rely, from day to day, more than anything else on old-fashioned NAME CHANGING.

If all Jews went by their real names, the nation would puke in unison to see how its whole cultural life was JEWISH; it would take up arms against the Jews in POWER, it would stop watching the Jewish TV and reading Jewish newspapers, etc. - so these clever Hebrews take

old Anglo-Saxon names, bob their beaks, become "Protestants" and presto, - they DISAPPEAR from the eyes of the Gentile world as Jews, - although their fellow Hebrews know the secret and never forget it.

An entire book could be produced with a list of the well-known "Americans" who are really Jews who have changed their names. But just to give the reader some slight idea of how he is bilked and swindled by these name-changers every day of his life, - here are just a few of the name-changers which shocked me, at least:

NAME-CHANGERS IN THE FIELD OF ENTERTAINMENT

Mel Allen Baseball Announcer Israel Harold Arlen Composer Arluck Jean Pierre Aumont
Solomons Lauren Bacall Betty Bernstein Benny Baker Benjamin Zifkin Theda Bara Goodman
Binnie Barnes Gitel Jack Benny Benny Kubelsky Milton Berle Berlinger Irving Berlin Isadore
Baline Ben Bernie Benjamin Anzelovitz Victor Borge Borg Rosenbaum Ernest Borgnine Ermes
Effron Borgnine Bobbie Breen Borsack Fannie Brice Borach J. Edward Bromberg Bromberger
Pearl s. Buck Writer Sydenstricker George Burns Nathan Birnbaum Eddie Cantor Izzie Iskowitz
Sue Carol Evelyn Lederer Jeff Chandler Ira Grossel Charlie Chaplin Israel Thonstein Ina Claire
Fagan June Clayworth Cantor Jackie Coogan Cohn Aron Copland Kaplan Ricardo Cortez
Jacob Krantz Tony Curtis Bernard Schwartz Howard DaSilva Silverblatt Marlene Dietrich
Felsinger Kirk Douglas Isadore Demsky Melvyn Douglas Hesselberg Charles Dubin TV
Director Dubronofsky Vernon Duke Vladimir Dukelsky Patricia Ellis Leftwich Clifton Fadiman
Columnist Isadore Fadiman Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Ullman William S. Gailmore Radio Margolis
John Garfield Julius Garfinkle Judy Garland Gumm Paulette Goddard Levy Samuel Goldwyn
Goldfish Dorothy Gordon-Russian-Born N.Y. Times Youth Forum Moderator - Lerner Barry
Gray Radio Benjamin Harry Green Music Henry Blitzer June Havoc (Also Gypsy Rose Lee and
April Kent) Hovick Melissa Hayden Ballet Mildred Herman Judy Holliday Judith Tuvim Harry
Houdini Ehrich Weiss Al Jolson Asa Yoelson Sybil Jason Jacobs Danny Kaye David Kaminsky
Bert Lahr Larrheim Hedy Lamarr Keisler "Little Joe Cartright" Langdon Orowitz Piper Laurie
Rosetta Jacobs Marc Lawrence Goldsmith Steve Lawrence Sidney Leibowitz Madeline Lee
Letterman Will Lee William Lubovsky Mrs. Jules Lederer, alias "Ann Landers" Columnist
Esther Friedman Miss Ray Lev Pianist Elihu Sinclair Lewis Writer Levy Ted Lewis Theo. L.
Friedman Arthur Lief Conductor Moiseyev Dance Company Abraham Lipshutz Roberta Linn
Dubin Mary Livingston Wife of Jack Benny Sayde Marks Emil Ludwig Cohn Eugene Lyons
Writer MorrisGobeloff Kenneth MacKenna Mielziner Noel Madison Moscovitch Marjorie Main
Marie Tomlinson Krebs Paul Mann Actor's Workshop Yisrol Paul Mann Libmann Karl Malden
Malden Sekulovich Hal March Mendelsohn Mitzi McCall Steiner Ethel Merman Zimmerman
Paula Morgan Miriam Spiegelman Buddy Morrow Music Muni Zudecoff Paul Muni Muni
Weisfreund Jan Murray Murray Janofsky William Paley Former CBS Head Palinsky Joseph
Papp TV Stage Manager Papirofsky Dorothy Parker Rothschild Parkyakarkus Harry Einstein
Jan Pearce Pincus Perlmutth Roberta Peters Opera Singer Peterman Mrs. Morton Phillips, alias
"Abigail Van Buren Columnist Pauline Friedman John Randolph Mortimer Lippman Erich
Maria Remarque Kramer Elmer Rice Reizenstein Edward C, Robinson Emanuel Goldenberg
Richard Rogers Abrams Billy Rose WilliamSamuel Rosenberg Artie Shaw Strauss Sylvia
Sidney Sophie Koskow Sid Silvers Silverstein Elaine Stewart Steinberg Elliott Sullivan Eli
Solomon Lee Stevens Adam Weinert Mike Todd Avrom Hirsch Goldbogen George Tvne Martin
Yarus Sophie Tucker Ahuza Kalish Walter Wanger Feuchtwanger Mike Wallace TV Personality-
Russian Jew Myron Wallik Nathaniel West Author Nathan Weinstein Walter Winchell Columnist
Isadore Lipschitz Shelley Winters Hollywood Schrift Ed Wynn Israel Edwin Leopold Keenan

NAME CHANGERS IN THE FIELD OF POLITICS

Jerzy Borejsza Government Publisher, Poland, 1954 (D) Goldberg Michael M. Borodin Founded Communism China (D) Jacob Gruenherg Bounskov Foundamentzky Harry Bridges President ILWU (E) A. B. Renton Ralph Bowman Head C.P. spy Ring, U.S., '4243 (FF) Heinz Zimmerman Calvin Brook Red Slovak News Editor (FF) Brueck Kalman Arthur F. Burns Economist Burnstein Admiral Canaris (Noted W.W. II-spy) (M) Moses Meyerbeer Frank Carlson Top Cal. Communist (S) Solomon Szkolnick Hattie Carnegie N.Y. Exclusive Dressmaker (EE) Fanny Kanengeiser Sam Carr Canadian Red Spy (N) Schmil Kogen Lord Cherwell British Atomic Chief (Now Fired) (K) F. A. Lindemand Morris Childs Secretary C.P., Illinois (FF) Chilofky I. Chisienevechi succeeded Ana Pauker (D) Broitman Paul Corbin 1964 Democratic Aide to National Committee Paul Kobrinsky Margaret Cowl Top U.S. Red (FF) Undjus Jacob Arbenz Gunman Revolutionary in Latin America Finzi Dann Gourevitch Clarence Dillon Financial Diplomat (P) Lapowski Raymond Arthur Davies Canadian Spy 1954 (D) Rudolph Shohan Samuel Adams Darcy Secretary C..P., Pa. (FF) Saul Dardeck Ben Dobbs Top Cal. Communist (S) Isgur Efremov Political Commissar Army 1919 IF) Chaimovitch Moritz Erdelyi Member of Bela Kun's Cabinet (2) Eisenstein Edward A. Filene Wealthy Boston Marxist (II) Katzmann Arnold Forster ADL (Q) Fastenberg Ernest Otto Fox Top Cal. Communist (S) Fuchs Ludvik Frejka Czech Economist 1952 (Purged) (L) Freund Mrs. Anna Fujiwaka C.P. Leader in Japan 1932 (D) Eisenberg Peter Gabor Hungarian MVD Head 1953 (purged) IL) Beno Auspitz Gen. B. K. Galen (Blucher) Red China (L) Chesin Ganetzky Lenin's Envoy, Stockholm (A) Yakov Furstenberg Betty Gannett - Member of U..S. Politburo (FF) Rifka Yaroshefsky Michael Cardin Winner Stalin Film Prize 1954 (D) Gindin Garin* Gerfeldt John Gates Ex-Daily Worker Editor (FF) Israel Regenstreit Mark Gayn Amerasia Case (D) Julius Ginsberg Mikhail Milsky Dep. Chief Red ArmyIntell., U.S. 1944 (FF) Milshtein Boris Morros Red Spy (X) Mores David A. Morse Director in I.L.O. (K) Moscovitch Naout Ginsburg Steve Nelson One of Original Communists Joseph Fleischinger Herbert Nichol Red Field Organizer, UEW (FF) Silver David K, Niles Spy in FDR's Administration (Y) Neyhus Ortodoks* Commissar of Press Akselrode Ouserski Soviet Embassy, London, 1935 (G) Fridmann Constantine Oumansky Red Ambassador to Mexico (destroyed many Catholics down there) (Z) Ullman Ouritzky Radomilsky Helphand Parvus Arranged Lenin's Trip USSR 1917 (I) Israel Lazarevitch Ana Pauker Roumanian Red Dictator; Deposed (K) A. Rabinsohn Dr. William Perl Atomic Spy Case (A.A) Utterperl J. Peters Red Spy in U.S. (CC) Sandor Goldberger Petrov Envoy, Brest Litovsk (F) Walzbrot Philip Executed Tsar's Family (G) Golschekin Piatnitzky* Levin George Powers Secretary C.P., Pittsburgh (FE') Morris Poberski Karl Radek Early Soviet Agent (F) Sobelssohn Matyas Rakosi Hungarian Red Dictator, Deposed (K) Rosenkranz Razumow Secretary C.P., East Siberia 1935 (NH) Sagovitch Lord Reading Viceroy of India (K) Rufus Issacs Bedrich Reicin Czech Head MVD, 1952 (Purged) (L) Friedrich Reismann Josef Revai Editor Hungarian "Szabad Nep" (D) Rabinovitch Roani Minister of Justice Under Bela Kim (z) Rosenstengel Risanov* Goldenbach J.B.S. Hardman Amalgamated Clothing Workers (FF) Jacob Salutsky Sidney Hillman Red Labor Leader IT) Schmoul Gilman Morris Hillquit Socialist Leader (U) Misca Hilkowicz Arthur Liner Red Spy, Germany, 1954 ID) Richard Stahlmann Izgoev* Goldman Charles Douglas Jackson White House Staff (K) Jacobson Harry Jackson C.P. Organizer, Washington (FF) Henry Gliksohn V.J. Jerome Cultural Commissar, C.P., USA (FF) Jerome Isaac Romain Kambov Director of Press Katz Kamenev Trotsky's Brother-in-Law IF) Lev Borisovitch Rosenfeld Kamensky Hoffman Friederich Karakas Commissar Bela Kun's Red Brigade (HH) Kohn Karski Red Ambassador to Lithuania, 1931-36 (G) Bekmann Bruno Keller Czech Politburo, (954 (D)

Koehler M. G. Kenig French Red Editor, 1934 ID) Jacob Gremb Alexander Kerensky Head of Pre-Soviet Govt., 1917 (D) Aron Kirbiz Jean Baptiste Kleber Chief Soc. Mil. Intelligence, U.S. 1930 (CC) Moishe Stein Peter and Helen Kroger Top Soviet Spys Morris and Lorna Cohen Bela Kun Hungarian Red Dictator, 1919 (I) Cohen Lapinsky* Levenson Larin* Lourie Anatoli I. Lavrentiev Soviet Spy Chief, 1954 ID) Lippman William Lawrence Former Manager Daily Worker IC) Israel Lazar Elizabeth Lawson Editor Southern Worker 1FF) Elsa Block I.ebedieva* Simson Michael J. Lee Ephriam Zinoyi Liberman Freda Linton Canadian Red Spy IN) Fritzie Lipchitz Trebitsch-Lincoln Red Spy IC) Ignatz Trebitsch Jay Lovestone Trotskyite Communist (FF) Jacob Liebshtein Al Richmond Editor People's World (S) Abraham Richman Roberts MVD Agent on Trotsky Murder (FF) Gregory Rabinovitz Alex Rose Exec. Sec. American Labor Party (FF) Olesh Royz Fred Rose Canadian Red Spy (N) Rosenberg Nat Ross Secretary C.P., Minn. (FF) Rosenbaum Carl Ross Sec. C.P.'s Young Communist League, Minn. (FF) Rosenbloom Rumyanzew Sec. C.P., West Russia, 1935 IHH) Rubintchik Ryazanoff Founder, Dir, of Marx Inst. USSR (II) David B. Goldenbach Moshe Sharett Moshe Shertok Andre Simon Czech C.P. Editor, 1952 (Purged) IL) Otto Katz Richard Sasuly Red in US. Army Intelligence (O) Alex Furth Ad Schoonenberg Dutch Editor of C.P Organ "TRUTH"(D) Belmonte Moi-Sha (Mah Kun) Chiang Kai-Shek's Fin, Adv. (K) Morris A. Cohen John Sanford Red Hollywood Writer 1FF) Julius Shapiro Rudolph Slansky Czech Premier 1932 (Purged) (L) Salzmann Jack Sobel U.S. Red Spy ICC) Sobolevicius Solntzev* Bleichman Soukanov* Ghimmer Jack Stachel One of Original Communists Jacob Stachel Steklov Petrograd Press Chief Nachamkess John Steuben Red Editor, "March of Labor" (FE') Isaac Rijock I. F. Stone Red Editor (V) Isadore Feinstein Gerard Swope Was Head of General Electric (JJ) Gershon Schwabe Emmerich Szallay Sec. Home Affairs Under Bela Kun IHH) Hollander Tchernomorsky* Tchernordik Tchernov* Soviet Minister of Agriculture Feldman Leon Trotsky Founder of C.P. (I) Leiba Davidovitch Bronstein Prof. Eugene S. Varga Top Soviet Writer 1954 (D) Weisefield Vargo Gov. of Capital Under Bela Kun (Z) Weichzelbaum Zoltan Vas Director Komlo Mines, Hungary 1954 (D) Weinberger Jean Villon C.P. Deputy, France After WW II (K) Ginsberger Vladimirov* Feldman Vobrov* Natansson Volodarsky* Kohen Voltchlcov Soviet Embassy-, London, 1935 (G) Berkman William Weiner Finance Secretary, C.P. (CC) Welwel Warszower Harry Dexter White US. Red Spy (DB) Weiss Carl Winter U.S. Communist (D) Philip Weissberg Stephen S. Wise Communist Rabbi A.J. Congress (BB) Weisz Nathan Witt Communist Lawyer (R) Witkowsky Henry Yagoda Head of OGPU (Purged 1938 IC) Herschel Yemelyan Yaroslowsky Head of Anti-God Assn. USSR (Z) Goublemann Yurenev Soviet Ambassador to Japan, 1935 (G) Goffman T. A. Yurkin Red Minister State Farms 1954 (D) Weinberg Yurovsky Executed Tsar's Family (G) Alfred Rosenberg Zagorsky* Krachmann Col. Roman Zambrowski Polish Politburo 1954 (D) Nussbaum Zinoviev (Apfelbaum) Politburo (Purged) (J) Ovsegerstion A. Rademilsky Zverditch* Fonstein

But even with all this disguise, name-changing slipperiness, the Jew knows that he is always facing the terrible danger that the host people will SEE him, feel his vampire teeth in their blood-vessels, sucking their blood, and get rid of him or slaughter him, - as have hundreds of people all throughout history.

So, realizing this, the Jew is the most hysterical defender of his group security in the history of the world.

Attack a Jew, and the whole tribe rises in hysterical counter-attack! If ONE Jew is exposed, the people may go on to discover the whole tribe.

And because of this terrible feeling of constant insecurity, because of the Jews' ever-present knowledge that the host may find out the truth about him at any moment and rip him loose from his comfortable, warm bowel, the Jew has developed a fantastic program designed to paralyze his host so thoroughly, in advance, that awakening will be impossible.

His genius at this is astounding

The most deadly enemy of the Jew is order and national health.

Tapeworms don't get started and can't survive in a healthy person who has physical examinations and lives a clean life.

And Jews can't prosper in a healthy, well organized, ordered society. In such a society, the leaders will quickly observe the mass of non-working, non-producing Jews sucking away at the national bloodstream and once again, there go the tape worms down the sewer This has happened to them too many times for too many centuries for any Jew to have to be told. It is an unconscious instinct in them.

And so you will forever find the Jew as the ferment of decomposition in every society he infests. In a monarchy, he is a Republican. In a Republic, he is a Democrat. In a democracy, he is for "social democracy". In a Social Democracy he is a Communist. Among Communists, he joins Progressive Labor.

Thus the Jew is always over on the left - for less and less authority and order in the society - although he disguises it by claiming he is for more and more "freedom for the people".

The Jew is the world's champion "liberal", not for love of liberty and freedom, but because he knows that a healthy body politic will quickly rid itself of tapeworms. Liberalism is no longer the belief in liberty that the word once meant. In the hands of the Jew, liberalism has become pure and simple "TAPE-WORMISM", - the organization of the parasitic, unproductive and generally inferior to enslave the productive and superior by sheer weight of numbers. That's why every modern "liberal" program always requires so many billions and billions of tax dollars. Money is the "blood" of a society, and the blood is sucked out of the wealthy and the workers to maintain an ever-growing horde of welfare parasites, subsidized failures and outright bums. If you will examine almost any "liberal" program today, you will find that it boils down to this sucking of the blood of the productive to nourish the lazy, the useless, the worthless and the rotten.

The Jew doesn't DARE allow any reform program directed at ANY parasites, because it would be too easy for the reform to spread, for the reformists to begin to see the champ parasite of all time, the Jew, - and get rid of him as has happened so many times.

Invariably, of course, the scum knows the source of what keeps it alive, which makes the scum into very effective VOTING BLOCKS for the Jews, who see that they are well taken care of.

What the Jew is after is the destruction of the power of government to govern and maintain order. And taking money and power from our productive people and turning that money and power over to swarming scum in the streets is guaranteed to destroy all order and government, sooner or later. For thousands of years, the sly Jew did this politically - by political action, behind the scenes, as the "advisor" to kings.

But now the Jew has discovered a faster way to smash public order.

Basically, it is what we started out with in examining what has happened to our people and our country.

The most parasitic of all ways of living is crime.

Where the ordinary parasite finds painless ways of sucking the blood out of his host, the criminal parasite - the bandit - takes it by naked force and violence, careless of the pain of the victim.

The old shipwreck gangs were criminal parasites. They just went out and took, by the most brutal force and murder, what they wanted, without working. The victims always perished.

Impatient Jews, tired of waiting for the gaining of all the wealth in the world by the usual Jewish Zionist methods of "capitalist" speculation, swindling, manipulations and political chicanery rather than work and production, discovered a short-cut to seizing the total wealth and power in whole nations.

The Jew, Marx, invented "Communism." By telling his starry-eyed, liberal Gentile victims that he was going to create a "worker's paradise" here where they could have all kinds of wealth and ease with minimum work by soaking the wealthy, the Jew could enlist vast masses of horny-handed but short-sighted Gentiles into his army with which to overwhelm the relatively few producers and owners of wealth. He made criminal ship-wreckers out of as many "workers" as he could, promising them the loot off the ships they smashed.

And there you have the answer we sought at the beginning of the book: the answer to WHO is smashing up America (and the White Race which built it) and WHY.

The Jews promote the general disintegrating of culture and order for self-protection, to prevent the discovery by too many of their victims that they are sucking the life blood out of our productive economy, without themselves producing. The more disorder, the more the Jewish parasites can feast undisturbed. And at the same time, a bolder gang of Jews are operating and promoting the Communist movement to seize all our wealth and services by naked force and violence in a Red "revolution" - the old "shipwreck" scheme.

Ideology, ideas, economics, religion, sociology and all the rest have nothing to do with what is going on.

The battle is not between liberal and conservative, or even between Communist and anti-

Communist.

We are being victimized by a gang of rapacious Jews out for loot, pure and simple.

It is "us" against "them."

Either they will use every trick in the book to dispossess us of what our people have produced, either as sneaky tape worms or as violent red ship-wreckers; or we will expose them for what they are anti purge the Zionist tapeworms and communist ship-wreckers out.

The reason Adolf Hitler is so viciously hated and cursed today by Jews (and brainwashed Gentiles) is simply that he was the first in modern times to figure all this out and organize his people to purge the Jewish tape worm, and smash the Jewish ship-wreckers. He actually DID it, in Germany.

To save themselves, the Jews were forced to a World War in which they got millions of suckers like me to save them from the end, had Hitler survived. Tapewormism and shipwrecking couldn't survive exposure.

They keep shouting that Hitler brought prosperity and happiness to Germany only because of "war production." But this, as usual, is another big Jewish lie. Hitler tore the Jewish tapeworms loose from the German bloodstream and the people found out how wonderful life could be without the terrible burden of a mass of Yiddish tape worms strangling production, culture and the national spirit. Simultaneously, Hitler exposed and smashed the Marxist-Jew ship-wreckers of international Bolshevism.

As Hitler proved in Germany, the worst of the seemingly insoluble problems of our mad times, the degeneracy, the disorder, the Communism, the political, moral, educational, social, religious and national decay, the racial mixing and the spiritual syphilis spreading throughout our civilization will disappear once we have identified and eliminated the source of most of these things - the Jewish tape worms and ship-wreckers in our midst. The mere fact that Jewish "Mr. Big" has now been "fingering" in this book will insure that it will be hidden as much as possible. And, if not possible to hide it, then it will be suppressed by framed-up "prosecutions" of the author. As more and more people get wise to what the Jews are doing, the Jewish "defense" groups are trying to get "group-libel" laws passed to make it a crime to criticize Jewish crime and blood-sucking.

But it's already too late. The tapeworm's victims are finally realizing the truth. And the Jews, as we have said, cannot survive simple exposure.

So, in the next chapters, we'll expose their methods of Operations.

FRIENDS OF THE CAPTAIN

The shipwrecking plan is not the only one the Jews have in operation to get wealth without work.

The aim is always the same: the capture of all the wealth and good of the world - without working - and the enslavement of non-Jews to the glory and pleasure of the "Chosen Ones," according to their own prophecies.

While the brutal Bolshevik Jews wait on the shore to pounce on the ship as soon as it is finally wrecked, murder all hands and walk off with the wealth, there is another gang of Jews already aboard ship with a different plan for taking over the wealth.

This gang of Jews are friends of the captain.

They are not cutthroats and pirates. No sir! The friends of the captain are all "pro-ship," and anti-pirate.

They are called "capitalists."

What their Jewish brothers lurking on the shore wait to do by force and violence, the captain's "friends" are already doing aboard ship by stealth and fraud, as esteemed members of the ship's company.

These gentlemen Jews operate in striped pants and top-hats. But their business is old Jewish-fashioned usury.

Few notice that the phrase "capitalist" was popularized by none other than that bloody old Jew, Marx, himself -a ship-wrecker. (Communist Manifesto and Das Kapital).

Until Marx told our kind of people they were "capitalists" in his "Das Kapital," they never gave what they were doing economically such a formal name, but they did know what they believed in.

It was NOT "capitalism."

Capital was only a tool for our people in the process of production. Men like Henry Ford were not interested simply in getting money. Rather they were trying to do something - in Ford's case, give all Americans an automobile via Ford's discovery of "mass production."

The American economy does not produce miracles because it is "capitalist," but because it is enterprising and productive! The correct name of our system is not "capitalism," but

"productive enterprise."

Productive enterprise needs capital.

But it also needs labor, material, management and a hundred other things. Capital is only one of the tools of a productive enterprise system.

It took the Jewish parasitic genius of Karl Marx to elevate that one tool, capital, to the status in our civilization by attacking it and calling it "capitalism." He has thus trapped us into defending what he created, and has thereby doomed us to defeat because we defend a system based not on production, but money manipulation.

Capitalism is the naked worship of money, not as a tool, but as an idol!

"Capitalism" as promoted by both sides in the crazy "capitalism" versus "Communism" sham fight going on, is taken to mean the making of money through the use of capital - not necessarily by working or producing.

In fact, most international capital is made not by working/or producing or even taking any genuine risks, but by manipulations of vast pools of money with inside information from Jews in high positions.

A perfect sample of the way the Jews operate to get money as "capitalists," without working, without producing anything, and without taking any genuine risks, is the way the Jewish Rothschild fortune was founded.

As is usual with the international Jews, one branch of the Rothschild family got entrenched into the money system in England, while another branch set up business in France.

Just before the battle of Waterloo, in which Napoleon faced possible defeat for the first time, the two gangs of Jews operating in the two "enemy" countries were actually working together.

The French Rothschilds set up a series of "semaphore" stations through France and across the channel to England, by which they could flash news of which way the battle went to their Jewish brothers in supposedly "enemy" England. The waiting Jew Rothschilds in Britain thus received word of the outcome of the historic battle hours before anybody else in England. (Note that the Jewish "enterprise" in setting up the communications network was not shared with either Britain or France, but was secret -for the sole benefit of Jews on both sides!)

Knowing, in advance of anyone in England, the outcome of the battle which decided forever the fates of France and Napoleon, and the fate of England, the English Rothschilds, waiting in the London Stock Exchange, "speculated" in huge sums, knowing full well the outcome of the battle -while the trusting British Gentiles were still waiting for the news. The suckers never had a chance. The Rothschilds got their hands on millions and millions in moments - without work and without risk.

The same racket is known as "past-posting" in the horse racing business, where the results of the race are tape-recorded, held back, and then re-broadcast after the race, so that unsuspecting bookies can be euchred into paying off bets which are actually sure things - after the race, if you "past-post," you go to jail as a criminal.

But if you are Jewish and do it in a big way, swindling millions of people out of millions of dollars, you become an "international banker" and a great advisor to Presidents.

Bernard Baruch, the famous Jewish advisor to Presidents made millions and millions in the U. S. stock market while hundreds of Gentile businessmen were leaping out of windows to their deaths - ruined in the great depression of 1929.

Advance information helps.

To see clearly the nature of our present economy and for whose benefit it has been set up, look at the TAX structure.

For instance, suppose you work in poverty the next five years to invent a new machine by which blind people can see. Surely, this would be a magnificent boon to society. You set up a little factory to produce these machine, and work hard day and night to make them available to blind people.

At the end of the year, let us say you have earned a million dollars.

Uncle Sam will come and take at least seventy percent of that money you earned, - maybe as much as ninety percent.

The rate of taxation on the money people EARN by working and producing can go OVER ninety per cent.

But now, let us suppose instead of inventing and building something to benefit society, you are a rich Jew and you have a friend in the White House, -~ a not unlikely combination.

Your White house friend lets you know that the USA is going to place a multi-million dollar contract for a new rocket with a specific company: You pick up a telephone and order your broker to transfer ownership of a million dollars worth of other stock holdings to the new company. That's ALL you do. A year later, your stock in that company has doubled, and you now have TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, - although you have DONE NOTHING, RISKED NOTHING, and PRODUCED NOTHING.

But now see what the government does about your taxes in this case. Such a gain, (stocks held over six months) is called a "Capital Gain," - and taxed a MAXIMUM of ONLY 25 PERCENT! With a sharp Jewish lawyer, special "trusts" and other manipulations, - you can cut this tax down to less than five or six percent.

This outrageous system puts a PREMIUM on speculation (gambling) and an enormous DRAG

on production, management savings, risk, invention, and plain old WORK.

Those who produce, save, risk, manage, work and invent - pay millions every year to produce an easy life for the Jewish leeches who never provide a bit of management, risk, invention or honest work to our economy, and pay the least taxes how long do you think an economy can remain healthy and PRODUCTIVE when intelligent men begin to see that working is for suckers, - when an easy life can be had by MANIPULATIONS?

And that's precisely what's happened to America and the West, ever since the Jewish sharpies have forced honest Gentiles to play the same dirty game, - or remain poor suckers. Fewer and fewer people are willing to WORK anymore, as more and more people discover there are easier Jewish ways to make a living.

But there comes a time when fruits rot off vines because nobody will work picking them, when buildings fall apart because nobody will work taking care of them, when jobs by the thousands go begging even while vast number of people, especially, Negroes, are moaning about unemployment. Work, one of the healthiest and most character-building activities of humanity, becomes degraded and abandoned in any economy where Jews establish "capitalist" speculation as the goal of all but the dumbest.

To go back to our ship-of-state analogy, the "capitalist" Jewish "friends of the captain" do nothing more than shift the cargo around back and forth between different groups, always taking a big hunk out. There is never more cargo as a result of their operations, always less for producers, while Jews get richer.

This operation they call "international banking," The little guys who get in the stock market are told they "share" the ownership of the big corporations. But the little guys in the stock market are exactly what the people around the roulette table are to the "house." The Jews and a few choice "friends" are "the house" in the stock market. They have inside information from other Jews in the White House and government bureaus as to the location of new freeways, purchase of land for government projects, vast oil and armament purchases, wars, Fair Trade prosecutions, Antitrust prosecutions, etc. Such "speculation" is not gambling, any more than the house "gambles." The little guys are sweet-talked in to provide the money gathered up by the big guys.

It's not hard to see how the Jews can swindle the "little guys" with this racket. They keep the little man too busy and brainwashed to see or even think about what's going on.

But, more amazing, the Jews have managed to get our biggest and richest men convinced they, too, are "capitalists." The Jews have become partners with such as the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Fords, Johnsons, etc., in this gigantic "past-posting" racket, with the result that production and enterprise have been forgotten more and more in the ugly scramble over capital and money, regardless of production.

That's why products become ever more shoddy and cheap even as prices go whizzing up; that's why the big, billionaire foundations are to be found always on the side of Jewish, leftist projects, and it's why the character is disappearing out of old American family fortunes. Henry

Ford would leap out of his grave and slaughter his own grandchildren and great-grandchildren, if he could see and know what they have done with the billions he made by producing, and what they have become, as pro-Jewish "capitalists."

There's nothing immoral or wrong about a man investing his "capital" in a genuine productive enterprise, which benefits the people with either valuable goods or services. If he can make money doing this, then so much the better. Others will try to do still better by competition, and the goods and services therefore offered to the people get better and better. That's the free, productive economic process, which created the American economic miracle.

But that's not what the Jews, and their "capitalist friends," do.

Remember the way the Rothschilds made millions at the Battle of Waterloo?

What did they give the British, or the French, people for all they took? Can you think of one single benefit they delivered?

Their operation was all clever take and no give!

Further, it was based on fratricidal bloodshed - on Aryan White Men of France slaughtering Aryan White Men of England for relatively minor reasons, while the fanatically united Hebrews made cash out of the mutual murder.

In every war (except World War II, which was for survival of Jewry) these same Jews have taken both sides, sold both sides the guns and uniforms and flags to wave at each other. In the Civil War, for instance, the British Rothschilds backed the South while the French Rothschilds back the North!

These "capitalist" Jews can usually be found in the ranks of what they call "Zionists" - the Jews who wear the "beanies," the Jews who pose in the garb of the Jewish "religion," and who insist on fulfilling their paranoiac prophecies of world ownership and domination as "God's Chosen People."

They believe they will own the world and enslave all the rest of us when they have all of Jerusalem. (And they lack only a few blocks, now.)

This "holy" pose of theirs works only so long as nobody actually checks this Jewish "religion," which is actually a code of operations for the "Chosen Ones" to swindle, ruin and enslave the rest of us, as we have shown.

The secret of the Jewish-Capitalist, Zionist side of the parasitic operation for gaining the wealth of the Gentiles is make-believe.

The only reality in economics is goods and services property and productive labor.

All the talk of "money," "currency," "inflation, `deflation," etc., is smokescreen.

He, who has a monopoly in goods and services, has the wealth.

Money is only a sort of "ticket" to these goods and services.

The Jews actually invented the basic principles of "capitalist" stealing by money manipulations long before Christ, in ancient Babylon.

Originally, the ancients used actual chunks of gold (or precious metals and stones) for their medium of exchange.

The Babylonians became tremendously wealthy, however, and soon found them trying to lug around bone-crushing weights of the precious but heavy gold, in trading operations.

The clever Jews stepped in and volunteered to be keepers of the heavy gold for wealthy merchants, and do the lugging whenever necessary.

The Jew keepers of the gold issued the Babylonian merchants little stone tokens with carved indications of the value of gold deposited, as receipts.

It wasn't long before merchants discovered that they could trade with each other - using these stone "receipts" from the Jews, instead of the actual gold.

And the Jews, in turn, discovered that as soon as the merchants got used to the idea of trading, not with actual gold, but with the stone "receipts," the merchants gradually stopped taking gold in and out of the vaults maintained by the Jews. Merchants began to use the "receipts" as gold - and the gold itself never moved from the vault, no matter how many times it changed ownership.

Thus was born "money" - and with it the biggest swindle in the history of humanity, a swindle still going on!

Note that the Jews did not have to produce the gold every time there was a transaction. It was always there, and the merchants soon stopped checking it. On those rare occasions it was called for, the Jews always delivered.

But the Jews discovered that they could always deliver any gold that might be called for, even if they didn't have enough gold to cover all the receipts they had issued! In fact, they found out that they were perfectly safe with no more than ten percent of the gold for which they had issued receipts.

In other words, they could issue ten times the amount of receipts for gold as they had gold to deliver! And that's precisely what the early Jews did, and how they became "capitalists."

For every pound of gold delivered to his keeping, the Jew gained nine pounds of gold value, simply by issuing to himself nine more receipts on the same one pound of gold, and then using these un-backed "receipts" to trade with merchants for what he wanted and for power in the state.

Believe it or not, that is precisely, exactly what he and his Gentile partners are doing to you, today, right here in America!

The Federal Reserve, set up by the Jew Paul Warburg, of the house of Rothschild, has the power to do precisely what the early Jews in Babylon did: issue "receipts," called "money" or currency, for what is supposed to be on deposit in their vaults - but isn't.

The Constitution of the United States expressly forbids this, because the Founding Fathers were well aware of this centuries-old swindle. Only Congress has the power to coin money.

Yet now the Federal Reserve coins your money!

Under Jewish pressure, our Congress, in 1913, passed the unlawful "Federal Reserve Act," creating a central bank, which has gone into the old robbing act of the Babylonian Jews with a will and a style never before seen in history.

The Federal Reserve (a semi-private organization) coins your money at will, swipes the actual assets and property, and shows a profit, while you, as a U.S. citizen, stagger under a national debt to these international bankers so huge it is beyond the conception of the human mind.

And the way they have pulled off this atrocious robbery of the American people is the same way the ancient Babylonian Jews swindled the merchants of that time. By is-suing nine times as many tokens for the gold deposits they held, the Jews got "tickets" to enjoy the wealth and production of the Gentile Babylonians without working, and without getting caught legally.

By setting up the "Federal Reserve" and passing an unconstitutional law to let them issue ten times as much paper - and debt - as they hold in assets, the Federal Reserve and those who rake in the profit, and the interest on the astronomical debt, reap gigantic rewards - without working.

Our people have been conned into lumping our own, honest system of "productive enterprise" with the dishonest, rotten swindle of Jewish usury dressed up as "Capitalism," and then being forced to defend the immoral and rotten result. Thus the Jews have us worshipping their own thievery, because, we are told (and we believe), we are "capitalists!"

Whenever the Jews can get things so complicated and removed from the basic realities of goods and services that the tickets to these things, money, become something of value itself, in the eyes of the population, the Jews can really move in and operate.

The national debt, now about 300 times what it was in 1910 (\$1.1 billion) is now \$336 billion. Interest alone amounts to \$14 billion a year.

The per capita debt now is about \$1,700.00. When the Federal Reserve took charge, the per capita debt was \$12.

Since 1960, the cost of living has risen 10.5 percent. The dollar is now worth only 45 cents compared to the 1941 dollar. What now costs \$2.22 would have cost \$1.25.

The deficit for the first eight months of fiscal 1967 was 17.181 billion dollars. U.S. gold is now down to a 30-year low of about 13.1 billion dollars - a loss of more than 11 billion in 10 years.

Only 2.8 billion is now available to meet foreign claims. The dollars held by foreigners keep rising and now are tip to 27 billions.

Later this year Congress will end the requirement that a reserve of 25 percent in gold be maintained against Federal Reserve notes - the nation's paper money.

*** * * They get the people worshipping what they call "capitalism," make it almost a religion, set up money as the idol, and then proceed to get all the money by their devilish, clever manipulations. And once they have possession of the people's idol, money, they also have the power. People today are slaves of money, and therefore slaves of the Jews.**

Nobody dares oppose or criticize these Jews because of the terrible power of their purse. If you dare criticize or attack a Jew, then you and your family must starve, for you will find all avenues for the normal procurement of the money you need to survive, slammed shut.

Perhaps even more deadly, and more insidious, is the way the Jews promptly use the vast pools of money they gather in by capitalistic manipulations to buy the minds of their victims.

You can only think about what you know.

Thus, what you think about is the product of what you hear and see - what you read in the papers, see on TV, hear on the radio, learn in school, see in movies, etc.

If somebody were to gain complete control of all the ways you gather your information, letting you hear and see only what they wanted, and keeping other facts from you, they would control your mind, and thus control you.

This is exactly what the chart-forging Jews have done. Take just one of the many methods by which you gain what you hope are the facts all around you: TV.

TV is without any doubt, the most powerful medium in the world. A speech by the President, for instance, or Huntley-Brinkley, reaches more people in half an hour could be reached by all the pamphleteers since Thomas Paine. This is the era of mass communications. And he who controls TV, controls the minds of Americans.

You have only three networks: CBS, ABC and NBC. The president of NBC is Robert Sarnoff, a

Russian Jew. The chairman of the board of CBS is William Paley (Palinsky), a Russian Jew. The president of ABC is Leonard Goldenson, a Russian Jew.

Whatever you see and hear on TV is fed to you by one of these three Russian Jews. And so you never see a Negro criminal on a TV crime show, for instance, although 85 percent of all serious crime, by FBI statistics, is committed by Negroes. You especially never see a Jewish criminal, even when it's an integral part of the story, as in Oliver Twist.

On the other hand, in one TV show after the other, whenever there is some rotten, depraved character in a scene, nine times out of ten they make him an ignorant, foul-mouthed, tobacco-chewing, scraggly-bearded, cruel Southern, White, Protestant Anglo-Saxon of the lowest and vilest sort. Just observe how many times the villain in a TV show will have a Southern - or a German - accent!

Simultaneously with the Jewish, Capitalist, Zionist takeover of TV, they have been buying up newspapers and magazines faster and faster. In New York, the Jewish Sulzbergers own The New York Times, the Jewish Schiffs own The New York Post and all but one of the other papers. Samuel Newhouse owns The New Orleans Times-Picayune; and is the publisher of The Newark (N.J.) Star-Ledger, with Philip Hochstein as editor, and Sam Israel among directors. Walter H. Annenberg is the editor and publisher of The Philadelphia Inquirer and the president of Triangle Publications, Inc. Paul Block is the publisher of The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Post-Gazette, The Toledo (O.) Blade, and The Toledo Times. Philip L. Graham (the son-in-law of the late Eugene Meyer) is the owner of The Washington Post. John Cowles, Jr. is the editor of the only two dailies in Minneapolis, The Minneapolis Tribune and The Minneapolis Star.

(To digress a moment, I'd like to mention the tendency of American journalism toward monopolization. In 1890 Chicago had 11 newspapers; today it has only four - The Chicago Tribune, The Chicago Daily News, The Chicago American, and The Sun-Times. Even in 1934, 82% of all the daily newspapers had a complete monopoly in their communities. And, according to Editor & Publisher, 63 chains owned and operated 361 daily newspapers - which made 13% of the total. And these 361 newspapers controlled over 37% of the total daily circulation. In fact, six chains controlled 81 dailies with more than 9,000,000 circulation, which meant over 21% of the country's total.)

It's the same with magazines. Look, for instance, has the impact of a mind-bomb on our people, as witness the recent hassle over the Kennedy story in Look, it is owned by the Jewish Cowles brothers. The Jewish Zimbalist family has recently taken over the old Benjamin Franklin Journal -The Saturday Evening Post. Even on the "right" side things, it is again Jews in the lead: David Lawrence, president and editor of U. S. News & World Report, is Jewish and so is the Meyer family of Newsweek. The publisher of The New Yorker is Raoul H. Fleischmann. The chairman of Parents' magazine is George J. Hecht.

Book publishing has become ever more and more Jewish from Simon & Shuster, Inc., through Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., all of them violently leftist.

The theatre business has been 100% Jewish, ever since the Jews Lee Shubert and Abraham Erlanger and all the other Broadway Hebrews. Does any American need to be reminded who owns and runs the movie business as a private monopoly? Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Warner

Bros., etc., etc.

In fact, there is NO field where the Jews are not seizing more and more control away from the White Christians who fought for and built America.

It starts, again, with the Jewish power of money to get what they want.

Here's a clipping from the New York Times, Oct. 4, 1964, which reveals the staggering information that EIGHTY PERCENT OF YOUNG JEWS ARE GOING TO COLLEGE - and therefore will soon be hogging up most of the professional positions in America, while the Gentiles, who can't afford college in such numbers, will have to minister to the royal needs of these wealthy, professional Jews.

This is the same thing that happened in Germany, and will lead to the same explosion of hatred against these Jews no matter how it is now covered up.

Perhaps you will say that the Jews have a "right" to go to college, even all of them, if they can earn that right.

Maybe so, I will agree, that a man has a "right" to whatever he can earn.

But, as I have tried hard to prove with documents heretofore, many of the Jews gain their advantage "legally," -but unfairly, - by combination, conspiracy, sneaking advance information, rigged "speculation," etc., - not by honest work and production, as most non-Jews have to earn their money.

Using this unfairly gained wealth, the Jews proceed to dominate their hosts, and take over the nation which generously permits them to operate in its midst.

And no nation on earth, except a nation of utter worms, will forever tolerate "guests" taking over their own home, no matter how they do it.

Only about 20% of young Gentiles, at the very most, attend college, while 80% of the Jews are going to the universities.

And this means in turn that our professions will become more and more Jewish, while the non-college-educated Gentiles will find themselves serving these clever Jews.

How long do these Jews think that one hundred and fifty million non-Jewish Americans will tolerate serving this arrogant 2% of the population which boasts that it is sending almost all its young into our professions, to be our lawyers, our doctors, our executives, our politicians, and even our "Christian" ministers, - (as many of them are becoming) - even priests! Incidentally, while Jews like Ostericher and Shiel have become "priests" and even "bishops" in Irish Catholic communities, how many Irish Rabbis do you know?

I could go on almost endlessly on this subject, but let the doubting reader convince himself with his own observation, by simply noticing the way everything in the way of information for the mind and hearts of Americans is or has been twisted farther and farther to the left and toward disgusting flattery of Jews and Negroes, and less and less patriotism, and especially the elimination of any mention of the great works of the White Race.

In fact, the most shocking example of the way the minds of Americans have been twisted by these Zionist, Capitalist Jews who have used their gold to buy control of minds is what they have done with the facts of race by the use of their money and their publishing power.

Just fifty years ago, you would have been laughed at had you suggested it might be possible to eliminate from the minds of millions all the plain facts of the difference in human races. Every encyclopedia, every book, every professor, every farmer knew the facts. And the facts were (and still are) right before our eyes all over Nature.

But the Jews cannot afford to allow this knowledge to exist, lest their victims notice that a racial group of Jews, posing as a religion, is eating them alive, and preparing a total racial attack on them to enslave or murder them.

So they first got some clever Jewish professors into top university slots such as Columbia University, although Columbia is by no means a unique example.

Then they got these "anthropology professors" to begin teaching that there was "no such thing" as race!

In spite of the madness of this, and the total lack of evidence, the proponents of this insanity began to be touted in Jewish magazines, press and books as the very Socrates and Platos of anthropology.

The first and most important of these pioneer biological liars was a pro-Communist Jew named Franz Boas, who regularly sent warm greetings to Comrade Stalin on his birthdays (Jewish Voice, January 1942) and whose Red record cannot be denied 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; Race, Language and Culture, New York, 1940; etc.)

The whole of Jewry pitched in with fanatic will to boost their boy. Boas was praised in every Jewish-owned newspaper and periodical and given every academic prize they could invent or promote. At the same time, the Jewish media blasted as "bigots" any critics who dared question their Jewish hero and his arrogant pronouncements against the facts of race. Little by little, the critics were intimidated and silenced, while the public began to see Boas as little short of a God. This Jewish mutual-admiration society made Boas the "acknowledged authority" in social anthropology and ethnology. His students and colleagues at Columbia - Herskovits, Kleinberg, Ashley Montague, Weltfish (all Jews, and all pro-Red) - spread Boas's

antirace lies far and wide, deliberately poisoning the minds of generations of students and professors at American universities and prostituting a great science.

It is still going on, now, as you read this.

And every bit of this miracle-in-reverse was done by the Jewish power of gold - gold promoted out of the hands of our people by old-fashioned Jewish usury and manipulation, dressed up in the striped pants and top hat of capitalism."

With their bought-and-paid-for press, TV, etc., the Jews can reward pro-Jewish toadies, and they can brutally punish with smears those who dare to attack them, or even just tell the truth.

A man of high position, if he attacks the Jews, is subjected to the most vicious and brutal kind of national smears and personal attacks in all the organs of public opinion, Even if he doesn't attack the Jews directly, but only attacks Jewish Communism without mentioning Jews (like McCarthy or Robert Welch), the Jews still go after him with all stops pulled out.

To fathom the real depth of the villainy of the Zionist "Friends of the Captain," one must see what they have done to the productive economy of the White Man in perspective; - at a long view.

The White Man everywhere sets up a PRODUCTIVE economy, in which everybody works, manages or takes genuine risks in an enterprise in which he has a personal interest.

The economy of the Aryan is always PRODUCTIVE ENTERPRISE, regardless of the fancy names that may be applied to various forms of the operation. Each man gives to the society at least as much as he takes out.

The economy of the Jew is PARASTIC. He always takes out more than he puts in. As soon as the Jew got enough strength in our society, he began to twist and pervert this productive enterprise into a criminal operation forbidden by law almost everywhere for centuries, - USURY.

He began to blind our kind of people to the immorality of GETTING without producing or giving in return. He began to de-emphasize the PRODUCTION aspect of the work and management of Aryan economy, and emphasize the getting of MONEY, by any and all possible means short of robbery. He removed the focus of Aryan eyes from the PRODUCT to the PROFIT.

Craftsmanship and pride of product began to disappear as the desperate scramble to GET MONEY replaced the time-honored Aryan joy in creation of things of excellence and permanence. Turn out more shoddy products, shine them up to look good on the outside, sell them for as high a price as possible, and then forget it once the money is in the pocket. That was the new approach of the Jew, which has filled America with billions of tons of plastic, shoddy JUNK.

The next step was to de-emphasize ALL production, and concentrate on MANIPULATION of money and credit to gather in still more money, - without work, without management, invention or creation, and without any real risk. Usually the Jew had tribesmen in the councils of the

mighty, whence he got the information that enabled him to "speculate" and reap vast harvests of green cash, - with NO RISK.

This harvest of cash without returning to society value for money received is immoral and destructive and no society can survive it forever.

The Jew, Karl Marx, then slyly ATTACKED this immoral process, identified it as the SAME THING as Aryan free enterprise, cleverly called BOTH the enterprise and the usury, "CAPITALISM," and thus got all our people DEFENDING JEWISH USURY as our "sacred way of life," - - - "Capitalism."

Pushing the process harder and harder, the Jews managed to split the inventors, owners and managers from their own workers in the once-productive economy, and produce CLASS WARFARE between the two parts of our economy, while the Jew manipulates both segments to reap more and more cash, all without working or producing.

This, in turn, forces more and more of our management people to get down into the gutter with the Jews and compete at the same immoral, cut-throat economic piracy, in order to survive. The Aryan, too, becomes a "Capitalist."

Now the Jew "Friend of the Captain" fans the fires of destruction ever higher by having the other side of Jewry, the Communist "Friends of the Crew" lead more and more vicious attacks on the "rich capitalists" by the workers.

Let's take a look at these Jewish "Friends of the Crew."

Chapter 8 - FRIENDS OF THE CREW

FRIENDS OF THE CREW

While the fat Zionist, capitalist Jews are quietly robbing their victims, like the tapeworm, rather painlessly and in silence; there are some Jews who get too arrogant and impatient for this quiet and slow "capitalist" robbery.

"To hell with waiting!", exclaim these redoubtable Hebrews to each other. "Why wait? Why stall around patronizing these stupid Goy boobs, when we can just grab what they have? They're too feeble and stupid to resist. There's a quicker and surer way to get our hands on the goods and services of the world without working!"

And so, to the poor people of the world these Jews howl:

"Workers of the world, unite!"

"To hell with God! To hell with country! To hell with the power structure! Wealth is ours to take! Dispossess the exploiters! Join us under the Red banner of our leader, Marx, and expropriate the dirty capitalists!"

"Up with labor! Down with the exploiting class!"

To return to our example of the ship-of-state - the Red Jew says to the crew: "Why should the captain and officers have the best quarters and boss you around? It's not them, but you and your labor that gets the ship moving. There are only a few of them, and hundreds of us! Let's jump the captain and officers, take over and divide up their wealth and ease. We Jewish friends of the crew will help you. In fact, we'll lead you!"

And thus is born the mutiny of the crew which is called "Communism" in its early forms the uprising of the "crew" of humanity led by Red Jews.

The crew never perceives that (1) it is not just the labor of the crew which moves the ship, but also the management and wisdom of the captain and officers, and (2) even if all the staterooms and possessions of the officers and captain were "shared" with the hundreds in the crew, they would be little better off, because there is not enough to make any difference among hundreds of the crew trying to "share" the few officers' quarters and possessions.

More importantly (and the reason for the Jewish promotion of the mutiny) is that once the order of the ship is gone, all hands lose.

With the exception of the Jews.

The Jewish Bolshevik ship-wreckers waiting on shore like vultures have easy pickings. A ship without officers and in a state of mutiny piles up on the rocks.

And that is precisely the plan of the Jewish "friends of the crew."

In any state where the people cannot be quickly and easily led to the tender mercies of the Bolshevik ship-wreckers, it is necessary to soften them up, to smash their leaders, wreck their order and set their ship-of-state to drifting aimlessly, without LEADERSHIP.

That is the purpose of Bolshevik "class-warfare."

It is a diabolical plan, and the most devilish part is the way that the Jews can get both classes working for them.

Abie Cohen, the Jewish-Zionist, capitalist friend of the captain is up on the bridge offering his advice: "Your crew is getting lazy, Captain, sir. Look at them laying around down there in the sun. Why I heard them saying you are an 'old bastard,' just last night. They will do as little work as possible. You've got to use an iron hand with these people."

The captain, believing Cohen to be his good and trusted friend, pours it onto the crew and stirs them up to more and more work.

Meanwhile, Izzy Cohen, the friend of the crew, the "labor leader," and the brother of Abie (the capitalist friend of the Captain), is down among the crew on the foc's'l: "Look at the Captain up there," whispers Izzy to the crew. "He's taking it easy sipping drinks in the cool breezes up there while you are down here in the heat working like dogs for him. He considers you guys lower than pigs. I heard him say so yesterday. He's planning to speed things up and stop your short periods of rest altogether."

Sure enough, when the Captain orders all hands to turn to, Izzy says to the crew, "I told you so." The men mutter and curse the Captain.

Back up on the bridge, capitalist Abie is whispering in the Captain's ear: "Look at those lazy, no-good dogs! They're muttering and scowling up at you. Better take security precautions, Captain, sir. They might try something."

And so it goes, with the Red Jew labor leader, "friend of the crew" (like Dubinsky) stirring up the workers to hate the managers, while the Zionist-capitalist Jew "friend of the Captain" (like Goldwater) is stirring up the managers to distrust and oppress his crew.

With this system going full blast, it doesn't take long to develop a full-blown class division, with both vital sections of the "ship's company" hating, distrusting and working against each other.

The sad, pitiful part of all this is that the Jew agitators are so easily able to get the supposedly intelligent and perceptive managers (the "Captains") to fall for this rotten class division.

The wealthy, the managing class, fails to realize that without its workers, it is decapitated and helpless, just as the greatest Captain of a ship - without his crew is helpless.

Yet the Jews consistently succeed in getting most of the wealthy, managing class to think their salvation lies in battling labor, hammer and tongs, to "keep down the demands." The managing class, the wealthy, becomes antilabor "reactionaries" - hating and fighting their own workers! Salvation for both classes lies not in fighting the other, but getting the Jewish Marxist promoters of class division and hatred off both of their backs.

But since even mentioning Jews is dangerous socially and economically (as the Jew plans it will be), the wealthy managers fight everything else but the real tormentors, the Jews, who have agitated the insane and suicidal battle of the crew versus their own Captain, and the Captain versus his own crew.

One has only to watch a man like H. L. Hunt or Robert Welch striving mightily against the "labor unions" and producing exactly the hatred of the working classes planned by the Jews by their anti-labor pronouncements, to feel depressed and discouraged. The crew may be pardoned for not thinking deeply. It's not their business. And they are too hard pressed by sheer work.

But for highly intelligent, informed and capable men at the top levels of industry and business to fall for the reverse warfare of Jews like Barry Goldwater is incredible stupidity and criminal negligence.

Only if we can succeed in uniting the whole ship's company once more in honest and businesslike cooperation and mutual respect, with the crew willingly providing the labor and the Captain and officers providing the direction and order, can the whole company get underway again and quit the bloody "labor-versus-management" strife which is piling us up on the rocks for the Bolshevik ship-wreckers. This is precisely what Adolf Hitler did in Germany, with what he called "National Socialism." And it is also precisely why he is so desperately, hysterically hated not only by the Jewish "friends of the crew" of the Red persuasion, but also by the "capitalist" Captains. The crew has no need of Jewish Red "friends," when it knows it has real friends in the Captain and officers.

Yet in America, the very "captains of industry" who have the most to gain by winning back their crew from the Jewish labor agitators, are the very men who endlessly join and support the hopelessly reactionary, anti-labor Birch Society, etc., thus driving the millions of working men further into the waiting arms of the Jewish "friends of the crew!"

Hitler saw this and provided a program of national unity, which stressed his friendship with and love of the workingman. To do this, he called his program National Socialist." And it worked! It re-united the captains of industry and the "labor crew. There was no dispossession of one side or the other, as any German who lived through the great days in Germany can tell you. The Krupps still had their factories, and the workers were still freer and happier than they had ever been, sharing, as they did, in the benefits of production.

So the sly Jews, observing this, have worked tirelessly to convince the upper classes in

America that Hitler's "socialism" is the "same thing" as "Communism"!!!

The result of this is simply to help the Jews split the managers and upper classes even further and further from their own people, the workers.

The working people of America want "social security;" they want "medicare;" they want a paternalistic and welfare-conscious government. This is a fact.

The endless blasting of "socialism" in the conservative movement is planted by the Jews men like George Sokolsky, who started much of it - to accomplish precisely this crazy decapitation of the American economy, to cut off the management "head" of the people from the working "body and make both parts hate each other.

The people are methodically taught to love and ask for ever more "socialism" (which gets the demagogues elected while the managers and elite of the society are methodically taught to hate any effort to make things better or easier for their own workers (by the hysterical cries of "socialism").

There is no doubt but that Marxist socialism, which destroys all private property and productive enterprise and turns all property and affairs over to criminals, most Jews, is sure death for any society.

But the kind of mutual-aid society found among our kind of people everywhere, especially in pioneer times, is the very essence of the kind of "social" love of each other a the whole people which produced America - along with the very excellent institutions of private property and productive free enterprise.

The masses of working people, our people, good people, your people, rightly want to have some help when the barn burns down, when their kids are deathly sick, when they are old and helpless and the banks have failed and destroyed their savings, etc. If the elite of our society, the managers, owners, wealthy people and thinkers, can't see this, and continue to fall for the sweet-talk of the Zionist "friends of the Captain" that the crew may be damn then the "friends of the crew," with their sweet talk of help and solicitous care of the crew will succeed with their damnable Red mutiny. The people want what the Jews and their demagogues promise.

Nor is this an unadulterated evil.

The shortsighted, reactionary "conservatives" are forever harking back to the self-sufficient days of pioneering, individualistic America, pretending to themselves that there was no "socialism" in those golden days.

However, the facts are that the very survival and growth of this great nation was dependent, not on dog-eat-dog, the-hell-with-you naked battling for individual benefit, but on a tremendous spirit of cooperation in the face of common danger.

When a man's barn burned down, his neighbors didn't sneer that he was "improvident" and

didn't have "insurance." They all came over, pitched in, not for profit, but for the social goal of helping each other, and built him a brand new barn - free.

That's not welfare or stifling of enterprise.

It is a simple recognition that there are some economic calamities beyond the power of a prudent and hard-working man to survive, and when these things strike, it is to the benefit of society to get together, not for profit, but to help each other.

There are dozens of "socialistic" operations in any decent nation, operations not for profit, but for the benefit of all. Without the fire department, society would be in constant peril. And who would want a commercial fire department, where the owner might despise you and refuse to put out your fire, or dawdle on the way until you were burned out?

It is to the benefit of society to have a happy, satisfied and healthy working population of ordinary folks. When naked "capitalism" forgets this, which it does, and says "let the common man look out for himself" (as much of the short-sighted reactionary class does), it cuts itself off from the mass support of its own people, as does the Birch Society, and most of the rest of the "conservative" movement, which is why the conservative movement is so pitifully powerless.

To fly in the face of this fact and insists that we can survive the onslaught of the Red "friends of the crew" (who are preaching all these things) by convincing the people they don't want welfare, social security, medicare, free college, etc., is to act in the manner of the madman.

To stop the devilish division of our people by Jewish, Marxist class-warfare, to prevent a total, Red "mutiny" of the crew such as they promoted in Russia, our top managers and upper classes must come to see that they must find a way to regain the leadership of their own masses -their crew - rather than continue driving them away as they do with their reactionary constant talk of more profits, less taxes, elimination of welfare, etc.

We can't re-unite the officers of the ship with the crew and throw the Jewish agitators overboard until we first win the crew!

And you can't win the crew promising to "cut rations" and increase work!

The Jews seek to keep labor and management divided by their clever provocation of workers against the wealthy and vice versa.

To foil them, the managers, the wealthy (not the people), are going to have to make the first move. And the first move is not more reactionarism, but a program of honest and workable social care by the captain for his crew.

That's one of the first things they taught me as a Naval Officer.

Look out for the welfare of your men, and they'll forever be loyal to you. That's true.

I shall write more later of what must be done to stop this suicidal division of our people by Jewish class-warfare. To understand the Jew, to "empathize" one's Way into his Jewish tapeworm soul, it is only necessary to imagine the contempt he holds for the non-Jew, and the image he holds of the inevitable and just triumph of his Jewish race as the "Chosen People."

The quickest way to understand his attitude toward us is to imagine how you would feel if you found yourself alone among a nation of children of five or six, all of them ten feet tall and equipped with guns. You would patronize them, act as though you sympathized with their horse-play, even when you got knocked around a bit - and above all you would try never to let them suspect for one second that you were scheming to get them under control somehow or other.

When one reads enough Jewish literature written for Jews, it does not take long to learn that these parasites have rationalized their natures until they see themselves as a "mature" and "intelligent" race, while they see us as a mob of crazy, violent, damned-fool brutes who enjoy as games - periodic sessions of slaughter called "wars," while the sophisticated Jews are horrified of violence -a fear they rationalize as a "love of peace."

Following are quotes from You Gentiles (Harcourt, Brace & Co., N.Y., 1924), written by Zionist leader Maurice Samuel:

"We Jews, we, the destroyers, will remain the destroyers for ever. Nothing that you will do will meet our needs and demands, We will for ever destroy because we need a world of our own, a God-world, which it is not in your nature to build. Beyond all temporary alliances with this or that faction lies the ultimate split in nature and destiny, the enmity between the Game and God." Chapter IX, p. 155

"Years of observation and thought have given increasing strength to the belief that we Jews stand apart from you gentiles, that a primal quality breaks the humanity I know into two distinct parts; that this quality is a fundamental, and that all differences among you gentiles are trivialities compared with that which divides all of you from us." Chapter I, p. 12

"Yet the cleavage is there, abysmal and undeniable. In the main, we are forever distinct. Ours is one life yours is another." Chapter 1, p. 21

"You gentiles are essentially polytheists and to some extent idol worshippers. We Jews are essentially monotheists . . . Monotheism is a desperate and overwhelming creed. It can be the expression of none but the most serious natures. It is a fundamental creed that engulfs individual and mass in an unfathomable sea of unity. In monotheism there is no room left for individual prides and distinctions, no room for joyful assertiveness. Monotheism means infinite absolutism, the crushing triumph of the One, the crushing annihilation of the ones." Chapter III, p. 65

"A Jew is a Jew in everything, not merely in prayers and in synagogue. . . . Our Jewishness is not a creed -it is ourself, our totality." Chapter III, p. 72-73

"Because I am Jewish I look with ultimate aversion on the world which finds supreme and ideal expression in Plato's Republic. And though I may repeat that this is no question of right and wrong in these two worlds, yours and ours, I cannot but feel profoundly and vehemently that ours is the way and the life." Chapter IV, p. 87

"To the Jew, naked loyalty is an incomprehensible, a bewildering thing. That men should be called upon to keep a quantity of this virtue on constant tap, to be applied on instruction to this or that relationship, is not merely irrational to us: it is beyond the apprehension of our intelligence."

Chapter V, p: 96

"In our life, the Jewish life, loyalty is unknown." Chapter V, p. 103

"We are unquestionably an alien spirit in your colleges. For your colleges are most coherent mouthpieces of your morality: and that morality is not ours." Chapter V, p. 104

"Whether we begin with the Bible and take the sum total of our work down to Karl Marx, or confine ourselves to a single country and generation (America today, for instance - with Untermeyer, Lewisohn, Frank, Hecht) we will find the same appeal to fundamentals, the same passionate rejection of your sport world and its sport morality, the same ultimate seriousness, the same inability to be merely playful, merely romantic, merely lyrical." Chapter XI, p. 183

Thus we see that the Jews have convinced themselves that the world has for centuries been in the hands of us wild, crazy kids - ten feet tall, armed and deadly dangerous when angry and "berserker," as the Vikings called the warlike rage of our race of people. They imagine that unless they, the "mature" race, can succeed in taking control away from us, us crazy Aryan "kids" will kill each other and all of them too, in one final all-out atomic blow-up.

Believing this for centuries and centuries, the Jews have developed an undeniably brilliant plan for seizing control of the world from us idiot "kids."

Let me introduce the reader to the Jewish blueprint for all that has gone before the promotion of degeneracy, anarchy, class warfare, economic piracy, the whole works.

In 1906 the secret Jewish blueprint for all this hell let loose upon the world was placed in the British Museum in London. It is called The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion, published in Russia in 1905, and consists of 24 protocols with 293 numbered paragraphs. The term "goyim," meaning Gentile or non-Jew, is used throughout the Protocols. "The Political" means the entire machinery of politics.

I cannot commend it too highly to the reader, in its entirety.

The Jews howl bitterly that these documents are a "forgery." But this is as irrelevant as claiming that a man did not commit a murder with one particular knife - but another knife

altogether. It matters not which knife was used. The fact is that somebody did a murder. The Protocols, long before World War I or II, set forth with horrible clarity exactly what some group would bring about in the way of world wars, inflations, depressions, and moral subversions - how they would do it, and to whom they would do it.

And sixty years later, not one word has failed of fulfillment exactly as set forth in the Protocols. If they are "forged" then it was done by a genius that knew exactly what the Jews of the world would do for sixty years, with not partial, but perfect accuracy. The protocols alone, of all knowledge on this earth, give one the power to predict historical events successfully, as I have been able to do since studying them. And a theory that enables scientific, calculated prediction is not the mark of a fraud, but always the mark of a realistic theory.

Henry Ford said of the Protocols, thirty-five years ago, that they were being ruthlessly fulfilled, which was enough proof for him of their genuineness. Adolf Hitler ten years later said the same thing. And any man who takes the trouble to read these astounding documents will find the same thing. If they were not written by a Jew, they were written with devilish accuracy about the Jews.

They enable humanity, for the first time, to understand what, before, seemed impossible chaos. All the chaos, the mad "art," the Communism, the moral filth, the control of the press and entertainment, the development of World Wars, the insane setting of labor against capital and vice versa - all these things become calculated elements of a steadily progressing plan by a nation, or race, which masquerades throughout the world as a "religion" in order to accomplish this awful work of destruction under the cover of "religious tolerance."

Here are some sample quotes from these astounding documents, which, in any case, were deposited in the British Museum before 1900, so that their predictions of things like world wars, etc., must be rated as either very accurate, or else as the most miraculous series of coincidences in history:

Protocol I

"4. What has restrained the beasts of prey who are called 'men'? What has served for their guidance hitherto?"

"5. In the beginnings of the structure of society they were subjected to brutal and blind force; afterwards - to Law, which is the same force, only disguised. I draw the conclusion that by the law of nature right lies in force."

"6. Political freedom is an idea but not a fact. This idea one must know how to apply as bait to attract the masses of the people to one's party for the purpose of crushing another who is in authority. This task is rendered easier if the opponent has himself been infected with the idea of freedom, so-called liberalism, and, for the sake of an idea, is willing to yield some of his power. It is precisely here that the triumph of our theory appears; the slackened reins of government are immediately, by the law of life, caught up and gathered together by a new hand, because the blind might of the nation cannot for one single day exist without guidance, and the new authority merely fits into the place of the old already weakened by liberalism."

"7. In our day the power which has replaced that of the rulers who were liberal is the power of Gold. Time was when Faith ruled. The idea of freedom is impossible of realization because no one knows how to use it with moderation. It is enough to hand over a people to self-government for a certain length of time for that people to be turned into a disorganized mob. From that moment on we get internecine strife which soon develops into battles between classes, in the midst of which States burn down and their importance is reduced to that of a heap of ashes.'

"8. Whether a State exhausts itself in its own convulsions, whether its internal discord brings it under the power of external foes - in any case it can be accounted irretrievably lost: it is in our power. The despotism of Capital, which is entirely in our hands, reaches out to it a straw that the State, willy-nilly, must take hold of: if not it goes to the bottom."

"12. Our right lies in force. The word "right" is an abstract thought and proves nothing. The word means no more than: 'Give me what I want in order that thereby I may have a proof that I am stronger than you.'"

"13. Where does right begin? Where does it end?"

"14. In any State in which there is a bad organization of authority, an impersonality amid the flood of 'rights' ever multiplying out of liberalism, I find a new right --to -attack by the right of the strong, and to scatter to the winds all existing forces of order and regulation, to reconstruct all institutions and to become the sovereign lord of those who have left us to the rights of their power by laying them down voluntarily in their liberalism."

"15. Our power in the present tottering condition of all forms of power will be more invincible than any other, because it will remain invisible until the moment when it has gained such strength that no cunning can any longer undermine it."

"20. A people left to itself, i.e., to upstarts from its midst brings itself to ruin by party dissensions excited by the pursuit of power and honors and the disorders arising there from. Is it possible for the masses of the people calmly and without petty jealousies to form judgment, to deal with the affairs of the country, which cannot be mixed up with personal interests? Can they defend themselves from an eternal foe? It is unthinkable; for a plan broken up into as many parts as there are heads in the mob, loses all homogeneity, and thereby becomes unintelligible and impossible of execution."

"21. The mob is savage, and displays its savagery at every opportunity. The moment the mob seizes freedom in its hands it quickly turns to anarchy, which in itself is the highest degree of savagery."

"22. Behold the alcoholized animals, bemused with drink, the right to an immoderate use of which comes along with 'freedom.' It is not for us and ours to walk that road. The peoples of the goyim are bemused with alcoholic liquors; their youth has grown stupid from early immorality, into which it has been inducted by our special agents by tutors, lackeys, governesses in the houses of the wealthy, by clerks and others, by our women in places of

dissipation frequented by the goyim." (By pornography and license in the world of art and music.)

"23. Our countersign is Force and Make-believe. Only force conquers in political affairs, especially if it be concealed in the talents essential to statesmen. Violence must be the principle, and cunning and make-believe the rule for governments which do not want to lay down their crowns at the feet of agents of some new power. This evil is the one and only means to attain the end, the good. Therefore we must not stop at bribery, deceit and treachery when they should serve towards the attainment of our end. In politics one must know how to seize the property of theirs without hesitation if by it we secure submission and sovereignty." (IRS?)

"21. Our State, marching along the path of peaceful conquest, has the right to replace the horrors of war by less noticeable and more satisfactory sentences of death, necessary to maintain the terror which tends to produce blind submission. Just but merciless severity is the greatest factor of strength in the State: not only for the sake of gain but also in the name of duty, for the sake of victory, we must keep to the programme of violence and make-believe. The doctrine of squaring accounts is precisely as strong as the means of which it makes use. Therefore it is not so much by the means themselves as by the doctrine of severity that we shall triumph and bring all governments into subjection to our super-government. It is enough for them to know that we are too merciless, for all disobedience to cease."

"25. Far back in ancient times we were the first to cry among the masses of the people the words 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', words many times repeated since those days by stupid poll-parrots who from all sides round flew down upon these baits and with them carried away the well-being of the world, true freedom of the individual, formerly so well guarded against the pressure of the mob, The would be wise men of the goyim, the intellectuals, could not make anything out of the uttered words in their abstractness; did not note the contradiction of their meaning and inter-relation; did not see that in nature there is no equality, cannot be freedom; that nature herself has established inequality of minds, of characters, and capacities, just as immutably as she has established subordination to her laws; never stopped to think that the mob is a blind thing, that upstarts elected from among it to bear rule are, in regard to the political, the same blind men as the mob itself, that the adept, though he be a fool, can yet rule, whereas the non-adept, even if he were a genius, understands nothing in the political - to all those things the goyim paid no regard; yet all the time it was based upon these things that dynastic rule rested: the father passed on to the son a knowledge of the course of political affairs in such wise that none should know it but members of the dynasty and none could betray it to the governed. As time went on the meaning of the dynastic transference of the true position of affairs in the political was lost, and this aided the success of our cause."

"26. In all corners of the earth the words 'Liberty. Equality, Fraternity,' brought to our ranks, thanks to our blind agents, whole legions who bore our banners with enthusiasm. And all the time these words were cankerworms at work boring into the well-being of the goyim, putting an end everywhere to peace, quiet, solidarity and destroying all the foundations of the goy States. This gave us the possibility, among other things, of getting into our hands the master card - the destruction of the privileges, of the very existence of the aristocracy of the goyim, that class which was the only defense peoples and countries had against us. On the ruins of the eternal and genealogical aristocracy of the goyim we have set up the aristocracy of our

educated class headed by the aristocracy of money. The qualifications for this aristocracy we have established in wealth, which is dependent upon us, and in knowledge, for which our learned elders provide the motive force."

"27. Our triumph has been rendered easier by the fact that in our relations with the men whom we wanted we have always worked upon the most sensitive chords of the human mind, upon the cash account, upon the cupidity, upon the insatiability for material needs of man; and each one of these human weaknesses, taken alone, is sufficient to paralyse initiative, for it hands over the will of men to the disposition of him who has bought their activities."

"28. The abstraction of freedom has enabled us to persuade the mob in all countries that their government is nothing but the steward of the people who are the owners of the country, and that the steward may be replaced like a worn-out glove."

"29. It is this possibility of replacing the representatives of the people which has placed them at our disposal, and, as it were, given us the power of appointment."

Protocol II

"1. It is indispensable for our purpose that wars, so far as possible, should not result in territorial gains: war will thus be brought on to the economic ground, where the nations will not fail to perceive in the assistance we give the strength of our predominance, and this state of things will put both sides at the mercy of our international finance; which possesses millions of eyes ever on the watch and unhampered by any limitations whatsoever. Our international rights will then wipe out national rights, in the proper sense of right, and will rule the nations precisely as the civil law of States rules the relations of their subjects among themselves." (Check WW I and II, and the U.N.)

"2. The administrators, whom we shall choose from among the public, with strict regard to their capacities for servile obedience, will not be persons trained in the arts of government, and will therefore easily become pawns in our game in the hands of men of learning and genius who will be their 'advisers'."

"5. In the hands of the States of today there is a great force that creates the movement of thought in the people, and that is the Press. The part played by the Press is to keep pointing out requirements supposed to be indispensable, to give voice to the complaints of the people, to express and to create discontent. It is in the Press that the triumph of 'freedom of speech,' finds its incarnation, But the goyim States have not known how to make use of this force; and it has fallen into our hands. Through the Press we have gained the power to influence while remaining ourselves in the shade; thanks to the Press we have got the gold in our hands, notwithstanding that we have had to gather it out of the oceans of blood and tears. But it has paid us, though we have sacrificed many of our people. Each victim on our side is worth, in the sight of God, a thousand goyim,"

Protocol III

"1. Today I may tell you that our goal is now only a few steps off. There remains a small space

to cross and the whole long path we have trodden is ready now to close its cycle of the Symbolic Snake, by which we symbolize our people. When this ring closes, all the States will be locked in its coil as in a powerful vice."

"2. The constitution scales of these days will shortly break down, for we have established them with a certain lack of accurate balance in order that they may oscillate incessantly until they wear through the pivot on which they turn. The goyim are under the impression that they have welded them sufficiently strong and they have all along kept on expecting that the scales would come into equilibrium. But the pivots - the kings on their thrones and presidents - are hemmed in by their representatives, who play the fool, distraught with their own uncontrolled and irresponsible power. This power they owe to the terror that has been breathed into the palaces. As they have no means of getting at their people, into their very midst, the kings on their thrones are no longer able to come to terms with them and so strengthen themselves against seekers after power. We have made a gulf between the farseeing Sovereign Power and the blind force of the people so that both have lost all meaning, for like the blind man and his stick, both are powerless apart."

"3. In order to incite seekers after power to a misuse of power we have set all forces in opposition one to another, breaking up their liberal tendencies towards independence. To this end we have stirred up every form of enterprise, we have armed all parties, we have set up authority as a target for every ambition. Of States we have made gladiatorial arenas where a lot of confused issues contend. . . A little more, and disorders and bankruptcy will be universal . .

"4. Babblers inexhaustible have turned into oratorical contests the sittings of Parliament and Administrative Boards. Bold journalists and unscrupulous pamphleteers daily fall upon executive officials. Abuses of power will put the final touch in preparing all institutions for their over throw and everything will fly skyward under the blows of the maddened mob."

"6. The people under our guidance have annihilated the aristocracy, who were their one and only defense and foster-mother for the sake of their own advantage which is inseparably bound up with the well-being of the people. Nowadays, with the destruction of the aristocracy, the people have fallen into the grips of merciless money-grinding scoundrels who have laid a pitiless and cruel yoke upon the necks of the workers."

"7. We appear on the scene as alleged saviours of the worker from this oppression when we propose to him to enter the ranks of our fighting forces - Socialists, Anarchists, Communists - to whom we always give support in accordance with the alleged brotherly rule (of the solidarity of all humanity) of our social masonry. The aristocracy, which enjoyed by the law the labor of the workers, was interested in seeing that the workers were well fed, healthy and strong. We are interested in just the opposite - in the diminution, the killing out of the goyim. Our power is in the chronic shortness of food and physical weakness of the worker because by all that this implies he is made the slave of our will, and he will not find in his own authorities either strength or energy to set against our will. Hunger creates the right of capital to rule the worker more surely than it was given to the aristocracy by the legal authority of kings."

"8. By that and the envy and hatred which it engenders we shall move the mobs and with their

hands we shall wipe out all those who hinder us on our way." (Red ship wreckers)

"9. When the hour strikes for our Sovereign Lord of all the World to be crowned it is these same hands which will sweep away everything that might be a hindrance thereto."

"10. The goyim have lost the habit of thinking, unless prompted by the suggestions of our specialists. Therefore they do not see the urgent necessity of what we, when our kingdom comes, shall adopt at once, namely this, that it is essential to teach in national schools one simple, true piece of knowledge, the basis of all knowledge - the knowledge of the structure of human life, of social existence, which requires division of labor, and consequently, the division of men into classes and conditions. It is essential for all to know that owing to difference in the objects of human activity there cannot be any 'equality'. The true knowledge of the structure of society, into the secrets of which we do not admit the goyim, would demonstrate to all men that the positions and work must be kept within a certain circle, that they may not become a source of human sufferings, arising from an education which does not correspond with the work which individuals are called upon to do. After a thorough study of this knowledge the people will voluntarily submit to authority and accept such position as is appointed them in the State. In the present state of knowledge and the direction we have given to its development the people, blindly believing things in print - cherishes - thanks to promptings intended to mislead and to its own ignorance - a blind hatred towards all conditions which it considers above itself, for it has no understanding of the meaning of class and condition."

"11. This hatred will be still further magnified by the effects of an economic crisis, which will stop dealing on the exchanges and bring industry to a standstill. We shall create by all the secret subterranean methods open to us and with the aid of gold, which is all in our hands, a universal economic crisis whereby we shall throw upon the streets whole mobs of workers simultaneously in all the countries of Europe. These mobs will rush delightedly to shed the blood of those whom, in the simplicity of their ignorance, they have envied from their cradles, and whose property they will then be able to loot." (Remember, this was written 25 years before any world "depression.")

"16. At the present day we are, as an international force, invincible, because if attacked by some we are supported by other States. It is the bottomless rascality of the goyim peoples, who crawl on their bellies to farce, but are merciless towards weakness, unsparing to faults and indulgent to crimes, unwilling to bear the contradictions of a free social system but patient unto martyrdom under the violence of a bold despotism. >From the premier or president of the present day the goyim peoples suffer patiently and bear such abuses as for the least of them they would have beheaded twenty kings."

"19. And thus the people condemn the upright and acquit the quality, persuaded ever more and more that it can do whatsoever it wishes. Thanks to this state of things the people are destroying every kind of stability and. creating disorders at every step."

"20. The word 'freedom' brings out the communities of men to fight against every kind of force, against every kind of authority even against God and the laws of nature. For this reason we, when we come into our kingdom, shall have to erase this word from the lexicon of life as implying a principle of brute force which turns mobs into bloodthirsty beasts."

"21. These beasts, it is true, fall asleep again every time when they have drunk their fill of blood, and at such times can easily be riveted into their chains. But if they be not given blood they will not sleep and continue to struggle."

Protocol IV

"3. But even freedom might be harmless and have its place in the State economy without injury to the well-being of the peoples if it rested upon the foundation of faith in God, upon the brotherhood of humanity unconnected with the conception of equality, which is negated by the very laws of creation, for they have established subordination. With such a faith as this a people might be governed by a wardship of parishes, and would walk contentedly and humbly under the guiding hand of its spiritual pastor submitting to the depositions of God upon earth. This is the reason why it is indispensable for us to undermine all faith, to tear out of the mind of the goyim the very principle of Godhead and the spirit, and to put in its place arithmetical calculations and material needs."

"4. In order to give the goyim no time to think and take note, their minds must be diverted towards industry and trade. Thus, all the nations will be swallowed up in the pursuit of gain and in the race for it will not take note of their common foe. But again, in order that freedom may once for all disintegrate and ruin the communities of the goyim, we must put industry on a speculative basis: the result of this will be that what is withdrawn from the land by industry will slip through the hands and pass into speculation, that is, to us."

"5. The intensified struggle for superiority and shocks delivered to economic life will create, nay, have already created, disenchanted, cold and heartless communities. Such communities will foster a strong aversion towards the higher political and towards religion. Their only guide is gain, that is Gold, which they will erect into a veritable cult, for the sake of those material delights that it can give. Then will the hour strike when, not for the sake of attaining the good, not even to win wealth, but solely out of hatred towards the privileged, the lower classes of the goyim will follow our lead against our rivals for power, the millionaires of the goyim."

Protocol V

"For a time perhaps we might be successfully dealt with by a coalition of the Goyim of all the world: but from this danger we are secured by the discord existing among them whose roots are so deeply seated that they can never now be plucked up. We have set one against another the personal and national reckonings of the goyim, religious and race hatreds, which have fostered into a huge growth in the course of the past twenty centuries. This is the reason why there is not one State which would anywhere receive support if it were to raise its arm, for every one of them must bear in mind that any agreement against us would be unprofitable to itself. We are too strong - there is no evading our power. The nations cannot come to even an inconsiderable private agreement without our secretly having a hand in it."

"8. In all ages the people of the world, equally with individuals, have accepted words for deeds, for they are content with a show, and rarely pause to note, in the public arena, whether promises are followed by performance. Therefore we shall establish show institutions which

will give eloquent proof of their benefit to progress."

"9. We shall assume to ourselves the liberal physiognomy of all parties, of all directions, and we shall give that physiognomy a voice in orators who will speak so much that they will exhaust the patience of their hearers and produce an abhorrence of oratory."

"10. In order to put public opinion into our hands we must bring it into a state of bewilderment by giving expression from all sides to so many contradictory opinions and for such length of time as will suffice to make the goyim lose their heads in the labyrinth and come to see that the best thing is to have no opinion of any kind in matters political, which it is not given to the public to understand, because they are understood only by him who guides the public. This is the first secret."

**"11. The second secret requisite for the success of our government is comprised in the following: To multiply to such an extent national failings, habits, passions, conditions of civil life, that it will be impossible for anyone to know where he is in the resulting chaos, so that the people in consequence will fail to understand one another. This measure will also serve us in another way, namely, to sow discord in all parties, to dislocate all collective forces which are still unwilling to submit to us, and to discourage any kind of personal initiative which might in any degree hinder our affair. There is nothing more dangerous than personal initiative; if it has genius behind it, such initiative can do more than can be done by millions of people among whom we have sown discord. We must so direct the education of the goyim communities that whenever they come upon a matter requiring initiative they may drop their hands in despairing impotence. The strain which results from freedom of action saps the forces when it meets with the freedom of another. From this collision arise grave moral shocks, disenchantments, failures. By all these means we shall so wear down the goyim that they will be compelled to offer us international power of a nature that by its position will enable us without any violence gradually to absorb all the State forces of the world and to form a Super-Government. In place of the rulers of today we shall set up a bogey which will be called the Super-Government Administration. Its hands will reach out in all directions like nippers and its organization will be of such colossal dimensions that it cannot fail to subdue all the nations of the world."
(This, 50 years before the Red United Nations!)**

Protocol VI

"1. We shall soon begin to establish huge monopolies, reservoirs of colossal riches, upon which even large fortunes of the goyim will depend to such an extent that they will go to the bottom together with the credit of the sales on the day after the political smash . . .

Protocol VII

"2. Throughout all Europe, and by means of relations with Europe, in other continents also, we must create ferments, discords and hostility. Therein we gain a double advantage. In the first place we keep in check all countries, for they will know that we have the power whenever we like to create disorders or to restore order. All these countries are accustomed to see in us an indispensable force of coercion. In the second place, by our intrigues we shall tangle up all the threads which we have stretched into the cabinets of all States by means of the political,

by economic treaties, or loan obligations. In order to succeed in this we must use great cunning and penetration during negotiations and agreements, but, as regards what is called the 'official language,' we shall keep to the opposite tactics and assume the mask of honesty and compliancy, in this way the peoples and governments of the goyim, whom we have taught to look only at the outside whatever we present to their notice, will still continue to accept us as the benefactors and saviours of the human race."

"3. We must be in a position to respond to every act of opposition by war with the neighbors of that country which dares to oppose us: but if these neighbors should also venture to stand collectively together against us, then we must offer resistance by a universal war." (This, eight years before the first "World War" in all history!)

Protocol VIII

"3. For a time, until there will no longer be any risk in entrusting responsible posts in our State to our brother Jews, we shall put them in the hands of persons whose past and reputation are such that between them and the people lies an abyss, persons who, in case of disobedience to our instructions, must face criminal charges or disappear -this in order to make them defend our interests to their last gasp." (As all out leaders HAVE!)

This diabolical plan has been **WORKING**, and has predicted events such as World Wars, - for more than sixty years. Regardless of its authenticity, it is a valuable insight into what is going on, and a guide to what **WILL** happen. Henry Ford published these amazing Jewish plans in the 1920's and said "THEY FIT!" That was 45 years ago. They **STILL** fit, today. The reader who insists on joining the Jews in claiming "forgery" will still be unable to discredit the astounding correlation between what the Protocols plan and predict, - and what has been actually happening.

One of the basic elements of the Jewish scheme for the secret conquering of all other peoples is the use of inferior humanity as the Jewish "troops," - as set forth in the Protocols.

In the next chapter, we shall examine this menace, which may become a deadly "genie" more dangerous than the Jewish meddlers who have let it out of the bottle.

Chapter 9 - THE BLACK PLAGUE

THE BLACK PLAGUE

In the Congressional Record, published by the United States Government Printing Office, Proceedings of the House, 1957, page 8559, you will find the documentation of the Communist plan for using the Negroes to achieve a Communist victory in America. In column one, on page 8559, you will find the following:

"Israel Cohen, a leading Communist in England, in his A Racial Program For the Twentieth Century, wrote:

'We must realize that our Party's most powerful weapon is racial tension. By propounding into the consciousness of the dark races that for centuries they have been oppressed by the whites, we can mould them to the program of the Communist Party. In America, we will aim for subtle victory. While inflaming the Negro minority against the whites, we will instill into the whites a guilt complex for their exploitation of the Negroes. We will aid the Negroes to rise to prominence in every walk of life, in the professions and in the world of sports and entertainment. With this prestige, the Negro will be able to intermarry with the whites and begin a process which will deliver America into our hands.'"

There you have the Jewish-Communist program in a nutshell - the USE of the backward, childish and savage Negro race to destroy the White Race, which stands between the Jews and their mad goal of world domination from Israel.

To make a mutiny - which is what Communism is -you need mobs of raging and savage people. The Jews, comprising only a fraction of one percent of the world's people, are too few to produce their own mobs, and they are too un-fond of physical violence to provide any large amount of their own "muscle."

They need vast numbers of peanut-brained, violent but robot-like "troops."

The Negro race is perfect for the needs of the Jews in fomenting their mutiny. But before the blacks can do the Jews and Marxists any good, they must first be placed in position and conditioned.

In Africa (and in the rural South) the Blacks have neither the means, the spirit nor the tools to be of service to the Jewish schemers. They are so closely akin to unthinking animals, and they are so childishly satisfied and lethargic that there is no hope of making any successful mutiny with them. Voodoo, chicken-stealing, watermelon, razor-waving, dusky-sex, singing and dancing and other primitive pastimes keep the rural and forest Negro sufficiently satisfied (or at least unthinking about his lot) so that it is quite impossible to turn any significant number of such black men into a raging mob with any staying power for a revolution.

To make a revolutionary animal of the Negro, you must first force him into a situation where he loses his normal ability to enjoy his primitive releases and pleasures, teach him to know

and enjoy the luxurious pleasures and vices of urban civilization, (such as heroin and White women) teach him that he has a right to those pleasures, force him into competition with White men for those pleasures, and then, when he fails, whisper to him that he is not really failing in that competition, but that "WHITE EXPLOITERS" ARE KEEPING HIM DOWN!

The millions of primitive African blacks brought into our big cities as voting cattle by Franklin D. Roosevelt during World War II, and by all liberal leaders since then, are incapable of competing with the White Man. They can't make it in the schools; they can't make it in complex jobs; they can't make it in intellectual competition. The fact that a few mixed bloods can and do make it does not disprove the fact that the mass of Negroes is congenitally incompetent and inferior - any more than the fact that some chimpanzees can be taught to ride bicycles disproves the fact that chimpanzees aren't even as smart as the blacks.

Millions and millions of these primitive misfits and incompetents are forced into urban, crowded living conditions, forced to compete with intelligent White people, forced to give up their natural pleasures in voodoo, uninhibited sex, etc., forced to try to pretend to be what they are not -forced to FAIL, day after day, week after week, month after month - finally get so frustrated and desperate that they are ready for any kind of violence and horror, since nothing could be much worse than the agonizing frustration they face every moment of their miserable lives.

When the Jews and liberals keep harping at them they are "equal," that they have endless "rights," and that they have no real duties to go with those rights - then this half-animal population of Africans trying to "make it" as White Men, goes literally crazy.

It starts in the schools.

The little black kid is taught in the most aggressive way that he is every bit the equal of the White kids.

But the fact is that he averages 60%-75% of the IQ of the average White kids.¹ In the field of abstract thinking, cold reasoning, the Negro tests even lower.

As a result, the black kid can't keep up. His schoolwork is terrible. The constant comparison with the work of the White kids frustrates, angers and upsets him all the more. In his own, colored school, this problem does not arise. But forced into competition with the Whites, the Negro starts failing - and suffering from the consequent humiliation -even in school.

This is the cause of the Negro "drop-out" problem - not deprivation or poverty. Literally millions of White kids are poor and oppressed, and fight their way to an education. But the little Negro, understandably, doesn't have much ambition to continue in a contest he can see from the beginning he can't win.

So he "drops out" - or is put in a special "track" in the schools, set up by the liberals to cover up the fact of Negro backwardness.

In either case, it isn't long before he enters the competition for a good job. Naturally stupid, uneducated, and naturally inept at the requirements of modern technology, the black youth finds himself on the street and idle.

Told that he has a right to all the things he sees the White man earning - fancy women, Cadillacs, fast living, etc. -the black boy becomes filled with such a burning envy and hatred it is hard for most people to even imagine. He turns to the only way left

1"THE INTELLIGENCE OF PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN," GARRETT, H. E., Chairman, Psychology Columbia University. for him to GET what he is told he deserves, - violence. He becomes a criminal. He goes out and robs, burns, rapes, loots and finally kills; he is the classic "rioter."

The U.S. Department of Justice and Labor have both published statistics on the Negro, which show that the Black 10% of our population commits more than 85% of the violent crimes against people, and by far the most crimes against property. (F.B.I. Uniform Crime Reports, 1966)

The jails are filled and bursting with these frustrated, violent black animals, not because we are unjust, but because Negroes can't compete economically with White Men - and crime is the only way most of them can get what they are told they deserve."

The U. S. Department of Labor has published a pamphlet called "The Negro Family." It is violently PRO-Negro, and full of excuses for these miserable people. Certainly it cannot be called a "bigoted" work. Yet here is what this booklet says on page 40 about Negro ability to compete with Whites.

"The ultimate mark of inadequate preparation for life is the failure rate on the Armed Forces mental test. The Armed Forces Qualification Test is not quite a mental test, nor yet an education test. It is a test of ability to perform at an acceptable level of competence. It roughly measures ability that ought to be found in an average 7th or 8th grade student. A grown young man who cannot pass this test is in trouble.

Fifty-six percent of Negroes fail it.

This is a rate almost four times that of the whites."

Notice the last sentence in the first paragraph that men who fail this test are "in trouble." And that is the keynote of life for the young Negro, "TROUBLE."

He is constantly causing and IN trouble both as an individual and as a group. Whenever the situation is ripe, hundreds and thousands of them act in their animal - like, anti-social manner and "riot." They loot, shoot, burn, kill and beat - almost without any sense at all - just out of animal frustration and hatred of a system which keeps telling them they are "equal," while their own dim brains constantly show them they are not only NOT equal, but they are so far below the White Man that only by violence can they achieve anything at all.

This situation is guaranteed to make bloody revolutionaries out of millions of Negroes, especially young males.

They have almost nothing to lose, and everything to gain.

This Black army of the damned is precisely the right material for revolution. All that is needed to spark these millions of black human bombs into explosive and bloody violence on a mass scale is agitation and organization.

So, long before 1900, they were already plotting and scheming how to agitate the Negroes into massive and bloody rebellion against the Whites and against the government of the United States. It wasn't really difficult.

The Negroes have proven themselves, down through the ages, almost animal-like in their adaptation to all forms of manipulations and slavery.

It should be remembered that most of the Negroes here in America did not get here because they were captured in Africa. No. The Arabs obtained the great majority of slaves by purchase. Their own folks sold them to the Arabs, usually for beads, salt, trinkets, etc. (And, in some cases, I think the Arabs got little for their good beads.)

The kind of people who would sell their own children into slavery tells much of the nature of these black men who now swarm in our streets demanding equality.

But even more revealing is the fact that the early settlers in America were no fools when it came to obtaining slaves. Why do you think they went all the way over to Africa to get slaves, when the woods were full of Indians?

The fact is that they tried the cheaper experiment of enslaving the Indians (instead of just killing them as they finally did).

But it didn't work. The Indians could not be enslaved. Think about it a moment, and you will understand something of the nature of the Negro.

Would you allow yourself to be a slave - if you had all sorts of opportunity to escape from the fields, plantation, cabins, etc.? Would you let somebody peddle your kids and otherwise permit what the Negro slaves permitted?

You know the answer is a resounding, fighting "NO!"

Neither would the Indians. They could be chained and beaten and held. But they were far too spirited and proud to meekly follow a master around like a dog, the way millions of Negroes were taught to do. At the first opportunity, in spite of risk, the Indian would attack, or at the very least, escape.

White men, Chinese and Indians cannot be enslaved (except in rare cases - never as a whole race).

But the Negroes do not have the get-up-and-go to resist or even to think about it. Take care of their animal needs, give them sex satisfaction to their heart's content and the opportunity to dance in the sun, sport like an ape in a clearing, sing and beat some kind of bongo or drum around a fire - and the pure African Negro soon settles down like a dog in a new home, provided you take care to let the Negro (like the dog) know who's boss.

But just as you can take a friendly, docile dog and train him to be a vicious killer, so you can quite easily take a docile, mindless Negro and turn him into one of the most fearful murderers in all history, as is happening, especially in Africa.

You make a dog vicious, as Army manuals teach, by "agitating" him.

That's precisely how you make a Negro vicious - by agitating him!

And, in accordance with the plan of Israel Cohen, set forth in 1912, and printed in the Congressional Record in 1957 (supra), the Jews and Communist have been systematically agitating the Negro race in America for the past seventy years.

Along with the agitation, they have been breeding him, like dogs in kennels, as fast as possible - which is pretty fast. (The Negro has never been one to resist breeding as often as he could find the opportunity.)

Add to this the Federal financial subsidization of the already powerful Negro urge to procreate, and you get a biological explosion. Negro women can actually make a living producing what can be technically and properly termed "little black bastards." (They are little, they are black, and they are in the strictest sense of the word, bastards)

There are already millions of these illegitimate Blacks, whom nobody really wants once they have been presented, to get a bigger welfare check, and who are allowed to run absolutely wild in the streets.

These wild, black teenagers are the very guts of the riots in our big cities. And there are millions more on the way. They are very real savages, in the most bloodcurdling sense of the term, even though they live in an asphalt jungle instead of trees. They live a life of maximum violence and a total lack of any "ethics" at all. They fear almost nothing and respect ABSOLUTELY nothing. The only possible way to deal with them, as with any dangerous savage, is to command their respect with overwhelming FORCE.

But this is precisely what our fat-head government, manipulated by the Jews, will not use - force. Instead, we keep trying to buy off these wild animals in our streets with money, "poverty wars," art exhibits, free tickets, welfare, and endless pampering. Worst of all, we keep giving them our women - foolish, if well-meaning, girls, whose maternal instincts have been perverted from loving and nurturing their own kind to loving and nurturing these little black

vipers in their nests, because (they believe) the Blacks are "helpless" and "persecuted" and "misunderstood," etc. Sooner or later these women get a rude awakening when the black viper shows its fangs. But until that time, talking to these fanatic women is like trying to talk a queer out of his perversion.

The result of all this is a swarming army of BLACK MUTINEERS in our midst

They are rapidly getting trained and armed for terrorism, right before our eyes, and with maximum arrogance. The "Black Panthers," the "Deacons for Defense," and a dozen other black Mau Mau groups are formed and training with guns, Molotov cocktails and grenades even as I write this. The Panthers recently had the gall to march into the California legislature in uniform heavily armed with automatic weapons. Nobody did anything.

Meanwhile, the Jews are howling to disarm the Whites and the law-abiding people! They want "gun control" laws although it is obvious that this won't do a bid of good with criminals and revolutionaries, who have illegal guns.

How obvious can it GET?

What the Jews have done over the past fifty or sixty years is first to promote vast migrations to the cities of the black bodies they need as voting blocs to keep the likes of Franklin D. Roosevelt in power.

Then they started working to breed these Blacks on scale never before seen in human affairs - with what they call Welfare.

Finally, they have agitated these Blacks ceaselessly with "rights" lies, filling their dim African brains with the wildest dreams of Cadillacs, White women, cash, luxury and ease - all things the Black masses can never earn in this society, simply because they don't have the native ability.

The Jews have made it almost a crime even to think this fact, however, so that everything these benighted black people hear convinces millions of jungle-minded Blacks that they have practically built America with their sweat while we White people have driven them with whips and lain around on silk-pillows enjoying their hard-earned wealth.

The fact that our people realized, organized and created all the natural wealth (the same wealth they ignored in Africa for millions of years) escapes them.

Horses, too, sweated to create American wealth. But horses cannot claim credit for that wealth. This fact is taken as an insult by these arrogant chimpanzees posing as "civil rights" leaders, whenever I mention it in college speeches.

That's exactly what's going on with the child-like race of Blacks in America. Devilish Jewish, Marxist and liberal agitators, sensing the ideal mutineers for their army for the overthrow of civilization, have moved the Blacks into the most dangerous possible positions in the middle

of our technological civilization, bred them into a swarming, exploding mass, and then agitated them beyond all endurance.

The result will not be long in coming - in fact, is already here, with sporadic riots which will soon spread, and then merge into one nightmare of terror, bloodshed and jungle madness. But it is not only a local, American problem. This explosion of the inferior, fostered by and led by the Marxists and the Jews with their liberal toadies, is a growing worldwide problem, which cannot remain unsolved much longer.

The Jews have crushed the truth about human breeds and convinced much of the White world that the developed (White) nations "owe" endless aid to the "undeveloped" (Black) nations.

This utterly insane lie, spread all over the earth, has produced a devil's "miracle" - it has sent doctors, medical care, schools, money, machines and technology to the most animalistic populations of backward Africa, to India and to every place where inferior humanity has previously been limited in its numbers by its own stupidity and ignorance since the beginning of time. But, since colored people are all supposed to be "equals," the equalist fanatics have followed through in the attempt to make them equal, by pulling them up with modern medicine and science. This has taken all limits off the breeding of these people.

The result is a world plague - A BLACK PLAGUE.

Egotistical, short-sighted men have presumed to "outwit" Nature. And Nature will teach them a terrible, bloody lesson

Anybody knows that the reason you can't sell snow to Eskimos is that they already have all the snow they're likely to need for the next few thousand years.

You can't sell mosquitoes to folks who live in tropical swamps, either.

Whenever the supply of anything far exceeds the need, that thing becomes valueless.

On the other hand, the super-abundant "air" around us, which you couldn't sell in its usual form to anybody for a nickel - suddenly becomes the most precious thing in the world to a drowning man. There is no way to get around this law of supply and demand. Whatever is so super-abundant as to be a "drug on the market," becomes worthless, no matter how you try to prop up its value.

Whatever is desperately needed, regardless of pretenses, will become "valuable." All of this is preface to a fact that should have become glaringly obvious years ago, but is still somewhat hidden from normal view by a million pretenses.

That fact is the growing worthlessness of millions of human beings.

The situation with humanity is very much like the situation with diamonds.

Diamonds are now very valuable. The reason is not purely that they are handsome. Fake diamonds can be made so close in appearance to the real ones that only experts with a magnifying glass can tell the difference. No. It is rarity almost alone that gives diamonds their real value, except in industry.

Imagine what diamonds would be worth if there were some kind of strange event in space, and billions and billions of diamonds showered down on the earth for several months, until we were almost smothered in diamonds, knee-deep in diamonds. Overnight, you couldn't get a nickel for a diamond. Not only that, but people would pay to get them shoveled off their property. And if the showers were painful and broke up property and hurt people, diamonds would be among the most hated things on this earth.

That is precisely what's ahead with Negroes and most colored people - indeed with inferior people. We have produced a plague of "niggers."

For millenniums, human life was a precious thing because it was so hard to get into existence and keep alive. It was rare, like diamonds. This led to what is now called "humanitarianism," the worship of something "special" about anything with two legs that can mumble or grunt a few words. Then, in the first half of this century, science made more progress than it had made in all the thousands of years previously. Literally millions of methods were discovered to prevent death in adults, and to promote the birth and growth of the young.

This was no catastrophe in Western, civilized nations, where the human beings thus increased were of a high and productive type.

But with the advent of intellectualism in the 18th and 19th centuries, and its cancer-like growth into the disease of "liberalism," conceited little minds began to tell each other that the world had passed the stage where we had to obey the laws of Nature. "With our modern science," asserted these sophist, liberal snobs, "we master Nature and control her!"

"By changing environment, we can make a Beethoven out of a Bantu!", was their cockeyed "reasoning." "All races and people are equal; some have just not had an equal chance to develop." So these conceited wise men of Boetia set about giving "all men" this "equal chance" to survive and develop. The result is precisely what would happen to the value of diamonds if we found ourselves suddenly deluged with diamonds by the billions.

The lowest forms of humanity (the colored races) are now breeding so fantastically fast that we will soon be "neck-deep in niggers." The world is about to suffer the worst plague in world history - the "Black Plague!"

Already, colored people outnumber the Whites by seven to one. And while White populations are growing at an average of 15%, the colored population of the world is exploding at 70%. Not only that, but the rate of increase is itself increasing, so that even the present figures do not give a clear picture of what's ahead.

The "developed" nations are sending their "Peace Corps" and medicines, education and

outright cash subsidies to help these colored nations. But the only real result of the help is so damned many more little Negroes, screaming for more help, that it is only a question of a very small amount of time before the situation will be absolutely hilarious -- and terrifying.

Mankind, in his infinite conceit that he can control Nature, is once again bringing the rabbits to Australia and the sparrows to America. In the latter two cases, the short lifespan of the creatures involved quickly showed man his error as the rabbits and sparrows multiplied by the billions to plague him. Negroes take a little bit longer than rabbits to breed (not much), but long enough so that it will be another 10 years or so before the full horror of the thing dawns on the idiots who are promoting unlimited colored breeding all over the world.

A population study in Scientific American (September 1963) shows that the efforts to raise the standards of living in colored countries does not have the same effect that it has in White countries, where the people have natural abilities. In dark countries, as fast as you double the standards of one batch of Negroes, they produce seven more batches and reduce the level of the whole lot.

All Negroes produce when they get outside help is more Negroes.

The fatheads at the U. N. are already squirming as they calculate their own statistics (the statistics I am using), which show the approach of the "Black Plague."

Their answer, the typical liberal answer, is BIRTH CONTROL.

Such utter unrealism is like handing a water pistol to a man to stop the charge of a bull elephant. The avalanche of Negroes which is about to inundate the world with a "Black Plague" is of such staggering proportions that it can be stopped by birth control as well as you could stop the tide with a Kleenex.

Most average men and women living today, who are under the age of fifty, will live to see the time when Negroes will be considered about as valuable as a barrel of syphilis germs.

The figures are simply terrifying, nightmarish

A quick way to see the picture is to take a map of the world showing the so-called "under-developed" or "backward" countries. The map of the backward countries, it will be quickly seen, is almost exactly the map of colored countries - and the darker the country, the more backward!

There is a graph, which shows the growth of world population.

This graph shows the projection of the rising curve beginning to go almost straight up. But the worst is yet to come!

The Scientific American points out that there is a tremendous difference between the way the scientific revolution affects the White areas (which they refer to as "developed nations") and

the way it affects the colored areas (the "under-developed countries").

They show that the skyrocketing population curve is about ninety percent colored! (Although they use the word "undeveloped" for "colored.")

Now consider all of this against the background of the "democracy" which is constantly driven into us by every media of information, entertainment, and by our Government and the United Nations. "One Man, One Vote" is the motto. The Supreme Court has even decreed that we can no longer have state legislatures in which one part of the legislature is based on geography instead of population (thus giving rule of America to the Negro and Jew- laden cities.)

In world terms, "One Man, One Vote" will mean about a hundred votes against you for everything you have and want. Everything you can produce will be voted right out of your hands by these colored swarms. That's what's behind their drive for "world democratic government" - and their color-dominated United Nations.

Now the liberals can coo about "brotherhood" and swoon over inferiors all they want; you and I know that when the day comes that the White liberal discovers that he is going to have to give up all he has to Negroes in the name of democracy, he will be finished with the liberal hocus-pocus in an instant.

But then it will be too late for all of the White people.

When the Negroes have everything going their way in the poker game, with the rules the liberals themselves have set up (while Negroes have all the cards), do you think for a moment that the Negroes are going to stand still while we change the rules and take everything away from them? Never!

The world will be reduced in a mighty short time to the old-fashioned situation where one side has something the other side is determined to get, and the first side is determined to keep. No votes, no discussion and no "brotherhood" are going to solve the situation.

We have permitted a gang of "intellectual" fatheads, in the name of "liberalism" and "democracy," to make it possible for Negroes to breed like rabbits for 30 years.

There are now so many of them, and so fantastically many more on the way, that the Almighty Himself must look down on the swarming Black Plague with dread and horror. He never set up this mess. We did

The Black Plague is not an Alabama or Mississippi problem, or a Southern problem, or a Northern big-city problem.

It is a WORLD problem. The world problem!

Since the defeat of Germany, no power on earth exists with the will to stop the Jews and

fathead liberals who will continue to breed this Black Plague - until the Plague itself stops them.

When it does, it will be such a hideous catastrophe, as this planet has never experienced!

The "Riots" are just the first flickers of the inferno.

Just as nobody loves locusts and grasshoppers when there is a plague of locusts, so nobody will be a "nigger-lover" when there is a plague of "niggers" - not even the "niggers." Negroes will then appear to be what they really are, a semi-wild form of half-human animal, unable to build or maintain a civilization, but capable, in vast numbers, of utterly and completely destroying all civilization.

The rapes, murders, robberies, muggings and the big riots in our cities of the North are not isolated incidents. They are the first skirmishes in the World Race War of which we have been warning for years.

The skirmishes will increase, get much larger and more bloody, fuse with one another, become longer and more sustained, more violent, more professional and finally heavily armed. Leadership and weaponry for this world Black uprising is developing right now in Red China and Cuba. Red Chinese advisors and experts are all over Africa, Asia and Cuba, training colored armies and massacre experts.

When Whites were being massacred in the Congo, we must not forget that A. Philip Randolph, James Farmer, Dorothy Haight, Roy Wilkins and even Whitney Young (of the less-violent Urban League) all demanded of the President, in writing, that the U.S.A. keep "hands off" in the Congo, to let the savage Blacks slaughter - and eat - the Whites.

It must be remembered that the Whites who were being slaughtered were mostly White missionaries and liberal fatheads who went to Africa to help the Blacks.

That didn't matter. They were White, so they got tortured, slaughtered and eaten! They were in Africa, not as "imperialists," but for the usual "humanitarian" reasons.

These liberal jerks are going to have to learn that you can't give limitless "humanitarian" aid to savage, half-ape beasts, without aggravating the problems you started with.

But since liberals won't learn, the massacres and uprisings will get more frequent and more brutal. The Blacks will mass against South Africa and Rhodesia, and the rest of the world will sit by mouthing platitudes while the Black Plague tries to wipe out or enslave the Whites of two entire nations, while Jew-led nations help them.

Do not gasp that it just couldn't happen!

It is happening, right now, in Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the South, and in our big

cities, where the Blacks, nearing a majority, are aiming to be masters of the Whites through mass and bloc votes, and guerrilla warfare, while the foolish Whites will continue to play "Democrat" and "Republican," etc. If our people had the will to resist, they could do it. But they keep hoping there will be some "easy" way, and do nothing at all (except to damn the few of us who oppose this insanity as "agitators" -"OUTSIDE" agitators!).

As the Blacks move in on Whites in Africa, and seize areas of northern big cities in the U.S.A. they will taste real blood for the first time. They will take the bit in their teeth. With leadership from Africa, Red China and Cuba, etc., the Black Plague will spread like fire in a gasoline factory until the whole earth is blazing. Only then will the fathead White liberals, the silly, squabbling, reactionary rightwing and the narrow 17th century "nationalists" realize at last that there are not many issues, just one: RACE.

And that one issue before the world is not what form of government or economy we shall all have, but WHO shall run this world.

As Adolf Hitler said in Mein Kampf, the only question in the history of our times is: Will the titanic and final struggle of humanity turn out for the benefit of the White Aryan, or the benefit of the scheming Jew and his swarming army of colored inferiors?

As this racial Armageddon approaches, the real value of a human being will shortly appear with a vengeance whether we like it or not. Like the "plague of diamonds" pouring out of the sky, there will be such a roaring storm of people on this planet that it will sink in its orbit from sheer weight. Colored "humanity" will drop to lower than zero on the scale of value.

Your children or grandchildren will be forced to exterminate and/or transport swarms of wild Blacks until all of them are finally dead or corralled in Africa. And your grandchildren's children, in turn, will look back on you and wonder how, in the name of heaven, we ever let this insanity go so far without doing anything but talk!

While almost every American is playing what are really games (relatively speaking) - money-gathering, putt-putt golf, politics, economics, women-chasing, etc. - the world is heading for the ultimate Tribal War - WORLD RACE WAR!

It's "them" against "us."

It isn't an economic or social struggle.

It isn't politics, religion, economics or anything else so complicated.

It's as simple as cat versus mouse; as White versus Indians.

It's tribe versus tribe.

And there's no such thing as "ultimate justice" in the battle.

Whoever wins will be forever decreed "just," precisely as the title of the great book None Dare Call It Treason points out: "When treason prospers, none dare call it treason.,,

Here in America, the Black tribe is already preparing to take what they want by bloody force from the Whites.

When I spoke to a group of revolutionary, D.C. college Negroes, last year, this fact emerged clearly.

I was invited to speak to the collegiate "Burning Bush" club, and accepted without knowledge that it was mostly a Black outfit. They gave me a street address that turned out to be in an ex-store front church in the heart of black Washington. I learned that it was the bunch that produced Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown.

Once I walked into that black mob, I was not about to back out, or crawl out. So I spent about two hours speaking to them and answering their questions - or rather, defending myself from their bitter jabs. Several times, particularly when one black girl got up and read the contents of the entire "Boat Ticket to Africa," it was nip and tuck whether I'd get out of there alive. But I managed to keep that Black mob sufficiently interested in what would happen next to sit still, until I left.

But I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything. Those revolutionary Black youths made no secret of their plans to seize America by violence and bloodshed.

The only thing I said with which they agreed was that America would never give them the kind of "equality" they wanted (which they made clear included our women) and that they would have to TAKE it with guns.

"We're gettin' the guns !" they snarled at me.

And they are!

These college-trained Blacks, endlessly agitated by Jews like Bettina Aptheker, Saul Alinsky, Milton Rosen of Progressive Labor and the Militant gang, are openly preparing a revolution of force and bloodshed.

Meanwhile, the disgusting cowards and sissies on my side (which is almost all of it) are still preaching "The Truth Will Make Us Free," and writing letters, getting up petitions and new schemes for "victory" - none of them involving even so much as naming the enemy.

As I write this - as you read these words - the millions of "nice" people on my own side are playing an incredible game of "I've-got-my-eyes-closed." Almost none of them (again with the exception of the Klan) have the nerve to name the enemy. (And even the Klan covers up some of the naked truth about the Jews we are fighting.) In fact, there are as many explanations of the nature of the enemy as there are rightwing leaders.

The reactionaries will tell you that we are divided over economic issues - Capitalism versus Communism (although these "experts" have to sit up nights trying to explain how most of our big millionaires and big foundations are busily putting up most of their "capital" to support Communism).

The Birchers will tell you that it is a battle between those who are for "less government and more individual responsibility" and against the "big government" crowd.

There are the mostly Southern "states' righters" versus the nasty "Federal Government," (although the only reason the "states' righters" so vehemently hate the "Federal Government" is because it is currently in the hands of "nigger-lovers" and Reds. If a pro-White were President, they would be 100% for use of Federal power to protect White people, as I am.)

I could name many more of these phony divisions by shallow thinkers on our side, but these ought to be enough to establish the principle. To see the truth behind all these euphemisms, and all like them, all one has to do is to attend two meetings: (one), a rightwing meeting, regardless of what kind; and (two), a leftwing meeting.

At the rightwing meeting you will see mostly good-looking people, our kind of people. To be sure, some of them, individually, will be ugly or dissipated or otherwise unattractive, but the participants will be most White Aryans, or at least people racially similar to us. (Even the leftwing press commented what good-looking girls were in the Goldwater campaign.)

At the leftwing meeting, you will see swarms of racially alien people - Jews, "niggers" and mongrels of all sorts. Most of them will be racially repulsive.

The glaring fact, which all of the "nice" rightwing so assiduously covers up, is that this is not a war of ideas, money, theology, principles or politics, but an old-fashioned, naked confrontation between two tribes - between and "them."

We have something.

They want it.

They are taking it.

The rightwing, like a helpless man in a nightmare, is gurgling inarticulately trying to keep "them" from taking it away, without being able to move or even yell effectively. In fact, in most cases, our side doesn't even dare complain about "them," and keeps pretending we are not "racists" - only for the Constitution, states' rights, America, etc.

The commercial Jew agitator of the Negroes, Saul Alinsky, doesn't play any games or try to hide it; he openly says to his side what I am saying to mine.

"Machiavelli wrote a book telling the 'haves' how to keep what they have," this Jew sneers to

the mobs of Jews and Negroes. "Well I am teaching the 'havenots' how to take it away," From YOU, White Man."

In the days of Genghis Kahn, nobody bothered to pretend, as they do today; nobody dressed up the ancient battle for plunder, women and territory with fancy names or disguised it as "ideas."

Nobody tried to pretend it was a "battle for men's minds." The colored hordes came out of the East with their bloody swords, axes and clubs, and drove into the heart of Europe, slaughtering the men, taking the Women, plundering the wealth and generally acting in the immemorial manner of that predator of all predators, man!

Only the better White men in Germany were finally able to stop these savage, yellow terrorists and drive them back into Asia.

In fact, the ancient Nordic word for "Germans," (still preserved in the Icelandic language) is "Thodthverdthur" which, translated literally, means "People's Defenders."

Now, once again, the savage colored hordes are terrorizing the earth, threatening to unite and use the White Man's own fearsome technological weapons to rape, rob, loot, plunder, murder and enslave us in such an orgy of carnage and cruelty as has never been dreamed of on this planet. The Jews have let this terrible dark genie out of the bottle to "use" him as their army in their mad dreams of conquest of the earth, according to their paranoiac Prophecy as the "chosen People."

In 1932 the German "People's Defenders," - The Nazis, rose up, as in days of old, and almost had this Asiatic horror stopped, when the Hebraic brotherhood here in the U.S.A. got their stooge Roosevelt and his stooge Churchill to use all the rest of us to smash our White German brothers who stood between us and the colored hordes. At the behest of the Jews, we crushed the ancient German bulwark of the White Race.

The battle is now for possession of the whole planet. And the colored hordes of Genghis Khan have almost won. From Africa, India and Asia they are swarming like a plague of poisonous locusts, into all White nations.

In the name of sanity and survival, how much longer will our cowardly and short-sighted rightwing "leaders" pretend that there is no such thing as "the enemy" - that "we hate no one," but only oppose this or that idea?

Hell, the enemy is out in our streets in his thousands, "demonstrating," throwing Molotov cocktails and even killing us, under the open direction of Jew generals, like Saul Alinsky and Milton Rosen.

You can be sure that the mighty Germanic White Men who stopped Genghis Kahn did so without any sickening pap about "not hating" him, and they sure as hell made no secret of who the enemy was.

It's time to name the Negro, Jew and communist enemy that is murdering us and planning to take us, in the ancient manner. It's time to hate the filthy devils that are attacking us, hotly, passionately and poisonously, so that we can fight as our fathers fought - to WIN!

But it is not only the Black Plague, which threatens us.

The problems of air pollution, water pollution and land destruction are also problems of too many people - "the population explosion," it is called. Where a few sewers could once empty harmlessly into rivers and oceans, thousands of them, millions of them are now rapidly making the whole surface of the planet earth one big sewer, smothered by smog, and jam-packed with swarms of people all beginning to compete for space on roads, space to live, space to move and even just air to breathe. Everywhere you go, traffic piles up, smog chokes you, water is filthy, land is disappearing, and you have to form lines for tickets - for anything.

But the current situation is only the merest hint of what's ahead in the next two decades.

Remember, the population of the earth has doubled since the 1900's. It will re-double again by the 1970's! And, if nothing changes, it will double once more in half of that time, to produce a world literally packed with humans struggling just to breathe, to eat and to find a moment's peace - a moment they will never find.

Perhaps you have been taken in with the birth-control propaganda, and believe this is the answer. Aside from the fact that birth control just will not work, because people are people, the deadly fact about birth control is that it kills off the best and promotes the worst.

It is our best racial stock which practices birth control, because they are provident, hard-working and want to provide for their young (even if they are short-sighted about future generations). The Negroes are breeding as fast as the possibly can, because our best families are going without and paying big taxes, to subsidize with "welfare" this colored breeding by the lowest humanity.

Illegitimate black babies, "little black bastards," actually produce more and more income for Black females, and Black females are engaged in the black-bastard industry with a will. It is this Black spawn of the subsidization of inferior humanity, which produces the giant gangs of black nihilists, such as Chicago's "Mighty Blackstone Rangers" which terrorize the whole community and require a "peace treaty" on TV with the Chief of Chicago's Police Department!

People are becoming dimly aware of this growing horror.

But what is not so obvious, and much more deadly, about birth control, is the way it reverses Nature.

The oak tree produces tens of thousands of seeds, lets them all start, and then Nature ruthlessly and wisely selects only the best and the toughest to survive and become big trees. Obviously, there is not room on the ground around one tree to grow thousands more trees. Nevertheless, every year the tree produces enough seed to populate giant forests over whole

states. Nature never produces just "enough." She always produces prodigiously, especially so she can select.

And she has the best reason in the world: the survival and improvement of the breed. She is never pre-occupied with any particular individual, always in the promotion of tougher, better and more select types to improve the "breed"

By the oak having all those seeds and allowing them to struggle, with only a few succeeding while most perish, Nature insures that the next generation of oak trees will be the winners of an elimination contest in which millions and millions competed, and only one or two of the finest survived to make more oak trees like themselves.

In fact, that's the same way you got here.

To make you, took just one sperm cell.

But Nature produced millions, all of which competed for the chance to live and become you. Only one made it, and thus proved that it was therefore the most energetic and excellent of those millions, and most likely to make a good human being, you. Had Nature produced only the one sperm needed to produce another embryo, it might very well have been the weakest. And it almost certainly would not have been the one which survived and produced the best one - you.

If parents use birth control and have only one child, there is a good chance it may very well be the worst they would ever have. If they had ten or fifteen, as Nature intended (and as humanity had to do for tens of millions of years to survive), they would have had a very good chance of producing their best, and the worst would have perished mercifully at an early age, as happened to humanity until the last hundred years.

But today, short-sighted use of man's medical science first kills by "birth-control" millions and millions of human beings, including the best, even before they have a chance to be conceived and born - and then keeps alive anything born, even with two heads, and preserves to each such "beneficiary" of "science" the opportunity to create more unfortunates who would otherwise never have been conceived had Nature been allowed to exercise her surgical wisdom.

There is no "cure" for the coming population horror other than to kill.

Nature did the killing, by natural selection, since the beginning of time. The birth-control advocates, with typical liberal cowardice and short-sightedness, do their killing by un-natural selection, by cowardly murder before the people they kill have any chance to argue the case, or prove themselves.

Nature would never have allowed this crazy over-population to arise, because the backward, stupid, lazy, no-good bums and swine of the world, for millenniums, never survived long enough to have kids. Even though some did, they killed each other off, ate each other, lived in

such filth, horror, ignorance, superstition and disease that they perished by the millions, as they did in dark Africa for millions of years.

This was the situation, for instance, in what is now Rhodesia, where the native, Black population never exceeded 40,000 since the beginning of time.

Then along came the humanitarian, half-witted, White liberal, and "outwitted" Nature by providing these swarms of human scum with the medical genius of a higher race, with education, with police to maintain order and prevent them killing and eating each other, with hygienics to put down germs and mosquitoes and prevent disease, with sanitation facilities, and otherwise applying the miracles produced by White brains and character, to enable Black and inferior humanity to proliferate like flies on a dung heap.

The Whites came to Rhodesia with law and order, medicine, education and food - and produced 40 millions of Blacks, who now demand to take over the Whites!!

The way out of this mess is not in making available more food, better medical care, more efficient farming, or birth control!

There is only the old-fashioned way of Nature: death, one way or another. Somebody has got to go, ugly as that may be.

The problem would never have arisen, had men been wise enough to obey Nature's ancient and eternal laws.

But we didn't, and the problem is about to overwhelm us in a furious catastrophe.

If we don't do something about it, Nature will. There will be famines such as the world has never imagined, massacres such as the worst nightmare cannot envision, slaughter, disease, death and horror until there is nothing but blood and darkness on the face of the earth.

Even our worst enemies are hinting at these things. But, as a "cure" they are preaching their shortsighted "birth control."

Birth control means death to millions of the unborn. Birth control is killing, even though the cowards who advocate it dress that fact up with all kinds of rationalizations about giving a break to those already here, seeing that the new ones are taken care of, etc. Birth control is selective massacre, at the sperm cell and egg stage, which not only kills more millions than, any massacre in the history of homo sapiens, but reverses Nature, selecting the worst and breeding them, while murdering and decreasing the biological best.

We believe man has arrived at that critical point of no return where he can no longer be "chicken" about facing the deadly fact: somebody has got to go. There are too many bodies competing for every blade of grass, every breath of air and drop of water on this planet. And the flood of people on the way will be catastrophic, unless we return to Nature's plan, and select, not the worst, but the best for survival.

And who are the best?

Actually, that's an irrelevant question, because no group in the world, with any vitality in it, is going to select itself for elimination. Each group, of course, will claim to be actually "the best," even if they are the blackest cannibals, who claim they are eating each other and running naked, only because dirty "colonialists" have been "holding them down" and they have never had the advantages of hearing Shakespeare, or attending Harvard or Oxford.

But still, being as objective about the question as possible for our group, the White People, we can truthfully say that our group has performed better than any other creature ever to come forth on this planet. It is not the Blacks, or the Reds, Browns or Yellows that have produced the miracles of our age; it is the White Man: The test of "superior" and "inferior" is not theory, but performance. Even more important, it is not the Blacks, Yellows, Browns, or Reds who have the power to select. NATURE SELECTS BY SUCCESS, NEVER BY THEORY.

And the White Man, at least for a while longer, has the organized force at his disposal to restore almost instant order to this world, through the use of his technology and even nuclear weapons if necessary (especially when the White Men of Russia finally are driven over to our side by the imminent explosion of arrogant, aggressive colored people, as is already happening to Russia on her borders with Red China).

This is no call to brutal, heartless, sadistic massacre.

There is no "hate" involved here, any more than there is "hate" involved when roaches or bedbugs invade a home and must be exterminated. it is a matter of survival.

If they survive and swarm by the millions, we must die. It will not be too many years before even the most rabid liberal will see that. Some of them already have, as the Blacks run around attacking them, shouting "Kill Whitey," "Burn, baby, burn!" and sacking our cities.

To survive, we will undoubtedly have to kill vast numbers of those of the colored races who attack us. I believe the planet will run red with the blood of both sides, in the lifetimes of many now living, before order is restored to the world, and genuine peace is therefore possible.

But we do not have to conduct any scientific "extermination" program. (As the Jews and liberals fatheads never tire of charging).

We have only to be ruthless about the survival and rights of our White family of people all over the globe, and leave the others to themselves.

Left to themselves, the colored swarms will not last a generation, and the heaving planet can settle down to a productive order.

Everywhere the Whites have withdrawn from colored areas, that's what has happened: the Blacks massacre each other, they enslave each other, they retreat to filth and the jungle

almost faster than it is possible to believe - as Haiti will show anyone who cares to look, even after a century of White help. They won't produce food, - and so they starve. Nature pronounces her judgment.

Those who so tirelessly howl for "peace" should remember that the gentle Goddess of Peace could walk in safety only at the side of the Mighty God of War. And today, if the Goddess of Peace is White, she can't walk at all, in the areas controlled by these black savages.

To restore Order and Peace we are going to have to make two decisions: (1) The White Man must again become absolute master of this planet, and (2) Forceful authority and order must be restored as the first need of our whole world, if people are to be able to go about their business without constant fears of wars, bandits, swindlers and mobs of hell-raisers.

To insure that the White Man does become Master of the planet, and thus survives the colored attack, the White Man must stop the reversal of Nature. He must take as much care about his own breeding as he does for the breeding of his dog, his horse, his cow and his canary.

Ruthless though it may sound, the White Man is also going to have to find a happy medium between the preservation of all of his own number by medical science, and that restoration of some sort of selective process to insure that congenital freaks of his own kind do not breed more unproductive, unhappy individuals who then drag down the productive through "Welfare Medicine." He is going to have to re-evaluate his role, and begin to think not just of the individual, but of the whole race.

What injures the race beyond repair must never be performed by medical science, even if it might make a certain individual happy.

When medical science is reasonably sure that any individual is bound to bring into the world miserable, helpless imbeciles or human freaks, then medical science must see to it that no such calamity is visited on innocent unborn little ones.

I am well aware that such apparently "heartless"-ness will outrage many who will think I am indeed the sadistic monster so often painted by my opponents. On the contrary, however, I am simply determined to save my own people - and the world - the unspeakable horror, the ultimate horror, of the final destruction of the White Race, the race which, almost alone, is responsible for the very qualities of mercy, love, justice, etc., which the humanitarians so dearly love, but forget are the product of only one race - the White Race.

Liberal (and conservative) cowardice and equivocation are leading the world, and especially the White people, straight to the hell of race war and the nightmare of an irreversible Black Plague.

It is going to take bloody violence and killing to solve this problem, just as it was not words, which gave us America, but violence and killing of the British. It took bloody violence and killing for the German White Men to stop Genghis Khan. It took bloody violence and killing to win every war we have ever fought, not conservative words and petitions.

To stop a plague of bed bugs takes killing, not words.

To stop a plague of traitors, agitators and black half-animals is going to take killing, not words?

Locusts and bed bugs that do not invade your home do not need killing. Inferior humanity which leaves the White Man alone does not need killing, either, and can be left to limit their own numbers by their own stupidity, improvidence and cruelty. But it is forever too late for those colored people who ATTACK the White Man to be permitted to survive.

We have no intention of attacking or exterminating those who leave us alone.

But let this be a declaration of war upon the savages who dare to shout "Kill Whitey," and on those Jews and others who dare to encourage, agitate, arm and finance them in this bloody insanity. It's them, or us!

Chapter 10 - THE FACTS OF RACE

THE FACTS OF RACE

If Black men are simply White men with dark skins, then it would be stupid and wicked bigotry to discriminate against Black men.

If there is NO OTHER difference between White men and Black men than skin color, if there are no differences of mind or character, then everything the liberals and race-mixers preach would be true.

Just as it would be insane and wicked to hate and discriminate against people with red hair, so it would be insanity and wickedness to discriminate against a man born with a dark skin - IF the dark skin is the ONLY difference.

There would be no excuse for not admitting Negroes at once to full equality with White men, including the complete right to marry and breed with our women, if they are really equal.

But if there ARE differences of mind and character between the Negro and White man, in addition to skin color, and if the Negro has a lower grade mind and major character defects as a whole race, then it is the height of wickedness and insanity to pollute our White Race with these low-grade traits of mind and character.

The Negro question is thus not a question of philosophy, but of fact.

If, as the Jews, Communists and egalitarian liberals contend, Negroes are the same as White people, except for skin color, then I am indeed a hate-monger, a bigot, and a wicked man for fighting race mixing as hard as we do.

But if the race of Negroes is, as a matter of FACT, INFERIOR, then it is the other way around and the liberals, Jews, Communists and egalitarians are the wicked poisoners of a million years of White evolution and breeding.

What are the facts?

Is it so hard to find out whether the Negro is, in fact, the same as a White Man, except for skin color? Are all the well-known Negro faults the result of "persecution" by Whites?

Will equal treatment result eventually in equal people? Or are most Negroes born inferior?

The FACTS alone can answer those questions.

Any White Man who has had to live among real Negroes promptly finds out that the myth about no difference except skin-color is a lie.

The "all-men-are-equal" baloney goes up in a puff of smoke whenever a group of genuine, live Negroes shows up and moves in close to White people.

In fact the belief in black "equality" is inversely proportional to the number of Blacks living in the area. The mathematical correlation is not "good;" it is perfect.

In areas such as Canada, where there are almost no Negroes, you will find that the myth of equality is so strong you can get beaten up for questioning it.

In areas where there are only a very few Negroes, the "equality" myth is still very strong, because, usually, where the Negroes are a very tiny minority, they are forced to act like White people and are often almost White themselves. Also, the rare Negroes present, in such areas, are usually highly selected, and highly trained because it is only the better specimens who had the ambition to emigrate to the new area, and who thus get more education.

But in areas where there are many Negroes, you will find that the White people do not believe the equality myth, no matter how much it is pushed on them. Just as you couldn't sell the idea that skunks don't stink wherever there are plenty of skunks, so you can't peddle the "niggers-are-wonderful" lie wherever there are plenty of the colored "brothers" handy for folks to observe.

And in areas where there are more Black than White people, as in Mississippi, you will find tremendous resistance to the Blacks, and thorough understanding of the primitive savage and utterly different natures of these inferior specimens of humanity.

Unless this direct correlation of a low opinion of Negroes wherever there are many Negroes is the result of the inferiority of the Negroes themselves, you must conclude that somehow, almost all the people in South Africa are "bigots," almost all the people of the U.S. South are "bigots," and now, almost all the people who live in the big cities of the North are also "bigots."

The same Northern cities which once believed the South was "bigoted" and mistreating the Negroes, now produce howling mobs of Whites hurling rocks and bottles whenever Blacks try to move into their neighborhoods. These people could be swindled with the lie that Negroes are really Whites with dark skins only so long as they were not able to observe Negroes, experience Negroes, and suffer from Negroes. But as soon as large numbers of Negroes moved in, the Whites quickly learned the truth about them.

If anybody will put up the money for the experiment, I can prove that hatred of race mixing is not a "prejudice" but the result of knowledge, by taking the most liberal and Negro-loving town in upper Ohio, for instance, or North Dakota, and buying up about half the homes in the town and filling them up with real, live, ordinary, garden-variety Negroes. In a few months, that town will be just as full of "bigots" and "nigger-haters" as any town in Mississippi.

And the reason will be, not that the White people are "prejudiced," but that Negroes are simply biologically inferior. And the results of pretending otherwise can be seen wherever these

pitiful black creatures abound.

Anybody who tries to live with skunks will become "bigoted" and "prejudiced" against skunks, and tell you that "skunks stink."

And, without exception, anybody who is forced to live with masses of Negroes (not a few select Negro doctors or lawyers, but the real, black, average Negro) will quickly form the opinion that Negroes are a very low form of humanity, and we cannot mix with them without reverting to the jungle and the filth in which they live.

The only reason that so many people do not know that fact today (as all people once did), is because the same Jews who have provided us with Communism, Zionism, degeneracy and decay of Western Civilization, have methodically gone about the task of promoting the lie that Negroes are equal. They know it's a lie, but they have promoted it consciously, precisely because, as we have previously shown, Jews, like ship-wreckers of old, flourish amidst chaos and ruin, and perish in a healthy society. Nothing so quickly deprives a society of its vigor as being mixed with Negroes.

Inevitably, when I point all this out to "intellectuals" in the colleges, they sneer back with a long list of Negro "achievers" who are statesmen, writers, geniuses, etc. They trot out Senator Edward Brooke, Adam Clayton Powell, William White, W. E. B. Dubois, Ralph Bunch, etc.

This is one of the trick arguments that looks good until you slow down and examine it critically. Then you will see that it is pure madness to judge "Negroes" by the likes of such "Negroes." They are presenting a MIXTURE to try to prove the qualities of one INGREDIENT. Dynamite is made of sawdust and nitro-glycerin. So, in a sense, you could say that dynamite is "made out" of wood.

But would anybody be mad enough to contend, therefore, that wood is explosive? When two things are mixed, the resulting product cannot be used to prove the qualities of either single ingredient.

When we try to discuss the natural abilities of the NEGRO, the liberals, Reds and Jews instantly start pointing with pride to creatures which are anything but real Negroes - men who are almost always WHITE men with a small amount of Negro blood in them.

The usual examples in present day America are Adam Clayton Powell, who passed for White in college, and whose parents appear to be almost wholly White; Robert Weaver, housing czar; W. E. B. Dubois, who looked to be a White Man, with slightly Negroid features; the newly elected Senator Brooke, who is a White man with a bit of Negro blood; and dozens of others like them.

The only place you will find the black, heavily Negroid types in the public eye is in the fields where Negroes in Africa also excel: athletics, tom-tom beating, jungle chanting, etc.

In all the professions and upper echelons of accomplishments, WHENEVER YOU FIND AN

INTELLECTUAL NEGRO you will find that he is almost always a **WHITE** man, with just enough colored blood to give the liberals something to vibrate about.

This is just as crazy as sprinkling some sawdust into nitro-glycerin to make dynamite, making it blow up with a bang - and then smirking that you have "proved" that wood is explosive. Dynamite is **NOT** wood, even though there is sawdust in it, and slightly soiled White Men with a little Negro blood are **NOT** "NEGROES" (in the biological sense.)

If you wish to know the properties of wood, you examine wood **ALL BY ITSELF**, the way it comes out of a tree.

If you wish to know the properties of the Negro, you must examine him **ALL BY HIMSELF**, the way he comes out of the Congo.

When we do this, we find not the sort of intelligence and ability found in a Senator Brooke but something far more akin to the African gorilla - something dark and terrible, something animal-like and primitive.

That is not "hate;" that is a **FACT**.

Liberals never tire of moaning that this obvious inferiority is only because of "lack of opportunity." But they utterly ignore the fact that Africa is perhaps the richest continent on earth.

The only reason it remained savage was because there were no men there capable of seeing and understanding the possibilities.

Thomas Dixon, author of the book that became the greatest movie of all time, "The Birth of a Nation," has put the matter more beautifully and clearly than I could hope to imitate;

""Can we assimilate the Negro? The very question is pollution. In Haiti no White man can own land. Black dukes and marquises drive over them and swear at them for getting under their wheels. Is civilization a patent cloak with which law-tinkers can wrap an animal and make him a king?"

'But the Negro must be protected by the ballot,' protested the statesman. 'The humblest man must have the opportunity to rise. The real issue is Democracy.'

'The issue, sir, is Civilization; Not whether a Negro shall be protected, but whether Society is worth saving from barbarism.'

"The statesman can educate,' put in the Commoner.

The doctor cleared his throat with a quick little nervous cough he was in the habit of giving when deeply moved.

`Education, sir, is the development of that which is. Since the dawn of history the Negro has owned the continent of Africa - rich beyond the dream of poet's fancy, crunching acres of diamonds beneath his bare black feet. Yet he never picked one up from the dust until a White man showed to him its glittering light. His land swarmed with powerful and docile animals, yet he never dreamed a harness, cart, or sled. A hunter by necessity, he never made an axe, spear, or arrowhead worth preserving beyond the moment of its use. He lived as an ox, content to graze for an hour. In a land of stone and timber he never sawed a foot of lumber, carved a block, or built a house save of broken sticks and mud. With league on league of ocean strand and miles of in land seas, for four thousand years he watched their surface ripple under the wind, heard the thunder of the surf on his beach, the howl of the storm over his head, gazed on the dim blue horizon calling him to worlds that lie beyond, and yet he never dreamed a sail! He lived as his fathers lived - stole his food, worked his wife, sold his children, ate his brother, content to drink, sing, dance, and sport as the ape. And this creature, half child, half animal, the sport of impulse, whim, and conceit, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," a being who, left to his will, roams at night and sleeps in the day, whose speech knows no word of love, whose passions, once aroused, are as the fury of the tiger -they have set this thing to rule over the Southern people -"

Perhaps the most revealing and unanswerable study of racial differences between White and Black was made in Virginia by a Dr. Ferguson.¹

Most studies seeking the answer to racial differences between Black and White are useless, because they totally ignore the White blood in many of the "Blacks" they test.

Ferguson took all the school children of Virginia, tested them all for intelligence, and then checked their racial backgrounds.

He divided them up into five racial groups. The first group was pure Black. The second group consisted of those having one White grandparent. The third group had two White grandparents, and the fourth group had three White grandparents. The fifth group, of course, was the pure Whites.

1. FERGUSON, G. O., Jr. "The Psychology of the Negro" Arch. Of Psychology Number 36, April, 1916

The pure Blacks tested at least 40 percent below the pure Whites - (which is still the case today, in spite of all the money spent on education and pampering of the Blacks.)

Those "Negroes" with one White grandparent did slightly better than the pure Blacks; with two White grandparents, still better; with three White grandparents almost as good as the Whites themselves.

All of these Blacks lived as and considered themselves "Negroes." Their environments and "advantages" or disadvantages were exactly the same.

Yet ability was exactly proportional to the amount of White blood!

The liberals and Jews make a million excuses for this astounding correlation. But the facts remain exactly the same to this day, even on the U.S. draft mental examinations, in which 56.1 percent of the Blacks still can't pass the test, while only 15.4 percent of the Whites fail - even though the poverty and disadvantages of many of the Whites are as bad or worse than that of many Negroes. (SOURCE: Department of Labor, The Negro Family, March 1965, p. 75)

Those who insist that "lack of advantages" is what holds the Blacks back have an impossible task to explain what happened in Washington's schools.

As long as the schools were white-run, and segregated, they were the best - even with only a fraction of the money and "advantages."

Now that they are almost wholly Black since desegregation, in spite of more money than has ever been poured out anywhere else, they are the WORST!

Who did this, the White people? George Wallace? Hitler? Rockwell?

The answer which screams itself at all those who are not willfully deaf is that the Blacks simply lack the stuff to make good students.

Runners, jumpers, singers, drummers - and robbers and rapers - they surely are, and good ones. Students, executives, great creators, intellectuals, etc., pure Blacks are NOT - even though our liberal establishment and the Jews never tire of parading Negro inanities and trash as "literature" and "art."

A recent NBC television documentary on the Igoe Housing Project in Saint Louis showed the full horror of what these ape-like people do when turned loose in modern civilization. The windows on the first four floors were smashed out from the outside by rocks. The windows on all the top floors were smashed out from the inside. The elevators are used so extensively for urinals, that the wiring is all shorted out, and the floors are rotted away. The halls stink of urine and feces, and the walls are covered with unspeakable obscenities. The light fixtures are all smashed, and in the dark halls and basement laundry rooms, the animalistic blacks rape and molest almost all the women, young and old, until the occupants are terrified.

Instead of realizing that all of this is not because of "deprivation," but because of the nature of the beast, the U.S. Government is moving all the blacks out of one building at a time, putting in rock-proof screens on the outside of the windows on the first four floors, and on the inside of the others, putting in stone tiling in the elevators to make them more impervious to all the Negro urine, water-proofing the wires, putting in the kind of light fixtures they have in jails which can't be smashed, repainting the walls with special paint so all the Negro vileness can be washed off every day or every few hours, and installing dozens of police to patrol the corridors. But even NBC admitted, "It may do no good." The blacks will manage to wreck it somehow.

You can put fancy clothes on them, send them to Harvard, teach them to play the harp, teach them to work a computer, and even teach them to be a "Ph.D." But they will still be like

chimpanzees riding bicycles; they will do what they are trained and forced to do, but they cannot and never will do it all by themselves. The drive to civilize, organize, discipline and restrain themselves is lacking in the pure black. The trained "PhD" Negroes in colleges and in judges' robes are artificial, not real; - they don't rise to such abilities on their own racial heritage.

Let's recall some basic facts about life that most men have forgotten.

Nobody has to teach a dog to bark. And a cat that never saw another cat knows how to meow.

The very nature of "dogness" impels a dog to bark rather than make some other kind of noise. The nature of "catness" impels the cat to meow.

Perhaps this sort of observation seems like a waste of time.

Everybody knows these things.

Do they?

Sure they do, People know that dogs bark, cats meow, and they know that each kind of animal is born with its own kind of nature, feelings and responses to its environment.

Most people also realize that it is in the very nature of the breed of bulldogs to hold on with their teeth until death stops them, for pointers to point, for spaniels to take to the water, and for greyhounds to run fast. They know that if you want a dog with a nature which bites and hangs on, you don't choose a greyhound but a bulldog, They know that if you want a dog who can and will run fast, you don't want a bulldog but a greyhound.

In short, most people know that, while "all dogs are dogs," different BREEDS of dogs have different NATURES.

Not only do dogs bark because they are dogs, but most folks know that certain breeds of dog have different NATURES and kinds of intelligence - because of their breed.

In fact, everybody knows that breeds are different in the whole animal world.

But they no longer know it about one animal - MAN. They have been so conditioned and twisted in their thinking about "man" that they have completely forgotten that man, too, is also an animal before he is a man, and that he is born with the particular nature of his particular BREED. Nobody in his right mind would judge each dog solely as an "individual." Any person in his right mind knows that breed determines the basic nature of most of the dogs in that breed. A person looking for a tenacious dog which will bite and hang on, with a stubborn nature, would be wasting his time trying to find a dog among the breed of Chihuahuas or poodles, when he could quickly find a dog with such a nature among bulldogs - even though all of them are dogs. Nobody in his right mind would say, "all dogs are equal" or "all birds are equal."

But Jews and liberals have taught most men that to look for any special characteristic among any certain breed of men is "bigotry" and "hate"

This utter madness may well be the one single error of modern man which will finish him off and send the planet spinning through the ether once again, silent and empty of men, as it once was for millions of years.

The record shows that there is only one breed of "man" which has, as a matter of history, produced "civilization."

Just as a dog barks because he is a dog, a cat meows, and a bulldog hangs on, so one breed of "man," the Aryan White Man, carries with him the nature that produces the justice, order and technology that we call "civilization."

Wherever he has gone, the White Aryan has poured out of him the things we call "civilization" from inside, precisely the way a dog naturally produces barks and a cat produces meows.

This book is not and cannot be an anthropology text. It is designed to be a popular book, for the average American, and cannot get into complicated and difficult scientific areas.

However, the evidence that the Aryan White man, particularly the Nordic, is the author of "civilization," as a matter of breed, is overwhelming, and must be known to our people if they are to survive.

Our people must also know that Negro inferiority has existed for hundreds of thousands of years. Everybody knows that there are some people who are naturally lazy and indolent, who prefer lying around like slugs in the sun. There are other people for who such utter uselessness and idleness is intolerable. Some people just have to be up and doing. They get restless and bored with more than a very little bit of "resting."

Out of the original pool of humanity a million years ago, some were lazy, some were energetic.

The lazy and easy-going naturally stayed in the warm climates - the "Garden of Eden," where you can lay around without getting too cold and where coconuts fall on you for food. These people bred more of their own lazy kind. Over the centuries and the thousands of years, these easy-going people stayed in the easy places to survive on the earth, inbred with each other, and produced races of easygoing, lazy people.

On the other hand, some energetic, vigorous, early humans began to move around and migrate over the face of the planet. Some of them arrived in the frozen, semi-arctic sections of Northern Europe.

To survive in such a bitter climate, men needed something more than the qualities of the easy-going people of the warm tropics.

In the storms and blizzards of a brutal winter, those humans who had not foreseen hard times, had not laid by stores for food, and had not built themselves shelters strong enough to withstand the battering of the northern gales, simply died and did not breed.

More importantly, selfish men could not survive in the cold North. Men had to be ready to help each other and be fair to each other to survive in the North.

In the warm climates, a man could survive with a minimum of foresight and with selfish disregard of others. His shelter could be of sticks and mud. His food supply was instantly available. He had no need for stores. He did not suffer if he lacked planning and foresight. He needed little help from other men.

But in the North, selfishness was a luxury man could not afford. Northern European man had to develop foresight and planning to survive the rigors of his environment. He had to learn to build substantial dwellings. He had to exercise and develop abstract mental powers to think in terms of the future not required in the tropics. Those who didn't died, and their qualities died out with them.

A natural selection of men occurred when the energetic ones left the warm climates where man originated, leaving the lazy ones behind.

In the North, man had to think ahead to live.

The foresighted and unselfish people of the north then bred with each other to produce still more foresighted, resourceful and unselfish people, just as you can breed the qualities of aggressiveness and tenaciousness into the bulldog by inbreeding.

Over hundreds of thousands of years, being forced to think and plan ahead, being forced to help his neighbors, the people of the North bred a race of humans in whom the qualities of energy, thought, resourcefulness and unselfishness were paramount.

(It should be pointed out here that Eskimos, who do not exhibit these qualities so much, are relatively recent arrivals in the North, having been driven to the arctic wastes by better men who conquered them and drove them out of more moderate climates in Asia. On the other hand, the geological records show that the Nordic Northern European has inhabited his cold climate for many hundreds of thousands of years.)

The Northern climate thus selected and bred a race of people who had the ability to think ahead; to think in terms of, not the concrete realities of the present moment, but the intangible ideas and conceptions of the storms, difficulties and conditions they would have to deal with in the future.

This was a new kind of thinking for humanity.

Animals and savages don't have to form abstract concepts, because they deal only with solid realities of the present. An animal - and a stupid savage - has no conception of and no care for

"tomorrow," (except what instinct forces him to do in a mechanical way, without understanding.) But survival in a cold, inhospitable climate forces man to conceive of "cold," "dark" and "snow" when it is warm and sunny. He must also suppress his aggressive, selfish urges and think in terms of group organization and the sacrifice of self for the group.

This "thinking ahead" is the beginning of "objective," "scientific" thought; of thought, directed not solely to the immediate advancement or needs of the individual, but to the relationship between things and abstract concepts, such as "cold," "storms," "tomorrow," etc.

And the need for social organization and individual sacrifice is the beginning of what we now call "Justice" or "Idealism" - the sacrifice of immediate, selfish wants for the good of the group, this surrender of a little personal freedom for social order and justice.

It is precisely in these two areas that the Nordics excels; in the areas of objective, abstract, "creative" inventive resourceful thinking; and in the realm of justice - the higher social "rules" which make it possible for men to live in a neat balance of order and freedom.

It is precisely in these vital areas that the Black man falls down, because his breed has had almost no need for these qualities for millions of years. The pure Black has little or no care for the future; he cannot think well except in immediate terms of himself and his own, personal wants of the moment.

And, above all, he has little or no conception of sacrificing his own immediate welfare and wants for the long-range good of the group. He is selfish. He is no idealist. Above all he is shortsighted - like a beast.

The White man's "civilization" is the organized system designed to make human survival more productive, and noble by idealism, abstract scientific thinking, social organization and justice.

Justice is the group's machinery for stopping the endless battles that would otherwise be fought by separate human beings over women, food, possessions, shelter and pleasures. The group establishes rules so that each individual has a "fair" chance to gain these things, and when conflicts arise, there is organized machinery, other than individual violence, to settle the struggle. The group also has penalties and machinery to deal with attacks by individuals against the whole group the "criminal laws."

The people of the north were forced to develop these things far beyond the level required by the inhabitants of the tropics, because survival in the North was marginal at best, and only with the utmost unselfish idealism, foresight and "justice" could men overcome the frozen terrors of the North.

But, the tropics bred a race of improvident, lazy, unthinking, cruel and animalistic people who live for the moment, and cannot really understand our "science" or our lofty concepts of a "justice" or group "idealism" for which they had no need for so many millions of years.

Conversely, the hard life of Northern Europe bred a race of men filled with energy, idealism, a

delicate sense of justice and above all, the ability to think other than in terms of themselves - to think 'objectively' - to think abstractly, mathematically, scientifically, and to act idealistically, for the group.

Between these extremes, there are all degrees of development.

The special qualities of human breeding which are responsible for "civilization," - for Western Culture - are precisely the special qualities bred by the men of extreme North Europe, - abstract, objective, scientific thinking, unselfish idealism, and a fine sense of justice.

The Nordics are thus supreme in those special qualities of character that build civilization; especially energy, idealism and objective, abstract thought.

With the Nordics, come the Alpines, Mediterraneans, Dinarics, and other members of our great White Race.

Most of us are mixtures of all these White groups.

All of these White groups are so far, far above the lowly, animalistic Blacks that Whites, - all Whites, form a separate and superior breed.

There is no way to "raise" the level of the abilities of the Black race, (short of being God, and having a few million years for the job) anymore than you could "raise" a penguin to the eagle's flying ability by some kind of training or "welfare."

Our great White Race, led by the Nordics, is the most precious thing on this planet, for all those who love the best of civilization, idealism and justice, regardless of one's own position in the racial scale. Let the heritage of hundreds of thousands of years of the White Race be drowned in a flood of darker blood, and all the idealism, justice and culture will perish.

Almost every high Western culture has resulted from the conquering of a native population by Aryan White Men who have imposed their laws, their science, their religion and their culture upon the lower colored race they subdued, just as the Whites did here in America to the Indians.

History shows that in every single case where the White Aryans performed this feat of imposing civilization on a colored race, without exterminating the inferior race, the colored race has eventually conquered the minority of White conquerors by the flood of their colored blood.

The earliest drawings and records of Egyptian civilization show that the men who created the pyramids and the wonders of Egypt were Mediterranean WHITE MEN. To build the mighty pyramids and great stone buildings of Egypt, these conquerors went south into the Negro area of Africa, herded millions of black, near-animals into Egypt and put them to work as slaves - like horses.

Although the White masters took all sorts of ruthless measures to prevent the mixing of any Negro blood with their own, there were always lustful members of their race willing to satisfy their sex urges without thought of the consequences - with Black women.

Over the three thousand years of Egypt's decline, the first few brown mongrels bred by thoughtless Whites with Nubian Blacks, increased to hundreds, thousands, hundreds of thousands, and finally became such a mongrel flood they overwhelmed what was left of the White Aryan masters, and utterly swamped and eliminated the culture-producing White breed. Toward the end, there was actually a colored Pharaoh.

The rate of Egypt's decline follows the rate of destruction of the White Aryan breed; not closely - but EXACTLY.

Today, the Egyptians take their stand with Black Africa, politically, socially and racially. And their weakness and backwardness has nothing to do with lack of opportunity; it is racial!

If this were some unusual quirk of history, I would not have bothered to chronicle it in this book.

But it is NOT an odd, unusual event.

It has happened over and over and over again.

It always happens.

It happened in Greece, where the White Aryans produced the most beautiful civilization the world has ever known- the very model for our own civilization of today.

The early works of artists of Pericles "Golden Age" of Greece show that the authors of the "Golden Age" were themselves a "Golden" people with golden, yellow curly hair, blue eyes and fair skin - Nordics.

They, too, conquered the lesser, colored, Asiatic people they found in Greece, enslaved them, went out and gathered up the lower races of Negroes and little by little mixed with these miserable African creatures, until Greece today has only a minority of the original Nordic race. And the record of the decline of Greek civilization is precisely the record of the mixing of its blood with the inferior swarms of its own Black slaves.

We find the same suicide of our race in Rome, Spain, Portugal, Latin America, Italy, and Mexico - everywhere the White Man has tried to live in the same geographical area with inferior races. The noble qualities of justice, law-and-order, fairness, scientific impartiality, freedom from gross superstition and all the other qualities of the Nordic White Man are the basic building blocks of what we call civilization. Without these qualities in the people who have power in any nation, that nation remains or becomes backward and finally savage.

The URGE to fairness, justice, objectivity, scientific inquiry, centuries-long foresight, etc. are

as inseparable from the Aryan, especially the Nordic White Man as is the bark from a dog, or the meow from a cat.

In fact, it is this very urge to fairness, this sense of justice, this supreme objectivity, which leads Western man to his own destruction through "liberalism." The sincere, White liberal is a person who has so suppressed his natural instincts and so exalted his love of "fairness" that HE HAS LOST HIS OWN SENSE OF RACIAL SURVIVAL.

The single "common denominator" in all the irrational beliefs of "liberals" is this over-objectivity, this fanatic dedication to what APPEARS to their intellects as "fair," (even though, in the long run, their liberal "fairness" produces the utmost unfairness to their own people, - namely, the extinction of our race, the race which alone produces the "liberals" who love this fairness).

"It isn't fair," say the liberals, "that some students should be stigmatized as "failures" while others are applauded for succeeding. Those who are stigmatized, as 'failures' are emotionally crippled and therefore fail more. Therefore we must eliminate grading in schools and universities. We must eliminate the competition and find ways to MAKE all students equally successful."

"It isn't fair," moan the liberals, "that one man is born an (ugly and stupid) Negro, through 'no fault of his own,' while another is born a handsome and intelligent White Man. Therefore, it is our duty to repair Nature's mistakes and PUSH the Negro up to a "fair" level with the White Man." - and so liberals favor the madness of race-mixing.

"It isn't fair," the liberals say, "that one man should have a million while another is broke or poor." They forget the necessary working of the mechanisms of reward and punishment established by Nature to insure energy and work by her creatures, and so liberals become pro-communists and communists.

"It isn't fair," chant the liberals, "that America and Europe have so much, while the 'undeveloped' (colored) nations like Haiti, Africa, China, India and South America have so little," - so the liberals become international hand-out artists, to see that even the most unproductive, stupid and worthless pygmy gets his "fair" share of what the White Man produces by his energy, creativity and work.

"It isn't fair," piously intone the liberals, "that there should be wars in which men kill each other," forgetting that only force prevents SOME men from banditry and rapine, and so these liberal fatheads become silly pacifists.

"It isn't fair," say the liberals, "that an elite nation should enjoy so much while other nations have nothing, or that some groups within nations should have more control than other groups." And so the liberal love of "fairness" leads to their crazy, "one-man one-vote" doctrine, and their suicidal, black United Nations, - "democracy," - with absolutely no regard for the rights of one man who has created and produced to control what he has won, while another man has done absolutely nothing and therefore has no "rights" to the fruits of the work of others.

Every single dogma of the left and the liberals will be found to reek with this crazy passion to be "fair" to the unfit, the mongrel, the cowardly, the stupid and the freakish AT THE EXPENSE OF THE VIGOROUS, THE CREATIVE, THE STRONG, THE INTELLIGENT AND THE BRAVE.

This crazy effort to reverse the wisdom of Nature by being "fair" to failures and creeps and freaks is the very essence of what the liberal jerks call "ideal communism." "Liberalism" and "ideal communism," when sincere beliefs, represent such a crazy passion for the UNDERDOG, that the fanatic victims of this liberal delusion are eager to beat the UPPERdog to death, just BECAUSE he is better.

This insanity is peculiar to the super-objective White, Aryan people.

The Jew who preaches communism does not practice its "sharing" doctrines. No, communism for the Jew is only a WEAPON to ensnare the minds and hearts of foolish non-Jews, so he can rob and enslave them.

And among the black races, brutality, cannibalism and tyranny still prevail. There is no danger of there ever being any significant number of sincere "liberal" cannibals.

In short, "liberalism" and "ideal communism" are the results of the Aryan's objectivity, fairness and love of justice, carried to the point of madness and suicide.

To use an apt analogy, sincere leftists (non-Jewish), are like gardeners who cannot bear to pull up weeds because they "feel for" the weeds. They can't bear to see the "weeds" of humanity pulled out of the productive gardens of society. Their emotional defense of the weeds finally leads them to the point where they are PRO-weed, and ANTI-GARDEN.

Only the Aryan White Man ever develops this "proweedism," this super-objective liberalism, which leads the victims to deny their own best interests and fight, (in many cases, heroically) for the "rights" of human weeds and trash.

All the rest of humanity, untouched by this basically Nordic ability to think and feel idealistically, unselfishly and objectively, goes about its business in the old-fashioned way of INSTINCT, with selfish singlemindness for their own welfare.

Nor can the White Man IMPOSE his idealism, order and civilization on lower peoples.

Whenever the White Man conquers a colored population, as in Haiti, and then leaves, also as in Haiti, the native colored population quickly sinks back to its natural squalor, injustice, stupidity and savagery, again as in Haiti.

WESTERN CIVILIZATION IS A RESULT OF THE NATURE OF THE WHITE MAN. Without the White Man, there IS NO Western civilization, no Western justice, no Western technology, no modern science or culture.

A dog barks because he is a dog.

A cat meows because it is a cat.

And a White Race produces Western "civilization" because it is a White Race.

When it is no longer White, it ceases to produce civilization, and, in fact, lapses into savagery and degeneracy.

THAT IS WHAT WE ARE NOW DOING IN THE UNITED STATES.

Until 1900, this country was overwhelmingly Nordic -- -composed of the people of England, France, Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, Poland, etc., all of whom are descended from the same northern human stock.

Although there are always some rotten elements, the majority of these people carried within them the basic urges which create and support fair courts and police systems, just government, honest politicians and statesmen, courageous and self-sacrificing fighters, good organizers, those who love truth for its own sake, energy and the will to work and produce, and all the other human qualities which have made America the greatest and richest land in history.

While America, composed mostly of these Nordic elements, was conquering and slaughtering the colored Indians it found as natives, it jealously guarded its shores against invasions of other races. Our immigration policies for two centuries rigorously excluded colored races and favored Whites.

So up until about 1850, we had a homogenous, White, relatively stable population - with the exception of the swarms of black slaves (who were held in rigid subjection).

Then a few Jews and damned fools loosed in our midst the first real germs of the racial disease which had already smashed every similar White civilization before, from ancient Egypt to Brazil. We allowed ourselves to fall prey to the poisonous liberal idea that perhaps colored races were only "White people with dark skins," and were only savage because they had never really had a "chance."

Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" -full of the most mawkish and naked propaganda on behalf of this "Negro equality" idea the world had ever seen. (Too few people know that Jewish publications boast that MR. Stowe, Harriet's husband, was not only a Jew, but also a rabbi - one of the endless number of name-changing Jews.)

Millions of otherwise intelligent Northern Whites, therefore (who had never seen or known anything about real black men), armed themselves and slaughtered more than a million of the best of the White Race in America on behalf of these Black people, in a suicidal "Civil War." Every nation that has tried to live in the same area with the Blacks, (even when the Blacks were kept in total slavery), has always wound up with its blood poisoned and mongrelized,

and conquered by its inferior slaves.

After this White-blood-letting in the United States, the Blacks were not only turned loose, they were put over the White man as his governors in the conquered South.

Only the uprising of the Ku Klux Klan saved the South (and our race) from that unspeakable horror.

Taking advantage of the natural qualities of the Negro - superstition and stupidity - the Klan rode around at night in bed-sheets. The black half-animals took the sheeted Klansmen for "hants," "ghosts," etc. This, coupled with outright Klan violence and terrorism against "uppity" Blacks, soon restored White domination, order and civilization to the South. And when the average Northerner had seen and experienced the reality of the Blacks, he quickly sided with his Southern White brother - (which is why the Klan was able to survive and succeed.)

Our race still had the energy and unity to recover from the orgy of racial insanity of the Civil War. Even the most rabid liberal leaders of those days shrank from real race-mixing such as we have today.

President Lincoln never preached racial equality, nor any kind of mixing. In fact, Lincoln preached just the opposite - (another example of the way our modern, Jewized society lies to the people). Here are some of Lincoln's best utterances on the Negro, for instance:

"Negro equality! Fudge!! How long, in the government of a God, great enough to make and maintain this Universe, shall there continue knaves to vend, and fools to gulp, so low a piece of demagoguism as this."

(From Fragments: Notes for Speeches, September 1859, Vol. III, p. 399)

"Judge Douglas has said to you that he has not been able to get from me an answer to the question whether I am in favor of Negro citizenship. So far as I know, the Judge never asked me the question before. He shall have no occasion to ever ask it again, for I tell him very frankly that I am not in favor of Negro citizenship. Now my opinion is that the different States have the power to make a Negro a citizen under the Constitution of the United States if they choose. If the State of Illinois had that power I should be opposed to the exercise of it. That is all I have to say about it." (Speech at Springfield, Illinois on June 26, 1857, Vol. II, p.405-09)

"In the course of his reply, Senator Douglas remarked, in substance, that he had always considered this government was made for the White people and not for the Negroes. Why, in point of mere fact, I think so, too."

(Speech at Peoria, Illinois on October 16, 1854, during first Lincoln-Douglas Debates, Vol. II, p. 2S1)

"See our present condition - the country engaged in war! - our White men cutting one

another's throats and then consider what we know to be the truth.

But for your race among us there could not be war, although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other . . . It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated

You and we are different races. We have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss, but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think your race suffer very greatly, many of them by living among us, while ours suffer from your presence. In a word we suffer on each side. If this is admitted, it affords a reason at least why we should be separated." (Address on Colonization to a Deputation of Negroes in Washington, D.C. on August 14, 1862, Vol. V, p. 371)

"I will say then that I am not, nor ever have been in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the White and Black races - that I am not nor ever have been in favor of making voters or jurors of Negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with White people, and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the White and Black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the White race."

(Fourth Debate with Stephen A. Douglas at Charleston, Illinois on September 18, 1958, Vol. III, p. 145-46)

Every word attributed to Abraham Lincoln on these pages may be found in what is probably the most complete source of original Lincoln documents, The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln, edited by Roy P. Basler and published in 1953 by the Rutgers University Press in eight volumes plus an index.

Lincoln was not the first to preach racial separation, either.

The man who wrote "All men are created equal" in the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, wrote and thought the same thing as Lincoln.

As an example of how viciously our Jewized culture today lies to us, look at the inscription on the Jefferson Memorial.

"Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate," wrote Jefferson, "than that these people (the Negroes) are to be free."

The inscription on the Memorial then STOPS - giving the impression that was the end of what Jefferson wrote, and what he meant.

But the rest of what Jefferson wrote in that sentence reverses this false impression. Here's the completion of the sentence left off the inscription: ". . . nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government." (Letter to George Washington, Jan. 4, 1786)

The Jews, chart-forgers, and equalists, by eliminating all knowledge of our racial heritage, all knowledge of the source of civilization, all knowledge of the inferior, savage nature of the colored man, and all knowledge of the universal fate through all history of people who forgot these things, have succeeded in vastly accelerating the usual historical processes of racial degeneration and collapse.

Our modern generation, soaked in Jewish television, bombarded with Jewish progressive education, lied-to by Jewish newspapers, magazines and movies, poisoned by Jewish "morality" - or rather lack of it - deprived of any real home, family, beliefs and ideals, and finally ruled ruthlessly by Jewish-dominated toady politicians who pass vicious laws enforcing race-mixing with bayonets, has sunk to the point of racial degeneracy which took Rome five centuries to reach. Unless we can find some way to make our White people once more know themselves, realize who they are, what they are, and what the alien races of Jews and Negroes are doing to us, it will be forever too late!

Those who love Western civilization, justice, culture, and freedom must realize that these things are as much the exclusive product of the White Man as a bark is the product of a dog.

In fact, it is the super-objectivity - the fairness - of the White Man that makes him want to help the more unfortunate races, and makes him feel such overwhelming pity for the lower races that he has always destroyed himself in the effort to pull them up. No other race goes about the world trying to help others. It is always the White Man. And in the process of trying to "help," he is actually destroying the only thing that makes possible any justice, any nobility, any kindness and culture in this hard, cold world. He is destroying the White Race.

Let the White Race be destroyed, and the savagery, injustice, cruelty and superstition of the other races will quickly drag the world back to the jungle.

America is now the last bastion of the White Race.

Germany was that bastion, but the Jews got us to destroy Germany, and it is now powerless to fulfill its old role as the "bulwark against the East."

England has perished, in terms of energy and aggressiveness. She has turned over her colonial pioneers to Mau Mau cannibals everywhere on earth. She is welcoming the cannibals to her tiny British island, she is imprisoning those who object, and she is using everything except force against White Rhodesia to make White people submit to jungle savages. England is now so Jewized and enfeebled that, while she may revive enough to save the Whites there, it will take a century to restore her natural energy again. England cannot hope to lead the fight to save the White Race, when she herself is perishing.

France, Italy, Greece, etc., are too weak and Jewized even to want a revival.

There is no point in cataloging all the miseries of the other White nations under Jewish Bolshevism and liberal propaganda.

America is the last, the only hope for the salvation of all white people and therefore our civilization. Only in America is there still a large enough pool of raw, Aryan White blood with the wealth and power to lead a revival of our race.

If America falls finally and irretrievably into the hands of the Jews and Blacks, as England, France, Russia, and the rest of the Western world have already done, there will be no patch of ground left on this planet where even a few White men can or could get together and organize any kind of resistance to the final drowning of the White Race by the flood of inferior colored blood.

This is IT!

America is the last battleground of Armageddon.

We must reach the minds and hearts of our still energetic, still courageous, still racially excellent millions and millions of White Men - unite them as a race - in spite of religion, politics, geography, economics or anything else.

They must see that they stand on the precipice, the end of a million years of development of the great White Race -with the foot of the Negro and the Jew planted in their back and pushing.

They must be made to see that there is no issue on this earth as vital to them as the one issue the enemy won't let them talk about - RACE!

They must understand that everything we love and treasure, and almost everything of culture, civilization, justice, truth and nobility on this planet is a product of the great White Family - of which each of them is a part.

They must also see that we cannot afford the petty division of our great White Race into squabbling factions that hate each other. There are minor racial differences between White Men. And the Nordics is the ideal toward which we all must strive. But, compared to the vast gulf between any White Man, and the colored races, (especially the Africans) the differences between groups of White Men are almost invisible. Pole and German, Frenchman and Englishman, Italian and Lithuanian, Dane and Greek, American and Irishman, Swede and Spaniard - we are White Men - the last of the breed. We are brothers. We are surrounded and almost extinct. We dare not fight over minor differences while forgetting the greatest and most important difference on earth: the difference between us, the Whites, and them, the Blacks; between all White Men and the colored swarms which threaten to engulf and destroy our entire breed forever.

The color of your skin is your uniform in this ultimate battle for the survival of the West.

It is a matter of life and death that we find the energy, will, wisdom and diplomacy to reach the millions of "conservatives" who are spiritually on our side, but who are still blind to the issue on which all the others depend -breed, race.

Every single White civilization before us has perished in dark squalor because the Whites never realized that all other problems of economics, politics, theology, culture, etc., are child's games, compared to the fatal problem of RACE!

Our people are surrounded, discouraged, torn apart by childish squabbles, unconscious of who we are and what we are, sent scurrying into a thousand blind alleys by side issues of politics, economics, religion and culture, terrified even to mention the real racial problems which are destroying us, until we are facing a catastrophe unheard-of in all history.

Whenever before the Whites have suffered disaster -in India, Egypt, Brazil, etc. - there have always been places left on earth where the White race could breed true, and produce new energy and the seeds from which could spring a renewed White Race.

Today, the Jews, Bolsheviks and liberals have succeeded in a worldwide attack upon the White Race. They have left no hiding-place, no refuge for our breed to survive and replenish itself. Their United Nations has made it a crime of "genocide" even to mention these facts. And now they are pushing viciously for a world police force to enforce racial catastrophe under the name of "brotherhood" and "equality."

A century of Jewish propaganda, Jewish brainwashing Jewish "equality," Jewish propagandizing of the "masses" against the elite, the Jewish domination of our race by the power of gold and Jewish debunking of our leaders has produced the ultimate horror upon the planet, a race of Whites who can hardly wait to destroy themselves in the name of "world brotherhood."

It is the inborn, basic nature of the White Race that alone can produce what we call Western civilization, which has, as a matter of fact, produced Western civilization and which alone can sustain Western civilization.

Emotional, tear-jerking propaganda about brotherhood and "love" can hide that fact. But all their slogans and propaganda cannot make it less of a fact.

On the other hand, it is the inborn, basic nature of the colored races, especially the African Black race, to be unable to develop, use or sustain Western civilization, because the drive to idealism, unselfishness, foresight, abstract, scientific thinking and cultural organization is not in the Negro. In fact, history has shown that whenever a civilizing White race has brought in dark people slaves and slowly mixed with them, the civilization of the White people collapsed exactly as fast as they became dark mixed, mongrel people.

If you want to see a classic scientific proof of the evil of this race mixing, compare the histories of North America and South America.

South America is as rich, or richer, in natural resources than North America

South America has as wide, or wider, range of climate, than North America.

South America is bigger than North America.

South America was settled before North America, and has had more time to grow and develop.

Why is South America not far ahead of North America in civilization?

Why do all the people of the world clamor to get into NORTH America, but few try to migrate to SOUTH America?

Why is North America now the "richest" continent on earth, while South America is still an "undeveloped," backward, starving continent, still containing headhunters and still largely a jungle?

You cannot claim this is because of "form of government," or because of "freedom," or any other reasons of economics, politics, theology, sociology, etc., because South America has had, and still has, all the things of this nature there are in North America. Most of the constitutions of Latin America are modeled directly, almost word for word, after the 'U. S. Constitution.

But most of South America remains, poor, chaotic, backward, dirty and "undeveloped" - as the liberals like to call the sorry, miserable colored races.

The only real difference between North America and South America is in the people - the RACES.

The people of North America are overwhelmingly WHITE - and mostly Nordic.

The people of South America are mostly dark - mixtures of native colored Indians, Negro slaves and Spaniards or Portuguese.

The English, Scandinavian, Scotch, Irish, French and German settlers of North America did not come only to loot and exploit and then return to Europe with their booty, as did the Spanish and Portuguese who came to South America.

The Nordics (or "Anglo-Saxons") who came to North America came to settle, and they therefore brought their women with them, and lived as families. Northern Whites largely exterminated the native, colored population.

The Spaniards, who came only as looters and exploiters brought very, very few of their women, and joined the colored natives.

Male human nature being what it is, Nature took its course.

In the North, the men produced more White Men, like themselves, mating only with their own women.

In South America, the Spaniards satisfied their lust on native Indian women, and later - the Negro slave women they imported from Africa. They produced vast numbers of stunted, stupid, brown mongrels.

That is not "hate" or "bigotry;" that is historical fact. And you can see the result for yourself if you visit South America.

In Brazil and the largest part of this vast Latin American continent, you will feel like some kind of foreign giant among colored pygmies when you walk down one of their streets. The population swarms with brown, murky-eyed, stunted and lethargic human creeps in baggy rags. Only where Northern energy and capital has moved in, as in the big cities, will you find what we would call "civilization." Wherever the native, mongrel population is left to itself, you will find filth, squalor, cruelty, incredible lack of morals or standards of conduct, political chaos, tyrants, laziness and the same kind of half-civilization you find in Africa, India and wherever the colored man rules.

These are cruel and brutal statements, perhaps. The heart of gentle folk rebels at their recitation. But the survival of Western civilization depends on their recital and their being burned into the minds of our people.

The mush-headed liberals, the Jews, the commies and the vast herds of brainwashed Americans are now doing to North America what the Spaniards did to South America.

And you can't afford to be tender hearted about this subject, because there is no way to correct a racial mistake, once we allow it to be made.

If we allow the idiots and conscious chart-forgers and ship-wreckers to make miserable little brown mongrels out of your grandchildren and their children, then you will make a South American jungle, too, out of our mighty, wondrous North American WHITE civilization.

Your people will drown in dark blood more surely than in all the oceans of the world. White people must be made conscious that they are all ONE FAMILY, with different branches of the family called Baltics, Nordics, Anglo-Saxons, Mediterraneans, Slavs, Dinarics, Alpines, etc. But no matter what branch of the family a White Man may be, he is infinitely closer to any of his other White brothers and sisters than to any of the colored races; and there is an unbridgeable gulf between ANY White Man and the miserable, half-animal Congo Negro who spawned the blacks in our midst.

Nothing on this planet is so precious to us, and should be so precious to the world, as the White "Master-Race" heredity that, alone, can produce and maintain justice, order, culture and White civilization.

Those Jews aid ape-like Negroes who plot to destroy that precious pool of White blood, and the "liberals" who help them in that plot, are murderers and exterminators of a whole race, - the greatest race which has ever walked the face of this planet.

Chapter 11 - NIGHTMARE

NIGHTMARE

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 emphasizes the brutal heat and sweatiness of the air when the fan momentarily brushes you.

You turn on the TV and take a gulp of beer out of the cold can.

It seems like only another hot August night - only somehow this one's different. You can feel it.

There's an air of tension, expectancy, foreboding.

The news has been bad. But then it's been bad ever since the riots began way back in June. You've gotten used to the riots every summer, since 1963. Now, in 1971, the summers are expected to be periods of almost open warfare between Blacks and Whites. Even the winters aren't real truces any more, 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, somehow, to restore some kind of order. By the Whites staying out of black areas, they have managed to keep working and to keep up some pretense of civilized 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 cities: the searchlight stabbing into the city night, highlighting black faces distorted with hate, fighting the police and national guard troops, the gunfire and the blazing buildings where Molotov cocktails have sent up whole 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 only a few blocks.

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

You are sick of it! Sick to death of this eternal trouble with these black 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 end, how it will end. The heavy, hot air of August is laden with sounds of automobile horns, kids shouting, neighbors 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 damned niggers, 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. There's a vicious, deadly sound to this roaring mob. You get up from the wicker chair and go to the window. Over the black silhouette of the 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 the 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 nigger hell.

With the TV on, you can't hear the mob or the occasional gunfire.

You get another cold beer and try to relax in the glow of the TV tube. Just as you get interested in a 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 the 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 neighborhood. No more kids shouting, no more piano practicing, no more quarrelling at the O'Malley's - nothing, - just silence. Dead, empty, heavy silence. The quiet lends impact to the distant sounds of the mob down 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

emphasized until they seem to be coming at you.

In the darkness outside your window, you hear Jack Morgan, who's 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. There is an excited, but hushed, buzz outside as the neighborhood 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 have.

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

Then, from most of the neighbors all at once, you hear that everybody's water is off. You realize that something must be seriously wrong, and pick up the phone to call the cops. At least you can report that the water is off in your neighborhood.

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 not panic. There is nothing about the present emergency any different OH, MY GOD! Oh ----ahhhh."

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 you like that, you White Mother- f---er!"

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

"I just turned on my pocket-radio and heard what sounded like an announcer gettin' 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 gettin' my guns," you holler.

"Better be careful," shouts a neighbor, "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 jail for it. I'm not gonna 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, tossing Molotov cocktails and firing automatic weapons! In the glare of the flaming gasoline bombs you 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, rightwing, Klan -any White man.

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

You grab your old Marine Corps M 1 and the .38 and take the 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 neighbors, 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. He disappears into the dark. You don't know the cops are all dead.

Just as you are discussing where each guy will be posted, another carload of the bastards comes roaring back toward town from the suburbs, blasting away. You hit the deck, slam home the bolt of the old M 1 and feed a surge of satisfaction when the old rifle rattles off each round at the black terrorists. You can hear one of the sons-of-bitches scream as he's hit! Reminds you of the war! But then you remember - this is home! This is 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, a matter of only minutes since the first attack, here come

three more cars! You blast away with the M 1. 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 prayers of the people who are 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 with torn skirts and shirts for bandages and what comfort they can provide with words. Many of the men, especially the younger "jive" generation with the long hair and the stoop shoulders, are acting like a bunch of teenage girls, screaming and screeching, begging somebody to "help" them. "Help" them! You'd like to "help" them, with a good kick in the ass.

Now it's no longer dark. The whole neighborhood is blazing.

The fires set by the flaming gasoline are burning viciously. There's nothing to stop them. No fire department - not even any water.

The night was already oppressively hot. Now, with many houses roaring infernos of flame, the heat makes your skin shrivel.

Already, many others are moving onto a vacant lot trying to get away from the searing flames. You hear a man and his young wife screaming at each other, a few houses away. She is trying to run back into their house to get something, before it burns up. He is holding her while she struggles and screams. Their kids huddle around her, crying.

She never gets to go into the house.

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

Within minutes, two more carloads of the black devils roar into the neighborhood. 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 black savages grabbing everything they want - radios, TVs - and women! God, you never thought you'd see a sight like this!

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

Now you are forced to watch, helplessly, while six of the black animals rip the clothes off the little teenage O'Malley girl and rape her, one after the other - 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.

All night the horror continues. The houses burn to black ruins. And still they burn.

The carloads of Negroes roam at will through the neighborhood, looting, murdering the wounded just for pleasure - and raping!

You are helpless! Beaten

Finally, about three a.m., 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, dazedly, stupidly. "Where in the hell is the God-damned Guard?"

You are the only one with enough experience and leadership to try to 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 central city moving out, getting nearer!

The others agree to try to get the wounded down behind the brick pile. But before you can finish the job, you hear a new noise, - the clanking, motor noises you remember from the war: TANKS!

The Guard! At last!

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

They all listen. A feeble cheer goes up as they all 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 that black swarm of bloodthirsty Africans gets here to finish off the remaining 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 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, clearing them, 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 blacks hiding in a construction project. The infantry troops move in to round them up. 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 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 there helpless?

But they're not just "turning back!"

The tanks have swiveled around their guns and, are going at their own infantry troops! What the hell! And while you're still stunned, the tanks open up with machine guns on their own infantry and mow them down, hundreds of them!

Then the top of the lead tank pops 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 realize now what has happened.

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

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 created to protect itself, stupidly and treasonably turned over to the enemy himself 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 neighbors 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 medicine! 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 revolt of the jungle.

If only you can hold out, maybe help will come.

But the tanks are followed, now, by swarms of blacks streaming out of the city, drunk with whiskey and blood -acting precisely as their kind of people have acted from time immemorial in the African jungles, with animal ferocity and bloodthirstiness! 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 in there under the rocks and bricks. The cries for water, particularly from the kids, are endless and heartbreaking. But there is no water.

You can do nothing.

About eight o'clock things have become fairly quiet in your neighborhood. Only the crackling arid snapping of the fires all around can be heard.

Then you hear a wail from the street.

Your peek out - and see one of the Negroes you shot last night, crawling, moaning and crying for help.

You dare not move.

But suddenly one of the bravest of the women'folk, a woman who has been comforting and bandaging and helping the wounded and dying all night long, dashes out from under the shelter She runs toward the black man in the street.

You watch with horror while she plunges a big kitchen knife, again and again and again into the quivering black body!

You recognize her. It's Mrs. Moody - the liberal! She's contributed hundreds of dollars to the blacks, helped them endlessly, marched in their picket lines, sat-in with them and even gone to Mississippi to register them as voters. Now you watch her out there, finally asserting the animal wisdom God gave her to protect her own! Last night her husband and kids were murdered. Mrs. Moody is no more "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 blacks roaming around the neighborhood, picking over the ruins, kicking the dead, ripping the clothing off females and laughing insanely at their unspeakable atrocities - just like the Mau Mau brothers in Africa!

For the whole day you manage to survive and keep the little group together.

But several die, and the thirst becomes unbearable for all of you.

About seven o'clock, when the summer night is still hot with 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 little curly headed kid back and forth, back and forth, until the little head falls sideways.

Your eyes fill with tears, and your heart 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 and you can't figure out what it is saying.

Then it begins to move into your neighborhood, and you can 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 recognized the new People's Democracy.

The Armed Forces and the National Guard are in our hands. United Nation's Chinese 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 areas where you will be fed and then put to work. After nine p.m. tonight, all those who have not checked into registration centers 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 on out of the neighborhood, playing it's message of doom for our nation, over and over.

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.

What I have written is no hysterical pipe dream of an alarmist.

Precisely this sort of thing is planned, in detail, by the enemy - and has already been put into

bloody action wherever the Blacks have risen up in places like Portuguese Angola, the Congo, Kenya, etc., against the Whites who built those countries.

Here in America, it has already started - the way a deadly disease starts with first a small pimple, then a sore, then more and more, until finally it breaks out with a raging fever and lays the victim low.

The liars and chart forgers have done everything possible to camouflage the real nature of the riots spreading all over America, and to pretend that they are the result of frustration and can be cured by making things "better" for the Negro.

Let me first point out that the number and viciousness of these riots is directly proportional to the degree of welfare and "freedom" lavished on Negroes. There have been no Watts-style riots in Mississippi, where there is a more realistic attitude to the Blacks, and therefore more control. It is in the big cities of the North and West that they have had the most fearful riots, although the northern politicians are on their knees kissing the toes of the arrogant Blacks. But the Blacks demand more and ever more and will never be satisfied short of sacking the city and massacring the Whites as their African brothers have already done in Kenya and the Congo.

The liars and chart-forgers never tell the American people what is behind all this rioting, continually repeating that it is "spontaneous" and the result of hundreds of years of oppression. These lies have succeeded well enough so that most Americans really believe that the riots simply erupt on hot summer nights because the poor, oppressed Negroes can't stand the "frustration" anymore. First, of course, there is the point that it is just as hot and frustrating for millions of poor White people, but they don't rush out with bombs and guns to riot and loot.

To judge just how wickedly false and dangerous is this "spontaneous" riot bit, you must know the background -the decades of patient Communist planning and organizations which has gone into producing them.

We have already presented the statements of Israel Cohen from 1912, reprinted in the Congressional Record, that the chief weapon of the Communists in overthrowing the U.S.A. would be the Negroes. (Chapter IX)

Before Word War II, Eugene Dennis, National Secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, laid out the plan in more detail. Here is an actual quote from Dennis' book, "A Soviet America," as quoted by Kenneth Goff, ex-Communist associate of Dennis, in his book, "Confessions of Stalin's Agent."

"At that hour large race riots are supposed to take place in every city of any size. Leaders of these mobs are to be carefully chosen and trained in advance. The disturbances are to be of some extent so as to require sending large forces of police to those areas. While the authorities are trying to quell these riots, picked bands of Communists are to seize their radio and TV stations and telephone exchanges. Flying squads of Communists are to seize control of the water supply and shut it off, also electrical power and gas. Homes will be without water

and fuel, light and telephone. It will be impossible for the people to communicate with friends and relatives. Professional murderers will round up the people in the business districts in some of the larger buildings and hold the men as hostages, while their women are to be turned over to sex-crazed mobs unless the men surrender."

Notice the call for the shutting off of electricity, gas, etc. This has been the standard plan of Mau Mau attack on urban cities of the White Man all over Africa; first they smash the power station and the telephone, etc. Then, in the blackness and confusion, they strike with their bloody African terror.

I have already shown in Chapter IV how William Weiland and our own State Department conspired with incredible arrogance to oust pro-American Batista who had severed relations with the Communist nations, and install the rabid Communist, Fidel Castro.

This was for a purpose - but not the simple purpose of helping Communism in general.

The conspirators needed a base in the new world for the launching of their Black terror campaign, masquerading as a "civil rights" movement. Among other things, they wanted a radio station able to flood the minds of millions of American Negroes with their agitational propaganda, and a safe refuge for terrorists - as Laos is in Vietnam.

With the capture of Cuba by Castro (arranged by traitors in our own Government and press) Communist training camps were organized, where Communist black terrorists can learn all the techniques to implement the usual terrorist "war of liberation," and where equipment for sabotage, poisoning of reservoirs and food supplies can be smuggled into the United States. Remember how Castro lived in the "Therzsa" Hotel in Harlem when he came to the U. N.? Few people realize that Castro is 1/4 Negro, and his revolution is as much Black as Red!

The Cuban spearhead of communist Black terrorism only ninety miles from our American coast has been guaranteed by the U.S.A. against any attack by Cuban patriots seeking to free their homeland. Kennedy and Khrushchev put on a big fake drama about missiles and their removal (all of which we successfully predicted in the Rockwell Report knowing exactly what they were up to). The end result of this missile charade was that there was never any inspection - but the U. S. Navy was ordered to PROTECT the Cuban coast from any possible landings, by Cuban patriots - and this is still going on, with Cuban anti-Castroites being seized on the high seas at gun-point, and delivered to prisons in America for attempting to free their own country!

Not only that, but Eleanor Roosevelt and a gang of similar Reds and pinkos, organized a giant support operation to pay enormous sums of blackmail and supply vast stores of rare equipment to Castro, ostensibly to "rescue" anti-Castro-Cubans, although one U.S. Navy task force could have rescued the refugees - and Cuba, in one day.

As soon as Cuba was a secure and heavily armed camp, aimed like a dagger at the heart of America, the head of the NAACP in Monroe, North Carolina, a big black buck named Robert Williams, launched a trial armed rebellion and kidnapped a White couple as hostages. When his rebellion was finally beaten down, he fled to the prepared refuge in Cuba and organized the

radio operation already planned, "RADIO FREE DIXIE."

On one of these first Cuban broadcasts, Williams gloated, "We failed with armed rebellion in Monroe only because it was our first try, and we made mistakes. We actually had enough force and arms to reduce the area to ashes and rubble. We did beat the police and emergency forces. What stopped us was the importation of terrorist state troopers from other areas. Had we attacked in these other areas too, and tied down these forces, we would have succeeded,"

What the chart-forgers and liars have not told Americans is that the entire blueprints for the big-city riots are all laid out in Williams' publication, *The Crusader*, which was first published in Cuba. Here's the cover of the issue which actually predicted the Watts riots and laid out the technique - even to the slogan, "Let it burn!"

And here's more precise plans from *The Crusader* for EXACTLY how they are doing it, and why they believe they can beat the entire U.S.A. - just as set forth in the first part of this chapter:

When massive violence comes, the USA will become a bedlam of confusion and chaos. The factory workers will be afraid to venture out on the street to report to their jobs. The telephone workers and radio workers will be afraid to report. All transportation will grind to a complete stand still.

Stores will be destroyed and looted, Property will be damaged and expensive buildings will be reduced to ashes. Essential pipe lines will be severed and blown up and all manner of sabotage will occur, Violence and terror will spread like a firestorm. A clash will occur inside the armed forces.

At U.S. military bases around the world local revolutionaries will side with Afro G.I.s. Because of the vast area covered by the holocaust U.S. forces will be spread too thin for effective action. U.S. workers, who are caught on their jobs, will try to return home to protect their families. Trucks and trains will not move the necessary supplies to the big urban centers. The economy will fall into state of chaos.

This racist Imperialist oppressor will not be brought to his knees, simply because of the fighting ability and military power of Black Freedom Fighters and their allies inside the U.S. but because of the creation of economic, chaotic conditions, total disorganization frustration of his essential end ultra vital organs of production and adverse conditions created by the world wide liberation struggle

Such formidable enemy will fall prey to the new concept of revolution because of this ultra modern and automated society and the lack of psychological conditioning of his forces. Our people have already been conditioned by almost 400 years of violence, terror and hunger.

The new concept of revolution defies military science and tactics. The new concert lightning campaigns conducted in highly sensitive urban communities with the paralysis reaching the small communities and spreading to the farm areas The old method of guerrilla warfare, as carried out front the hills and countryside, would be ineffective in a powerful country like the USA. Any such force would be wiped out in an hour. The new concept is to huddle as close to

the enemy as possible so as to neutralize his modern and fierce weapons. The new concept creates conditions that involve the total community whether they want to be involved or not, It sustains a state of confusion and destruction of property. It dislocates the organs of harmony and order and reduces central power to the level of a helpless, sprawling, octopus. During the hours of day sporadic rioting takes place and massive sniping. Night brings all out warfare, organized fighting and unlimited terror against the oppressor and his forces. Such a campaign will bring about an end to oppression and social injustice in the USA in less than 90 days and create the basis for the implementation of the U.S. Constitution with justice and equality for all people.

It is no longer a truism that our people cannot win such a struggle. The world has changed and the favor of the situation has shifted to the side of the Afro-American. Those who cry that we cannot win are either agents of the oppressor, latent masochists or ignorant of the new facts of life. We do not need paternal white "big daddies" for our friends now. What we need are some fighting John Browns.

Our friends are growing throughout the world, while those of our oppressors are diminishing. It is important that we immediately create stronger ties with our brothers of Latin America, Asia and Africa. It is important that our people stop cooperating with our oppressor and exert more effort to expose his beastly ways to the peoples of the world. Yes, we can win because our struggle is just and our friends are many. The handwriting is already on the wall. Victory is now within our reach.

LET US PREPARE TO SEIZE IT!

Now read this photo static reproduction of a broadcast of their "RADIO FREE DIXIE" to millions of U.S. Negroes and you will have a better idea of what the riots and F raising by Negroes means, and what's ahead for America - if something drastic is not done, and soon.

A RADIO FREE DIXIE BROADCAST

Zero hour approaches. The winds of turmoil and violence approach the shores of oppression and discontent. The racist forces of tyranny and hate sweeping out of the distance to cast havoc on our dehumanized, so-called violent and helpless people. In this crucial hour of the long and bitter struggle for the survival of our people in racist America, the philosophy of so-called violence is a pathway to suicide and extermination. The racist oppressed people in North America is a savage brute. He is a raging beast devoid human sensibilities. Those deluded dupes who speak of the power of non-violence and love in taming the wrath of racist white savages are no more than recklessly leading our brutally oppressed people down the violent, blood of genocide.

The racist thug advocates of white supremacy have a mortal fear of self-defense on the part of our long submissive people. This is because fact that the United States' position in the world is so sensitive and today that any long drawn massive rioting across the nation would strike knell for the farce called the democratic way of life. Contrary to what Uncle and racist buffoons would have our people believe, it is not the Negro who would be exterminated in such a conflict, but the so-called American way of those racist imperialists who conspire to conquer, dominate and spread Birmingham type justice around the world. All the civilized peoples of the world

sympathy with our struggle to civilize the master race savages and their jungle called representative democracy of the Christian USA.

Knowing what the Communist forces of "liberation have done in the Congo, Kenya, Vietnam and all over the planet in the way of wholesale slaughter and torture, rap and pillage, can you have any doubt left as to what is ahead for America?

Does the first part of this Chapter still seem improbable?

It should not - not to anybody who sees the historical pattern that has been developing, unhindered, for half a century now.

The White Man once ruled the world with an iron, relatively just and humane hand. There were abuses, but nothing like what happens when rule is turned over to the colored races the White Man has dominated and civilized.

Now that the White Man has become "too liberal to fight", as Khrushchev boasted, and will no longer enforce civilized conduct on the backward colored races, they are rising up like unleashed jungle animals all over the earth and sinking their fangs into the jugular veins of their one-time masters. It has already happened to the people of Kenya. Whites scoffed at the idea that the Mau Mau could ever win by their primitive and bloody voodoo and terrorism. But the Mau Mau did win, and the Mau Mau devil, Kenyatta, now rules Kenya, including the Whites who waited too long.

The Whites of the Congo and a dozen other places waited too long before realizing what was up, and they are now dead, raped, or gone.

In Rhodesia, the Whites finally realized what was ahead and have made a brave stand to protect themselves, and civilization. It is interesting to note, however, that the entire leadership of the U.S.A. is backing the forces of savagery and murder against our own White brothers and sisters in Rhodesia (and South Africa).

The people of the United States still cannot see that the Black hell going on is not sporadic, spontaneous and the result of frustration-but the highly organized and planned invasion of our country by the enemy, who has already landed by the millions, and is attacking.

If they got off of ships and ran up a beach, and did what they are doing to our cities, it would be stopped immediately. But since our chart-forgers and liars with their "love" and Brotherhood baloney, keep most Americans believing "there no plan" behind it, we tolerate a yearly escalation of the attack upon us by millions of Blacks and Communists, including most of our own "leaders".

One of the purposes of this book, White Power, is to alert our people to this deadly threat. And one of the best ways to do that is to LISTEN to the enemy. He is not hiding what he plans; he boasts about it! I have printed only a tiny fraction of the available documents that YOU can get. Just to show what I mean, here is the back page of one of these Crusaders put out by Robert Williams. You can get one for yourself, by writing to the person and address shown on the

back of this vile Communist plan for murder and rape of America.

.professors in Japan who are interested in the affairs and problem, of the Negro people. It is not only an academic research group but it moves against any racial discrimination and porticipate3 in democratization movements in Japan.

They send delegates to the Afro-Asian Peoples Solidarity Congresses and cooperate with the Japanese Committee Anti-Racial Discrimination in South Africa. The Kobe-City University society, aside from these activities, publishes a quarterly bulletin wh.ch brings up-to-date information to the Japanese people on the liberation struggle of Afro-Americans and includes literary works by Negroes and historical informative articles in the Japanese language.

TUNE IN TO. RADIO FREE DIXIE - 690 on the dial (long wave) Best Reception: Transistor, Car and Home radios with outside aerial. FRIDAY, 1011 p.m. SUNDAY and TUESDAY, 11-12 midnight (E.S.T.)

CRUSADER APPEAL

HELP build THE CRUSADR! We need volunteer distributors throughout this world. We, especially, need people in the black ghettos to pass our message along. Help by distributing THE CRUSADER in your church, school, club place of employment or unemployment line. Financial contributions needed, also Jazz records for RADIO FREE DIXIE. Send for your bundle today to: THE CRUSADER, MRS. ANNE OLSON, 21 ELLIS GARDENS, TORONTO 3, ONTARIO, CANADA.

- PUBLISHED IN CUBA AS A PRIVATE PUBLICATION -

THE CRUSADER

The filth is distributed in North America via a woman in Canada named Mrs. Anne Olson, as the photostat shows. That's how we got what you've already seen.

Here's a letter we received from this wretched woman, showing how relatively easy it is to get this material:

Now that you've seen some samples from this Crusader, and seen the letter from Mrs. Olson, of 21 Ellis Gardens, let me supply another piece of the puzzle-a truly frightening piece!

Remember that all through these documents, the Communist race-agitators call for attacking the White Man's sources of ELECTRICITY first, so that they can spread their terror in the blackout. That is the recurrent theme in the Crusader; again and again the American Mau Mau leader emphasizes that the first step in seizing America by terrorism is to smash the POWER PLANTS and create mass blackouts.

Mrs. Anne Olson, of 21 Ellis Gardens, funnels this material to Negroes all over North America.

Why do I repeat that name and address TWICE?

Because there is something startling about somebody ELSE who lives at 21 Ellis Gardens. Mr. Olson, Mrs. Olson's husband, went to visit Castro's Cuba in the summer of 1965. Three months later, on November 9, 1965, the Sir Adam Beck No. 2 Hydroelectric Plant near Toronto, Ontario, experienced a monstrous power failure which spread utter darkness throughout the night, from New York City to Canada-1/4 of the U.S.A., plus Canada!

Mr. Olson works as the technician at the Sir Adam Beck No. 2 Hydroelectric Plant! (See Christian Crusade Bulletin, March 1966, p. 5)

Is this not at least suspicious?

Yet the officers of the National Energy Board of Canada, the officials of The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario and the U.S. Power Commission who investigated the power failure never once mentioned this curious fact, but engaged in a lot of double talk about "miscalculations". (Other power failures since then: Texas, New Mexico and Mexico later in 1965; Cincinnati and Kentucky in May 1967; Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Delaware in June 1967.) "Miscalculations"?-backing out thirty million people for twelve and more HOURS?

Would it not be at least prudent to check on Mr. Olson, to see if he DID what he and his wife RECOMMEND?

Meanwhile, there is unfortunately a good deal of truth in what Williams and these black terrorists are preaching: that while Americans have grown strong in weapons and machinery, we have grown soft and dependent on that machinery and weaponry.

I remember well that in World War II we won partly because of enormous superiority in firepower and material. We "sat on" the Japs and Germans, much as a fat man could sit on a tough but tiny fighter, even if the fat man couldn't fight a lick.

Not that Americans can't fight; it's just that we have ever more and more machines and firepower to do it for us, and we get more and more dependent on the easy, mechanized ways every day. We are losing the fighting ferocity of our forefathers which whipped the Indians and everybody else in sight. We are becoming a nation of button-pushers.

"If ever the TV and radio goes off, the electricity is shut off, the telephone is gone, the water disappears and there is nobody to tell them what to do, most White Americans will panic," boasts this black Communist terrorist, Robert Williams.

And Williams is right!

"They'll sit around in the dark waiting for the radio to come back on and tell them what to do", he continues.

And he's right again - unless we change things!

Now add the fact that the Negroes in Los Angeles, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland and many other cities have already proved that they can conquer the entire police departments of these huge cities. Only the National Guard, with heavy weapons and tanks has been able to restore order. In Detroit, even the National Guard was not enough, and the Army had to be called. The police, by themselves, are helpless. (And every day, they apply more and more "handcuffs", review boards, etc., to make the police still more helpless and they work to get guns away from White people.

But that's not the real danger, nor the final aim of the Black revolutionists.

As shown by the Crusader photostats, they're after the Armed Forces!

Day after day, week after week, year after year, the Blacks pour into our Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps-and National Guard.

All recent Presidents and political leaders have gone way overboard insuring that Negroes get favored in promotions, over White Men. Not just equal, but favored.

President Kennedy even set up a Jew, Abe Fortas, to make the Gesell Report, (G.R.) a special study to find ways to make more and more and more Negro officers and noncoms, by setting up political commissars in almost every unit - usually black - to report any senior officer not pushing Negroes up. It's going on now, as you read these lines.

As a result, the services are filling up faster and faster with Negroes, and especially with black bosses: black corporals, black sargeants, black lieutenants-all the way up to black generals! Today, all services except the Navy are between 1/4 and 1/8 Negro, with an even higher percentage of Negro non-come! (See Gesell Report)

Ask yourself what happens in every neighborhood where Negroes move in.

Don't the Whites move out?

Even the Jews are recognizing that U.S. cities of the North are now more segregated than the South, as a result of the flight of the Whites to the suburbs, as the Blacks have gotten more and more numerous in the cities.

When Blacks move in, Whites move out.

And that's precisely what is happening in our Armed Forces-exactly as planned! Except for draftees who have no choice, the Armed Forces are filling up with Negroes-and Negroes are getting the commands. Any effort to stop the upward rush of Negroes by honest White officers is blasted as "bigotry," and the White officer who tries to insist on merit, even by Blacks, is himself discriminated against. I know. I was in, not too long ago.

The Blacks re-enlist; Whites get out.

The process is one which goes faster and faster, and feeds on itself. If you've ever seen a neighborhood "go Black", you know what I mean. First one Negro, then a few-quite a few. Then, suddenly, the whole neighborhood is Black.

That's the way it's happening in the Army, Air Force, Marines, and to a lesser extent, to the Navy. We think we are protected behind a barrier of rockets, nuclear weapons and other technological machinery, which are undoubtedly the most powerful the world has ever seen.

But if that machinery and weaponry falls under the control of the enemy, it is not only useless to us, it is sure death!

At this very moment, the sell-out politicians and demagogues are turning these mighty technical weapons over to more and more Africans!

And the Blacks, in turn, are falling more and more under the control of Mau Mau revolutionists!

Aside from the danger we face from our own Armed Forces in Black hands, there is the personal danger you face on a man-to-man basis, from the t('mfic organization of the new generation of Black guerilla-fighters in the big cities of the North.

In Chicago, there is an enormous criminal gang of Black teenagers called "The Mighty Blackstone Rangers", numbering in the thousands. There used to be a smaller gang called the ~'Disciples", but they have recently merged with the "Rangers" to make the largest Black killer gang in the United States. They are so highly organized they have command centers, use walkie-talkies, and negotiate "peace treaties" with the Chief of Police of Chicago-on television! They are the terror of Chicago!

Today, most of them are still teenagers. They are the result of twenty years of your paying gigantic welfare taxes to breed literally millions of these Black animals-without roots, without homes, without morals, without any respect for anything 1-let alone "authority".

The average White American has forgotten his heritage of violence.

I know I had, until I launched the American Nazi Party.

As a kid in school, of course, you have a few fist fights. Maybe, like me, you were also in a couple of wars.

But even in wars, hand-to-hand combat - violence to the death - is rare. Not one in a thousand experiences it.

But violence-to-the-death was the day-to-day life of the human race for millenniums. And day-to-day violence-to-the-death is still the way of life to most big city Negroes. They go at one

another with knives, razors, guns, axes, gouging hands and even teeth. They are used to it, and don't get particularly "shook-up" when suddenly overwhelmed by an explosion of this kind of deadly violence - any more than a dog is "shook-up" over a dogfight.

Most importantly, these millions of young, tough Blacks have learned the art of violence-to-the-death. They know what to do.

Do you?

What would you do if attacked, right now, by a gang of hoods with clubs, knives, guns and bombs?

These highly organized Blacks are familiar with violence, know how to use it and defend from it. Millions of them even enjoy it. It doesn't panic them.

But most White Men have become spiritually soft in terms of being ready, from moment to moment, to fight to the death, personally.

When these millions of Black teenagers now learning personal violence and terrorism in the streets of our big cities are in their twenties, and heavily armed, as many of them already are, they will be ready for a revolution of personal violence which will stun the average White Man and leave him helpless.

I know these Black "kids." They are so used to violence and horror that they laugh in its presence. They fear no policeman, no gun, and no knife - nothing. They have little to lose, and their status in their own Black gang is based on their utter disdain for danger and violence. Caged up with these wild Black animals in jails as I often am, is a terrifying education.

We are putting tens of thousands of these Black killers into uniform, and handing them the deadliest weapons in the history of the world!

Just what do you think will happen when they decide to turn those weapons on you - as we have shown is planned?

Already, Negroes are rebelling at killing colored people (the enemy Viet Cong), and their more rabid leaders, such as Carmichael (and now King), are telling them to commit sedition - not fight.

And our cowardly government is letting them get away with this sedition. How long do you think this can go on without an uprising in the armed forces? - Also as planned and documented?

And just how do you think the Armed Forces could put down such a Black uprising from within, when every man of the White troops has been taught that to oppose Negroes is "hate;" when many of the officers are Black; when the fighters among our White Race have been prematurely retired like the immortal "Chesty" Puller of the Marine Corps and a thousand

others; when the Whites are completely disorganized, while the Blacks have instant and almost perfect communications; when every Black leader is paraded on TV and in the international press so all the Blacks can know him and be ready to obey, while there are no real White leaders, because anybody who dares call himself a White leader is blacked out of the press, or so disgraced as a "bigot" and a "hater" that he cannot be effective with his own people?

During the first hours of such a Black uprising in our Armed Forces, in fact, many of the Whites would help the enemy - also as planned and documented in the Crusader.

Our people have been so damnably brainwashed and beaten down by the Jewish doses of "brotherhood" and "love" propaganda, not to mention naked Communist propaganda for the Blacks, that our population - and Armed Forces - swarm with "nigger lovers" - White Men who really believe it is their duty, for one reason or another, to prefer these Blacks to their own people. If properly "set," by being told the Black uprising was for the purpose of getting a more liberal "brotherhood" government, lots of these damned fool White Men would join the side of their deadly enemies, long enough to give victory to these savages and their Jew communist leaders.

Precisely this has happened in every country where the Reds have seized power - and the stupid collaborators have then been liquidated by the Reds - and Blacks -as the fools and dangerous turncoats they are!

I am well aware that, as I dictate this, it all seems too wild and impossible to be worthy of belief or even investigation. I, myself, would not have believed it, were I you, had I not investigated and found the same thing happening time after time all over the planet, with the victims always flabbergasted and unable to believe that it could have

The title of this chapter is "Nightmare."

That title refers not only to what is ahead for all of us if we let it happen, but to the indescribable agony of those who KNOW.

If you are one of the few people who have been warning America of her deadly peril, only to find that nobody will listen, then you know the nightmare whereof I speak.

The nearest thing to it is when I was a kid and went to one of those horror movies, where the hairy hand keeps reaching out to seize the unsuspecting heroine from behind. You want to scream at her, "WATCH OUT BEHIND!" - only you can't!

America today is that unsuspecting, carefree heroine, happily engaged in everything trivial, while the Black hairy paw with the hammer and sickle on it creeps closer and closer and closer God grant that we may be able to shout to her to WAKE UP in time!

This time it's no movie.

That hairy, ape-like black claw has already closed around the throats of dozens of unsuspecting nations before us.

For fifty years it has been happening to one victim after another.

And what have WE been doing about it?

Chapter 12 - FIFTY YEARS OF FAILURE

FIFTY YEARS OF FAILURE

Had I been born a thousand years ago, I would have been a "leftist."

All higher animal social groups, such as wolves, seals, monkeys, etc., have governments of absolute tyranny by the most superior individual, able to conquer all rivals. Only thus can nature guarantee the group the best possible leadership in the struggle to survive. No other "government" is thinkable or possible among higher animals.

Such natural "tyranny" is no hardship on animals unable to imagine any other state. Animals simply accept the absolute domination of their conqueror, once established, the same way they unthinkingly accept storms, pain, annual migrations, birth and other phenomena of the natural world into which they are born.

As the first cave men emerged from the dumb-brute state, their "government" was inevitably a simple carry-over of this rule by combat-proven conquerors.

In terms of geology and anthropology, not until the most recent times did man become sufficiently imaginative and intelligent to project his brief periods of surcease from the leader's domination into the abstract concept of "freedom." Even today, such a concept is utterly foreign and useless to primitive and savage groups under natural conditions. Whenever more advanced civilized groups attempt to give or force their noble concepts of "free" government on backward people, the latter quickly revert to their dictators and tyrants, as we see all over the tropics, in Africa, Haiti, etc.

Early kings and chieftains in European civilization, men like the Viking kings, King Arthur, Charlemagne, and William the Conqueror were very real fighting heroes, literally able to prove their kingship in mortal combat, as in all primitive groups. And, since their people were still close to nature, their governments were usually acceptable to most citizens of the time, even the lowest.

Strong and truly brave men are rarely cruel and evil; meanness and cruelty are the traits of weaklings, never strong men.

But as kingship became a hereditary institution, utterly worthless and vicious weaklings, who could never survive in combat, became "kings." And their cruel, mean "governments" were absolutely intolerable.

Under the last of vicious and stupid tyrants, thinking and courageous men of all estates began to risk their lives to oppose these evil, little men, and to oppose the system that made such little men "kings."

I would have been one of those men.

In an age of absolute, unnatural and tyrannical authority, self-respecting men by the thousands gave their lives so that their fellows could have some relief from this arbitrary total authority by unfit weaklings and so that the system of hereditary tyranny could be brought in check.

The results were the first European parliaments.

In these groups of nobles who began to limit the absolute authority of unfit kings, those who favored still further limitations on the power of the monarch and more "individual freedom" for the people traditionally sat on the LEFT.

Opposite this group, on the RIGHT, sat those who favored either the status quo or more autocratic power for the king - more government and less individual freedom.

That was the origin of "left" and "right," and the only true meaning of the words.

While the Western world suffered the grinding tyranny of weaklings, fools and greedy schemers as "kings" (and the system which crowned them), the place for self-respecting men who would not bow their necks to the tyrant's yoke was on the LEFT. And that is where I would have been, until the evil was corrected.

In short, from the earliest emergence of Western man, humanity has necessarily struggled against the naked tyranny of the "right," against arbitrary and absolute power and the system that could place such power irrevocably in the hands of weaklings and fools. "Progress," therefore, for a thousand years, was to move to the LEFT.

However, bad as was the absolute tyranny of the extreme right, it had the advantage of order. There was a hierarchy of social and political status, a "pecking order" from the king down to the lowliest serf. Everybody knew his "place" and any disorder in the society was summarily put down by the king and his "nobles," backed by their army. A Martin Luther King and his riots would not have lasted ten minutes in feudal society. There was "order" in society. But it was something of the "order" of a penitentiary.

Thus, at the extreme right end of the political spectrum, there is absolute tyranny, but also absolute order.

In moving away from this absolute tyranny of the right it was impossible not to move to the left. And at the opposite extreme, the extreme left, the political opposite of the extreme right, stands total freedom and no order - "anarchy!" Anarchy is a condition of no government, with each man free to do as he damn pleases. This is the condition aimed at by the Marxists, who claim that with "perfect" Communism, government will "wither away." (Strangely enough, it is also the aim the mixed-up Birchers and Kosher Conservatives pretend to aim at - "less government," etc., etc.)

But when there is no government, in spite of the pretty theories of the Communists and Birchers, there is no order, and no safety for the decent citizen. During the Boston police

strike in the twenties, before Coolidge put it down with the National Guard, there was bloodshed and looting all over Boston in the police-less city, and no decent citizen could come out of his home. Even in his home, the decent citizen was likely to be attacked, robbed, raped and outraged.

Never in this world will all humans be "noble" and full of "love" for fellow men. And as long as there is just one louse who would use force to rob, rape, loot, kill, etc., then there must be some government and some kind of force available to society to protect itself from even a small minority of predators.

To recapitulate, absolute tyranny by fools and weaklings is intolerable.

But so is absolute freedom - anarchy - intolerable.

As with most human affairs, the answer lies not in the extremes, but in what Plato called the "golden mean" -- a balance between the two extremes, enough authority to maintain order and enough freedom to avoid tyranny.

However, in struggling away from the misery of the total tyranny of the feudal middle ages, Western man had no choice but to move to the left - from total tyranny and order, toward the other extreme of total freedom and no order - chaos. I would have been forced, therefore, to move left with the struggle for some freedom from absolute tyranny by weakling, unfit "kings."

But humanity has a terrible habit in correcting evils.

Often it moves and fights long and hard to correct an evil, only to keep moving in the same direction to make an evil out of the correction!

This is precisely what has happened in Western Civilization.

"Freedom" has become an insane fetish, a crazy, illogical shibboleth toward which everybody bows, regardless of whether it is real, responsible freedom such as America knew during the eighteen-hundreds, or the wild, murderous, vicious libertinism masquerading as "freedom" of savage Africa and the American "left."

We of the National Socialist White People's Party believe that Western Man necessarily moved left for a thousand years, away from the total tyranny of the right, until he reached the "golden mean" of a perfect balance between the need for order (and some government) and the need for liberty.

We believe that that ideal political golden mean was reached in the American Constitution - not the filthy, twisted thing the present Supreme Court has made of it, but the original, magnificently balanced government of laws and checks devised by our inspired Founding Fathers. Before proceeding, let me sum up the argument so far. The terms "left" and "right" refer only to the degree of authority in a society. The more authoritarian a government, the more "right" it is; the more libertarian it is, the more it is "left." This is historical and semantic

fact.

The extreme right of the political spectrum is absolutely tyranny - all order with no freedom.

The extreme left of the political spectrum is absolute freedom - all liberty and no order.

Both extremes are intolerable for the White men of Western Civilization.

The ideal to be aimed at is a perfect balance of enough governmental authority to guarantee order and safety for each citizen, while permitting him maximum personal freedom from arbitrary government and unjust force.

In spite of the insane misuse of the term by almost everybody today, I cannot avoid declaring that the aim of good government in Western Civilization, therefore, must be to avoid the intolerable extremes of both left and right, and establish a government of political center.

HOWEVER, and that is one hell of a big "however"

When Western Man had moved to the left far enough to correct the evil of tyranny, he failed to stop!

After we had established the American Constitutional Republic in 1789, the perfect balance between authority and order balanced against liberty and freedom, we continued to move to the left - toward libertinism and anarchy!

After thousands of years of struggle toward "freedom" Western Man was unable to be satisfied when he reached moderation. Like a man dying of thirst in the desert, who gulps down so much water that he kills himself, Western Man, thirsting madly for freedom, has gone right on past the inspired balance and moderation of the Constitution of 1789 to chase the chimera of "liberty" until today we teeter on the edge of anarchy - until there is so much phony "liberty" that the likes of Stokely Carmichael, Rap Brown and Martin Luther King can legally survive while they incite riots, bloodshed and war in our midst, and win world prizes for "peace !"

All forms of authority, from the father of the family, to the police and soldiers, have been so beaten down and blasted that our younger generation is scornful of all authority. Stern, old-fashioned fathers are cursed as "fascists" or laughed at and ridiculed whenever they try to assert any authority to maintain order in the family. Policemen are suspended or even tried and jailed for "brutality" whenever they use force to bring order among rioting, murdering Negroes or other disorderly citizens. College administrations are called "tyrannical" for trying to administer their own colleges, and bearded anarchists and terrorists defy all authority to parade around campuses actually carrying signs reading "F---!" as proof of their "freedom." Workers are taught that they should boss businesses. Our Supreme Court and our toady Congress have decreed that the owner of a restaurant must recognize the "freedom" of a Negro or anybody to force his way onto private property, to eat or wet on the tables - as the urge may strike him. Criminals' "rights" are so zealously guarded that there is little order or

safety in our cities any more. Queers demand the "right" to be "married" in public. Kids in school terrorize their teachers. Beatniks demand free and legal dope. Jew and liberal "writers" demand the "right" to publish and sell to our kids the vilest and most perverted pornography as "literature" and "art."

I could go on and on, but this enumeration should be sufficient to show what has happened to our once magnificent authoritarian, Constitutional Republic.

We are racing toward anarchy, toward chaos and total freedom for mobs.

Under these deadly conditions it is a matter of life or death for those who would lead us politically to know what they are talking about, and not confuse the issue.

Yet we have the man who commands millions of dollars of funds contributed by desperate, decent Americans Robert Welch - telling Americans "Nazism and Communism are the SAME THING!" To understand just how insane and suicidal that is, let me report an experiment we used to make when I was studying psychology at Brown University.

We got a bucket of hot water and a bucket of ice water, and stuck one hand in each bucket. After our hands had gotten used to the extreme heat and the extreme cold, we plunged both hands together into a bucket of water at room temperature. The ordinary water felt boiling hot to the hand that had been in the ice water, and the same water felt freezing cold to the hand that had been in the hot water.

I have mentioned this experiment (which you can do yourself) to point up the relative nature of the words "left" and "right." To be sure, there are absolute extremes of these terms, as I have shown: tyranny on the right and anarchy on the left.

But the spectrum from right to left is a very great distance, and regardless of one's absolute position on the scale, those to the left of one look like "leftists" regardless of their absolute position, and those to the right appear as "rightists."

This is why we have Gus Hall, head of the Communist Party of America, calling the wild, raging radicals of Progressive Labor "leftists" and calling President Johnson a "Nazi"!

This relativity on the left-right political scale is why "left" and "right" have lost a lot of meaning today. America has moved so damnably far toward the extreme left, that any effort to get back to the center must, by necessity, be "Extreme Rightist".

Three decades ago, when Jewish Bolshevik leaders like Rosa Luxemburg were hanging the Red flag up and taking over whole states in Germany, the only reply of decent Germans had to be a movement toward the most violent extremity of the right-toward tyranny. When something gets too warm you can cool it off by blowing on it. But when it catches on fire, as Germany was on fire with Jewish Bolshevism, you can't put the fire out by blowing on it-you need the OPPOSITE of fire-water, to put it out!

When leftism reaches the point of revolution and anarchy, you can't stop it with a Constitution, logic, pleading or common sense. You can stop it only by restoring the missing order, by force and authority!

This is precisely what Adolph Hitler did, and why he is so brutally hated by the scummy anarchists, Bolsheviks and assorted Jews whom he out-witted and out-fought.

So far, the U.S.A. has not gone as far down the road to the left as Germany. No U.S. states have hung up the Communist rag and totally overthrown order and authority, as the Jews did when Germany was defeated in World War I. So far, we can still save ourselves by Constitutional and orderly methods, and we do not yet have to move all the way to dictatorship, to correct the evil. So far. There is plenty of power in the Presidency already so that I-or any honest, decent and informed American leader-can restore order and liberty under law to our perishing America.

But if the Kosher Conservatives continue to temporize with the Negro situation and pretend that we can beat the Jews and their rush toward anarchy and Bolshevism by loving Jews and Negroes and never mentioning the enemy-and by pretending that "Communism and Nazism are the same thing"-God help us! We will be like a man who finds a little glow of fire in a box of dynamite and keeps blowing on it, hoping that he can "cool it off" and stop the fire without using water or radical methods, for fear of ruining his dynamite.

America can no longer fiddle around with easy ways!

America is "on fire" with anarchy!

But the fire is still small. We do not yet need the dictatorship Hitler was forced to adopt (because Germany needed political "martial law" with whole states going Red).

But we do need a movement that is radical rightist, and tough.

Those who keep prating of "individual freedom" should take a look in the streets of any American city and see the wild, wooly, murderous "individual freedom" we already have-for Negroes, criminals, Reds and Jews! There is too much "individual freedom" for the enemy. But the Kosher Conservatives don't dare even mention the enemy!

It is not more "individual freedom" we need, but more AUTHORITY for decent, White Americans, to save themselves from rampaging Negroes and Communist Jews and anarchist "students", etc.

The men who gave us the United States of America established, not an anarchist "democracy", but a highly organized state that, today, would be called "extreme rightist".

In fact, by modern standards, our Founding Fathers, would be called the most rabid kind of "fascists" and even "Nazis".

Let me remind the reader that his great-great-great grandparents did not grant Negroes any kind of "equality", -but chained them up as slaves. They would have laughed at modern methods of "crime prevention" by handing out more and more money and easy days in sofa jails. They set up WHIPPING posts, ducking stools and hung those who refused to conform to society's rules. Even the most rabid "Nazi" today does not advocate slavery, although the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution not only advocated slavery-they practiced it.

They didn't permit women or men without property to vote.

They didn't believe in letting the "people" select a President, being well aware of the danger of the demagoguery which plagues our nation today. Instead, they set up an electoral college to guarantee selection, not of the most popular demagogue, but of the best statesman to lead America. (So we have by-passed the Electoral College.)

Let me shock you with a startling fact.

There is a photograph that was smuggled out of the sacrosanct chamber of the United States Supreme Court.

It is a photograph I took myself-a photographs of the rich, red rug right under the nose of Chief Justice Warren and the other eight Justices. It covers the whole floor of the Supreme Court Chamber!

If you look at the rug you might recognize a symbol all over that rug in the United States Supreme Court.

It is called a "Fasces".

Here is the definition from the section on "Fasces" from Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (Fifth Edition) page 363:

It shows a picture of a bundle of sticks bound together to make an AX-representing AUTHORITY. fas'ces (fäs'ëz), n.pl. [L., pl. of fascis bundle.) Rom. Antiq. A bundle of rods having among them an ax with the blade projecting, borne before Roman magistrates as a badge of authonty. -

The same "Fasces" is carved on the front walls of the U.S. Congress. In fact, the fasces is found all over National and State Government buildings, money, etc. The same symbol is on our U.S. dime [The old pre-Roosevelt "Mercury Head" dimes-ed.]

Do you recognize anything familiar in that name, "Fasces"?

You should. It is the origin of the word "fascist"-which is so much hated by the Jews and Reds. Perhaps you have been taken in by the lies of both the Jews and the Kosher Conservatives, that fascism is "evil" and "un-American."

If you have, then look at the definition from Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (Fifth Edition) page 365 - the definition of "Fascism:"

Fascist movement. The movement toward nationalism and conservatism as opposed to internationalism and radicalism, originated by the Fascisti in Italy.

Note that Fascism is defined as "The Movement toward nationalism and conservatism as opposed to internationalism and radicalism".

Now do you see why the Jews (and the rightwing cowards) hate that word "fascism" so much?

The "Fasces" were plastered all over everything connected with the United States Government, because, by definition, THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT WAS DESIGNED TO BE A "FASCIST" GOVERNMENT! (Nationalist and Conservative)

Until the Jews got into the act, nobody was afraid of "Fascism"-our own government proudly placed the symbol of fascist authority all over our most sacrosanct governmental chambers, on our money and on our statues. (Abraham Lincoln's hands rest on two Fasces in the Lincoln Memorial!)

Why do you suppose the Jews, Reds and "Kosher Conservatives" hate that word and that symbol so bitterly today?

The answer is to be found in the very nature of the "fasces" themselves.

They originated, according to an ancient Roman legend, when the tribes in ancient Italy were torn into a thousand feuding "splinters". A great leader, meeting with other chiefs, picked up a stick and snapped it easily, showing how easily the tribes were being beaten one at a time by the barbarians.

Then the leader gathered up a bundle of the little sticks, tied them together and tried to break them, lie couldn't of course. All tied together, they were too tough! Then he mounted an ax blade on the bundled sticks and showed that in unity and aggressive self-defense, there is strength and victory.

Our kind of people used, and understood that symbol for thousands of years-right up until World War II, when Hitler and Mussolini finally realized how to stop the infernal division of our people by the Jews.

In Germany and Italy the Jews had the masses of people (being led by Jewish Communists) hating their own intelligentsia as a "ruling class"-and the "ruling class" hating the masses of their own people as "greedy, brutal labor"- the suicidal "class warfare" of Communism.

The Jews had Germany and Italy broken into a thousand squabbling, petty, and greedy little

groups that were all helpless before the united power of organized, implacable Jewry. As the Roman leader made the little sticks strong by bundling them together in the "fasces", so Mussolini made the Italian people strong enough to survive and establish order through unity and authority. Hitler did the same thing for the German people. And because a united people led by strong, honest leaders is too hard a nut to crack for Jewish parasites, merchants, money-lenders and Communist revolutionists, the Jews roundly hated Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler, and got the rest of the world to go and whip them.

Today, America and all White, Western, Christian nations are divided as never before. Here in the U.S.A. they have us divided into Republican and Democrat, Catholic and Protestant, rich and poor, Yankees and Confederates, Capital and Labor, Liberals and Conservatives, etc., etc.

Is there ANY "conservative" who has not sighed: "If only we could get together!" The Jews have lied about the nature of "fascism" to keep us divided and hating the only thing that can save us.

But in view of the definition in the dictionary, which we have re-printed, which shows that "fascism" is not "the same thing as Communism", but is actually nationalistic conservatism, how are we to explain the chorus of "conservatives" who are busily baying with the Jewish pack on the heels of "fascism"?

Why do they hate us, too?

The answer is that most of them are too lazy to do their homework and find out what fascism is.

They simply hear the Jews and Communists screaming day and night how vile it is, so they either hate it too or they are too scared of the Jews to admit to themselves that fascism and Nazism are the opposite of Communism.

The National Socialist White People's Party believes that our Founding Fathers established an authoritarian. republic (by no means a "democracy"-a form of government which they openly despised). They established the fasces as the very symbol of the authority that brought unity and order to the thirteen original colonies.

And it is an AUTHORITARIAN REPUBLIC for which we stand, as did our forbears. Our swastika is the White Man's racial symbol of orderly government and strong leadership-under a constitution and laws.

The "fasces" all over Washington and on the dimes in your pocket show the only way to salvation for our White American Constitutional Republic.

The American Nazi Party is not afraid to follow that way of the Founding Fathers in spite of the lies of Jews and the Kosher Conservatives.

The masses instinctively sense the need for authority and unconsciously seek a strong leader.

And the masses, in turn, are the very essence of that we need to win.

If we are to win legal, political power, we need, not a few "conservatives", but the millions and millions of essentially non-political, working people and ordinary Americans loosely called "the masses". Yet this enormous mass of power is the very thing "conservatives" can never, never, never win.

The U.S. News and World Report for June 7, 1965 contains a statistical analysis of the catastrophic national elections for President of 1964.

These figures show more clearly than any amount of arguing or wishful thinking that it is no longer mathematically possible for any sort of "conservative" national candidate to win on any sort of traditional economic "conservative" platform, without the hidden issue of RACE.

In fact, the figures show that an economic "conservative" not only MUST lose, but that the trend of our population is daily moving toward a situation such that only a madman will be able to pretend there is any possibility of national political victory for any sort of economic "conservative" program.

I will attempt to explain this further on, but for now, let me present the cold figures.

First, let me give the percentages of votes won by Johnson and Goldwater in the upper echelons of our population. Among professional men, managers, etc., Johnson got 58% of the vote. Among college-educated persons, Johnson got 54%. Among those with income of \$10,000 or above, 56% voted for Johnson. In the smaller cities and towns, Johnson got 63%.

Observe that the gap between the two candidates in the higher levels and rural areas averages out to about 15% of the vote. This would not be an insurmountable difference and might easily be changed by more effective campaigning than was done by Goldwater.

But now let's look at the opposite to the above categories.

Among unskilled labor, Johnson got 80% of the vote.

Goldwater got only 16%! Those with no higher than a grade-school education voted for Johnson.

Those with incomes below \$10,000 gave 70.7% of their vote to Johnson, and only 29.3% to Goldwater. The big cities and urban areas gave Johnson 72% to 28% for Goldwater.

The spread between Johnson and Goldwater among the lower economic classes and the urban voters averages out to a huge gap of more than 54%!

But even that shocking figure does not tell the whole story of why it is madness to keep trying

to win political power on a "conservative" program.

Take a look at the relative sizes of the two groups we have compared above.

The World Almanac for 1965 shows that the first group we compared, the professional and managerial workers, who voted for Johnson only a 15% gap compose only 21.8% of the population, while the rest of the labor force, semi-skilled and un-skilled, account for 78.2% of the population.

Of the smaller cities and towns which went to Johnson only 63% are shown in the World Almanac as having a total population of 54,054,425, the urban areas which went for Johnson 72% show a total population of 125,368,750.

And while college graduates went for Johnson by only 54%, the total number of such college people is listed in the World Almanac as only 4,528,215; while the grade-school population that went for Johnson is listed as 40,217,215 (these figures are the enrollment in colleges and grade-schools for 1963). To the number enrolled in grade schools must be added many more millions who are totally illiterate or have only a few years in school.

Putting all of this together, we find that the upper echelon and rural sectors of our population, which might possibly be won by a national conservative candidate, comprise only a relatively tiny percentage of the population of the United States (Approximately 20%). However, even this most favorable economic conservative section of the U.S. population is split on economic issues and was won by Johnson, even though the average margin of his victory was only 15% in this sector of the population.

On the other hand, the vast masses of Americans who live in urban areas, have only a grade-school education, are only semi-skilled or un-skilled labor, and earn less than \$10,000 per year comprise more than 80% of the population.

And in this enormous mass, Johnson won 8 out of every 10.

The key fact is that the vote of the most illiterate or ill-informed person counts just as much as the vote of H. L. Hunt, or Robert Welch, and there are millions of "little people" for every high-level voter.

For those not of a mathematical turn of mind, let me boil it all down to a very, very simple statement.

Except on the race issue, the ONLY place economic "conservatives" have any chance at all for a large vote is among those in management positions, upper income levels and those with higher educations-in short, among the trained THINKERS.

Among those with grade school educations, in blue-collar or laboring jobs, and incomes below \$10,000 per year, "conservatism" sells about as well as snowballs at the North Pole. THE MASSES want a "WARM" candidate who seems "human" and "lovable". Roosevelt,

Truman, Ike, Jake now Johnson have all been successful in peddling just right "IMAGE" to win.

No matter how we may deplore it, that is a fact - just as it is a fact that Whites don't like "niggers", no matter what the hypocrites pretend.

Without the masses, we can never, never win power.

And without power, it is a complete and disgusting waste of time to sit around groaning about "constitutionalism" "Christianity", "States' Rights", etc., etc.-interminably That's what we have been doing, and I would think any intelligent person would long ago have had all he could stand of the endless "Oh-my-God;" reports, the "What-We-Must-Do" pamphlets and the "Let's-all-get-together" societies.

I am not prepared to waste another moment in failure or impotent groaning. Only if every move is calculated to win power, legally, am I willing to suffer and sacrifice anymore.

And the statistics show, with devastating clarity that it is IMPOSSIBLE to win nationally as an economic "CONSERVATIVE".

How, then, can we win?

The answer is that we must find a way to reach the hearts of the millions who voted for Johnson, Roosevelt, Ike, Harry and Jake. Goldwater assuredly didn't do it with his "soak-the-poor" and "off-to-war" image. Neither can any other economic "conservative"-because a "conservative" is basically trying to peddle ice-cold drinks to "brace you up," when the potential customers are all shivering in the cold rain. Average people want to feel warm, safe and secure. That's the way folks are. And if you insist on trying to sell ice-cold drinks to people shivering in a freezing rain on a bitter cold night, you are sure to fail. We have been failing.

The enemy is brilliant in his understanding of all this and in the calculating manner in which he uses psychology on behalf of race-mixing, subversion, degeneracy, immorality and treason!

So far, our side is utterly, unbelievably stupid and blind in dealing with masses of human beings.

Some who do understand the psychology of masses explain their failure to use that knowledge effectively by claiming that it is "wicked" or "immoral" to be a "demagogue", etc.

This is like watching a robber and rapist tearing up your home, ravishing your wife and kidnapping your children and refusing to try to stop him because he has a gun, and it would be "wicked" for you to use a gun, just like the criminal.

As long as bad men use psychology and demagoguery to win the masses for evil purposes,

good men must use these methods to help our people unite and survive, or we die!

I am not the least bit ashamed to admit that I would draw the line at nothing to save our White race. And that includes risking my own life countless times, being beaten, jailed and lied about by almost everybody. I can see no great moral victory in seeing our people, our women, our little White children and young girls rounded up for Chinese Communist slave-labor camps or brothels, or turned over to billions of howling African savages-all because our side is too "nice" to use sound psychology to win the masses.

But we don't have to do anything really "vile" to win.

We have only to quit the sterile effort to win by trying to drive cold, hard unsympathetic facts into the minds of the masses. It won't work.

We have only to put the truth into a form suited to the people. You don't do that with long dissertations, rationalizations, statistics, facts and unvarnished truths.

You do it with PARABLE, analogy, slogans, diagrams, posters, demonstrations, and above all combat-things that reach the hearts of men and then filter into their minds.

When we can finally make the rightwing leadership understand that, then we can stop the madness of economic "conservatism" and get busy on the ONE issue that DOES reach the hearts of millions-RACE!

Point out to a man that if he elects Candidate A he will have a "nigger" neighbor and his kids won't be safe and his property value will crash, and you will reach his HEART. You will beat Candidate A.

But tell him the national debt is too high, that "the Constitution is being violated" and that corporation taxes are too high, and he will hardly hear you. You will lose.

Tell him that we must be ready to start up a war to preserve the "Monroe Doctrine" and he will call you a "war monger" and be scared to death of you.

Tell him you are down on benefits, working folks, high wages and social security, and that you want to cut down on taxes on rich people, and he will actively despise you, as "anti-people".

The other side tells him they are "for the little guy"; they holler "down with the big interests" and he'll vote for them till kingdom come, no matter how many mansions or TV stations they own or how they turn him over to outright crooks posing as leaders.

The other side has been doing this kind of thing on behalf of evil for years and winning the masses, thus winning power, and thereby changing America into a nightmare of treason and degeneracy.

Our side has been too damned snotty and uppity to take stock of itself, and is still peddling the bitter and icy "pill" of economic "conservatism" to the masses of people who have rejected it for fifty years, by bigger margins each time.

It took me 15 years to figure that out.

In 1956, I sold out the magazine I had successfully started for the wives of Service men all over the world, ("U. S. Lady" Magazine) and put all the money into an effort to "unite" the conservatives. I formed the "American Federation of Conservative Organizations," innocently believing that, if only we could get the right wing together, we could easily conquer the left.

By this time, I had plenty of opportunity to look over the activity of the "right wing"-the conservatives-and had come to the conclusion, in my total ignorance of the real nature of the case, that all they needed to succeed was an organizational drive to get them "together", with a business-like PLAN. I had found that there were dozens and maybe hundreds of very rich men, like H. L. Hunt of Texas, and Robert Welch of Boston, who felt much as I did, and who, together, could pool enough money and resources to swamp the Marxist-Zionist Jews and left wingers. There seemed to be plenty of talent and ability-and actually a majority of our people over on my side of politics, so that common sense seemed to force the conclusion that it was only a lack of determined effort to put this TOGETHER which permitted the left-wing minority, sparked by the sub-minority of Jews, to keep winning victory after victory and send America down the path to Marxist socialism and racial disintegration.

I realized, even then, that talking and educating are useless unless they are directed at the only worthwhile political goal, POWER.

But I reckoned without any knowledge of the human content of the "right-wing", in those days. >From the millionaires to the scared little people who attend the endless pitiful "conservative", "100% American", "old-fashioned", "constitutional", "state's rights"-meetings-I learned by bitter experience, that the human material of the right wing consists 90% of cowards, dopes, nuts, one-track minds, blabber-mouths, boobs, incurable tightwads and-worst of all-hobbyists-people who have come to enjoy a perverted, masochistic pleasure in telling each other forever how we are all being raped by the "shhh-youknow-whos", but, who, under no conditions, would think of risking their two cars, landscaped homes, or juicy jobs to DO something about it.

Knowing none of this, however, and being full of my usual enthusiasm and drive, I paid for a series of radio spots before and after rightwing commentator Fulton Lewis' show, announcing a Washington meeting to organize the rightwing.

The response seemed to be gratifying. Hundreds of people called and I arranged with one of them, Sam Jones, the correspondent of Bill Buckley's National Review, to use the lovely old Virginia mansion in McLean for our first meeting,

Of the hundreds who called, only about fifty showed up at the meeting.

I addressed the meeting in the best "conservative" style lecturing "nicely" on the need "to get

together" more than anything else, and receiving little flurries of polite applause.

How I shudder now to think of all that feeble, useless, stupid "niceness"-while our race and our whole world are being brutally destroyed!

>From time to time somebody in the audience would ask "what about the Jews?" And there would be snickers and shifting around of feet, like grammar school kids when somebody mentions the word "sex". Then I would scold this "bold" character for such a "disgusting display of prejudice", making my righteous love of the wonderful Jews very clear, and even sharing knowing winks with some close friends at my "clever" deception.

The Jews would not have disturbed such a meeting for anything in the world. We, like a million other "conservatives", were giving ourselves the illusion of "fighting" treason, subversion, Communism and race-mixing (the Jews) without doing anything and without hurting the enemy himself. If we did NOT have such silly little secret meetings, we would eventually build up such a pressure of frustrated patriotism that we just might have done something forceful-and therefore effective.

A little collection was taken up; we passed out membership cards, and then stood around babbling, as is the inevitable custom after such "battles" with the enemy.

Everybody congratulated everybody else at this new and terrible assault on the "Eskimos", as John Kasper called them then, and we went home all aglow with the great "success".

I poured out my time and money in an all-out effort to organize the rightwing "nicely", as the "American Federation of Conservative Organizations", and publish a national conservative paper.

We held meetings in the best meeting rooms in the Statler and Mayflower Hotels. I had beautiful stationery engraved in gold. I used all my skill in art, writing, organizing, promoting and leading-the same skills that are now serving the American Nazi Party-but were useless then. The basic premise-the premise of conservatism-was wrong.

Although it is made to appear so, the battle between the "conservatives" and "liberals" is NOT a battle of ideas or even of political organization. It is a battle of force, terror and power. The Jews and their accomplices and dupes are not running our country and its people because of the excellence of their ideas or the merit of their work, or the genuine majority of people behind them.

They are in power in spite of the lack of these things, and only because they have driven their way into power by daring MINORITY TACTICS. They can stay in power only because people are afraid to oppose them-afraid they will be socially ostracized, afraid they will be smeared in the press, afraid they will lose their jobs, afraid they will not be able to run their businesses, afraid they will lose political offices. It is FEAR, and FEAR alone that keeps these filthy left-wing sneaks in power- NOT ignorance by the American people as the "conservatives" keep telling each other.

Our right-wing "fighters" keep assuring each other "ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free". But the truth is that any SLAVE knows the truth, but what good does it do him, unless he can somehow get the POWER to FORCE his way to freedom. It is not the truth that will make us free in America, because millions already know the truth and hate bitterly what is going on, but they are AFRAID even to admit they know the truth. Ten million signed the petition for Joe McCarthy-and they are not all dead. But they might as well be, as long as the right wing spends all its time and money trying to "win" another ten million instead of getting the ten million we already have to STAND UP! We have plenty of people, money and facilities to take America back from the traitors tomorrow morning if all the people who already know what is going on, were not AFRAID anymore and would STAND UP!

As long as the right-wing confines its fighting to being "nice", the great masses of the public will bow down like sheep to the left-wing which is NOT nice - which uses smear, economic persecution, legal harassment, and finally physical terror to maintain its domination of our national life and culture by FORCE. The force is disguised, of course, in checkbooks, judge's robes, rigged party conventions, etc.-but it is still either the force itself, or the threat of force which has America down and AFRAID.

No amount of papers and pamphlets, were they all masterpieces of propaganda-and no amount of talk and meetings can stop this growing left wing force and POWER and FEAR it inspires-much less drive it back and finally destroy it.

But in 1955, I still imagined we could "sneak up" on the Jews, like the rest of my "sissy" friends. We would build a great "grass-roots" membership by not mentioning the Jews at all, even praising them-and then, while they suspected nothing, we would get stronger and stronger until finally one fine day we would wipe the smiles off our faces, spin around on the surprised Hebrews, and let them see just what we had in mind!

I found this coward's dream being promoted everywhere I went. Every conservative I met would draw me aside and groan about the latest outrages and treason of the "you-know-who's", and describe to me the latest plans to sneak up on the tormentors.

And I was as much a part of this childish illusion as anybody else. I spent literally hundreds of hours discussing the methods for this super-sneaky revolution.

And the only thing I gained from it all was the final discovery that it was-and always has been-impossible to beat terrorists by talk. One must dislodge such evil usurpers by the same weapon that got them in POWER. Theirs was and is secret and disguised. Ours, by nature, must be open, legal and honest. But it must still be POWER-not talk of pamphlets or sneaky dreams-and it involves, therefore, RISK.

I also learned to know the people my wife and I came to call the "die-hards" for some obscure reason I can't recall. These were the perennial "patriots", the eternal attenders of meetings, the inexhaustible talkers and babblers, the super-clever know-it-ails who are going to "throw the election into the house this time", etc., etc., and the disgusting hobbyists who discharged their pent-up "patriotism" once a week or so in the masochistic organism they seemed to obtain by flagellating themselves with the latest outrages of the Jews. These people seemed

to have been "fighting" the Jews all their lives-years and years and years. Their standard reaction to anything they didn't think up themselves-a new plan for sneaking up on the Jew--was "I was fighting this thing before you were born, son"-and this was supposed to send the upstart packing.

As if people who had spent forty or fifty years fighting so monstrously unsuccessfully had any business daring to open their mouths at all!

As the months wore on and we began to see our small savings diminish with no signs of any real progress, I began to get a case of the "desperationitis" so common to the right wing. I had begun to meet a large, unorganized, but regular circle of "patriots" which exists everywhere, and discuss all kinds of "trick" methods of "spilling the beans" on the Jews, all at once. There were endless plans for dropping "the whole story" out of airplanes by the millions on the public while the helpless Jews watched the leaflets flutter down in rage. There was talk of a plan to raid a TV network station, hold the personnel at gunpoint while one of us-nobody cared to discuss exactly who-would present to the breathless millions the documents and facts on the Jewishness of Communism-which we have so abundantly but which mean so little as long as we reach only each other. There was even a scheme for sending aloft huge signs on balloons, tied to inaccessible places, which would "squeal" on the Jews from the sky while they scrambled madly to get them down. These wild ideas are actually-as you read this-being discussed by otherwise intelligent people somewhere-people who are simply too overwhelmed by their own timidity and ignorance to see that even if they DID these nasty tricks on the Jews, there would be NO RESULT at all.

People are more inert than it is possible to believe, even after you discover this fact. It takes an incredible amount of propaganda, repeated over and over and over and over to move them even a little bit. This is one of the reasons Joe McCarthy told me he wouldn't even attempt to tell the whole truth. "They'd simply put me away as a lunatic" he said, 'and the public would forget what it was all about". And he was probably right.

The idea that there is ANYTHING EASY that can be done, which will send the Jew traitors scurrying for Israel like rats, while we walk triumphantly into the White House, is one of the worst self-delusions which has been keeping the right wing babbling and conspiring while the Jews have been laughing at us and trampling all over our Constitution, our rights, our traditions, our dignity and our White Race.

Anybody, when he first discovers what is going on, might be forgiven a certain period of nourishing this childish delusion. But when he sees the Jews starving the families of his fellow sneaks, railroading them into jail, shipping them to mental health "hospitals", smearing and blasting them for just the teeniest weeniest little attempt to stand up to Jewish power, he ought to get the idea in no more than a few years. Any man who spends thirty or forty years pretending to imagine there is such an easy way while our country and our White Race go down and down and down- is not a dreamer-or ignorant. He is a coward!

"Conservatives" are the world's champion ostriches, muttering to each other down under the sand in "secret", while their plumed bottoms wave in the breezes for the Jews to kick at their leisure. Conservatives are fooling nobody but themselves.

One of the conservative leaders I contacted was William F. Buckley, Jr., the publisher of National Review. My friend here in D. C., Sam Jones, was his correspondent, and we got together at a meeting in New York. It was an intellectual thrill, just talking with Buckley and his staff. There is more pulsating brainpower and genius than any place else on earth I have ever been. Bill, himself, is personable in the extreme, and brighter than all the rest. But his staff contains three or four Jews, one of them particularly Jewish-looking, and the atmosphere there is different than with other "conservative" groups.

Buckley is extremely cagey on the Jewish question and even when you get him alone, it is difficult to elicit information as to his awareness. The best you can get are guarded implications from which you are at liberty to infer what you want. I have since learned the reason for this: Buckley's millionaire father had a major interest with the Jews in Israel, and the result, even today, is that Buckley's anti-liberalism and anti-Communism stop at the borders of Israel and the Zionist meeting halls.

However, at the time, I too was playing this silly "I've-got-my-eyes-closed" game, so I felt that much could be accomplished by helping Buckley, and I agreed to promote National Review for him. He deposited a thousand dollars in a Washington bank to my account and I started on a project designed to get mass circulation for National Review in colleges and universities.

In those days, however, I was heavily involved in my own effort to launch A. F. C. O. and the newspaper, and I am ashamed to have to admit that I did a rotten job for Bill. I made some efforts, but they were without the drive and full enthusiasm necessary in such a promotion, and nothing happened. I returned the money to Bill, less expenses, with a guilty conscience. Outside of being too cagey on the Jewish question, which is, of course, his privilege, Bill Buckley was 100% square as a man, and unlike the situation with other right-wingers with whom I have worked or tried to work, my failure to accomplish anything with Buckley was entirely my fault.

In spite of all the money I poured into it and all the work and inspiration I gave it. My effort to "unite the conservatives" and beat the champion sneaks of the world-the Jews-by sneaking didn't work. I ran out of money and went to work for two right-wing millionaires, first Bob Snowden of Memphis, Tenn. and Hughes, Arkansas, and then Russell Maguire, (who used to publish Mercury Magazine-I was his assistant).

Maguire talked a good fight. But when the real fight began, he took off. I have exposed the whole ugly story in a previous book, (without libel suits by either of them), but I will not repeat it here.

Suffice to say that these millionaires, while sincere, simply did not and probably still do not really believe that we are in deadly danger. They figure there will be some easy way of saving their enormous wealth, short of "coming right out with it".

Many right-wingers are sincerely concerned, I know, about my battles with men such as Maguire, Snowden, Welch, Hargis, et al., and my revelations of what they really are. "They are doing good", I am told, "why not let them go about their business their own way. They are helping. Don't hurt them".

I maintain they are only giving the appearance of helping-but are actually hurting.

Before a mass of people will rise up and do anything effective and forceful about a tyrannical situation, there must be built up a certain emotional pressure. A firecracker has not the force of a rifle bullet because it explodes harmlessly in all directions. But the gas from a rifle bullet cannot escape, except by forcing the bullet out at terrific speed, because it is confined, directed into useful channels.

As long as Welch and all the rest of his ilk, rich and poor, can give themselves the illusion of "fighting the Jews" by exploding the pressure inside of them verbally and harmlessly, in all directions, and without ever hurting a Jew traitor, they keep the pressure we need to get mad and fight from ever building up.

The Jews know this, and permit these hundreds and hundreds of harmless rightwing organizations to spout endlessly in silence behind the Jewish "paper curtain". They don't reach any significant number of people outside their own group. Even when they do, their approach is so feeble and so psychologically wrong that they win only a few rare types.

They never, never get out into the public, into the streets, and reach the masses with an inspiring and driving masculine movement, which alone can win the hearts of the masses! They pass literature and talk only to each other.

If just one tenth of the money which pours every year, year after year, into such "fire-cracker" movements were to be contained, directed, and used behind an ideological bullet forced out by fighting men, the Jews would stop at nothing to crush and destroy that deadly "bullet". Even without that money, with only a few grains of "powder", but confined and directed with force, we have already earned the all-out hate of the Jews, the only sure sign that we are not firing the eternal rightwing "gas" at them, but the deadly bullets which they know will eventually destroy their illegal, tyrannical power.

This does not mean that we must work ourselves up to a "pitchfork-and-barricade" revolution by violence. This old-fashioned attack won't work, as our side learned in the Civil War and the Klan prosecutions.

There are plenty of people already awake in America. They are afraid and they are frustrated by their inability to do anything about the terrible evil they see growing.

Mercury magazine did indeed "inform" a lot of people. So does the Birch Society. But we don't need any more informed people who won't stand up and FIGHT to oppose tyranny!

Such things as Mercury and the Birch Society also kept the "steam pressure" of emotions down in millions of Americans who were already informed-who feel that as long as such things as Mercury are published and Welch is petitioning to impeach Earl Warren, "something" is being done. These good people are fooled by the constant advice to "write your senator" into imagining that we can somehow petition or talk our way out of tyranny. Worst of all, these papers and societies are financial "leaks" which keep the rightwing bled to

death and anemic. There simply is no money for the battle, no money for the bullets and powder, because it has all been spent on fire-crackers, uniforms, the band, pictures of the enemy, exciting rallies, and bed-time stories for the troops.

You can't get these myriad stamp-licking and squawking societies together-as I found out-and every experienced "patriot" knows. And even if you could, they would be worse hitched up together than they are squabbling separately. As Hitler puts it so masterfully, "eight lame men walking arm in arm do not make one gladiator".

These weak rightwing leaders, who, for forty or fifty years have been preaching a million different tricks to avoid the desperate, dangerous fight which is always the price of any victory, are approaching the end of the road. They cannot much longer pretend that we can save ourselves with their sugary nostrums. When the patient feels the death rattle in his chest, as white America can feel it now, our people will become disgusted with the quack physicians and their sugar syrups and pills, and will welcome our rough and tough, but powerful medicine.

Our motto here is "White man, stand and fight for survival with us, or stand out of our way!!!"

But it is not just the pantywaist "conservative" dabblers who stand in our way and must be pushed aside if we are ever to win.

Even more deadly are the Judas's, the Kosher Conservative "leaders" the other side sends over to lead our side.

Consider!

A Jew, Kivie Kaplan, leads the NAACP, while other Jews like the Rosenwalds, the Sterns and the Lehmans provide the millions in gold to promote Communist race mixing in America.

A Jew, Milton Rosen, leads the most dangerous and violent Communist group in America, "Progressive Labor".

A Jewess, Bettina Aptheker, leads our college intellectuals and leftist revolutionaries.

A Jewess, Dorothy Schiff, publishes the leftist New York Post, while her fellow Jews publish most of the other "liberal" papers such as the New York Times (Sulzburger), Washington Post (Myers), and so ad nauseum.

If it's LEFT, you will find one of God's Chosen leading it and/or financing it, sometimes with a "shabbez-Goy" out front, but always with the Jews holding the purse strings and providing the sparks of life for leftist revolution, race mixing and perversion.

You would think that with this undeniable record of leading the attack on America, Jews would have a tough time getting themselves accepted as OUR leaders, too. You would think that the rightwing would at least be suspicious of Jews, let alone accept them as leaders.

In fact, the Protocols (and Lenin) have openly said that the way to emasculate and smash the opposition is to LEAD it yourself-lead it to perdition and frustration.

And is not the whole rightwing in perdition and frustrated as few such large movements in history have ever been frustrated?

Knowing the brilliance of the Jewish and Communist conspiracy, can anyone believe that these master-plotters would fail to install some of their best men and women over on OUR side?

It was a little difficult to SEE all this about Barry Goldwater, in spite of his sponsorship of more integration legislation than any other senator, his sell-out of Taft for Ike, his backing of "terrible 1313", and his origination of the Alaska Mental Health concentration camp laws.

If Goldwater was really trying to get elected in 1964, can you think of anything more stupid than to go to Appalachia and preach cutting down aid for the poor, go to Tennessee and preach cutting cheap TVA electricity to poor farmers, to go to St. Petersburg, Florida and preach cutting aid to the aged? Or, when the people were up in arms about nigger crime in the streets and the Republicans had made an excellent movie on the subject for national television, can you think of a better way to insure not getting votes than by banning this film, as Goldwater did, so that it was never shown?

It was downright funny for millions and millions of White Christian Americans to be working so desperately hard to elect a Jewish president of the United States!

But there is nothing funny about the man behind Goldwater-and behind Buckley, behind Young Americans for Freedom, behind the Committee to Keep Red China Out of the U.N., and a dozen other "fronts" operated from 79 Madison Avenue, New York City-the 100% Jew-"ex"-Communist MARVIN LIEBMAN!

Liebman's latest front is the "Friends of Rhodesian Independence" and, like all his other "committees" and fronts, it is raking in the influential names-and the cash-millions of dollars. He is getting free advertising from dozens of good and sincere patriots and their papers. So long as this Yiddish faker can be made to appear to be "doing something" to help our White brothers in Rhodesia, nothing real can be done to help them. It is a vile and sickening fraud which angers me more than any such Jew fakes in the recent past.

To present my case against Mr. Liebman, let me dissect one of his earlier "committees" which is still doing a land office business sabotaging America, even while the best Americans are still pouring out their souls and their substance to help this Jewish "right-wing leader".

Liebman set up the "Committee to Keep Red China Out of the United Nations" at his patriotic money-mill, 79 Madison Avenue, New York City. Like all Liebman fronts, this one was beautifully calculated to grab right-wingers and patriots in a sensitive spot, with a consequent rich haul in cash. It did and it continues to do so.

But few or none of the patriotic victims of this Hebrew political swindle have ever examined the letterhead of Liebman's "Committee". There they would have found the names of such sterling "conservatives" as Sen. Paul Douglas, Rep. Fino, Rep. Halpern, Sen. Javits, Hubert Humphrey and dozens of other rabid leftists.

Why? How come?

Why would leftists want to keep Red Chinese out of their beloved, Red and Black U. N.?

The answer is that on the day Red China gets INTO the United Nations, there is an excellent chance that the U.S.A. will get OUT. Public opinion has taken a lot from the U.N., but these leftists cunningly calculate that Red China in would mean the U.S.A. out.

Meanwhile, Mr. Liebman gathers up literally millions of dollars, holds mass rallies in Madison Square Garden, etc., and keeps good, patriotic American all busy as beavers fighting to keep Red China out of the U.N. so that the U.S.A. will stay in this filthy mess.

When it became obvious that tens of thousands of patriotic young Americans at our colleges were fed up with the rabid beatniks and leftist traitors rampaging on college campuses, Mr. Liebman got some assistant Jew (Schuchman) to organize "Young Americans For Freedom" and once again he rounded up all the opposition to Jewry and set them to harmless sputtering in carefully controlled, pro-Jewish patriotic meetings. As usual, the Goy herd of rich and influential patriots could hardly wait to pour their names and cash upon this wonderful Jew, Liebman. When I speak on college campuses, some of the most violent and vociferous opposition comes from the poor, Liebman-dominated YAF'ers who wave the stupidest, and most pitiful picket signs imaginable at me and shout that I am a "Red", etc. (Incidentally, I have also had some of my most heartening successes with these poor kids in Liebman's "YAF". They have basically good instincts, and my speech always astounds them. Often they gather with me later and it is only a matter of an hour or two to disgust them with the way Liebman and the finks running YAF have deceived them.)

Back in February 1962, in the ninth issue of the Rockwell Report, I started a long series of exposes of Liebman and his money-mill at 79 Madison Avenue. I exposed the fact that, although Liebman was supposed to have nothing to do with YAF, Liebman's postage meter number appeared on YAF mail, and YAF mail was opened and signed for by Liebman's office! That included cash!

As soon as this expose was out, Liebman hurriedly shifted operations to cover up.

But I have continued to follow his nefarious operations and expose them to college students at every opportunity. Especially have I been able to make progress with college students in YAF when I reveal Liebman's atrocious Communist background. Finally, when the facts could no longer be hidden, YAF admitted them.

Here are the facts, admitted by YAF in its own publication, The New Guard, for May 1966. You read them and then judge whether Mr. Liebman could possibly be the right man to lead the

kids in YAF, the patriots in the Red China Committee, the White Men in the Rhodesia Committee and all the other fronts he uses to pump the rightwing dry and keep it frustrated and miserable. Marvin Liebman was recruited by a Jew civics teacher (!) in his native Brooklyn into the American Students Union, notorious as the way-out front for young Communists. Within months, Liebman rose into the disciplined ranks of the Communist Party itself, openly joining the Young Communist League. YAF admits "few even of New York City youth were as active in the Party as young Marvin".

Liebman himself confesses that, in typical Jew fashion, he didn't like the open, "rough stuff" like picketing, preferring to become what he calls a "manipulator" of others!! (As he is now doing.) Jew Liebman-"Marv"-did all the right Jew things: matriculated at New York University, took an apartment in "the Village", wrote leftwing propaganda and affected all the "literary" pretensions of the dirty beatnik Reds, Negroes and general scum.

Drafted into the Army, YAF admits that Liebman discovered a "clever" system to avoid KP and any other details he didn't like. In typical Jewish style, Marvin simply "broke his glasses", allowing the Goyim boobs to do all the work. When this no longer worked, Jew Marvin managed to get a "cut finger". (No kidding! YAF actually admits all this in print!)

This sharpie Communist Jew also managed to flunk basic training!

In spite of ducking all KP by either breaking his glasses or malingering with a hangnail, the Jew was able to fast-talk his way into writing the KP manual for the Goyim to work harder!

Finally, Marvin managed to get himself discharged from the hated Army-for sunstroke!

The courageous Jew, fresh from "battle" in the Army, scurried back into the Communist sewer pipe and became editor of The Spotlight for American Youth For Democracy. YAF says, at this point, "Liebman flourished under Communist discipline and was proud to be a Communist functionary".

No broken glasses or hangnails here for this hebe.

Liebman became a satellite of Communist leader Earl Browder and his Jewish wife. When Browder fell from grace, Marvin found himself out in the cold with the straight commie gang, and, like most Jews, became a follower of the top Jewish Communist of all time (outside of Marx, himself), Trotsky (Bronstein).

As a Trotskyite, Liebman signed on with the Israeli terrorist gang, the IRGUN, and helped in the torture and murder of British young men. Then he tried to join the Greek Communists, but was discouraged by lack of funds, and decided there was a way to be a Communist and wealthy and comfortable.

Marv went to work as a fund-raiser for the United Jewish Appeal. These professional Jew money gatherers sent him to school on how to make a "pitch", how to design a tear-jerking campaign to rake in the shekels, how to beat the bucks out of the faithful by veiled pressure

and how to gather names and influence.

Once he saw these professional Jew moneychangers operating, Marvin knew he had discovered his life's work. But he was still so Red, so passionately left, that he felt impelled to put his talents to work for his Jew Communist "cause". He raised money for Henry Wallace's campaign for President. He campaigned for the rabid leftist Rudolph Halley for New York City Council. Finally he wound up working for the man who set him on course for what he is doing now, a rabid leftist named Harold Oram. Oram put Liebman in charge of smuggling Chinese out of Red China (and, it must be presumed, into our U.S.A.). Liebman raised huge sums doing it and learned the techniques of squeezing money and big names out of his causes with which to get more money.

In 1953, when patriots were worried about a sell-out to Red China, Oram and Liebman saw their golden opportunity to:

1. Rake in the millions
2. Mislead the anti-Communists
3. Prevent the anti-Communists from effective action
4. Keep real anti-Communists broke
5. Discredit real anti-Communists, and
6. Hide the real facts about Communists.

They formed their "Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Red China to the United Nations". They herded in Herbert Hoover, Charles Edison, Walter Judd and many other real patriots. But mostly they gathered in the money! How it rolled in!

After that one, it was easy. Using the techniques learned in the Communist Party and at the United Jew Appeal school on fund-raising, Liebman set up one outfit after the other to rake in the millions from gullible patriots who never stopped to consider how odd it was that with the leftwing led almost 100% by Jews, only a rabid Jew Zionist-terrorist "ex"-Communist seems to be available to "lead" our side in opposing all these Jews!

Now let's take a look at Liebman's latest, his committee on Rhodesia.

At the head of it he has placed no other than "Taylor Caldwell".

Taylor Caldwell is supposed to be a great novelist, and also a great "rightist".

I used to wonder how a strong anti-Communist can get her books sold so vigorously all over the world in every Jew book store.

Then I learned something. Miss "Caldwell" wrote me a vile letter after she read one of my Rockwell Reports about the "Berlin Crisis", in which I exposed the printed material by the Jews in which they predicted, before World War II, exactly how they would divide Germany, as it has been divided, and how they would eventually exterminate the Germans as a people, by mass sterilization. (See Rockwell Report No. 1, October 1961)

Miss "Caldwell's" letter was a staggering document. It was stupid and uninformed beyond my possibility of belief.

She wrote pages of foolishness of which I will give one example: in order to discredit my claim that Jews have something to do with Communism, she rages that the two most anti-Communist papers in New York are the News and the Mirror (this was in 1961) and that they are owned by Jews! On the other hand, says this "great" writer, the most leftwing paper in New York, the Times, is 98% Christian. (! ! !!) (The Times is owned by the Sulzburgers and the Ochs-Jews-while for new readers, the News is owned by the Christian Pattersons).

To top off her hysterical display of ignorance, and "prove" Communism is not Jewish, she writes that notorious "Sidney Hook of Columbia University is deeply conservative"!!

Here's a direct quote from this crazy female: "The majority of Jews . . . are deeply conservative". (!) She adds that millions and millions of Jews were murdered by "Russian Communists"!!!

She ends her letter with the word, "Sh-t !".

A real "lady".

I was simply flabbergasted by this dose of madness and utter stupidity. I could not understand it, no matter how I tried.

Finally, I dug into the lady's background a bit and began to learn that there is a reason for her "insanity", and a reason for her great "success" as a "writer".

She isn't really "Taylor Caldwell"; she is really "Mrs. Marcus Reback" and is married to Mr. Reback, a Jew!

Her daughter married a Jew by the name of Gerald Fried Another daughter married a Jew named Goodman.

Now do you see why "Miss Caldwell" had such a fit when I printed the evidence of Jewish involvement in Communism and the plan to exterminate the German people? And why she can peddle her books by the millions in Jew bookshops all over the world even while she is a top Birch Society functionary and author? And why such a filthy-mouthed woman can be hailed far and wide as a brilliant authoress, just as Jewess Barbara Streisand is worshipped in every Jewish paper and magazine as the world's greatest singer, etc. etc.?

While "Taylor Caldwell" is one of the big wheels of the John Birch Society, she is also listed as a "contributing editor" of the magazine that attacked Goldwater as a psychopath, the great "conservative" magazine Fact, published by Ralph Ginsburg, recently sentenced to prison for his utterly filthy "Eros". Fact is about as far left as you can get, and this "Taylor Caldwell" (Mrs. Marcus Reback) gets away with posing as a great "conservative" even while she helps Mr. Ginsburg smear her supposed conservative "friends"!

So now "Miss Caldwell" (Mrs. Reback) has been made the head of the Friends of Rhodesia, under Marvin Liebman. With such a nice brace of Jew "friends", Rhodesia doesn't need any enemies.

But even this Jewish manipulator, Liebman, isn't the worst cause of the endless failure in the anti-Communist camp!

The most deadly danger of all are the capable "conservatives" who have somehow fallen into the clutches of the Jews!

These Jew-directed "Kosher Conservatives" have enormous amounts of money, industrial power and national influence. Were they ever to take a united stand against the Jewish tormentors of our people, the game would be over in the morning.

So, knowing this, the Jews have developed for these sincere but shortsighted wealthy right-wingers a sort of playpen in which they can thrash around to their heart's content, without ever doing any damage to the plans of our mortal enemies!

The very word and idea of "conservatism" guarantees that the victims of this delusion will merely try to "conserve" what is already GONE (such as the Constitution, etc.), thus condemning themselves to a pitiful, rear-guard DEFENSIVE action. They are very much like white-whiskered old Calvary Generals, long retired, cackling and fuming for the restoration of their beloved cavalry, long after tanks and rocket-launchers have swept the last horses from the battlefield.

Those committed to "conserving" something are doomed to think so strongly in terms of defense that the very idea of attack seems sacrilegious to them. Whenever I propose action, such as beating the daylights out of the traitors who burn American flags, these "conservatives" react as though I had belched in the middle of the silent prayer in church.

The Jews have made it relatively safe for patriots who agree tacitly to remain in the official Jewish playpen. And the boundaries of that Jewish playpen consist of avoiding mention of just two things: RACE and JEWS.

You are allowed to be an economic conservative; you are allowed to be against all sorts of pet hates of "conservatives", such as "big government", Earl Warren, low tariffs, taxes, unions, etc. But let any conservative mention the Jews publicly and he will promptly find himself attacked with maximum Jew terrorism. Let him say that he thinks there is some evidence that perhaps Negroes are not biologically equal to White People-and the floodgates of Jewish hate

and sewage will be opened to pour upon his head such a torrent of abuse and smear that he will run like a rabbit. He will be termed a "racist", a "bigot", a "hater", a "fascist"-and finally, a "NAZI"!

The poor, scared inmates of this Jewish "conservative" playpen are so terrified of the Jews getting even the least idea that they might even be thinking about sneaking an inch or two out of the playpen, that they usually seek to assure and reassure the Jews of their meek submission by endless attacks on "racists" and "Nazis".

Such organizations as The Birch Society, Billy James Hargis, Fred Schwartz, the Constitution Party all stay in their playpen, although most of the leaders know "the score". But they have decided that it is "clever strategy" to cooperate with the Jews in order, thereby, to build a larger membership and financial power.

But did you ever in your life hear of anybody winning a war by agreeing first never to mention the enemy, and then never doing anything to attack the enemy which was not first approved by the enemy?

That's precisely how we lost the Korean War and are now wasting thousands of American lives losing in Vietnam.

When an enemy has you down and almost whipped, it is pure insanity to accommodate him in ANY way. And to pretend he is your pal, and then allow him to dictate your strategy is pure suicide, not to mention cowardice.

In addition to emasculating your fight before it begins, this conservative defeatism and lack of aggressiveness- the "States' Rights" euphemisms CONVINCES OUR SIDE THAT THE ENEMY IS ALL-POWERFUL. Cocky self-confidence is a mighty weapon, and has more than once given victory over a big man to a little man. But any man, little or big, who cowers and cringes before the enemy, rubbing his hands and smiling and hunching his shoulders and reassuring his deadly enemy that he is just crazy about him-has disarmed himself and made it impossible for himself to FIGHT. There's nothing clever or smart about that.

Our nation and our people are perishing from an overdose of political sneaks, demagogues, liars and cowards. The people may not be able to articulate that thought in these words. But they know it in their hearts. They long for a man to come forth who disdains compromise, sneaking, demagoguery and slick lies. They want to hear a man say- nay shout-what is in the hearts of the people without fear and without compromise. They want a real LEADER, not another slick politician. They will accept, vote for and cheer a substitute only so long as the real thing is unavailable. The light of the moon is appreciated only when there is no sun.

Before such a strong leader can come forward and reach the hearts of millions of the people, the people must first be made ready for the battle that will be made inevitable by any such a leader. The Jews, Blacks, Communists, liberals -and the entrenched Kosher Conservatives - will fight desperately to prevent such a man from coming forward, because they know it will mean their own death knell as "leaders." They will fight with furious passion against the leadership of an honest man, because it will expose their own miserable failure and

cowardice.

The people already sense this. But they do not yet want the all-out, bloody battle, in which they would probably lose their color TV, their two cars and their electric lawnmower. They still hope they can win by some EASY way. And George Wallace (as I write) represents that hopeful, "easy" way, to America's millions.

But the enemy cannot allow the victory of a Wallace because they know Wallace would be only the forerunner of a new, all-out "Hitler"-IF he won.

At the same time, Wallace has built into his campaign the same weaknesses and guarantees of destruction as the Birchers, etc.; he has insisted on trying to win a life-and death battle the same way we are "fighting" in Vietnam- by fighting only on terms and grounds allowed by the enemy. Instead of fighting on the grounds of RACE, on which he could unite the squabbling and divided "right", he fight on the untenable grounds of "states' rights", "segregation" and the rest of the Kosher Conservative shibboleths which are so easily demolished by the brutal enemy.

The clever campaign and pressure of the Jews upon America first produced such compromising economic kosher "conservatives" as Buckley. When he was unable to stop the Jewish juggernaut (because he was with it), the few who could see the need for something more flocked to the banners of the Birch Society. But today, that too is failing, because the Birch Society also consorts with and "loves" the enemy-the Jews Jews-and gives patriots' contributions to send Negroes to college on scholarships, all while calling honest men who name the enemy "Communist agents provocateurs"!

The next phase of this American movement toward the right must be and is "Wallace-ism"-the covert and sneaky racism, which is now the fashion in the South and conservative circles.

For the same reasons that Buckleyism and Welchism failed, Wallace-ism will also fail.

We can't win in Korea and Vietnam when we won't fight, and we can't win here in America either when we not only will not fight, but we won't even name the enemy.

Are we not damned fools to continue to let the enemy dictate the terms of the struggle?

Are we not idiots to continue to fight on the enemy's brutal terms when we suffer nothing but defeat, and see the end only months away?

Are we not worse than mad to tolerate almost nothing but Jews and "ex"-Communists or pro-Communists like Liebman, Goldwater-and now Reagan-to lead us, when there are millions of pure, unadulterated Americans willing and capable of leading?

How long will we continue to believe we can "out-sneak" and out-wit the Jews by "smart" demagoguery, when they are the world's champion sneaks and demagogues?

For every sneaky lie we can tell, (such as that we are "not racists",) the Jews can tell ten much better and more convincing lies.

How long before our masses of great Americans get mad enough to say, as we must, "To hell with all the pretense and fancy talk! It's time to name the damnable Jewish, Zionist, "nigger" and Communist enemy, fight him, and kill those who are trying to commit treason, enslave us or kill us! It's time to fight!"

The answer to that question is that it will not be long. Wallace must have his day. The people must learn that our race of people can't win by any kind of sneaking-even when it is considered clever sneaking, such as denying that one is a "racist", and even saying that "racism is evil". Wallace-ism is a phase that must be grown out of, as a teenager passes through immature phases of development. Racism is not only not "evil"-racism is our only hope!

America will soon be ready for a leader who has gone through hell to preach pure racism, to fight for our White people, as a race, without any pretty excuses or cover-ups.

The people, when they have been robbed of their savings by inflation and economic catastrophe, when "niggers" are raping their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, when their country is in flames and being looted by "nigger" mobs, when Jews have become only a tiny bit more arrogant and monopolize everything, parading around as our teachers, musicians, comedians, actors, philosophers, writers and finally our owners-when the people have had only a little more of this, then the radical racial stance and record of the American Nazi Party will bring us the hearts and love of the masses of Americans.

It is tempting for a rightist political group to make all sorts of compromises right now in order to attract, hold and gain the financial support of large numbers of people who do not yet see the desperate need for radical measures.

This is what all the big, successful rightwing organizations are now doing. They say everything calculated to bring them flocks of frustrated people, and they avoid saying anything that might shock and distress these flocks of poor, frustrated Americans, even though they may know that our people need to hear and know the bloody, deadly and dangerous truth.

These presently "successful" rightwing organizations, including the Wallace promoters, are like a mother who is too chicken to take her son to a dentist to have his tooth pulled when it is rotten and diseased, but instead gives him doped-up soothing syrup. None of these "soothing syrup" patriots dare to go after the deadly germs which are causing the trouble, recommend killing the germs (which represents the Jewish traitors in our midst) and getting rid of the aching tooth. (Which, in this analogy, represents the twenty million "niggers" causing America the worst "ache" we have ever had.)

But the time comes when even the worst coward about going to the dentist can no longer fool himself with soothing syrups, and scrambles in to a real dentist to have the radical treatment which alone can solve his problem-to have the tooth jerked out and the germs of decay

KILLED.

Nothing less can stop a real tooth-ache.

And nothing less than killing the enemy germs and extracting the "nigger" hell-raisers can stop the disease and pain which is killing America and the White Race.

Our job is to be good dentists, remain steadfast and keep our pliers and germicide ready to extract the black aching tooth and disinfect our Nation of the germs of Jewish treason and decay, when the patient is ready.

Fifty years of "conservative" failure is enough!

Chapter 13 - WHITE IMPERIUM

WHITE IMPERIUM

In the previous chapter, I have presented the almost unbelievable evidence that, faced with the ultimate catastrophe in all human history; the only response of most of our side has been to follow the enemy.

Before I proceed with a presentation of what can and must be done to stop this suicidal insanity, I must pause to reinforce in the mind of the reader that this struggle is not only "for keeps", but that loss of the struggle will mean slaughter and terror such as this planet has never before experienced.

The Jews and their colored allies behind the hell in the world today are not fooling; they do not use half-measures. They kill their enemies.

For an unimpeachable witness to the bloody, murderous nature of the Jews, one has only to inspect their own words. They boast about it.

In the early centuries of human history, all races and groups did plenty of killing. But only the Jews and other Orientals have ever wallowed in the blood and gloried in the agony and bizarre slaughter of their victims, with a depraved hate.

If this sounds too extreme, pick up the Jewish Torah (the Old Testament) and read the first few chapters as history. The men whom the Jews worship as their "saints" and "prophets" were the bloodiest gang of massacre-artists in all history, by their own testimony. Everywhere they went, they delighted in slaughtering all those who "pisseth against the wall" (as they like to put it), sometimes going still further and murdering even the pigs, cattle, and cats and dogs of their enemies.

Edward Gibbon provides another historical example of the oriental-Jewish propensity for murder, in his monumental and authoritative Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. On page 384 of edition published in London in 1783, Gibbon writes:

>From the reign of Nero to that of Antoninus Pius, the Jews displayed a fierce impatience of the dominion of Rome, which repeatedly broke out in the most furious massacres and insurrections. Humanity is shocked at the recital of the horrid cruelties that they [the Jews] committed in the cities of Egypt, of Cyprus, and of Cyrene, where they dwelt in treacherous friendship with the unsuspecting natives. . In Cyrene they massacred 220,000 Greeks; in Cyprus, 240,000; in Egypt a very great multitude. Many of these unhappy victims were sawed asunder according to a precept to which David had given the sanction of his example The victorious Jews devoured the flesh, licked up the blood, and twisted the entrails like a girdle around their bodies.

Too few Americans are aware of the fact that in modern times the most frightful gang of killers ever spawned in America is not the Mafia, but a gang of Jews from the Lower East Side of New

York City.

Murder, Inc., was based in the Greenpoint District of Brooklyn and run by the Jew, Louis "Lepke" Buchaiter. In the tradition of the Torah Jews and the Jews mentioned by Gibbon, who sawed people asunder and danced in the streets wearing the entrails of their victims, the bloodthirsty Jews of Murder, Inc., specialized in trussing up their victims alive and then stabbing them to death slowly with ice-picks-for cash! No other group of killers for pay has ever equaled the bloody, Jewish, Murder, Inc.!

>From a hard-to-find book called Murder, Inc. about the clean up of this gang by the former Attorney General of New York, Thomas E. Dewey, I copied down the choice characters as they appeared in the book. Take a look at the names of the people involved in this Jewish murder-mill for money.

AL GLASS Carl SHAPIRO Max "The Jerk" GOLOB Irving "Chippy" WEINER "Abbadabba" BERMAN "Waxey Gordon" WECHSLER Bo WEINBERG Emanuel "Mendy" WEISS "Tootsie" FEINSTEIN Sholem BERNSTEIN Hyman KASNER Jacob "Hooky" ROTHMAN Mickey COHEN (You've heard of him.) Charlie WORKMAN Mert WERTHEIMER "Pittsburg Phil" STRAUSS "Pretty" AMMBERG (This "Abe" WAGNER Jew specialized in murder "Bugsy" GOLDSTEIN by torture with an ice pick.) "Bugsy" SIEGEL (Another one you've heard of) "Dopey Benny" FEIN Benny "The Boss" TANNENBAUM Abraham "Misfit" LANDAU "Big Harry" SCHACTER Meyer LANSKY Joey AMBERG "Gangy" COHEN Emanuel "Manny" KESSLER "Puggy" FETNSTEIN "Dandy Phil" KASTEL Frankie TEITELBAUM "Longy" ZWILLMAN "Lulu" ROSENKRANZ Isidore "Curley" HOLZ Charlie SOLOMON Paul BERGER Lou COHEN "Wolfie" GOLDIS Abe SLABOW "Nig" ROSEN Yasha KATZENBERG "Fat Sidney" BLATZ Max RUBIN Allie "Tick Tock" TANNENBAUM Charlie YANOWSKI Moses "Moey Dimples" WOLINSKY Max SHAMAN "Happy" MELTZER Moses "Moe" SEDWAY AL SILVERMAN Harry "Big Greenie" Lou GLASSER GREENBAUM Willie SHAPIRO Jacob "Gurrah" SHAPIRO Max BLECKER Sam GASBERG Harry MILMAN Arnold ROTHSTEIN "Muddy" KASOFF Joey SILVERS Hyman YURAN "Fatty" KOPERMAN Solomon "Jack" GOLDSTEIN Izzzy FARTISTEIN

And many others, all JEWS.

During World War II, the Nazis were supposed to have been the ultimate in brutality and ruthlessness. But the fact is that they failed precisely because they were not as ruthless and brutal as the enemy.

Almost all the guerrilla fighters behind Nazi lines have since turned out to be Communists-and Jews. When these Communist "partisans" started shooting German soldiers in the back from ambush during World War II and murdering troops and civilians by blowing up trains, the Germans responded by shooting some hostages, but almost always with a certain restraint. The inevitable result was always a more bitter resistance by the Reds, because when you strike a blow at a determined enemy, it must smash him completely-or it only fires him up to greater resistance, hatred, and strength.

When you use terror, as the Jews know all too well, it must be total.

Observe what these Communist lovers of humanity did in the Katyn Forest in Poland during World War II. The U.S. Senate investigated this unspeakable atrocity, and you can check the facts in the U.S. Senate report on the massacres there.

As soon as the Communists overran Poland, the Jewish commissar in the Red army gathered all the officers of the Polish army-not just the top ones, but every officer in the Polish army-15,000 of them-marched them out into the Katyn Forest, and systematically slaughtered them. They buried these 15,000 Polish officers in acres of mass graves.

When the Germans got control of Eastern Poland they found the mass graves.

They called in the International Red Cross to inspect the site right after they found it, and then invited two top U.S. Army Colonels to see, with their own eyes, this bloody evidence of the nature of the Jews who were leading our "gallant Soviet allies" (as I was being told at the time). Roosevelt and his gang gagged these two U.S. officers and threatened them with court martial if they ever opened their mouths!

My point in picking out this tiny bit of evidence of the nature of the monsters we must fight is to show you a pattern-a pattern of systematic extermination that will quickly destroy us, our people and our whole civilization, unless we stop it!

The Jewish masters of world revolution never take any chances on attacks behind their lines. They know that most people don't move without leadership of the elite of their group-the natural leaders-just as your hands won't move without the leadership of your head. So the Jewish revolutionists systematically, coldly, smash the "head".

That is why they killed all the Polish officers (not a few hostages, as the Germans might have done)-the whole leadership corps of Polish strength. Beheaded, the Polish people never again caused the Reds any real trouble.

One of the latest refinements in the Jewish technique of "beheading" whole peoples and movements is used more and more frequently in the Soviet satellite states of Europe (which were given to the Reds by traitors in the U.S. government).

The wily Jews running things from behind the scenes in these unhappy Soviet work-colonies have discovered and put to use an absolutely devilish scheme to keep any resistance to Jewish tyranny from ever succeeding.

>From time to time, these calculating Communist friends, just like their brethren in Murder, Inc., cold-bloodedly plot, organize, and pull off a "rebellion" against themselves.

Secretly, they permit the arming and organizing of a "resistance" they themselves have promoted. They watch it develop, sometimes helping it if it seems to falter. Their "Radio Free Europe" has this devilish purpose, for example.

As soon as they feel sure it has rounded up all the best and most daring potential leaders of

the people, they precipitate open rebellion, which lets them swoop in and exterminate the latest and newest crop of leaders-which is what they were after in the first place!

This actually happened in Hungary in 1956!

This calculating devilry has the added advantage that the tortured people begin to be aware of how they have been suckered, so that any future leaders who try to organize any resistance are instantly treated as enemy agents provocateurs by their own peoples, no matter how sincere. It is impossible for resistance to develop in such a fog of suspicion.

In recent centuries, the Jews have found an even easier way to kill off the hated goyim. They get us to do it.

My brother used to be the bouncer in a roughneck dance hall. Since my brother is anything but a tough guy, I asked him how he survived as a sort of "cop" among all those brutal hoods.

He answered, "Whenever I find a tough who is drunk and causing trouble, I go find a bigger tough, usually just as drunk, and tell him I need his help. I build up his ego, make him feel important, and convince him the other guy is an "enemy". He goes over and throws the other guy out, and then I lock 'em both out."

For a least a hundred years now, the Jews have been working this diabolical scheme on White nations the world over.

Whenever I travel from our Arlington, Virginia, headquarters to our printing and production plant, down in the Virginia countryside between Washington and Richmond, I pass through some of the most blood-soaked ground in America, battlegrounds of a war in which more White Americans were slaughtered than all the rest of our wars combined! (People forget that the so-called Civil War was our greatest bloodletting, far surpassing World Wars I and II and all our other wars.)

Sometimes when I see one of the little historical markers on the highway. I stop the car and walk out into the quiet hills and meadows where armies of brave young Americans killed each other. As I stand there on those long-silent battlefields of Bull Run, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania, or Chancellorsville surrounding the national headquarters and printing plant of the American Nazi Party, I can almost hear the bugles and shouts of those hundreds of thousands of the finest youth on both sides; the rebel yells-stopped suddenly by a thrust of cold steel in the gut and changed to a scream of terror and death. I can hear the animal grunts as my brothers, on both sides, work hard at the bloody job of stabbing, shooting, cannonading and clubbing their own white brothers to death by the hundreds of thousands-all on behalf of swarms of half-ape Negroes who are now tearing up America! I am not ashamed to admit that, standing there in the peaceful silence of the countryside and visualizing thousands of our heroic young lads killing and dismembering each other on those battlefields, I cannot hold back the tears.

The so-called Civil War is far enough back in history, today, so that many Americans on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line can begin to see, at last, the tragic folly of this fratricide. For

many years now, as I write this, the "Southern Democrats" and the "Conservative Republicans" of the North have been standing together, at least in some Congressional struggles, to try to repair some of the crazy damage done to our White Race on the bloody battlefields of the Civil War.

The Civil War was not fought to "preserve the Union", as the propaganda goes, but to serve the commercial interests of the racial agitators who provoked that war with their "Uncle Tom's Cabin" propaganda and their sob-sister, hypocritical "love" of the Blacks. These same racial agitators happily and greedily brought their colored friends over to America by the boatload when it paid (up until 1808, when the slave trade was stopped). But as soon as Southern commercial competition seemed inconvenient to them, as soon as there was no more cash in selling the Blacks, then their hearts went out to the poor, persecuted half-apes they had so recently delivered in chains from Africa, for gold, for cash, in the great sailing ships of the North.

The Civil War was only the first of the "Wars of Racial Suicide" of our people, the first of the hundred-year marathon of mutual slaughter of White Brother by White Brother (and now that air-bombing is possible, the slaughter of White Sisters, too, by White Brothers, as we did during World War II when we slaughtered a quarter of a million of them fleeing from Communism in the beautiful, nonmilitary, defenseless city of Dresden).

Nothing is so completely insane and suicidal as the eager rush of White men all over the world to murder each other by the millions whenever it suits the Jews and their lying, liberal friends to set us at each other's throats.

The Jews have only to use their newspapers, television, radio, books, magazines, and school texts to poison our minds, and different groups of White men can be fired up to murderous rage against each other, time after time. The Jews have only to tell us of the "atrocities" committed by some other group of White men, and we slaughter them by the millions. Always it is the best manhood among us that is killed off in these fratricidal wars, since the less able are left home as "4-F's" while the best potential fathers go off to the slaughter. And of these "best" who do go to the slaughter, it is always the cream of the crop of the best of our manhood who get killed first, since they are the ones whose idealism and courage lead them to be the volunteers in the first assaults and on especially dangerous missions.

Whenever any segment of the White Race appears to the Jews to be on the road to recovery of national health (and therefore ready to flush out the germs of Jewish degeneracy and disease), the Jews simply go to work on all the rest of the White world (exactly as predicted in the Protocols) to inflame the rest of us against our own brothers.

They lie to us that our White Brothers are the "enemy", that our White Brothers are "torturing and murdering babies and innocent people", that they are planning to "conquer" us and enslave or murder us, that they are "beasts", that all humanity cries out for us to go and smash our brothers-always on behalf of these Jews and/or Negroes-and for the last half century, on behalf of the Communists. What did the American majority get out of World War I or World War II?

Did we save the world from Tyranny? No!

Did we make the world "safe for Democracy"? No!

Did we gain any land or great, rich prizes-any mines or colonies? No!

All we got were headaches, responsibilities, and more little spit-in-the-eye wars, anti-American hate, Berlin Walls, "Foreign Aid" handouts, Koreas, Vietnams, Cubas, and endless riots and crime at home.

That is the standard pattern of our "wars" today-mutual suicide of White against White, followed by the handing over to Communists, Jews, and Negroes of more and more of our territory, wealth, rights, and power, and the disarming of any real opposition to Jewish-led scum as a form of treason to the "American dream".

As long as the Conservatives are too cowardly to face up to this fact, and continue to blast real anti-Communist fighters such as the German National Socialists, and now the American Nazis, we will be utterly defenseless against the wily Jews. You cannot claim the "truth" as your biggest weapon, and then crawl at the feet of the Jews to tell the biggest lies of all times about Adolf Hitler and your own fighters!

To see the psychological folly of the Conservative position on Hitler and the "Nazis", just imagine the effect if there had been large numbers of rich Mexicans living in the United States at the time of the fight at the Alamo. Further, let's suppose that most American newspapers were owned and controlled by Mexican-Americans, so that our people heard nothing else but that Davy Crockett and his gang of "war-criminals" were committing "aggressive war" by seizing Mexican property at the Alamo, while Santa Anna led the "democratic" forces of "justice and mercy".

Any American who questioned the evilness of Davy Crockett or who doubted the goodness of Santa Anna would never get a hearing, but would be immediately dubbed a "Mexican hater", an "anti-Mexican"--and then be driven into poverty and disgrace.

Unless somebody had the guts and integrity to tell the truth about the heroism of Davy Crockett and his men at the Alamo, America itself would soon be completely in the hands of the Mexicans!

That's what the Jews have accomplished by scaring or swindling American conservatives into joining the Jews in their hate-Hitler and anti-Nazi campaign of lies and filth.

Without the inspiration and heroism of men like Crockett and Bowie and Travis, we can't win our wars, When you become so depraved and cowardly that you can be scared into cursing your own heroes, you have lost the power to survive-history has already marked you for the ash-heap.

In 1932, when the conspirators managed to get Franklin Roosevelt and his Jewish gang into

the White House, they planned an open takeover for their Communist world revolution. America had been lied to, primed with a terrible depression, and sold the Roosevelt bill-of-goods. It would have been a cinch.

But the monkey wrench in their machinery of world revolution was Germany, which was the key to the control of Europe. Unless Germany could be seized, or at least rendered powerless (as it now has been), world Communist victory would be impossible.

At the last moment, a strong man arose and seized the initiative from the scheming Jews. Adolf Hitler managed to win back to sanity and honor so many millions of good German people that the weak government was forced to give Hitler legal power, by the will of the people.

Adolf Hitler fought the Alamo of the White Race. He held off the colored forces of racial suicide, the forces of Communism, the forces of arrogant Zionism, and the forces of international money-manipulation long enough for a few men like myself to wipe the Jewish cobwebs out of our brains and start the long battle to awaken our people and free them from the menacing spectre of Jewish and colored world tyranny.

Hitler purchased, with his own life and the lives of millions of young German men, the precious time for us to be able to wake up and organize to resist the Jews and Negroes, just as Crockett and his men purchased with their lives the time for General Sam Houston to organize to resist the Mexicans.

To get back to our Mexican-American analogy, can you imagine how the Mexicans would have been doubled up laughing (in private) if at the time of the Alamo, all American leaders were denouncing Crockett and his men as "a gang of hoodlums", "war criminals", "bullies", "Huns", operators of Mexican "slaughter camps", etc., while at the same time these American leaders were heaping endless praise on their wonderful, patriotic Mexican "friends" here in America, and sending every kind of help and aid to Santa Anna, calling him "Good old Uncle Santa"-just as Truman referred to Stalin as "Good Old Uncle Joe"?

But there's more to the Conservative madness.

Today the Jews have actually got the Conservatives in America repeating in chorus; like a bunch of parrots, "Communism and Nazism are the same thing"! (This allows the Conservatives to "prove" to the Jews and Red terrorists that they, the Conservatives, are just as anti-Nazi as they are anti-Communist!)

This bit of madness must have the Jews rolling on the floor, holding their sides in agonies and paroxysms of laughter.

To get the full flavor of this "Communism-and-Nazism-are-the-same-thing" madness, I must ask the reader to bear with me a moment while we return to the Alamo analogy. Imagine, if you can, all the "respectable" men and patriots of the time, all doing lots of profitable business with Mexicans, swearing up and down to their Mexican friends that while they were pro-American, they were certainly not "anti-Mexican"!

To equal the madness of the present day "patriots" saying, "Communism and Nazism are the same thing," these "patriots" of the Alamo days would have to be bowing up and down before their Mexican business partners like figures in Black Forest clocks, repeating over and over, "We're not Anti-Mexican. In fact, we're just as much against Crockett as we are against Santa Anna. In fact, Crockett and Santa Anna are the same thing! They are both shooting and using guns!"

It's really as simple as that, although, when you are right in the middle of it all, and you yourself are subject to the terrorism and smear and loss of job and fortune arranged by the Jewish lovers of democracy, it may be hard for you to realize the full depth of this anti-Hitler madness for a while.

In historical perspective, William Buckley putting Max Lerner, Jacob Javits, and a long parade of vile, pinko, Red, and Zionist Jews on his TV program and treating them like noble and honest Americans while he cannot find enough words to curse and damn me or anybody else who dares tell the truth about Adolf Hitler, will be downright funny (if we survive long enough to laugh).

For a hundred years, the Jewish agitators have doubled and redoubled the rate at which we are killing off our best, by pitting brother against brother in endless, silly wars we always lose and they always win.

The Jewish aim is and remains the wiping out of the best of the goyim", as the Talmud puts it. They keep getting us killed - now by the millions - while they increase and grow stronger. In the beginning of this chapter I mentioned that there was one other Oriental group beside the Jews that has distinguished itself in history for the magnitude of its slaughter and bloodthirstiness - the Mongols.

There is nothing else in all history to match the record of hideous mass cruelty and murder of the "Golden Horde" of Genghis Khan.

The same Asiatic strain in the Jews that produces such a love of slaughter and cruelty is found in its pure, original form in the savage Mongol.

When this yellow beast of Asia rises up and stalks the earth, the Great Writer of history dips his pen in blood and prepares to write chapters of death, suffering, and destruction. But that was hundreds of years ago. What could Genghis Khan have done with a hydrogen bomb, today?

Unless you, White Man, can muster the will to make yourself think that chilling thought, and do something about the approaching time when it will happen, you will find out, and your children will learn the ancient meaning of the "Yellow Peril" - the colored peril.

The Jews have gathered up the colored peoples of the earth, armed them with the ultimate weapons of atomic energy, and agitated them to unlimited dreams of world conquest.

As I write, our "experts" keep expressing more and more "surprise" at the speed with which Red China is progressing with a deliverable H-bomb!

Only a fool could fail to see that the world is rapidly approaching a terrible climax in which the most historic decision in all human history will be made: the long-awaited Armageddon, or "Ragnarok",

Every year, every month, every week, and every hour, we get closer to that terrible moment when Red China, allied with black Africa, India, black America, and the rest of the colored world, will have the power to launch at the White nations of the world rockets with H-bomb warheads. China already is within months of being able to devastate White America and White Europe.

We comfort ourselves with the thought that "they wouldn't dare" - because we would blast them right back. If they kill a hundred million of us, we'll kill two hundred million of them.

How silly can you get?

Immediately after the Reds took over China, they purposely murdered forty million people to "thin out" a population far too thick to support. All the colored nations have this same over-population problem, as we have already shown in the first parts of this book. China, India, and Africa would be blessed by the destruction of several hundred million extra hungry mouths.

If these colored races launch a swarm of H-bombs at us, a possibility our experts already admit, we could stop only a few of them. Most of them would get through, wiping out such cities as Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Dallas, Denver, Minneapolis, Houston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Washington. We'd lose not only more than a hundred million of our people, but all the complex machinery which supports a modern, industrial society.

What we would destroy in "retaliation" against the colored world would not be "people" in the American sense of the word, but swarms of illiterates, miserable, barely existing coolies, cannibals, untouchables, anti beggars, who are worthless - an actual burden to their government!

The colored leaders do not fear "retaliation"! it would be a help to them!

Russia is realizing this more and more. There is a growing hostility and fear between Russia and China, because Russia realizes that China is less a Communist nation than a colored nationalistic nation.

Russians are "White", and the Chinamen hate and attack them as "imperialists and exploiters" - just the same as they attack us "dirty American fascists".

What's ahead for our world, in your lifetime, is not a war between Communism and Capitalism,

but a war of annihilation between the elite white minority of mankind and the swarming, inferior, colored majority.

Communism is becoming - in fact is - a colored world mutiny against the White Race. And the colored Chinese are within days or months of possessing the power to destroy all of us with our own atomic weapons (which our liberals and Jews have given to them)

While Johnson, DeGaulle, Kosygin, Wilson, Kissinger and the rest of the white ninnies, posing as "statesmen", bicker and haggle with one another, Red China, harboring and training colored world revolutionists and terrorists, is organizing, on a worldwide scale too terrible and bloody for the Western mind to contemplate, a Genghis Khan horde of colored death for the White Race.

Once these colored men of the East possess the H-bomb and the ability to deliver it, nothing can stop the attack -and the destruction of the West!

They have everything to gain - and we have everything to lose.

They openly write about it, talk about it, gloat about it! And still our "statesmen" play medieval games of economic sanctions, power-balances, disarmament, etc., ad nauseam.

As long as the vast masses of the White men in all nations tolerate puppets and damned fools in positions of leadership, these puppets and liberals will play their childish games of 19th-century "power politics" while the colored world and the Jews prepare for the racial Armageddon, using the White Man's H-weapons to destroy him.

To survive, we must get these puppets and fools out of positions of power and influence, and install some tough, realistic leaders who will unite and organize us for survival. Such men will realize and make use of the basic fact of life that is so thoroughly forgotten by the fatheads in power today.

The central fact that is being forgotten in today's insane world is force!

Liberalism and intellectualism have so blinded Western Man that the majority of us have forgotten the absolute and total primacy of force.

Every grain of sand on every beach in the world is where it is because of a force that put it there.

When superior force meets weaker force, superior force always conquers and annihilates the weaker. The liberals and mush-heads wish it were otherwise, and today's artificial world of machinery makes it appear possible to them that force can be replaced by "reason".

But this is as irrational and superstitious a bit of jungle "thought" as that of any witch doctor waving a lizard's tail over a cannibal with a broken leg.

If good men abandon and denigrate force, then bad men will take it up and beat us to death with it.

When good men lay down their club, bad men will smash them with that club sooner or later.

If I get over only one single point in this book let it be this fact: that civilization, peace, and order depend, not on "good will", but force, policemen, armies, and weapons.

Hitler put it more succinctly and more poetically than I could hope to: "The gentle Goddess of Peace can walk safely only at the side of the fierce God of War!"

Those who truly want to see a world of real order and peace, a world where men can live their lives with reasonable expectations of planning their futures and achieving goals without being shot, bombed, blown up, raped, burned, beaten to death in insurrections, eaten in the Congo, sent off to insane wars to die by the millions for nothing, and forever kept in spiritual turmoil and misery, must decide right now to work for the establishment of white unity and white mastery of the world.

There is no other alternative.

Only the White Race - always the White Race - has demonstrated, over the centuries, the ability to enforce peace and order in this world.

Ever since the British Empire abdicated, exactly as Adolf Hitler predicted, the world has plunged deeper and deeper into chaos, bloodshed, and terror.

Nothing can stop this continuing plunge, outside of an all-out drive by White Men to quit arguing about petty, relatively minor differences among them, unite as a Master Race, and enforce peace and order.

The whole world is in a state of riot, much like that in our cities.

The only way to restore order in a riot is with force: instant, sure, and dramatic force, applied with intelligence and as much justice as possible - but, above all, force.

That word, "force," has been made a dirty word, today, by the Jews and their suckers who dream of peace through wormy weakness.

What used to be called our War Department, for instance, has been renamed the "Defense Department" - a subtle and apparently minor change, but a psychological retreat of enormous significance. This psychology of retreat and "defense" has robbed us of Nature's primary gift to all her creatures, the will to fight to live and protect one's own.

The whole White Race has been poisoned with this subtle defeatism and weakness.

The White Race was once the policeman of the world, and the world was orderly. Compared to the bloody upheavals of today, it was also relatively peaceful.

Unless the White Race can find the leadership, the wisdom, and the will once again to police the world, the planet will continue in the grip of increasing chaos and terror, until the jungle reclaims the survivors hiding in caves and holes like frightened beasts.

Only a united White Race, supremely conscious of its natural destiny, a destiny bequeathed it in the gift of superior birth, as a master race, a noble race able to create the wonders of Western Culture - only such a united race can muster the will and the strength to restore order to a world in the process of suicide and disintegration.

And yet, faced by the most hideous threat of all times, outnumbered ten to one, we find ourselves disorganized, demoralized, wallowing in defeatism, crawling at the feet of our own destroyers, and losing strength every moment. It is easy to fall prey to despair.

But there is another element in this cosmic crap game which must be taken into account if we are to make a correct judgment about the survival of our people and culture is the fact of the Jewish-Negroid-Mongoloid threat.

That element is timing - or, if you will, destiny.

The mighty White Race is brainwashed, filled with suicidal self-hatred, crazy about its deadly enemies, trivialized, doped up on drugs and lies, and apparently rushing headlong toward oblivion.

But the strength of the blood is still there, as we have shown in every war where the Jews have "turned us loose".

Whenever as in World War II, the Jews wish us to be our ancient, ferocious, mighty selves, able to smash anything in our way: whenever they allow Natural Law to return to us, even in a temporary and wrong way, our people show themselves still heroes and fighters, not decadent weaklings, or in any way like the people of a dying culture.

The rumors of our death, to quote Mark Twain, are "greatly exaggerated".

They are appearances only.

Let only a strong leader appear, let our people once see the real nature of their Jewish and colored "friends" (as is already beginning to happen), and the blood of our Viking ancestors will well up in a berserker rage which will sweep away the miasma of Jewish and colored poison gas from our lives as a lion sends a pack of vultures flapping with one lunge.

It is not yet our "time" to die.

Destiny has a way of doing her will in spite of all human efforts to foil her, both when she is creating and when she is destroying.

Destiny brought forth the greatness of Rome when it was time. And, when it was time, she cast it aside and made a way for the mightier Barbarians, sweeping down from the cool northern forests.

Destiny brought forth the British Empire, when it was time. And, after centuries of rule, Destiny withdrew her blessing and the British Empire died - when it was time.

Destiny is even now, in America, conceiving the new imperium of our time, the White Imperium - the unification of the White Race and its conscious racial mastery of the Globe.

In spite of all signs of death and disease, deep within the vitals of our race is growing the embryo of that unity and that White Imperium which will last for its thousands of years, and destroy all which stands in its way.

Destiny simply will not be thwarted or swindled, even by such master swindlers as the Jews. The Jews have let the colored genie out of the bottle, armed him, agitated him, directed him to "sic" the White world, and set him galloping on a mission that the Jew hopes will turn the world over to the Chosen Ones.

But the latest moves of the African and Asian hordes remind me of that dramatic paragraph - one of the most dramatic in all of English literature - written by Somerset Maugham, which conveys my meaning as no other exposition could:

DEATH SPEAKS:

There was a merchant in Baghdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said "Master just now when I was in the market place I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me She looked at me and made a threatening gesture: now, lend me your horse and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me."

The merchant lent him his horse, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the market place and he saw me standing in the crowd and came to me and said, "Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning?" "That was not a threatening gesture" I said, "It was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Baghdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra."

Today, the colored untermenschen of the world, the scum, the beggars, cannibals, untouchables, and all that sorry swarm let loose by the Jews are riding hard upon their horses, charging at full speed, Spurring their mounts to furious gallops, racing faster and faster and faster to Samarra.

Chapter 14 - WHITE REVOLUTION

WHITE REVOLUTION

Before going further, let's briefly review what we've already covered in the first twelve chapters of WHITE POWER, I have presented the thesis that:

Western society is sick, rotten, and dying but most of its citizens don't seem to care. (Chapter 1- "Death Rattle")

Our people, especially our youth, are spiritually lost -empty. (Chapter II - "Spiritual Syphilis")

This sick, rotten, spiritually empty state of our people is not natural degeneration but the result of the efforts of a gang of "liberal" liars - the "chart forgers." The purpose of these lying chart forgers is to pile up Western Civilization on the rocks, so that, like the old-time ship wreckers, they can loot and enslave our people. (Chapter - "Chart Forgers")

To hurry our "ship of state" onto the rocks, the ship wreckers have installed as our "captains" nothing but crooks and traitors working with the ship wreckers (Chapter IV "Crooked Captains")

The chart forgers and ship wreckers are led by a breed of people called "Jews." (Chapter V- "The Ship Wreckers")

The Jewish breed is leading the ship wreckers, crooked captains, and chart forgers in a conspiracy to smash Western Civilization and the White Race because they are mentally ill, they suffer from mass Paranoia; they believe they are "God's Chosen People" and always innocent "scapegoats," the classic symptoms of paranoia. They have developed these crazy ideas into a "religion" because they are basically parasites that will not work and must get a living off other people, like tapeworms. Healthy societies always purge these human tapeworms out. Jews can live only in an unhealthy society, just as tapeworms can live only in an unhealthy and unclean body. Jews, therefore, foster every kind of degeneracy and chaos so that they can suck the blood of an unhealthy people.

(Chapter VI "Close Look at the Crooks")

There are two segments of this world Jewish conspiracy, both aiming at world conquest and both using the strategy "divide and conquer." One segment, the "friends of the captain," is Zionist and capitalist. They promote the world Jewish conspiracy by gathering up gold by fake speculation and unfair merchandising, then using the gold to buy up newspapers and other media with which to brainwash the people. They also exaggerate upper-class arrogance and wealth, thus promoting class war. (Chapter VII-"Friends of the Captain")

The other segment of world Jewry operates as "friends of the crew." They preach violent class war from below:

Communism - mutiny. The Communist Jews believe they can thus fulfill the ancient Jewish prophecies of world domination by the bloody violence of world revolution. They need endless masses of easily manipulated humanity. So the Jews promote first the breeding of the huge colored swarms and then their incitement to a Marxist mutiny against the elite White minority. (Chapter VIII-"Friends of the Crew")

To destroy the hated Whites and thus advance their violent world revolution, the Jews promote the endless breeding, arming, and organizing of the colored world. They move hordes of Blacks into urban areas, forcing them into competition with Whites, and then, when the Blacks fail, the Jews convince them that they are being "oppressed." This produces riots and finally armed rebellion both in America and elsewhere. As a result of this Jewish promotion of colored breeding, the colored birthrate is skyrocketing while the best of the Whites are killing each other off in fratricidal wars and by birth control. The end will be world racial warfare, in which the swarming colored races will be pitted against the minority of Whites for survival. Either the colored swarms, led and inflamed by the Jews, will overwhelm the White minority and inherit a ruined world, or we will smash them. It's "them or us," (Chapter IX "Black Plague")

The Negro masses are biologically inferior and easily manipulated. But the Jews can't as easily manipulate White men, so they are doing everything possible to destroy the idea that there is any such thing as "race," with the intention of breeding the White man (especially the Nordic) out of existence, (Chapter X,. "The Facts of Race")

Ahead lies all-out world race-war, with Blacks mutinying in the armed forces, with the Whites paralyzed by "love" and integration propaganda, with the fearful weapons of modern White technology falling into the hands of Black terrorists and being used against their White creators to create a Marxist-mongrel-Jewish U.N.-dominated America. (Chapter XI "Nightmare")

In the face of this hideous threat, the only White response has been fifty years of failure, because our side has insisted on "fighting" only in the Jewish-built conservative "Playpen," never mentioning the Jewish enemy, and never fighting on the only grounds which can unite our squabbling side ~ RACE. Conservatives have been suckered into fifty years of fighting on the Jews' favorite grounds - economic manipulations. "Conservatives" drive our own masses away from us by preaching economic "royalism," just as the Jews want. In spite of this conservative stupidity, the healthy racial instincts of our working people have been leading them steadily to the right, until a substantial portion are now following Wallace. But even Wallace accommodates the Jews by denying race, and by cooperating with the devilish Jewish enemy. No leader, even Wallace, who stays in the Jewish playpen, can hope to win. Only a leader who tells the revolutionary truth - all of it - can win. And that includes the fact that Adolf Hitler fought the Alamo of our White Race and that the enemy is JEWISH and NEGRO. (Chapter XII - "Fifty Years of Failure")

Instead of such honesty, however, the conservative movement is used and manipulated by Jews who pose as our "leaders."

Those who have followed these facts and arguments must now be asking themselves (as I

once did) "What does it all mean? What are we to do? Can we win? And, if so, how?"

The purpose of this chapter is to show the reader that there is a historically proven method of smashing these arrogant Red Jews and their colored troops. Hitler did it - which is precisely why they hate him and revile his name and anything connected with him so bitterly.

Germany found itself in exactly the same revolutionary mess we now face.

We have been forced into a crazy Vietnam War that we aren't allowed to win. Mobs here at home are sabotaging the kids out there fighting. They even attack troop trains and ammunition ships and get away with it.

German troops, fighting at the front in World War I, found themselves sabotaged from the rear by a Jewish-Marxist revolution, just as we have here now. Jews caused a vast ammunition strike, so the troops had nothing to shoot, and stirred up a mutiny in the German Navy at Kiel.

Here in America, Jews and their allies promote draft-dodging, give aid and comfort to the enemy, and promote outright rebellion among Negroes, who shout "Hell no, we won't go!"

We find Jewish scum hanging up the Viet Cong (Communist) flag in our streets and burning our American flag.

In the states of Bavaria, Hesse, and Saxony, in Germany, the Reds seized governments. They hung up their hammer-and sickle rags and dragged the German flag in the mud.

In Germany, the Jews had used the methods of capitalism to gather up almost all the wealth, to become almost all the professors, almost all the lawyers, almost all the doctors, and to push Germans out of the professions. Jews dominated Germany through the press, the professions, and the power of money.

Here in America, we have the same thing happening, with the percentage of Jews in high positions going up, and, Jews quietly dominating America through control of the press, professions, and money.

While rich German Jews were seizing all the top professional jobs, the Communist-Jew labor agitators were turning millions of German working men into enemies of their own people - into rabid, violent Communists, just as Jews are doing to many U.S. laboring men, through rotten, Red unions.

The Jews in Germany, like typical parasites, devoured the wealth of the nation so greedily they wrecked the economy and ruined the currency, bringing on catastrophic inflation.

We have precisely the same thing going on here, with only the degree of crisis not yet the same as it was in Germany.

But all-out inflation is just ahead.

The Jews in Germany had almost total control of the press and all other media for reaching the minds and hearts of the people and were using this power to sow degeneracy, chaos, and mindless hedonism among the Germany people.

Is it any different here in America, today?

The Jews in Germany, with their Communist lies and propaganda, had incited and inflamed millions of Germans to hatred of their fellow Germans. Without understanding what was causing their poverty and misery, they filled the German streets with violent, rioting mobs.

Is it any different here in America, today?

The Jews in Germany, before World War II, were pushing homosexuality, loose morals, filthy "literature," crazy "dances" fresh from the African jungles, insane "art," Marxist "music," and self-indulgence for youth.

Is it any different here in America, today?

NO!

The Jews wrecked Germany.

They have almost wrecked America.

In Germany, at the last minute, from out of the soul of the German people came forth a man with the spiritual power and leadership to reassert the supremacy of the German majority, restore German honor, and build a healthy, wholesome society.

A simple German corporal arose and gathered about him brave comrades who would rather die than watch their people smashed and enslaved by Jews. Adolf Hitler launched a gigantic renaissance of the people that astonished the whole world!

Hitler used the eternal laws of revolution and counter-revolution to smash illegal Jewish power and reassert the legitimate power of the majority of the German people.

The reason our side in America has done nothing but retreat in such a disgusting and cowardly manner for fifty years is that, so far, nobody on our side has ever applied these eternal laws of REVOLUTION, POWER, and MASS POLITICS to our problem

Our side has been too powerful and wealthy for too long to be able to feel any real possibility of defeat and death. Our side has been playing kid games of economic conservatism, while the enemy - professional revolutionaries almost to a man - has been systematically destroying our power, our wealth, and our ability to resist. Every day, every year, we get weaker and they get

stronger.

The continued existence of Western Civilization and the White Race depends on whether enough Americans are sufficiently concerned about imminent catastrophe to do something professional and revolutionary about it - rather than continue to play the easy, kosher-conservative, play pen games of the last fifty years.

We are facing a REVOLUTION, and a bloody one at that.

"States' rights," "conservatism," "Wallace-ism," and even the Klan are only crumbling Maginot lines, walls which may delay the brutal advance of the enemy a bit, but which will never stop him. ONLY AN ATTACK CAN DO THESE THINGS and no half-hearted, Vietnam-style "attack," either, but the old-fashioned kind in which our purpose is simple and direct: to ANNIHILATE the enemy - to smash him, beat him down and exterminate him, until he is no longer a threat.

The reason our people are unable to see the urgent, desperate need for a revolution, instead of the silly, conservative shilly-shallying in the Jewish playpen, is that almost all of our people, on both sides, left and right, have fallen victims to Jewish propaganda against "extremism" and radicalism.

The attack upon us is called, even by the enemy, a "Black Revolution." It is Communist. It is lawless. IT IS RADICAL, VIOLENT AND BLOODY!

The only defense that even has a prayer of succeeding must be equally radical.

When somebody is shooting at you, only counter fire can succeed.

Anyone might be pardoned for believing for a few minutes, or even an hour or so, that he might be able to talk his way out of a gun fight. But when the shooting goes on and on, gets more and more bloody, and the enemy openly proclaims his intention of wiping you out, as the Blacks are doing, it is madness and suicide to keep depending on the easy, "nice," "moderate", conservative" methods of survival.

The way you "shoot back" in a revolution is with a revolution of your own.

THEY HAVE STARTED A BLACK REVOLUTION. ONLY A WHITE REVOLUTION CAN STOP IT!

And that's what this book's all about.

Over the past twenty years, I have run the course from "Republican," to "hard-shell Republican" to "anti-Communist" to "McCarthyite" to "Birch-type Conservative" to sneaky Nazi! ---and finally to all out National Socialist---Hitlerite!

I have become a revolutionary as dedicated to professional, hard-boiled, White Man's, anti-Communist revolution as any Communist is dedicated to his bloody revolution.

And a White Man's, anti-Communist revolution to succeed, must be something more than just against the other side.

It must be a revolution for something so grand and noble that a man can give his life heroically fighting for it.

Men will talk about almost anything.

Men will fight for very few things.

And men will fight to the death for only the most basic of motives. They will fight heroically (that is, with supreme self-sacrifice - which is what "heroism" means) only for idealistic aims they hold greater and more holy than their own personal survival.

Only when you can make a man feel, deep in his heart, that survival of his loved ones, his honor, or his whole people are in deadly danger, will he risk his life to do battle against overwhelming odds, where his own personal survival is unlikely.

The Jews are filled to overflowing with this "family" feeling, so that they not only stick together, as is well known, but they sacrifice and give for each other too, as the records of any Jewish fund appeal will show, and the rush of Jews even to fight for their precious Israel shows this even more. Pointedly. it is this fanatic "family feeling" which makes the Jews such a power in this world.

The Blacks, today, have also been filled by Jewish agitation with this same feeling of fighting for their family, for "their own," to the point where they go out by the thousands and face beatings, fire hoses, jails, and even death to advance the revolution of their "soul brother's."

But America's anti-Communist leadership, so far, is so hung up on money, security, comfort, luxury, and Sunday evening, tea-sipping anti-Communism that nobody will sacrifice much for such disgusting materialism, let alone give his life heroically for such cowardly "leaders."

The masses of working people, especially, are not only not won over to fight for their own side by the "Bloomers" Buckley, "Rabbit" Welch, "Fatty" Hargis, and "Dry Goods" Goldwater economic approaches, but, as we have shown in "Fifty Years of Failure," the masses are positively repelled and disgusted by this selfish money-madness of the would-be, anti-Communist "leadership."

To fire up our people to fight the flaming counter-revolution we must launch at the Jewish and Negro enemy, we must give our people an overwhelming sense of family-an urgent, self-sacrificing, idealistic drive to draw together and fight for "our own." "Wallace-ism" is the next-to-last step toward that goal.

But Wallace-ism must fail, as have all the other half measures, because it lacks the guts and honesty to give the masses that powerful, OPEN feeling of "family," without which it is just one more (even if temporarily more successful) effort to sneak up on the Jewish enemies without

naming them, and even by cooperating with them.

The fuel, which feeds the fires behind Wallace-ism is racism, the very feeling of family of which I have written.

But Wallace endlessly repeats, "I am not a racist; racism is evil!"

The people don't believe him of course. The enthusiasm he generates is racial family feeling - not political. Wallace is the best racial symbol of our White Family that has been allowed by the Jews (through compromise) to rise as a national and somewhat respectable figure.

But that very compromise by which Wallace has achieved some "respectability" will eventually give the Jews the power to destroy Wallace (and destroy him they will) -just as they have crushed all the other compromisers for 50 years.

It is not the compromisers and respectable "nice guys" who have the power to inflame and lead the masses of people in times of bloody revolution, but the wild, rabid, flaming extremists-- the Patrick Henrys, the Lenins, the Garibaldis, the Kenyattas-and the Hitlers-the men most hated and cursed by whatever power they are fighting. (Let me make it clear that I am not implying that these men are anything alike. My point is that each of them succeeded against a starting lineup of dozens of other would-be leaders only because they were the most EXTREME.)

Lenin won in Russia, over the more moderate Mensheviks, precisely because he was exiled and jailed as the most violent and extreme among all the competing leaders.

Jomo Kenyatta, the Mau-Mau leader, won power in Kenya precisely because he was tossed in jail as the most violent, radical, and bloody cannibal leader.

Here in America, Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown are inevitably winning the hearts of the Black masses precisely because they are the most violent, radical and extreme Black leaders and will probably go to jail, which will help make them all the more the leaders of the Blacks.

On an absolutely different plane, Adolf Hitler won the hearts of the German people, and won power precisely because he, too, was thrown in jail as the most extreme, most radical and uncompromising of all the competing "nationalist" leaders.

These ultimate leaders of revolution are always hated and cursed by the compromisers and cowards on their own side because the cowards and compromisers are desperately eager to avoid the bloody terrorism of the enemy. So the compromisers try to win the enemy's temporary favor by blasting away at the genuine revolutionaries who alone can win what these parlor revolutionaries pretend to fight for.

Thus, we find almost every anti-Communist leader in America, from Buckley to Welch, slyly spreading the lie that I am working for the Jews and Communists by "provoking" the enemy. Sure I provoke the enemy, just as a soldier provokes the enemy-by shooting at him! The

compromisers and kosher conservatives hope that by blasting me viciously enough, they will win the trust and love of their Jewish pals (although every major Jewish organization and leader in America is viciously blasting away at Welch, Buckley, Hargis and the rest of the "my-best-friends are Jews" bunch).

How can you fight-and win-without provoking the enemy?

Deep in their hearts, the masses of people - and many of the leaders---already feel that the Jewish, Negro, and Communist problem has gone far, far past the point where we can talk the enemy out of power. The ordinary workingman knows the enemy has forced us into a FIGHT to survive and keep what we have built, when he sees what the Blacks are doing in America.

If our people are to have any hope of eventual victory, we must have a hard-core revolutionary cadre organized and ready to assume leadership when Wallace-ism, the last hope of the compromisers folds up.

To organize and train that hard-core cadre of revolutionary White leaders is and has been my naked purpose in building the American Nazi Party.

When the Communists had had enough of Kerensky's hanky-panky, Lenin was able to grab power, even though he had to come from far behind in the leadership race, because he stuck resolutely to the hard, tough, no-compromise line, and was ready when the time was ripe, in spite of all jails and persecutions

When the Germans had had enough hanky-panky with Von Papen, Bruning, et al., Hitler was able to win power, even though he had to come from far behind in the leader-ship race, because he stuck resolutely to the hard, tough, no-compromise line and was ready when the time was ripe, in spite of jails and persecutions.

When the wild Blacks in Kenya had had enough of the hanky-panky of the "moderate", pro-British Black leaders, Jomo Kenyatta was able to come from behind in the leadership race, because he stuck resolutely to the hard, tough no-compromise line and was ready when the time was ripe in spite of the fact that he was doing a long jail sentence then.

No matter how we suffer and go to jail, starve, and are cursed by our own side today, I know with historical certainty that the Nazi party will have the strength to come from far behind when the time is ripe and our people are finally disgusted with the endless compromisers, from Welch to Wallace.

When they want to fight, when they are ready to sacrifice anything rather than bow to Negroes and Jews one more day, nothing can stop us. For we shall have behind us the mightiest force on this planet: millions and millions of fighting-mad White men, filled with that holy and revolutionary sense of family which has proven unconquerable down through the ages.

The situation, with the revolutionary, bloody Blacks forcing the calling out of the army in Detroit even as I write these words, has now gone past the point where a Wallace can deal with it on a "states' rights" basis. Already, it is clear that it will take a massive and unified federal

effort to restore order and sanity.

When our people have had enough Black Revolution and conservative cowardice, then we will be ready to smash the enemy with WHITE REVOLUTION.

Chapter 15 - NATIONAL SOCIALISM

NATIONAL SOCIALISM

So far, this book has been mostly critical.

Now it is time to present constructive plans for building and creating.

I have put a year of research and hundreds of pages of writing into the effort to help the reader see and understand that Western Civilization is within a very few years of the end reached by Roman civilization-oblivion-and that he, personally, will suffer the fate of millions who have already fallen into the hands of the Jewish mortal enemies of Western Civilization--enslavement or, more likely, murder-unless we can find the will and the wisdom, somehow, to stop running away from the enemy and attack him with a White revolution!

Just how do you go about creating a revolution?

Are we all to grow beards, rush into the streets and begin shouting, waving our arms, throwing bombs, and otherwise acting the part of stereotype "revolutionaries"? NO! Of course not.

Our revolution has been all laid out for us.

Hitler inspired, organized, and pulled off a relatively peaceful revolution, a revolution which took far fewer lives than the American Revolution, and an insignificant number of lives compared to any ever pulled off by the Jewish Bolsheviks.

Not only that, but Hitler's revolution, as he promised in Mein Kampf, was 100% "legal"-legitimate---the formally expressed will of the majority of the German people, sanctioned by both the top executive officer of Germany, von Hindenburg, and by the German "congress", the Reichstag.¹ Hitler had many opportunities to seize power by force and could have done it easily in 1931. But Hitler believed that a revolution against the will of the people, a revolution that gains power only by force, cannot long endure.

Hitler, as I do, believed that a leader is an enemy of civilization unless he has the will of his people behind him.

How, then, can I be calling for "revolution"? How can I write of "killing and being killed"?

Is not the very essence of revolution violence?

Not necessarily.

There may be an element of violence, yes. When you are attacked by a killer and faced with

the choice of death or dealing death yourself, then violence is the only possibility. And Western Civilization is indeed under attack by an enemy who regularly, as a matter of policy, kills and massacres more ruthlessly than any other group in history.

So we must be violent enough to put a stop to the Communist enemy's killing and ruthless enough to smash his power.

1 In 1923, when the Reds threatened to seize power in Bavaria, the Nationalists, the conservatives, and General Ludendorff asked Hitler to lead a "Putsch"-a revolt-in Munich. Then the weakling leaders double-crossed him at the last moment. The "Putsch" was crushed and Hitler was sent to prison. But this was not a revolution against the will of the people, as events proved later. But the essence of a real revolution is never JUST the bloodshed and upheaval. In a genuine and lasting revolution, violence and killing are only one expedient means to the end of a radical change in over-all spiritual outlook-the outward manifestation of a supreme human will to establish a new arrangement of physical affairs to conform with an inner ideal.

The authority exercised by most of those in power today is unadulterated tyranny, though it is hypocritically disguised as "democracy". It is not the benevolent, intelligent authority to maintain order and justice established by the Founding Fathers for the benefit of White men.

Our revolution must be based firmly on the ideal of destroying the illegal power of tyrants, and restoring a just social order that is based on a firm authority that comes straight from our people, and is freely granted to a leader.

That, believe it or not, is precisely what Adolph Hitler did for Germany, and what we must do for America.

Our revolution, in short, must have as its driving force and goal, not merely the hatred and destruction of the enemy, but it must be imbued with an absolute determination to establish a just social order in which each man can achieve his maximum potential as a successful, happy, and productive part of our great White Race.

What is such a just order of society?

There is no need for this understanding of the scientific principles of successful group living among those in healthy societies where natural instincts are unimpaired. Animals, for instance, have orderly, successful "societies" because Nature gives every social creature all the instincts he needs for successful group living.

Wolves, ants, bees-and apes- for instance, have highly organized and thoroughly healthy, orderly societies.

Early men had healthy societies. Then man's growing control over Nature allowed him to escape his natural environment, surround himself with artificialities and luxury until he became decadent and full of arrogant conceit-a conceit that is today called "liberalism".

Only by going back to the simpler and more primitive life-situation of the unthinking and uncivilized animal world, and observing the workings of the instincts given them by the Creator, can we catch a glimpse of the wonders of what has also been given us-and which we have thrown away.

Nature has created "breeds" with which she can experiment and seek always better breeds, just as does a good farmer. The Creator, being an infinitely wiser farmer than any human, absolutely insists on the purity, the sanctity-the BIOLOGICAL INTEGRITY of each group.

But Nature, like a farmer breeding cows, can improve the breed only by fostering the breeding of the better type, and eliminating the poorer type. Nature accomplishes this task with the most powerful instincts we are given: LOVE of our own, and HATRED of those who intrude-or "outsiders".

These two instincts are equally important: Love is not "good" while hate is "evil"-which is the canard so dearly loved by the Jews, liberals, hippies, queers, and half-wits.

Love is indeed incredibly powerful, and good, when it is NATURAL.

LOVE, the natural, healthy kind, is indeed what makes the world go round, and is the most beautiful, holy miracle we ever see here on this earth.

BUT WITHOUT A DEADLY HATE OF THAT WHICH THREATENS WHAT WE LOVE, LOVE IS AN EMPTY WORD, A CATCHWORD FOR HIPPIES, QUEERS, AND COWARDS.

I should like to write much more of this particular law of social living, because, as we shall see, BIOLOGICAL INTEGRITY is the essence, the be-all and end-all of National Socialism when applied to Aryan society-and, indeed, of every healthy human society which has ever existed.

But there simply is not space in this work for the book that could be written on this subject alone. I can only sum up by saying that the first law of all group living by social creatures is BIOLOGICAL INTEGRITY; absolute, total and uncompromising loyalty to one's own racial group based on a consuming love, and absolute, uncompromising hatred of any outsiders who intrude and threaten to mix their genes with those of the females of one's own group.

The everyday way this law is manifested is love of one's own kind, and hatred of aggressive intruders (which is why most healthy Whites have such instinctive abhorrence of "niggers", Jews, and other "aliens").

The second most important law is the law of TERRITORY.

For example, ten or twenty males of the tiny tropical fish called "swordtails" will each stake out a section of a tank as soon as they are placed in it, and they will attack any intrusion by another male.

If females are introduced into the tank, the males will fight over them, as expected. But the

surprise to science was that sex is not the strongest motive in the life of these little fish.

If you start cooling the water in their tank, you can reach a point where the water is so cold the males no longer give much of a damn when you introduce the females. When the water gets so cold as almost to kill the little fish, they pay no attention at all to the females. But even when they are on the point of almost freezing to death, they will still come out ferociously to defend their TERRITORY-their private property!

National Socialism is based, among other things, on this concept of private property. The law of TERRITORY comes out as "Nationalism" and private property in human society.

Throughout the animal kingdom, the leader is never chosen by vote, but always by the natural selection established by Nature as the only sure method of insuring that the group is led by the best-combat. This I have called the law of LEADERSHIP.

Once each member of an animal society learns his or her place in the natural biological order of toughness, wisdom, and cleverness, each member settles down into his own niche and the group is relatively peaceful and orderly. Only when young males begin to mature and have to fight their way up or down the ladder is there serious battles. And then, as soon as each male learns who he can whip, and who can whip him, he settles down and lives peacefully and contentedly in that place he has found for himself.

Thus is established two more of the fundamental principles or laws of all group living - LEADERSHIP by the best, and a natural hierarchy or scale of leadership of all the other members of the group - STATUS.

Finally, a study of the animal world establishes that females stay out of the affairs of males, and specialize in producing and rearing the young by organizing healthy families. To summarize: There are five basic laws of all group living, which I have called "THE LAWS OF THE TRIBE";

(1) The law of BIOLOGICAL INTEGRITY (love inside, hate outside);

(2) The law of TERRITORY (private property);

(3) The law of LEADERSHIP (by the best);

(4) The law of STATUS (or the natural place of every individual in a group); and

(5) MOTHERHOOD for females.

With these natural principles in operation, as they are throughout the whole world of social animals, there is a relative peace and order in the group.

It is only when the group somehow is forced into unnatural conditions that the God-given

instincts to obey these iron laws of Nature fail.

In evaluating all this in your own mind, think of the apparently "crazy" pattern of juvenile delinquency. We have the sons and daughters of some of the most "advantaged" and wealthy people suddenly seeming to go mad, beating up old folks, tearing things up senselessly, taking poisonous drugs, and becoming arrogant, anti-social criminals. At the same time, we find the children of some of the poorest groups in our society producing almost no delinquents at all.

Until very recently, for instance, young Chinese were never delinquents (and they still have a far lower delinquency rate than other groups) The young of tightly knit, even though very poor, groups are often untouched by the modern madness of juvenile delinquency.

Why is this? Why should a wealthy young boy or girl become a thief, a vandal, and be violently anti-social in spite of all conceivable advantages, while the children of some of the poorest people in America are well-adjusted and constructive?

The answer is that children who are brought up in a group which has managed to maintain some semblance of the laws of natural group living (the "Laws of the Tribe"), who feel that they are loyal members of a group, a "tribe", that they "belong" to something or somebody worthwhile, and who therefore have a sense of the five basic laws of all group living, are not frustrated, not lost and not empty.

The Jews, with their spreading of liberalism and Communism, have consciously and scientifically gone about the process of wiping from the souls of our people all memory of the sacred 'Laws of the Tribe", which, alone, can make a group of humanity healthy, happy and peaceful.

No human being can live in peace and productive happiness OUTSIDE of some kind of "TRIBE" to which he is SUPREMELY LOYAL and which in turn SUPPORTS HIM SPIRITUALLY.

The Jews have spread the unspeakably destructive idea of "universalism", "one-world-ism"-one mob of raceless, stateless, and atomized individuals-as the supreme idea of mankind. Even the conservatives have been suckered into paying lip-service to this same unnatural, fragmented, super-individualistic, JEWISH disease of society.

We are told by the Jews that the Law of BIOLOGICAL INTEGRITY (love inside, hate outside) is "racism"-the "ultimate evil" of all time! We are told that if we do not love Yellow men, Black men-and especially Jews-as much as our own people, then we are vicious, perverted, and doomed-we are "racists". Millions of pitiful White suckers believe that Jewish lie!

We are told that the Law of TERRITORY (private property) is an UN-natural greed, and that decent men must wish to share everything and have no desire for their own private property. They call this "Marxist socialism", "Communism", and various other names indicating a concern for "society" and "community"-but all of them striking at the heart of the most powerful and only motivation in living creatures to build, create, and produce. More millions believe these Jew liars.

We are told by the Jews that the Law of LEADERSHIP (rule of the best) is "dictatorship" and that we must strive for "democracy" (rule by mobs) : Millions of White Aryans have been suckered into believing this siren song of "democracy", until mobs of human garbage are now terrorizing our whole nation.

We are told by the Jews that the Law of STATUS (the establishment of the natural order of ability of each person in his right place) is "class exploitation" and that the natural leaders of society-those who have been successful- must be smashed and murdered by those who have not. Whole nations full of good White Aryans have been suckered with this vile Jewish method of dividing and conquering our people through class warfare.

Finally, we are told by these ever-loving Jews that the specialization of women in child-rearing is a beastly enslavement of our females, that women are intended to be judges, locomotive engineers, army officers, and business executives. The result, of course, is the growing destruction of that sacred and beautiful institution of all healthy civilizations, motherhood, and with it the home and family. Our entire Western world has fallen for this "democratic" Jewish swindle, which has made women the most pitiful victims of the Jewish disease. Millions of "modern" women are hopelessly lost, frustrated and utterly miserable, even while they are squawking about more "rights" through loudspeakers and marching around in hell-raising, militant, political organizations. Meanwhile, millions of families are without warm, wonderful mothers, and homes are becoming more like luxurious jails than the miracles of love and warmth that were the homes of a century ago.

Have you ever wondered why so many juvenile delinquents congregate in gangs? For years, like most people, I presumed this was an unnatural perversity in "bad" boys, because I was brought up in a sort of bourgeois "cocoon", knowing little of the brutal realities of life.

But once one understands the laws of social living for all creatures-the human need to live by the "Laws of the Tribe"-"gang" becomes more understandable. It shows our kids, at least, still have healthy instincts, even though the outward manifestation of these instincts is vicious and antisocial as a result of the unnatural conditions imposed on the kids by their utterly unhealthy urban environment.

Observe that gang's very first characteristic is "exclusiveness". They fanatically "stick together". Attack one, and they all attack you. Mess with one of the gang's females, and you are dead. They are passionately loyal to each other. And they hate outsiders and attackers even more passionately.

They have reasserted Nature's holy laws of BIOLOGICAL INTEGRITY, of group loyalty, although they know not why.

Observe that the next thing a gang does is to stake out a "turf"-a territory. Woe unto him who violates that "turf"-infringes upon the "private property" of the gang! Could anything more obviously exemplify the law of TERRITORY?

The gang is never led by "democratic" elections, but by the toughest, the best (by the gang's

standards). Here is a classic example of the law of LEADERSHIP.

Observe how each of a gang's members is acutely aware of his own exact place in the gang—who is above him, and who below. Let anybody try to move up on him, and he gets smashed. Let him try to move up a notch, and the guy above will smash him. Here is the law of STATUS—just as in Nature.

And finally, observe the females of a gang. Do they give any orders to the leader? No! Do they race around and demand "rights"? Hell no! They act in the manner of females in all the rest of the animal world and do not try to act like males. They glory in their roles as females, as "belonging" to and proudly helping a powerful male. And this is precisely the role of females in wholesome and happy societies.

(It is interesting to note that the Jewish Freudian psychiatrist fakers are being forced to return to the laws of the group, the laws of the tribe—to effect "cures" of drug addicts and alcoholics. They form a group and their powerful instincts of loyalty to that group can sometimes overcome lonely, individual weaknesses)

The Blacks, too, in their blind and stupid struggling are doing the same thing, instinctively forming Black loyalties, hollering "Black Power" and calling each other "soul brothers".

In spite of the most extreme poverty on the Lower East Side of New York City in the early years of Jewish immigration, even these wretched swarms of Jewish refuse from Europe stuck together with such fanatical group loyalty obeying all the "Laws of the Tribe", that there was almost no delinquency and no crime against each other among them. In fact, the group loyalty of these Jews is perhaps the most fantastic in the history of the world. It has propelled them into near mastery of the entire world—not because they are braver, work harder or more intelligent or more worthy than the rest of us—but because they observe the basic laws of Nature and maintain group loyalty. While all the rest of us have fallen for their rotten "one world", "we-are-all-brothers" garbage, which disintegrates our Society, the Jews maintain their society with a group loyalty such as history has never before seen, and thus they go from one triumph to another.

Not until Adolf Hitler, fifty years ago, began to see all this intuitively as a new world-view, the Weltanschauung of National Socialism, did non-Jews gain their first insight into the emerging science of human group-living. What we have done instinctively for centuries, and the Jews are still doing instinctively, Adolf Hitler began to see and understand intuitively.

The essence of National Socialism is racism, which, in the simplest terms, is just the belief that humans differ in excellence of breed exactly the same as all other living things, and that the White Man is so far the finest breed to appear, while the Blacks are the lowest. And, as the reader will recall, this is the very first law of Group Living, "BIOLOGICAL INTEGRITY" as I have designated it.

Contrary to the abominable lies of the Jews (and the "conservatives") private property was powerfully protected by Adolf Hitler, Krup and the other large or small property owners and businessmen never lost a cent under Hitler, nor did the German princes. (At one time, rabid

"leftists" in his party wanted to dispossess the German princes, and Hitler had to put down a mutiny in his own ranks to protect their property rights, which he did. Hitler was a nationalist, a believer in territory, private property.

Needless to point out, Hitler gave his people LEADERSHIP--not sweet-talk or demagoguery and they loved him for it. They followed him lovingly and willingly as do the members of all happy, successful, wholesome social groups.

There was peace and order among Hitler's people, because he taught that a man deserved and must get, as much respect for being a good ditch-digger (if that was the limit of his capacity to serve his People) as the man who was able to invent a new and wonderful machine, or be a Political leader.

Each person in Hitler's Germany was honored for his own place in society, provided he filled it to the best of his ability. They were not goaded eternally (as our people are by the Jews) to demand jobs only as Presidents, Chairmen of the Board, and executives when some people are not born with those particular talents.

To fail at what one could do, while raising hell and aiming for what one can't do, is to disrupt orderly and happy society, not to mention hopelessly frustrating the individual who refuses to recognize his natural place in the world.

Thus Hitler's state recognized the law of STATUS. Each man was honored for what he did loyally and with his best effort, regardless of whether he was a farmer, a warrior, a laborer, a factory worker, or whatever.

Finally, Hitler saw to it that women were restored to their ancient birthright and honored as wives, mothers and producers of happy, wholesome homes--as the authors of good people.

The lies about the Hitler-times are now so enormous and powerful that it is almost impossible to doubt them. But if you meet an honest and courageous German who lived through these great times (and he is willing to talk in spite of the terror which is abroad today for those who dare tell the truth), you will learn that the German people found out what good leadership and a natural healthy state is like, under Hitler.

To prevent that knowledge and that natural state of society from spreading (and thereby destroying the parasitic existence of Jewry) those Jewish devils provoked the rest of us to go and slaughter and smash this miracle of White Aryan renaissance.

But natural law cannot be smashed, anymore than you can "smash" the fact that two plus two equals four. You may terrorize people out of saying it and get them all parroting "two plus two is seventeen"--but two and two is still four, and there will always be someone with the guts and wisdom, sooner or later, to strike down the terrorists and liars to reassert the truth.

Already, this is happening all over the world.

The young "gangs" I have mentioned are only one sign of what is really going on. People will find their way back to the natural "Laws of the Tribe".

What Hitler gave the world, as National Socialism is, in a sense, only a modern form of the ancient, natural "tribal law", the prescription for happy and healthy group living given by the Great Spirit to all living creatures, including man.

National Socialism is nothing more or less than NATURAL ORDER (a name which would, in some ways, be more descriptive of the reality than "National Socialism"). Hitler had to design the name of his movement to succeed in a specific political situation, and was therefore forced to use names and terms which would accomplish his purposes. In Germany, there were millions and millions of Germans who thought of themselves as "socialists"-but were in the manipulating clutches of the Jews. Rather than fight any more battles than he had to, Hitler said, in effect, to these millions, "If you must be 'socialists', let us not be Jewish 'socialists' - Marxists-----let us be 'NATIONAL Socialists', meaning a national society. Let us be 'socialists' for Germany, not the Jews."

And it worked! Millions and millions of good men and women who had been seduced into Communism by the Jews were won back to their own people and the Natural Order of healthy group living by Hitler's methods.

Beyond the fundamental elements of natural order, which I have set forth above, National Socialism, embodies something far higher and nobler than any mere set of rules or principles. National Socialism, as a PHILOSOPHY, embodies the eternal urge found in all living things--indeed in all creation--toward a higher level of existence--toward perfection--toward God.

This "aristocratic" idea of National Socialism--the idea of a constant striving in all Nature toward higher and higher, more and more complex, and more and more perfect existence--is the metaphysical, supernatural aspect of our ideal.

In other words concepts of social justice and natural order are the Organs and nerves of National Socialism but its PERSONALITY, its "religious" aspect--the thing that lifts it above any strictly Political philosophy-- its worshipful attitude toward Nature and a religious love of the Great gifts of an Unknown Creator.

Christianity, for instance, is a far higher thing than its rituals, the words of its prayers or any of its creeds. It is a SPIRITUAL STRIVING toward the believer's ideals of Spiritual Perfection. National Socialism is the same sort of striving toward ever higher and higher levels here on this earth, while Christianity is striving toward a future and later life not of this earth.

For the ordinary "soldier" in our "army", building and fighting for Natural Order--National Socialism--it is sufficient that they respect and obey the laws and doctrines established by the lofty ideals of our Philosophy with merely an instinctive love of those ideals, perhaps not with complete understanding of the highest forms of our Philosophy.

But just as the greatest Christian leaders have been those not preoccupied with details and rules but rather those who were "God intoxicated" with the highest ideals of the religion, the

leaders among our National Socialist elite must share this fundamentally religious approach. For them the true meaning of our racial doctrine must be part of their idealistic "striving toward God".

Through total identification of ourselves with our great race, we partake of its past and future glories. When we contribute in any way, especially by self-sacrifice toward helping our race along the path toward a higher existence, we reach toward God-the Creator of the Master Race,

In short, while the mechanics and rules of National Socialism, as codified and set forth here, are sufficient for most of us, for the few idealists ready and willing to sacrifice their very lives in the cause of their people, National Socialism must be a very real religious ideal-a striving toward God. National Socialism is the only movement that has gained sufficient self-knowledge and insight to be able to understand this movement away from liberal artificiality and shortsightedness and toward the eternal wisdom of Nature. Our all-out belief in race, our insistence on the natural laws in society, economics and every other field of human activity are, in every case, the conscious, scientific application of Nature's iron laws, instead of conceited and short-sighted perversions of these laws, as pushed by the arrogant, peanut-brained liberals and Marxists.

Our liberal and Marxist opponents are just as blind to what they are doing. But in every case, it will be found that they are basically haters of the laws of Nature, conceited, half-educated "intellectuals" who are victims of the truisms about "a little knowledge" being "a dangerous thing". Because they have found they can teach a Congo Negro to recite poetry or even act like a lawyer or a doctor, they get all puffed up with their ability to wrench Nature around to suit themselves, and imagine they can make self-starting, Western White men out of any Hottentot. The fact that Nature has already made of the Negro what he is, and no human agency can make a "silk purse out of a sow's ear", they simply refuse to acknowledge.

National Socialism is the distilled essence of the love of and respect for Nature, and the loving, conscious, and scientific application of the eternal, just and beautiful laws of Nature to every moment of Man's existence. At the same time, National Socialism recognizes Man's need for a higher culture than that of the unthinking animals of the jungle and there raises the application of Natural law from the naked, tooth-and-fang competition of the animal world, for instance, to regulated and orderly competition, under fair rules.

Our opponents want to eliminate competition altogether-an utterly unnatural idea.

National Socialism insists that man can refine and enrich the application of the Natural Laws of life for the benefit of man, but insists also that Man cannot escape or defy Natural Law. Between the states of social health ("National Socialism" or Natural Order) and social disease (Jewish Marxism) lay the "no-man's-lands" of nothingness-the place where humans are neither dead, nor really alive.

Democracy, "liberalism", and "conservatism" are pure, unadulterated states of nothingness. They have no basic, fundamental outlook on life, no understanding, no vital force deep down inside them. They are fancy tricks with pretty words and phrases, meaning nothing at all. They

lead only to chaos and prepare the way for the Jews and their damnable, unnatural Communism.

The only way we can ever put a stop to this Jewish con game and capture the minds and hearts of our people is to restore to our people Natural Order-the Laws of the Tribe-which, alone, will give us the strength and the will to reassert the natural, biological superiority of our White Race, and thus save Western Civilization.

Destroy the cohesive forces of Natural Order in any group, and that group will become chaotic, hopeless, frustrated, lost, empty, vicious, and finally helpless before any other group that is united and obeys the Laws of the Tribe.

That's why the Blacks, in so many cases, terrify whole cities. They stick together. Hit one, and a million Blacks roar out at you. That's why police often no longer dare arrest them, even for the most outrageous offenses.

And the Jews are even more powerful among us, for the same reason. They stick together.

Adding the Laws of the Tribe to the Laws of Race which we examined earlier in Chapter IX, we can synthesize a new law of modern society; the Law of Group Dominance.

In a state of Nature, that animal or primitive human group that is biologically superior, the group composed of the best individuals, carrying the best genes and chromosomes, will dominate all inferior groups, because all groups in Nature (superior or inferior) obey the Laws of the Tribe equally.

Thus, the only factor operating competitively in the animal world is biological excellence of breeding. But scientific gadgetry, luxury and Jewish "liberalism" have so greatly destroyed the modern, civilized White Man's ability to feel and obey Nature's "Laws of the Tribe" that he has lost his group cohesiveness; he has come "unglued" as a social animal; he is fragmented and atomized into millions of isolated individuals and hundreds of thousands of selfish "pressure groups", classes, etc. This almost complete fragmentation of the great "tribe" of White men has reduced us to impotence, as a group.

The law of GROUP DOMINANCE among men is the rule that any group which fanatically adheres to the Natural Laws of the Tribe will be able to dominate any group which disobeys those laws, no matter how inferior may be the "tribe" which does obey the laws.

This is why Negroes and Jews lord it all over the White Man in the America built and owned by White men. This is why we suffer "minority" tyranny. Any organized minority of scum and human trash have power-while the great White, non-Jewish majority is a sprawling, helpless, paralyzed giant.

The goal, then, of our National Socialist revolution is the restoration of the Laws of the Tribe to our people, to enable their natural biological superiority of breeding once again to give the White Man dominion of what he built and should dominate.

This is exactly what Hitler and National Socialism did in Germany for millions and millions of fragmented, atomized people who were sunk in the depths of hopelessness and chaos.

Hitler did not win such astounding success with his people because he was a "tough guy", because he put on big, exciting rallies, because the Germans are natural "beasts", nor any of the other reasons put forth by the lying Jews and their toady liberal and conservative allies.

The reason Hitler was able to accomplish a social miracle in Germany was because Hitler intuitively understood all that I have written and restored his people to NATURAL SOCIAL ORDER.

Hitler taught his people to quit hating each other as isolated, lonely and frightened individuals, and gave them back that holy sense of nationhood, of "Tribe"; yes, of real brotherhood (not the artificial kind peddled by the Jews). (There is nothing wrong and everything right about "brotherhood" with your own people. It is when the Jews slyly and falsely try to extend "brotherhood" to pull the hood over the "brother" and try to make us "brothers" with Zulus, pygmies, Chinese, Bushmen and Jews, that "brotherhood" becomes a byword for racial catastrophe, as it has.)

Hitler gave his people the same sacrificial spirit of warm love for one's family and one's people (which is a big "family"), which unites and blesses every natural social group of creatures in creation.

As I have pointed out many times, no man can live happily, successfully, and productively as a lonely, bitter individual at war with all his fellows. Every one of us has a deep need for the warmth and love of his group, of those in his biological family of people. Modern man has lost that feeling of group warmth, loyalty and love, and the result is the chaos and spiritual emptiness we see all around us in this disintegrating Western society.

The horrors depicted in the first chapter of this book are the direct result of America's almost total disobedience of the laws of the tribe. These horrors would continue, even if all the Jews and Negroes were to disappear overnight, unless we restore to our people, as Hitler did, the NATURAL ORDER, "Laws of the Tribe".

Our revolution, therefore, is not material and physical, but a radical spiritual change in the feeling of our people:

The elimination of selfish atomism and greedy, narrow "individualism"; whether it be called "liberalism", "conservatism", or "democracy", and the restoration in the hearts of Western White men of the deeply satisfying feelings of love of our own kind. This love of one's group manifests itself in the willingness to sacrifice and give for one's family-and the larger family of one's race.

Chapter 16 - WHITE POWER

WHITE POWER

Make no mistake about it, I am advocating total and complete WHITE POWER in this world!

White men can no longer shilly-shally around with compromises and half-hearted measures to protect their own lives and interests. What we face is not a social, philosophical, economic, religious or territorial battle, but a struggle between QUALITY - the elite, but minority, White Race - against QUANTITY, the vast swarms of sub-human scum who have been gathered up under the banners of Jewish Marxism to be used as a giant battering ram against the White Race.

Our beleaguered Race will organize itself and fight for its own survival, or the scum of the earth will inundate it. If we continue to hesitate, to rationalize, and to temporize with half-hearted measures, we will be obliterated from the face of this planet. This is truly "SCUM POWER" with a vengeance - like some horrible multiplication of roaches who, if there be only enough of them, can literally smother the greatest thinker or fighter in history the scum of the world are gathering for the attack.

There are seven of them for every one of us!

The only answer to SCUM POWER must be, and is, WHITE POWER. The power of the elite of the world, the White human beings who have already proved their natural, God-given superiority over this gathering swarm of scum, must drive it back, re-establish order and culture in the world, and maintain that order the only way order has ever been maintained - BY FORCE!

Today, there is no segment of the White Race left on earth with the possibility of turning back the scum except the White Men of the United States of America.

America is the only nation, as a matter of cold fact with the PHYSICAL power to master the scum.

The center of Jewish power and money is here in New York City, U. S. A. not Moscow, and not even Jerusalem. And the American working man and farmer still has in him the good and wholesome racial instincts of our ancestors who, time after time, drove back the mongrel hordes by sheer force of guts and will.

I am well aware of the upwelling of revulsion which comes over many Europeans at the thought of the sort of "Americans" they have seen and experienced ever being able to re-establish Western Culture. And they can hardly be blamed. "American" representatives in Europe today are, for the most part, JEWS. The "American" foreign policy they have seen, which destroyed their countries, slaughtered their people, and turned half of Europe over to Communism, and which today continues to give aid and comfort to White Men's enemies while destroying their friends, was and is directed, inspired and instigated by JEWS.

In short, Europeans have seen America only through Jewish eyes - they have seen "Americans" who are not Americans at all, but Jews.

But my fellow White Men of Europe, believe me when I tell you that America is brimming over with good and brave men - men who share your blood, and who will bring honor to our race when finally they see the urgent necessity of rolling up their sleeves for an all-out fight.

But aside from that point, the eternal jealousies, rivalries, and blood feuds between segments of the White Race must be STOPPED as a matter of strategic necessity-not to be continued for the benefit of united world Jewry.

White Men of Europe: put aside, if you can, the memory of two world wars in which we joined hands with our mortal enemies to slaughter your finest young men - we too shed our blood in those unholy wars. Forgive us for being so blind - for turning the deadly power of our might against you, instead of the Jewish Communism that is now devouring us all. Forgive us for the misery and degradation we forced upon you, and join us in a last ditch fight for our race and respective nations.

THIS TIME it will be different!

THIS TIME we shall stand together as brothers against a common foe.

THIS TIME the traitors will find no White Man anywhere who will listen to their lies and fight their battles for them.

THIS TIME we shall have no mercy for those who have caused untold suffering among our people; we shall give no quarter to those who have lived among us for no purpose other than to destroy us. THIS TIME - together - WE SHALL DRIVE THE BASTARDS TO THE WALL!

How is this to be done?

Believe it or not, it is not terribly difficult. The only obstacle in our path at the moment is the unbelievable ability of our people to RATIONALIZE and TEMPORIZE in the face of deadly danger.

The horse is infinitely more powerful than a man, and could stomp him to death if he ever realized it. But he doesn't realize it, and so he goes on in harness, pulling and hauling and tied up.

The vast majority of Americans are fed up to the teeth with arrogant Jews stealing their wealth and rioting Blacks tearing up their streets, but - like the horse -they know not their strength.

Here in America, White Men outnumber alien scum by enormous margins. If ever they realize the strength their numbers represent, nothing on earth can stop them from stomping to death the filthy subversives and traitors who have been beating them, lying to them, stealing from

them, and finally turning a mob of black African savages loose on them.

Once a horse finds he CAN stomp a man and get away with it, he is an "outlaw" and nothing more can be done to make a drudge of him.

The only reason the White Men of America cannot now feel their strength, even though they are the overwhelming majority with unheard of strength, is that the Jews, through their control of our entire system of communications, have been able to keep them apart.

Most White Men IN THEIR HEARTS agree with the things I've said in this book. But they think they are alone!

The Jews have recognized the inborn sense of fair play in the White Man. They have recognized the White Man's deep-rooted desire for order, and his innate repugnance for that which upsets his order. AND THEY HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THOSE GOOD AND WHOLESOME QUALITIES - they have used the best in us to destroy us!

TV, radio, movies, books, magazines, newspapers, schools, and even our own government officials, tell us constantly and repeatedly that it isn't "nice" to believe an African ape is not our equal - albeit the facts conclusively prove our superiority in all matters pertaining to a civilized society. It isn't "nice," we're taught to believe, to want our bloodline kept pure - to want our grandchildren WHITE.

It isn't "nice" to point to the filth, immorality, crime and disease that move into a neighborhood on the heels of Black "neighbors." It isn't "nice" to want our children educated on their own level, instead of being held down to that of the stupid Black. It isn't "nice," we are told, because it isn't "fair.'

But let's turn it around.

Is it "nice" to have our women live in constant fear of being raped or murdered by a Black ape on the rampage? Is it "nice" to have our children adopting the language, attitudes and morals of sub-human scum? Is it "nice" to have our men competing with illiterates for their livelihood - and having the illiterates come out on top? Is it "nice" to tolerate taxes and inflationary prices to support the multiplication of Black scum, when it drives our mothers from the home and family into the factories? Is it "nice" to leave our children the inheritance of a world governed by alien scum?

HELL NO; IT ISN'T NICE - and it isn't fair.

You're a slave in your own country, White Man. Each year you get to keep less of the fruits of your labor; each year it gets more difficult to carry the burden the aliens have placed upon you each year the cheap labor of aliens makes your future less secure; each year you retreat a few steps more into the world of slavery.

Where will it all end? I'LL TELL YOU - it will end with the complete and total annihilation of

"Whitey."

STOP rationalizing a situation you know to be deadly serious. STOP temporizing with halfway measures in a situation that screams for decisive action. STOP using business, social etiquette, family and security as an excuse for downright cowardly behavior. If you hesitate very much longer, the fight will be over-and the White Man will have lost!

STAND UP AND FIGHT!

[BACK TO INDEX](#)

In Hoc Signo Vinces

by George Lincoln Rockwell

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. Strewn 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 corralled. 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 slobs 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 slobs 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!"*

-Lincoln Rockwell

What We Stand For: Goals And 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.

Sargant, 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 hopers, 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, Welfish -- 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 Stürmer*, 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 in your hand – National Socialist World.

Battle Song

by George Lincoln Rockwell

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.

Our sword is truth, our shield is faith and honor
In age or youth, our hearts and minds we pledge
Though we may die, 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.

The Fable Of The Ducks And Hens

by George Lincoln Rockwell

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 ...!!!

THIS TIME THE WORLD



by Commander George Lincoln Rockwell

[Preface](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[-BACK-](#)

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

Preface.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author gratefully acknowledges the inspiration he received in his political career from three great Americans:

Senator Joseph McCarthy, General Charles Lindbergh, General Douglas MacArthur. (No implication is here intended that these men are or were members of the American Nazi Party.)

In addition, not only the author, but the entire White Race and the American Republic owe an incalculable debt to three men who actually helped in the creation of the only real counter-force openly opposing the International Zionist-Bolshevik, race-mixing criminal conspiracy, The American Nazi Party:

Floyd Fleming who has risked his life and his security; my Deputy Commander, Major J.V. Kenneth Morgan, who has loyally stood by me in countless bloody battles with the terrorists; and DeWest Hooker, who first taught me to know the cunning and evil ways of the enemy.

DEDICATION TO: ADOLF HITLER!

Like spiritual giants before you -- you were cursed and driven to death by spiritual pygmies for daring to stand up for a new and vital truth. Your heroic people lie silent, bound in golden chains and torn between the two criminal gangs of Bolsheviks and Zionists.

I helped to bomb and burn millions of your brave young men. Your blue-eyed young mothers were raped and murdered by Soviet and Negro savages. The millions of little blond boys and girls you loved so well lie moldering in acres of devastation and ruin.

Millions of my fellow Americans, British, French and others of our racial comrades, all as ignorant as I once was, were slaughtered and maimed fighting for these same two filthy gangs of Zionists and Bolsheviks.

The Weltfeind cringes like the Devil at the sign of the cross. Your mighty spirit has inspired millions with the Holy Truth. From all over the earth, faintly at first, comes the sound of marching boots -- louder and louder they grow! Listen! They are singing!

"Die Fahne Hoch! Die Reihen fest geschlossen!"

Out of the mud and slime of lies, your holy red, white and black Swastika has been flung back into the skies in Virginia, United States of America, and we pledge you our lives, Adolf Hitler, that we shall not flag or fail until we have utterly destroyed the forces of Marxism and darkness.

HEIL HITLER!

"It is necessary that I should die for my people; but my spirit will rise from the grave and the world will know that I was right."

PREFACE

When one becomes as controversial as Lincoln Rockwell, writing an autobiographical book presents monumental problems which do not confront most other writers. I have already experienced a major assault on my liberty when several multi-million dollar Jewish organizations combined to dig up material as far back as my college days at Brown University in 1938, and got me committed to an insane asylum "for observation". They fondly hoped and gleefully told each other in the Jewish press that I would be permanently locked up as a lunatic. By demonstrating not only my sanity, but the rationality of my actions and ideas, I succeeded in winning over even a Jewish psychiatrist, along with many others, and in being released in only ten days, although I was ordered to the observation lock-up by the court for thirty days!

But I am not so naive that I imagine that will be the end of the matter. The same groups still have their millions and their hate-crazed fanatics who cannot answer or stop my arguments and ideas, and who must therefore stop me personally, or else be exposed and driven out for the villains they are.

They will seize on this book like starved vultures and comb it for new evidence of the insanity they must prove against me or stand convicted themselves.

Under these circumstances, it is frightening to think what they can or will try to do with the honest little confessions of human foibles and mistakes which I believe are due from an autobiographer to his readers, if the work is not to be a disgusting piece of self-adulation. I am also aware that the revelation of intimate and sometimes less-than-heroic acts of foolishness or even wickedness -acts committed by ANY human being, but usually glossed over and hidden -- will make it more difficult later on to establish the political legend about my person which will be necessary to provide the White race with the strong leadership it must have if White Western civilization is to survive.

This conscious building of a masterful father-image capable of leadership has always been vital to the masses of common people here and everywhere else.

Nevertheless, in spite of the probable use of my candid honesty by my enemies to make another attempt on my sanity, and in spite of threat to my dignity as a national leader, I intend to reveal even somewhat embarrassing episodes in my personal history which I believe are genuinely revelatory of my own nature as it shaped and was shaped by the people and events teeming around me in a chaotic world.

This book is directed more to the intellectual circles, presently drowning in oceans of Marxism which have inundated all our colleges and universities, than it is to the masses of common people, for whom the knowledge that I am an exponent of gas chambers for Jewish (and all other) Communist traitors is sufficient understanding of my philosophy. I do not overly concern myself, therefore, with the probable exploitation of my self-revealed foibles and weaknesses, because my enemies are already having a field day lying about me with far more virtuosity than they could display if they confined themselves to what I write here. The masses will not, cannot, read this book. In spite of their mental set, the intellectuals will understand it and, perhaps, admit its sincerity

and cogency. I have therefore included these "juicy" items in this first edition and will see that they disappear from view as I reach a wider circle.

But this work has another formidable difficulty because of my current notoriety as the wild and wooly monster of politics.

Every name I mention, for good or evil, with praise or with curses, becomes a target for enormous forces of which the average man knows little or nothing. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, with an annual budget of six million dollars to "protect" the Jews from attacks and to destroy "anti-Semites", will latch onto this volume with sharpened claws and tear it apart, word by word, searching for every weak point at which I, or those who are or were connected with me can be reached, pumped or attacked.

For the cost of one volume, they will get what it would take years for their paid agents to search out of dusty files, and they will get the facts herein from me which they could never get in any other way at all. The book will thus boomerang on me, not only as material to railroad me for another possible trip to the booby hatch, but as material for all sorts of painful personal attacks on myself and the people I love: my family, friends, associates and Party comrades.

But again, this must be. It is a calculated risk, just as all my other activity has been. I was aware of the possibilities when I hung up the Swastika, but did it nevertheless, as I calculated the gains would outweigh the agony and inevitable losses -- which they have done most satisfyingly. The unmistakable honesty and sincerity of this volume will, I expect, win me the virile young intellectuals I now need. And that sincerity would be impossible, were I to hide all my weaknesses or mistakes and glorify my successes.

Finally, it is utterly impossible to write the book without hurting people I love -- my family. So far in my political career, I have protected them from the kind of unfair attacks I must suffer to the best of my ability. I had no right to jeopardize them so long as my career was such an impossible and wild gamble. It is still a gamble -- but no longer wild or impossible. It is now, regardless of what wishful thinkers or the ignorant may howl, quite probable that I will achieve leadership as President of the United States in 1973, exactly as I have achieved, step-by-step, the other goals in my plans, either on time, or ahead of time. The publication of this book, in spite of the multi-million dollar forces which have been deployed against me and the book, is just one example of this predicted and enforced progress.

It is therefore inevitable that my relatives will sooner or later be exposed to the publicity and vicious attacks which are the only answer of the Jews and Communists to our logic and arguments. My relatives, my children and those who have been close to me are inescapably a part of my life, and I had rather present them to the public truthfully and with love, than have them splashed and smeared across the pages of scandal magazines.

To my family, who I am sure cannot yet understand me or my activities any more than most of the rest of the people, I can only say that I have done my best to write the book as it **MUST** be written for a cause I hold more dear than my own life, and yet spare the good people who had such a large share in making me whatever it is I am now and will be later. After three years of desperate battling for an idea and goal I believe is of paramount importance to the survival of humanity, and after two years of fighting, I believe I am not making an empty boast when I say that I will one day soon amply repay my family for whatever they are made to suffer because of persecution from those hypocrites who hate me and this book, but pretend to be lovers of intellectual freedom.

I also owe the reader a word of explanation as to my attitude toward myself.

I believe that modesty is either a virtue made utterly necessary by the fact that the possessor is indeed of only modest mental stature, or else it is disgusting hypocrisy of the most revolting kind. A truly superior mind, which can apprehend the mightiest facts and ideas in the universe -- facts which are unthinkable to the millions and billions of human beings, can surely perceive its own relationship to those depressing billions of empty heads. Such a great mind can surely realize its own altitude with regard to the worm-like minds which squirm and crawl by the billions in the mud of life. And when such a mind becomes thoroughly aware of the gift which Nature has bestowed upon it, it is an act of gross dishonor to make a mealy-mouthed pretense to be "just one of the stupid herd" in order to curry favor with the army of idiots, and be able to lower one's eyes modestly, while the forces of organized boobery extol one's genius. It is not necessary, to be sure, to go about boasting and whooping about one's gifts, but, when one has discovered and proved masterful superiority in his chosen field, I believe it is proper and honorable to be proud and conscious of that superiority, exactly as our Viking forebears were not ashamed to stand manfully forth with tales of their own prowess and courage in battle.

In exactly that sense, then, I am prepared to set forth my story, the good with the bad. I am neither afraid to admit my mistakes, nor am I afraid to lay claim to my own genius. What the world may be not yet ready to admit, I will wring from it by simple demonstration -- in combat.

Lincoln Rockwell, Commander

American Nazi Party of the World Union of National Socialists.

[-INDEX-](#)

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER I.

At first we thought the riot had been called off. It was a hot, Sunday afternoon, July third, 1960.

The week before, June 26th, the Director of the National Capital Parks of the Department of the Interior had called me and sent me, by special messenger, an official letter of urgent warning. He told us that the Department had so much information of violence and riots planned against us that he was "not sure" he could protect us with his police force. He suggested that we give up speaking or move out of town. When I firmly but respectfully refused, he asked me to withdraw the Troopers I had been keeping in the crowd to heckle the hecklers to keep the crowd from cohering into a riotous and dangerous mob.

We, too, had been receiving more than the usual amount of filthy telephoned threats that this time they would "beat the -- out of us", etc. I had therefore painted a huge sign for our speaking stand warning the crowd that "certain" groups were planning to riot in order to put an end to our speaking. I had complied with the police request that we pull our Troopers out of the crowd -- as we always obey all reasonable police requests.

But there had been no riot on the twenty-sixth. We had twenty-five of our men on hand, all behind the roped enclosure, and were more than ready for them if they burst through the ropes at us, no matter how many they were, or how tough.

They came to this rally, all right! Let no one say that the Jews are a race of nothing but sickly moneylenders and feeble clerks. There were two or three hundred big, husky, mean-looking Jews who screamed curses and milled around. Some spit at us, but they did not attack. For almost two hours I managed to outshout their heckling and completed my speech by sheer force of will and power of voice.

This week of July third, we felt the worst danger was over. We had faced their mob of hoods and bullies the week before and had left the field victorious. it seemed doubtful they would try again so soon.

The rolling mall between the U.S. Capitol and the Washington Monument was warm and brilliantly green in the hot July sunshine as our convoy of cars and trucks drove up with our Troops and equipment. The police were there in force, with their mounted men hidden behind the building, as usual; the police dogs locked in their special little van and their squad cars and patrol wagons lined up beside the Smithsonian Museum. But only a few dozen people were in front of our roped-off speaking enclosure.

I sat down under a tree to one side and watched as my lads unloaded the heavy stand from the convoy, set it up and attached the bunting and banners. A few of our fans came over and talked with me or offered me cold drinks. Everything seemed peaceful. In fact, it was too peaceful. Major Morgan, my Deputy Commander, on whom I depended as an experienced and utterly capable Storm Leader, had asked for the day off and had even come down to the scene in civvies with his pregnant wife to enjoy, for once, the case of a spectator. Only eleven of our men had been able to show up at this rally, after the all-out effort of the week before.

But now, I could sense something different, something wrong. As the crowd began to gather, the police did a strange thing: they all but disappeared. They retreated over a hundred yards beyond the crowd and there were

only one or two uniformed men anywhere within operating distance of the enclosure!

I mounted the platform when the boys were ready. Then I knew what was going on. Like a hoard of locusts, almost in military formation, over two hundred of last week's burly Jew hoodlums and toughs swarmed around our stand and began an obviously organized chant of "Sick! Sick! Sick!". This was not too surprising, but what happened next was horrifying. The Jews began to push and hang over the ropes and swing at our men, and the police retreated even farther away with folded arms!

When I say it was horrifying, I do not mean that what the Jews were doing was horrifying. We expected them to try to kill us, if they thought they could and we were prepared to teach them the error of this method. But it must be remembered that to survive, we have to bend over backward to be legal. The minute the Jews can show that we have violated the law or even appear to have violated the law, they can bring more than enough pressure to have us stowed away and silenced. We must depend on the police to uphold the law, since we are forbidden to defend ourselves even fairly, by violence, much as we sometimes ache to do.

When the police suddenly 'couldn't see' the most gross attacks on us, we knew that an honest police department had finally succumbed to intolerable Jewish pressure, and we were in for whatever the Jews could work up their courage to do. For over an hour and a half, I managed to hold the howling, spitting mob by arrogance and psychologically -- calculated disdain for their overwhelming numbers. To say that we were not afraid would be untruthful, for we were only eleven and they were over two hundred and fifty, plus the fact that our whole future, all our struggles and sacrifices for over two years were lying in the balance. It was obvious that they were determined to have their riot this day and then claim that we had to be suppressed for 'causing' such disorder.

Nevertheless, it took those Jews over an hour and a half to work up the courage to rush us and even then, they thinned our number first by having one big Trooper called out by falsely telling military police he was a Marine, thus reducing our number to ten.

In they rushed, like an avalanche of wild beasts, screaming and howling for my guts! The stand flew over as the Jews struck and I landed in a struggling mass of fighting men. Two yelling Jews grabbed me. One of my men, already down and fighting desperately, grabbed his feet and he went down. But the other Jew aimed a blow at my groin. I hit him in the head and, as he fell, another Trooper tackled him. How my boys pitched in! But the Jew still went for the same attack on me. This time, I replied in kind and gave that Jew a dose of his own medicine!

The fight lasted for only four or five minutes, after which the police rushed in from where they had been hiding and broke it up. Major Morgan was choked unconscious, was bleeding profusely and had his right knee permanently damaged by a number of kicks he received when he was under a pile of seven or eight Jews. Lieutenant Warner, National Secretary of the Party at the time, had the top of his left ear bitten almost off and all of us were cut and bruised. We later discovered that one of the large men who had recently joined us and loudly boasted how he would fight -- Fred Hockett, by name -- had run out of the ring in terror when the fight began, so that we had only nine men there to fight that murderous mob.

And we showed the Jews the caliber of those nine men when the police broke up the fight -- for we immediately set up our stand and were prepared to speak. I mounted the platform again, broken and wrecked as it was, and would have spoken, but police called me down and I was arrested for "disorderly conduct". For the first time in my life, I found myself dragged off to jail, and as I sat in a cell awaiting bail, it was impossible not to think back

on the chain of circumstances which had placed me here in the ugly, urine-smelling cellblock of the First Precinct of Washington, D.C.

How does an American who fought the Nazis in World War II, who has a college education and is utterly dedicated to his country, wind up in jail after being attacked by a mob of Jews? How does a man who was looked upon for years as just a 'good guy', become a fanatical Nazi who stands up in public and advocates gas chambers for Jewish or any other kinds of traitors -- and admits he estimates about 80% of adult Jews will be found guilty of treason and have to be gassed? Why me? How had events turned me into such a one, but few or none of my fellows? Was I indeed 'nuts' and 'sick' as the Jews so feverishly insist?

That I was somehow different from most of my fellows seemed obvious, but how? Was I really a moral snake full of pathological hate, as charged by the 'normal' Jews or could I lay a valid claim to the apparently inevitable persecution of every advanced idea and of every truly great man Nature has produced in thousands of years. Why had I gone down to that mall to speak, knowing I might be killed or injured or arrested, knowing I would gain no money or even praise, except from a tiny few of my fellow 'oddballs'? Was my brother right when he charged that I would not do these things if I had a fine home and a yacht? Was I one of the disgusting dead-end fanatics I had seen in parks, shouting eternally some *idee fixe* through whiskers stained with tobacco juice, at more of the same pitiful creatures impatiently waiting only their turn to fulminate on nothing? Was I compensating for some unknown traumatic experience as a kid, as the Freudians would have it?

Sitting alone in the nasty little cell, I thought back over my life and tried to discover a pattern, some clue to my motivation in going down to that mall to speak for what seemed a lost cause and in the face of what seemed the violent opposition of the whole world.

I remembered an experience in 1928, when I was ten, in Ventnor, New Jersey, just south of Atlantic City, where I was living with my mother and her sister. A gang of kid toughs my brother and I called "the bums" came to throw me into the ocean for a cold dunking -- a treatment which the boys often received as 'new kids' in the school. I remembered being counseled by a few of the more friendly boys to "relax" and be thrown in and get it over with. It was "impossible," they said, to resist, since half the school was in on the fun and nobody ever took the part of the chosen victim. But the thought of calmly letting anybody or any number of people do violence to me and force me something roused a nameless counter force in me. It was not just temper, because I remember being scared to death and later on, crying. But, since they had told me it was "impossible" to resist, I was determined to resist with all my might -- and that is what I did.

After the experiences of two wars I still remember that battle on the deserted beach in Ventnor. I flung about me with my arms and legs wildly and with a superhuman strength which I am sure surprised the 'bums' and, though there were at least twenty or thirty of them, those who could get near, enough to get a hold of me received some blows and wounds which I am sure must have hurt. I bit, clawed, kicked, tore and pulled hair. I used any tactic I could, without thinking and fought like a mad man. I can still remember the 'bums' generals' cursing at their 'troops': "Hold his leg! Get his neck! Look out! @t&%**! Watch out for that arm," etc. I can also remember vividly the satisfying feeling of the flesh in my teeth as my jaws closed on the arm of one who was attempting to choke me into submission and his even more satisfying howl of pain. Then I remembered getting some kicks and being dropped on the beach and lying in the sand, crying and exhausted. But I did not get thrown in the surf by the 'bums'. I remembered, with some shame, going to school the next day and getting beaten in a regular fist fight with one of the toughs, who still smarted from the defeat on the beach. I ran home crying.

I considered the two episodes and, for the first time since those occurrences, more than thirty years ago, wondered why I had managed to fight all those kids and win -- and then get beaten by just one of them the next

day. My answer was, I believe, the key to everything I have ever done in my life.

I have little interest in the ordinary, the usual, and above all, what is considered by the world 'possible'. But when I am faced with an enormous challenge, I become not only deeply interested, but my strength seems to increase beyond my own powers. I have in every such case prevailed over the supposedly 'impossible'. I am often lazy and shiftless in the ordinary affairs of life which demand no special will or intelligence. My relatives and wives will amply attest this miserable character which produces the utmost personal discomfort in daily living, not only for me, but for those who must live with me.

I found it was extremely easy in school for me to outwit and cozen my teachers, so that I could get by with almost no work. I simply could not get interested in subjects and activities which did not offer me a direct challenge, a dare. I therefore coasted along on as little work as would keep me out of too great a conflict with the forces which ordinarily press boys to succeed in school and devoted all my energies solely to trying to exceed the limits of what my masters said were the 'Possibilities'. In algebra, I worked for many, many hours trying to find a way to solve a single equation with two unknowns. Needless to say, I failed. But in geometry, they told me that if two triangles had a side and two angles the same, they were congruent -- and I proved to the teacher that this was not always the case. I enjoyed a deep gratification at thus accomplishing 'the impossible'. What a pebble I was in the shoe of education on the march!

Later, in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, with my father, I discovered the same pattern with my sports and recreational activity. I became a sailing fan, even though I had to build my own sailboat out of an old skiff. But I didn't enjoy sailing like most of the others. They all rushed to their boats when the weather was fine, the breeze brisk, but not strong and everything was 'normal'. And then they stayed mostly within the confines of the harbor itself. I found little pleasure in this after a while. I preferred to go out only when the others came in because the wind was 'too strong'. I delighted in beating the elements, the worse they got. I remember one hair-raising trip around Southport Island, where my brother, a reluctant passenger, crouched in the sloshing water of the bilge of the little boat and prayed fervently and miserably as the spume and green water poured over him. I was afraid, of course, but the pure joy of combat with the wild elements had me singing and even howling back at the wild wind with animal energy. My brother begged for mercy, which I could not understand, although I feel sorry for him now. He must have thought me mad and hated me -- which he assured me he did.

When even this activity palled a bit, I essayed a trip to Pemaquid, far out at sea for such a tiny boat, with another young man of similar tastes. We made history on that trip by negotiating the Threads of Life -- a torturous rock passage -- at night, against the wind and against a terrible rip tide.

My friend, Eden Lewis and I took turns fending off catastrophe from the bow of the tossing craft as we tacked back and forth, only inches from the jagged rocks, with the wind howling against us and the tide spinning us around most fearfully in the inky blackness. The continual splash of the cold, dark waters in our faces would have added to the general effect of horror, had we not been rash youths. How we both enjoyed it! And, even more, how we enjoyed the warm feeling of success and mastery when we reached our warm fire-sides, soaked, exhausted, but exulting in our 'impossible' victory!

I discover pretty much the same pattern in my emotional life. I cannot abide 'pick-ups' or 'easy women', which caused me to be a good deal of an odd ball in the service, particularly when I was very young, as one might imagine. I am intrigued only by exceptional females who require something more subtle than physical overpowering.

In short, I am now fairly certain that the driving force in my life is a deep satisfaction in defying any overwhelming odds which seem to press against that which I will. In ordinary affairs, when there is no such challenge, I not only do not excel -- I am a positive flop. I cannot work up any real interest in having the best rock-garden in South Podunk, for instance and those things in life which depend upon being a dedicated cultivator of rock-gardens or similar normal accomplishments find me trailing happily at the rear.

On the other hand, in addition to this positive motivation for my activities, there is a negative hate -- a burning hate which alone can drive me to lose my temper, a thing I almost never do. Bullying -- the beating or torturing of an innocent or helpless creature by an overpowering creature or group of creatures, for the sheer pleasure of bullying and torture, drives me to a frenzy such that it is difficult to control myself.

The combination of these two overpowering drives from deep within me, I believe, are the underlying motivations which sent me down to the mail, wearing a Swastika armband, ready to die, if necessary and dumped me, for the moment, in the smelly little cell in the basement of the Washington, D.C., Police Headquarters. I believe the same two characteristics, applied at this crucial and precise time in history, will propel me and our Nazi movement from that jail cell, up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. The world's longest half-mile!

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER II.

Mary MacPherson was the healthiest and prettiest young peasant girl in Pugwash, Nova Scotia. She had helped her Scottish immigrant family fight the Indians for their land. She had been brought up in the rude and rugged life of a pioneer, shearing the small herd of family sheep, carding and spinning the wool, weaving it and then making clothes for all the family from it. There was no nonsense about life in Pugwash and no nonsense about young Mary MacPherson as she set off to visit relatives in Providence, Rhode Island, some time in the early spring of 1884.

While in Providence, she met John Rockwell, a mature and dignified Civil War veteran of Scotch-English descent who had opened a real estate office and had already married and raised a small family, before he lost his wife. Mary MacPherson married John Rockwell and they bought a house, with a large mortgage, on Pemberton Street in the Mount Pleasant, section of Providence.

In this house, in 1889, was born a very unusual man: my father. Out of these most staid circumstances came a human mutation, a genius, who was to help set America laughing as it had never laughed before and who was to produce a gm who would find America in tears and lead the battle to change those tears once again to healthy laughter -- but not with jokes.

George Lovejoy Rockwell was nothing like his stern and dignified father or his sturdy, no-nonsense mother. From what I can gather, he was more like a composite of Peck's Bad Boy and a mischievous, impudent monkey. He played endless painful tricks on his sweet little sisters, but always managed to appear the angel when these innocents appealed tearfully to their mother. He investigated everything and everybody, poked into everything, became an expert young magician, invented a thousand diabolical little devices for an equal number of diabolical purposes, learned to play the penny tin-whistle better than anyone before him, became an artist, cartoonist and sign painter, liberally plastering the cellar walls with signs for various soaps, etc., which still remain.

I have not heard of any scholastic honors awarded him, but I understand he did manage to frolic his way through part of high school, carefully placing hornets in the school master's lunch box and performing other psychological experiments. But he could not long repress his spirits in a school room.

Starting as a magician, he entered the exuberant new world of vaudeville. But his patter, delivered with the legerdemain, soon proved more successful than the magic act and he teamed up in a comedy bit with various partners, including men named Al Wood and Al Fox.

For years he starved. Once, he and his partner had only a single pair of pants between them, when one of them ripped the only pair he had and they were out of work and money. They had managed to keep a room, even with the rent overdue, so one stayed in bed in the room while the other searched for some kind of work or income. My father was clever at writing parodies -- humorous and irreverent words to well-known songs -- and his partner managed to get a few other vaudevillian customers for his services in this line. The partner would bring the customer to the room, excuse himself at the door, run inside, give the pants to my father, jump in bed and then pretend to sleep while my father wrote the parody on the spot and in the pants.

But poverty was no damper for my old man's irrepressible spirits. Next door to this room, behind paper-thin walls, was a sister act and sounds were clearly heard from one room to the next. In those days and in the place, every bed had a not, very handsome, but utilitarian piece of china beneath it. My father conceived the idea of filling the huge water pitcher kept on the bureau and giving the young ladies in the next room something to think about. He stood on a chair, making sure they were in next door, then carefully and slowly, he poured a thin stream of water from the pitcher into the chamber pot. This occupied about ten minutes or so and his diabolical genius was rewarded a few minutes later when the pranksters innocently stepped out of their room and, sneaking a look behind them, discovered two pretty heads peeking out, with mouths hanging wide open.

There is material for a delightful book in my father's endless and absorbing tales of his antics on and off stage in vaudeville and I have urged him repeatedly to do the job, himself, without success.

There was the time he bet the rest of the bill in some town in Illinois that he could go out on the street and calmly hit a policeman, without being arrested. He put on dark glasses, filled his hat with pencils and went about 'feeling' vigorously with the cane, striking this way and that, until he fetched a cop a good belt on the shins. The cop winced, but helped the poor 'blind man' and my Pop won. Or the time in Chicago when he got the baby ducks and the whole cast watched them swim in the hotel tub, until my old man got the idea of seeing if they could swim in 'rapids'. The ducks were tested in the water closet and it was discovered with great glee that they could swim so desperately that they could beat the flush!

While Mary MacPherson was growing up as a pioneer in Nova Scotia, a young German youth named Augustus Schade was emigrating to America to make his fortune and wound up working in a Bloomington, Illinois theater, finally becoming manager. He married, of all things, a fiery French girl, Corrine Boudreau, his opposite in every possible way and the two had a miniature World War I, Germans versus French, going from 1914 on.

They had two daughters, Claire and Arline. Claire was dainty, feminine and took after her French mother. Arline was hefty, overbearing and took after her German father. When the little girls were still very small, they were trained as dancers and actresses for the booming vaudeville business and the whole family hit the road as "The Four Schades". Little Claire was adored by audiences as a sort of Shirley Temple of her day and performed as a toe-dancer. She continued in the theatrical business until about 1915, when she met and married my father.

Unable to approach even marriage with proper decorum, my irrepressible father, I am told, was planning to tell his new father-in-law, who by that time was owner and manager of a large Bloomington theater, that he was part colored. He was barely dissuaded by my mother and her mother who insisted that my very unhumorous German grandfather would have 'promptly shot him to death'. This prediction was later confirmed by Augustus himself, who was only prevented with the greatest effort from carrying out the execution when he heard about the plan for the 'joke'.

About this time, my father had cast off his partners, with their banjos and props and opened as a monologist. He took the pseudo title of "Dr." Rockwell -- quack, quack, quack! -- and posed as a great chiropractor. His only prop was a banana stalk which he demonstrated as the human spine. He did something no monologist had previously dared do: he sat down in an arm chair in the middle of the stage and just talked.

But he did it so successfully that I can remember being in the audience as a very, very small boy and laughing most of all at the fat men and women all around me literally falling out of their seats and suffocating and gasping in ecstasies of laughter. My old man was a master of timing and would blow a police whistle to try to

extinguish the laughter so he could continue, but this only drove the howling audience to new paroxysms of uncontrollable mirth.

They laughed, I am sure, until they ached and hurt all over. At the height of this success, in the middle of the depression, my father was paid \$ 3,500 per week -- a fabulous salary for the time and he was worth every cent of it. On and off stage, he kept America, almost literally in stitches.

While all this laughing was going on in the politically innocent, carefree, super-corny United States, the laughter had been extinguished in the more mature part of Western Civilization, Europe. In Germany and Russia, the most gigantic political monster ever to appear on earth was struggling to its scaled feet. The apostate Jew, Karl Marx, had codified the doctrine organizing the biologically inferior millions of the earth, led by Jewish Communist leaders, into a ruthless war of extermination against the elite, the biologically best human material which alone could give civilization and leadership to the masses. At the same time, Theodore Herzl, a Zionist Jew, had perfected plans for gaining Palestine for the Jews from the Arabs who had held it for two thousand years as residents. Simultaneously, in the United States, the Warburgs, Kuhn Loeb & Company and other multi-millionaire Jews in New York City were using their economic power to destroy our republic. In 1913, these forces set up the Anti-Defamation League or 'Gestapo' of B'nai B'rith, got rid of the Constitutional safeguard against demagoguery by getting Senators elected directly, instead of by the State Legislatures, set up the illegal Federal Reserve System to gain mastery over our money and banking, established the monstrous left-wing Rockefeller Foundation and -- worst of all -- established the Income Tax in order to bankrupt America.

In the next three years, these same forces achieved the final wrecking of our strong republic by diabolically and purposefully getting us into the European War on the side of Britain, because Britain unscrupulously offered the Jews Palestine in return for the Jews' promise to get America into the war on the side of England. The result was that everybody lost the war, except the Jews, who got Palestine out of the Balfour Declaration, for their Zionism, and Russia for their Communism.

The first Communist government of Russia was overwhelmingly Jewish, as witnessed by Winston Churchill in an article, "Communism versus Zionism -- A Struggle for the Soul of the Jewish People", in the London Illustrated Sunday Herald of February 8, 1920, reproduced in part on the next page. [Below]

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD, FEBRUARY 8, 1920 ZIONISM versus BOLSHEVISM. STRUGGLE FOR THE SOUL OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

BY the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

The National Russian Jews, in spite of the disabilities under which they have suffered, have managed to play an honourable and useful part in the national life even of Russia. As bankers and industrialists they have strenuously promoted the development of Russia's economic resources, and they were foremost in the creation of those remarkable organisations, the Russian Co-operative Societies. In politics their support has been given, for the most part, to liberal and progressive movements, and they have been among the staunchest upholders of friendship with France and Great Britain.

International Jews

In violent opposition to all this sphere of Jewish effort rise the schemes of the International Jews. [Rockwell's emphasis] The adherents of this sinister confederacy are mostly men reared up among the unhappy populations

of countries where Jews are persecuted on account of their race. Most, if not all, of them have forsaken the faith of their forefathers, and divorced from their minds all spiritual hopes of the next world. This movement among the Jews is not new. From the days of Spartacus-Weishaupt to those of Karl Marx, and down to Trotsky (Russia), Bela Kun (Hungary), Rosa Luxembourg (Germany), and Emma Goldman (United States), this world-wide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality, has been steadily growing. It played, as modern writer, Mrs. Webster, has so ably shown, a definitely recognisable part in the tragedy of the French Revolution. It has been the mainspring of every subversive movement during the Nineteenth Century; and now at last this band of extraordinary personalities from the underworld of the great cities of Europe and America have gripped the Russian people by the hair of their heads and have become practically the undisputed masters of that enormous empire.

Terrorist Jews.

There is no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian Revolution by these international and for the most part atheistic Jews. It is certainly a very great one; it probably outweighs all others. With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews. Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Rade -- all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combating Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses. The same evil prominence was obtained by Jews in the brief period of terror during which Bela Kun ruled in Hungary. The same phenomenon has been presented in Germany (especially in Bavaria), so far as this madness has been allowed to prey upon the temporary prostration of the German people. Although in all these countries there are many non-Jews every whit as bad as the worst of the Jewish revolutionaries, the part played by the latter in proportion to their numbers in the population is astonishing.

"Protector of the Jews."

Needless to say, the most intense passions of revenge have been excited in the breasts of the Russian people. Wherever General Denikin's authority could reach, protection was always accorded to the Jewish population, and strenuous efforts were made by his officers to prevent reprisals and to punish those guilty of them. So much was this the case that the Petlurist propaganda against General Denikin denounced him as the Protector of the Jews... [end of excerpt]

This is only an infinitesimally tiny bit of the huge mass of evidence that the 'Russian' revolution was not Russian at all, but Jewish. The documents include the Overman Report to the U.S. Senate, 1919, Senate Document 88, which shows that of the 388 members of the first Soviet Government, sitting in the Old Smolny Institute in Petrograd, 371 were Jews and 265 of these Jews were from the lower East Side of New York City!

In March 1918, both Russia and Germany were in the advanced throes of Bolshevik revolution. Lenin was on his way in a sealed train to Russia, with over 417 exiled Jewish Marxists, to set up the first Bolshevik government in the world. The Jewish revolutionaries were at work in all the other chaos-ridden European countries, with Bela Kun (Cohen) seizing Hungary for the Jew-Communists and Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, both Jews, leading the Bolshevik uprising in Germany.

Meanwhile, an unknown German corporal lay in hospital in Pasewalk, outside of Berlin, his eyes all but burned out by a gas attack. He writes movingly in *Mein Kampf* of the hot tears which poured down his face when a gang of deserters from the Navy rushed in proclaiming the Red revolution, which forced Germany to sue for an armistice. He writes even more movingly of his disgust and helpless rage when he learned that the deserters were not combat fighters from the front lines, where he himself had won his Iron Cross of valor, but were Jews from the rear echelons!

Five thousand miles across the Atlantic Ocean, in Bloomington, Illinois, Claire Schade Rockwell entered the Kelso Hospital at this same time to give birth to her first child, on the night of March 9, 1918. The greatest marathon race of human history was launched.

Marx had started the monumental race in 1848. Lenin had seized the baton from his failing hands and carried it in 1918 to victory in the first lap. But at the same moment, the Red team launched the reaction which would eventually destroy it. Adolf Hitler started the year I was born, the year that Marxism took Russia. He made a miraculous sprint into history, almost overtook the Reds, but exhausted himself in the agony of his superhuman exertion. His baton seemed to fall, to be crushed into the earth by the ferocity of the other side. It has lain buried now for fifteen years. All over the world, it appears to be crucified. But now, at last, it has been seized up by new hands! It will be carried to triumph as inevitably as the laws of Nature decree the eventual victory of the strongest and best. The dead mass of the world's inferiors, led by even the most brilliant tactics of the Jew Communists and Zionists, cannot avoid eventually returning to their natural place of submission to the natural-born lord of life on this planet, the White Man.

I have made it my mission in life, above all things, to carry that baton to victory! No matter how long it takes, how painful it may be, or how an eternally blind world scorns and hates it, Adolf Hitler's noble vision of racial idealism will yet master today's chaos and bring order, decency and the innocent fun and laughter of my father's day back to suffering, stumbling humanity -- perhaps even to the unhappy, paranoiac Jews.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER III.

Fortunately, childhood and youth knows nothing and cares less about serious political and social affairs. I was much too immersed in the immediate deluge of human misery which surrounded me as I started to grow up and became conscious of the world to observe or care about the insane rush of Western Civilization into the abyss of chaos in the 1920's.

There was no lack of the disease which I later learned was and is killing our civilization, in my family environment.

By the time I was six, my parents had been divorced, there was a sheriff's auction of our home and I began to be forced to listen to hours-long lectures by my mother's sister, Arlene, on the rottenness and vileness of my father. Aunt Arlene, as this female tyrant was known to us, considered herself a great expert and master of everything. The fact that this opinion was not shared by anybody else only made her all the more fierce in the attempt to impress the 'fact' on my weak-willed mother and on my brother, sister and me. My little sister was too young to be bothered much by such affairs and my mother simply stepped aside while Arlene became the boss of the place. My brother, at a very tender age, revealed his genius as a diplomat; when Arlene sat him down to hear one of her 'lectures', he agreed heartily with all her statements, exclaimed at her profound wisdom, etc. and was quickly excused with happy smiles by the fat 'victor'.

I, on the other hand, revealed my own nature in just the opposite way. When Arlene would corral me for a lecture, I would try, at first, to escape with my brother's tactics by agreeing with her *pronunciamentos*. But then I could not help just the tiniest bit of argument when she would make a particularly heinous charge against my father, which seemed irrational to me. The slightest opposition would rouse this human dirigible to fierce determination to suppress the mutiny. And this, in turn, even though I was six or seven years old, roused in me an even fiercer determination not to be bullied out of what seemed reasonable.

I was often forced to listen to these 'lectures' until far into the night. My poor, patient, weak mother would try feebly to rescue me, by getting me to do as she and the rest did -- give in and crawl out of it -- but I could not do it. I can imagine the glee with which the Freudian brainwashers will dive into this material here, sure that they have learned at last the source of what they must, perforce, try to explain as my 'neurosis' or worse. But I will remind these discoverers of evidence which they themselves plant that my brother was exposed to this same kind of thing and his reaction, even at four or five years of age was the opposite of mine. No, gentlemen, my reaction to these things was not caused by this tyranny of Aunt Arlene -- it was a surge of force deep within me, as my brother reacted with the native genius for diplomatic wriggling which he displays to this day.

Half of the time, my brother and I would be shuttled to penitentiary duty with Arlene and the other half, we were freed to be with my father and his common law wife, Madeline, in Maine. My sufferings, struggles and fun as a boy were, I suppose, relatively normal when we were with my mother and 'Arlene the Great', with the exception of the midnight lectures.

But the time with my father gave both my brother and me an outlook on life and an intellectual disposition which we both treasure. We have found that the nonconformist approach he showed and transmitted to us has

enabled us to outdistance most others in creativeness, time after time. He was unbelievably curious about everything. We looked into the plumbing business, got tools from Sears and went about doing plumbing for people, just for fun. We investigated photographs and built an enlarger. We held autopsies on fish to see what they had been eating and found amazing things in sharks' stomachs. We argued happily and endlessly as to whether a pig, who knew nothing of his stupidity, was happier than a man. We brought home a man and a monkey in the organ-grinder business for long discussions and lunch.

Another guest was a mental doctor who claimed he could shorten or lengthen your legs, and I remember we had the whole roomful of people, including celebrities like Fred Allen and other entertainment luminaries, stretched out on the floor to see if their legs would grow. We all learned to play chess and there were a few times when the whole outfit got so deep into the game that the McNaught Syndicate, for whom my father wrote a column, sent call after call for the latest piece and finally had to send a man all the way to Maine to stir him up. While we chugged the twenty or so miles out into the Atlantic for deep sea fishing at three and four in the mornings, even when I was only eight or nine years old in sneakers and flapping shirt, we endlessly discussed fine points of politics, history, magic, art and the whole gamut of subjects usually reserved for college and adulthood. In the evenings, my brother and I would lie in our beds listening to the shrill cry of the sea-gulls on the Maine coast, smelling the clam flats and the bayberry fields, and my old man would scooch down for an enchanted hour or so during which he told original stories I will never forget. His best were about "The Old Scout", an incredibly tough and masterful Indian battler. Several times he told of his own childhood visits to the home of the MacPhersons in Nova Scotia, where he said he had actually seen battles with the Indians. I have my doubts of this, but I didn't then and freely and happily forgive the old gent for a bit of poetic license, if he did use it; it was well worth it.

Even now, I get goose flesh as I remember the smell of his pipe, the hushed voice and the magic of the Maine dusk as we listened to these superb flights of imagination. Usually the stories would end with all of us falling asleep, the old man only minutes after us. But sometimes he would drop off first, muttering the last few words half consciously and leaving us in impossible suspense. Then our shrill young voices would pierce his ears. "Daddy! Daddy! Wake up! How did the Old Scout get out of the Indian fire and get untied and out of the way of the buffalo stampede? Daddy! Wake up!" Then the imagination was not so hot and the Old Scout would suddenly discover some hidden friend who quickly rescued him -- and the old man. We were not to be so easily swindled, however and usually demanded another version before the tired purveyor of these masterpieces was excused.

Above all, my father taught me to question everything. No fact was too sacred to be examined and judged by itself. No authority was too holy to be looked into for probity. If anything, we were taught to be downright suspicious of all that was supposed to be beyond doubt, I was already of this disposition and my father's training tremendously strengthened this quality of mind and personality.

But I also received other instruction from my male parent which was not so helpful. The policy of "anything for a laugh" was unfortunately extended to everyday life and I can remember my father bringing howls of laughter from me when I was still almost a baby, being undressed. My garments, shoes, etc. were violently removed in a sort of game where every piece was violently flung on the floor to the battle-song of "Throw it on the floor, BANG! BANG!" This, of course, delighted me no end, but fostered untidiness, which is one of the plagues of my life. Then there were the sessions when my tiny brother and I would be stood against the wall for "roaring" practice, to develop our voices. "Roar like a bear," we were ordered and we tried to oblige. Those who have heard me speak or who will hear me, will testify to the efficacy of this "bear" training -- but it was not much of an advantage before I became Commander of the Nazi Party.

My father's friends were also the source of much instruction. Fred Allen, Benny Goodman, Walter Winchell, Groucho Marx and a host of others all had their turns as guests and I found each most interesting. Allen was pure joy to be near and when my Pop and Allen got to punning and tilting at each other with stories and sidesplitting anecdotes, it was one of those precious and rare times when life is 100% positive fun, unalloyed with the petty or large annoyances which so often spoil even the best times we have.

But Allen's wife, Portland, gave me the shock of my fourteen or fifteen years when she was the first woman I ever heard say a filthy word -- and in our living room, at that. She used the Anglo-Saxon word for body waste to express her distaste for some idea or other -- and I will never forget the experience. Never, in all those young years, had I heard a female say such a word and I thought of her immediately as an object of unbelievable disgust. In discussing the matter later, with my father, I learned that she was Jewish. I asked him if Jewishness had anything to do with it and he said they were very "sophisticated people" who meant no harm by it. But he also told me of Henry Ford's accusations against the Jews and how they forced him to apologize, and said there was no getting away from the power of the Jews, "They're too smart."

Except for the permanent memory of my shock at hearing that awful word from a lady in our family drawing room, I thought no more of it and don't even remember thinking of Portland as anything but a woman who said a horrible, vulgar word for the first time in my presence. I know the Jews and 'liberals' and Freudians will once again leap like trout to the fly here, and be sure this is the source of my 'hatred' of Jews. But it is simply not true. I assimilated this experience with millions of others and did not even notice whether the hundreds of Jews in Atlantic City High School, where I went for four years and many of whom were my best friends, were Jews or Hottentots. That may be an unfortunate choice of words, because hundreds of my school comrades in Atlantic City were Hottentots! And I didn't particularly notice or care about this either. The Jews simply cannot accept it, of course and the brainwashed will not accept it, but my hatred of organized Jewry stems directly and only from the discovery of what most -- but not all -- Jews are doing to the Nation and the People I love. There may have been some slight vestiges of prejudice in my upbringing, but no more than in the upbringing of millions of other American boys who are not leading Hitler movements.

An example is Walter Winchell, with whom my father and I once rode to New York from Atlantic City in the drawing room of a Pennsylvania Railroad train. I was fascinated by the fast-talking, nasal twanging man and the stories they told each other. I had no hatred of him at all -- only a fairly warm liking and admiration.

But the next time I saw Walter, whose real name I had since learned was Isadore Lipshitz, was two years ago in front of the White House where we were picketing against the kidnaping of Eichmann by the international bandits of Israel. Walter was standing with a group of cops, watching us. I went over to take his picture. At the top of his lungs, as he himself boasted in his column later, he hollered at me the filthiest of all epithets, not once, but several times. When I mentioned this violation of the most fundamental municipal laws, the cops said they hadn't heard it. And Walter went on in his column to display his intimate connection with the filthy pressure and terror group we are fighting by announcing that I would probably be committed to St. Elizabeth's, the project which the vicious Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith then had in the works and sprung on me a few weeks later, although I didn't know it then. But Walter knew. I hate such cowardly and sneaking tactics and the people who engage in them. I hate Walter Winchell for his lies and for trying to bully people out of their ideas and open discussion of facts, not because of his 'religion'. Who gives a damn what he does in his synagogue! It is what he and those like him do to innocent Americans in the way of smear, economic persecution and suppression of facts which I roundly hate and which I am proud to hate.

Benny Goodman is another Jew from whom I learned something. He came up to our idyllic home in the pine woods of Maine where there was a perfect balance of gracious living and wide open nature. He was supposed to

stay for several days' vacation, but he lasted only an evening. Being away from the crush of people was more than he could bear and he scurried back to the soul-destroying hothouse life of New York City with his millions of fellow Jews.

Since then, I have visited "Grossingers" in the Catskills where the rich Jews go out into the beautiful country to 'get away from it all' and then crawl all over each other in a transplanted imitation New York, like a mass of swarming hornets.

But in those days, I knew none of this and probably would not have cared if I had known. As previously mentioned, I attended Atlantic City High School for four years and one of my best friends was a Jew named Lennie. I not only had no prejudice whatsoever, but liked my Jewish companions immensely for their brilliant minds and sharp conversations. There was one characteristic of them which shocked and appalled me, but I took it as simply a characteristic of a few individuals, not a characteristic typical of their whole group, as I have since sadly learned that it is. This was their nastiness of mind. I assure the reader that I am not concocting this as propaganda, but sincerely recalling things as they were.

While all the boys, of course, thought of and talked of intercourse and such subjects as rudely and as often as possible, those who I now realize were Gentiles were thoroughly sex-minded, you might say, but not weird or depraved, while the Jews -- I remember particularly a hawk-nosed individual -- took a delight I could not understand in perverted ideas of sex. Hawk-nose particularly dwelt on the idea of intercourse with corpses and another Jew once wrote a little playlet in which Hawk-nose and two ghoulish friends come to a graveyard to dig up Rockwell for his vile purposes and speak of the matter with incredible nastiness. I remember being appalled at the filth of the thing, but also admiring the virtuosity of the writing so much that I glossed over the nature of this creative piece. I still have this nasty thing in the files from my high school days and one has only to read it to discover a different kind of mind than will be found in even the coarsest and dirtiest-minded non-Jew.

At the same time, during my senior year in this predominantly Negro and Jewish high school, I was having my first small-scale political battle and didn't realize it. There was a course in "Problems of American Democracy" taught by an old duffer named Schwab. His method of instruction consisted largely of assigning large portions of the textbook pages on the blackboard and requiring these to be transcribed word for word into the students' notebooks, while he occupied himself with other matters privately at his desk. In any event, I hated such stupid ideas, as if one could fill one's head as one filled a bucket, by filling a notebook. This was an outrage against all reason and I rebelled as I once rebelled at my Aunt Arlene's outrages against reason.

It was my last year of high school and although my marks were not good, they were not too bad, either. In four or five months, I would graduate. But, as with the lectures and arguments with Arlene, I could not bring myself to bow down to what I considered tyrannical folly. I had heard much in those days of the "New Deal" of the strike -- so I 'struck'. I brought pulp Western stories to class, placed my feet on the desk and ostentatiously read these while the class bent over its mechanical task in the bulging notebooks. Mr. Schwab, of course, inquired as to just what I was doing, somewhat in the manner of Oliver Hardy asking Stanley a similar question. I replied, with all the *sang-froid* I could muster that I was on strike, that I absolutely refused, as a matter of principle, to copy any more of the textbook into the notebook.

At first, he was apparently amused by this monumental arrogance and would ask me every day as I came in if I were still on strike. I would then prop up my feet and bury myself in the latest gun-fighting episode of my Western magazine. The other kids were somewhat awed by all this and the girls were almost terrified at such impudence in the face of the 'almighty'. Seeing my apparent success, however, a few of the boys joined me -- and that did it. Nothing spreads among boys in school like an apparently successful plan for avoiding work.

So I was informed I would not graduate, unless I immediately wrote in all the missing notebook pages and went back to the copying routine in class. I refused to negotiate and insisted I would not copy another line. I was threatened, reasoned with and begged, but I would not back down. So I did not graduate. But Mr. Schwab was called into conference and the next year, the textbook copying business was eliminated from the course.

While this was going on in class, my private life was proceeding along fairly normal lines. I played football and hockey, poorly, but enthusiastically, with the other guys -- including Negroes -- became a radio amateur, did cartoons for the school paper -- and 'fell in love'.

In my 'homeroom' was a sweet young thing named Jean and, although I would have died before permitting her to know it, I almost literally worshiped her. But what a miserable, disgusting coward I was about it! Other young men around me were quite brassy about approaching the girls they liked, and there were plenty of rumors as to this or that couple actually sleeping together. But it took me almost a year to ask this angel for a date. Before that I would roller-skate to the end of the street where she lived, a distance of four or five miles, peek around the corner for a glimpse of her and then roller-skate the four or five miles back home, my blood pumping so hard I could feel it in my throat!

Finally, in a frenzy of embarrassment I will never forget, I asked her if I could take her to the circus. She blushingly accepted and my 'date' was an impossible combination of heavenly joy and terrifying nightmare. We went on one of the old open summer trolley cars, she in a pretty white dress and I in baggy pants and what I imagined was a dashing white sports coat. I did my best to be an attentive gallant, helping her on and off the trolley and acting like the movie lovers I'd seen, acting with great charm and ease. But I succeeded in tripping her, getting off the trolley and then catching her in a sprawling mess on the street. I could not breathe in the agony of shame and embarrassment, but I had touched her! I was bright red as we walked past the balloon sellers and lemonade stands toward the big tent.

We managed to get inside the tent and tightrope walk the bleacher boards to our seats. She sat close enough to me so I could feel her feminine warmth! The roaring surge of what was going on inside my physical being and my soul is, of course, indescribable, but the results were not! I tried to buy her a pink lemonade and spilled it all over her pretty white dress. I honestly wished to die and disappear, if possible. Somehow, I managed to survive and took her skating and to a few basketball games. I fairly burst with pride when I found our names linked in the mimeographed gossip sheets which abounded. But I never tried to kiss her, although she made remarks which I am now sure were dainty scoldings for my miserable cowardice in such matters.

This super-Victorian attitude with women followed me a long time in life and I may have missed a great many 'good things' by ordinary standards. But after seeing more of human 'love' and what happened to many of the brassy successes with women, I suspect that the sweet, storybook memories I keep of such idyllic, if not physically satisfying, love are far more pleasant in the long run than the pleasures of the more sophisticated. I don't believe I can deny that my failure to 'go farther' with girls earlier in life was largely due to plain cowardice where girls were concerned. But I also think most people today lose the savor of love and sex through over-sophistication and impatience. It is impossible to enjoy a fine wine by gulping it all down at once and even a connoisseur cannot appreciate his dainty sips the first time he tries wine.

I believe that the more excellent and more complex an organism is and therefore the more superior it is in the scheme of nature, the longer it takes for it to mature. Negroes can best White men any day in speed of sex maturity and accomplishment, and experience seem to indicate that it is the same with mental capacity. The stupid man reaches his maximum performance when he is fifteen or sixteen. Anything he might do later, he can

do then. But when mental capacity and ability are greater, it takes more and more years of practical laboratory experience of the world before such ability can be of value to its possessor and the world. When the point of genius is reached, the ability and range of possibilities are so great that only in middle age is it possible for such an inspired man to translate his ability into intelligent action. Before then, he is more likely than the stupid man to rush up intellectual cul-de-sacs and go off on foolish tangents.

Since I did not graduate from high school, I had to spend another year at it and decided to take the opportunity offered me by my paternal grandmother, Mary MacPherson Rockwell and her daughter, my Aunt Marguerite, whom we called "Margie" as kids, to go to school in Providence and live with them.

This was one of the most wonderful years of my life. My grandmother and aunt doted on me and the atmosphere at home was truly happy. I attended Central High School in Providence and excelled in almost everything. I was editor of the school paper, wrote pieces for the Providence Bulletin and journal and generally enjoyed, myself. I met Hazel Johnson, a very pretty girl who lived only a few blocks away and who attended Central High School too. Her Swedish Lutheran parents were very strict and in order to have an excuse to visit her and sit with her on the couch, she taught me knitting! I actually knitted a baggy, misshapen sweater, which I wore proudly for years!

We went to church together and I sang in the choir with this lovely Swede, holding hands under the long, black robes. I liked her folks and they liked me and it appeared I was to be eventually inducted into the family. Her father was a great old guy who kidded me roughly, but good-naturedly and one day scoffed at my statement that I could learn Swedish in a month. So I did learn Swedish, not conversationally, but well enough to say what I had in mind. At the end of the month, he scornfully gave me the 'test', with Hazel and her mother sitting around with twinkling eyes. I was supposed to say, "Give me a horse to go horseback-riding" in Swedish and the old man figured he had me with that bit about the "horseback-riding". I didn't know the word for that, to be sure, but I had learned the words for "horse", "want" and "go". The part about riding stumped me for a bit, but I remembered a word I had learned for the cut of meat I thought was from the back, but which, I discovered later, meant something else. The result was that I said in Swedish: "I want a horse to go on his ass."

The whole family fell out of their seats laughing and howling, which was a bit different from the reaction I expected, but which was a great success, nevertheless. That night, I essayed my first kiss.

I stepped into the little hallway to get my coat and Hazel helped me. Screwing up my courage, I seized her in the clumsiest fashion -- in a waltz position, with my arm out and our fingers interlocked -- and kissed her! It was a perfectly lousy kiss by ordinary standards. But it nearly killed me with a roaring furnace of emotions and drives. I got out of the door somehow and -- this may be hard to believe, but it is true -- I ran like a deer about a mile down the middle of the deserted, dark streets. I could not stop. I was exploding with fierce energy and had to run. It is not hard to understand what nature had in mind for all that energy, but I was too excited and mixed up even to feel that. I just ran, ran as I never had before nor since. I was eighteen years old!

During the year in Providence, I had graduated successfully from Central High School and then again from Hope High School, since I had a free half year and needed an English course for college. My father wanted me to go to Harvard and I duly applied. There was a lot of correspondence back and forth, plus entrance exams, etc., but as fall approached and no admission papers arrived, we went to Cambridge to see what the trouble was and discovered my school records from Atlantic City had not been forwarded or had been lost.

So once again, I was 'available' for a whole year and my father decided the discipline of a boys' boarding school

would be helpful. I was not so sure of this, but was nevertheless entered in Hebron Academy, far out in the woods in central Maine, near Lewiston.

The life was rough and rigorous, but the school good. I learned a lot about life in the raw, living for the first time with a pretty tough gang from Boston. Quite a few of the boys had been sent to Hebron by their folks as a last resort before reform school and they were my first close contacts with such characters.

But more important, in the long hours and days far out there in the woods, I began to think serious and deep thoughts for the first time. I got hold of Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy* and it set me on fire. The pure, hard beauty of the thoughts of great men throughout the ages was captured by Durant, distilled and set forth so clearly that they could be understood and compared and weighed, even by such a young empty-head as I. Especially, I liked the ruthless logic and unbending dedication to the truth, whatever it might be, of Schopenhauer. I began to see, for the first time, what I have come to know as the conceited, 'liberal' mind, which imagines itself capable of conquering nature and setting up Utopias because it is packed like a suitcase with 'knowledge' and 'culture', but which has no understanding of basic relationships and no humility whatsoever before the absolutely unknowable.

I read Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith*, mostly sitting on a stump in the woods and got so absorbed in the thing, it worried me. It all seemed so real to me and had such an enormous influence on my mind that I began to wonder about the value of reading such a novel. I came to the conclusion that it is all right to read purely escapist literature, but that when one wants to delve into and weigh the facts which are life and death in human affairs, one is mad to permit himself voluntarily to be hypnotized by a novelist, transported out of his critical faculties and thereby to allow his mind to be powerfully conditioned by almost real 'experiences' which are nothing less than the invented devices of another human being. When it is one of the endless parade of 'socially significant' novels which are devoured by our people by the millions, the reader is helpless to weigh and consciously accept or reject the social conclusions of the skillful novelist whose conclusions may or may not be correct. If the novelist is not only incorrect, but is out to promote a particular idea, in spite of the facts, the powerful realism and emotional impact of the cleverly-drawn pictures he stamps indelibly in our minds while we are under his spell put us in grave danger of unconsciously and emotionally accepting what we would never in a million years accept as a naked proposition presented to our cold reasoning faculties.

I read more of these novels -- *Grapes of Wrath* -- and four or five others, and in all of them I sensed an attempt to convince me of social ideas, not by reason, but by emotional manipulations while my mind was hypnotized by my emotions. I didn't fully realize it, but I had discovered left wing and communist propaganda. I hated it, without knowing what it was!

Characteristically, in these books, patriotism was sneered at and morals were something for boobs, while the people were rotten -- except Jews and Negroes who were especially worthy human beings who were usually persecuted wretchedly by brutal, stupid and repulsive White Christian Southern Protestants.

But all of this I didn't form into a clear pattern. I saw only the fact that the novel was dangerous to the man who wished to maintain an independent mind. And I was daily growing more independent of mind. Partly through my father's teaching of irreverence for any statement just because somebody else said so, and partly out of native cussedness, stubbornness and growing mental confidence, I began to examine everything and everybody in a new light: the light of the best I could do with my own reason. I began to ponder religion.

Until then, I had been highly religious. I had often put my allowance in the collection plate as a boy and felt a

great surge of joy in doing so, imagining the warm smile of a personal God as I made the sacrifice. But now, I began to wonder at the mounting evil I was discovering in the world and the illogical explanations for it in my Christian religion.

I read and reread the Bible, as I had not done before, from beginning to end. I was appalled at the demand by God for human sacrifice, for the eating of human body waste by the Lord, for the horrible cruelties and atrocities demanded by the Lord, according to the Old Testament; by the doctrine that the Lord made millions of people to be slaves for the Hebrews whom he had "chosen" through no merit of their own, while he destroyed his other creatures wholesale for the Hebrews' special pleasure and promised them that they would be able to put their feet on the necks of all other peoples. I wondered that the preachers had never preached from these vicious and repulsive verses.

Were they not aware that such monstrosities were in the Bible, as I had been unaware? Or did they know and falsely skip over them just to stay in business? Could I believe that a God who gloried in such vicious and bloody revenge was a "God of Love"? Why all the explanations? It was plain to read on page after page. The Lord had created two innocent creatures out of nothing, placed them in a garden, knowing they were too imperfectly made and too weak to resist temptation and, unless his foreknowledge was wrong -- which was impossible -- knowing they would fall to temptation and be condemned, along with their innocent children, to eternal misery. And then this "Loving Father" had placed the most irresistible temptation, loaded with unheard of poison, before his children! I imagined what I would have thought of my feeble human father if he had placed us kids in a garden and then hung ice cream cones and lollipops and toys all around, warned us not to touch these irresistible delights and then put inconceivably deadly poison in all these temptations -- knowing all the time with certainty that we would be poisoned and fiendishly tortured forever!

Most of all, I wondered at the idea that if there were a few simple ideas and facts to be understood to enjoy eternal life and happiness, here and later on, and God were all-powerful, He had made it impossible for me to believe those ideas and facts because of the very mind which he gave me! And then I am to be threatened with eternal damnation for not believing that which I cannot believe! My first reaction was atheism.

I did something I deeply regret and shall never do again. I had begun to discover my own power of persuasion and, in the eternal bull sessions of a boys' school, religion is not exempt as a topic. I was genuinely sorry I had lost my belief in Christianity, for it has truly marvelous power to sustain and help one in times of tribulation. I began to discuss the matter with a devout Catholic boy who tried with all his heart and might to make me see my error. We skied five miles over to his church to see a priest he said could straighten me out and I was truly anxious to be shown my error, if error it was.

But the matter turned out differently. Coldly and scientifically I argued with the priest, refusing to let him lead me into the inevitable *non sequiturs*, redundancies, etc. and brutally holding to logic. He was reduced, eventually, to exclaiming, "You just must believe. You have to believe!" I told him I could not believe and asked him if he were not able to help me do what he said I must. He shook his head sadly, no doubt convinced that I was determined not to understand.

The effect on my friend was something I had not counted on. All the way back to the school we skied in silence. When we got back, he said not a word and for days avoided me. I felt a secret shame for which I could see no reason. Eventually, he told me that he had been forced to agree with me and had lost his faith. That he was no happier about it than I, with my own loss of faith, was obvious. In fact, he was even more stricken. The result was to set me thinking on what I had done and whether it was right.

I saw then what I believe all great religious teachers knew, but could not and did not say. The ordinary man is too weak and too helpless in the whirling vortex of life to sustain himself on his naked human will and his cold human reason. Only with some kind of deep belief in an all-powerful magical being of some kind can the masses of humanity maintain social and reasonably worthwhile lives. Without such a belief, they can see no reason for not immediately indulging themselves in their most animal and immediate desires and they despair in the face of death unless they can imagine something further.

As long as men are thus ignorant and weak-minded, they must have some such spiritual crutches. So religion, far from being an "opiate", is truly the sustainer of the masses of people. He who destroys religion before humanity has progressed far beyond its present primitive intellectual state is helping to destroy civilization.

Since then, I have come still further along the road of understanding and realize that atheism is as bad as the rantings of the religious fanatic. The latter says, "I was one of the luckiest human beings on earth and was born into the only true religion. All the rest of you are damned sinners." The atheist makes the equally conceited statement: "I have examined the entire universe and everything in it and am certain that there is nothing I cannot know!"

For a rational man, I think these are both impossibly conceited and stupid conclusions. In the face of our ridiculous helplessness and microscopic nothingness in a universe of billions of light years, it is madness to assert that some kind of an unknown and unknowable force does not exist, a force so foreign to all our concepts that we would be incapable of thinking in terms of "Him" or "it". It is the part of the intelligent man, I believe, to recognize both his superiority to the masses who must have the fables of religion to survive the vicissitudes of life and his unspeakable inferiority to the possibilities of total intelligence. Under these circumstances, I think we must humbly renounce the right to make grandiose and positive pronouncements concerning a yet unexplored universe whose possibilities are so infinite and enormous that it will be centuries before we can reach even the nearest star in rocket ships. To those who say, "We have no evidence of anything on earth of any immaterial thing or any power which does not appear capable, eventually, of being known," as the atheists do, I reply, "True, but how can you be sure that such forces and power do not exist elsewhere? How can you even be sure, preposterous as it probably is, that there is not some giant being which is master of the universe and which you may never discover?"

Having time and again stumbled through crises in the historical battle in which I am now engaged and having learned later that our accidentally-discovered solution or even what seemed like a misfortune at the time, was the only possible way we could have survived, I am convinced that there is scientific evidence of forces which are beyond our comprehension at work. Perhaps it is only the result of unconscious problem-solving, etc., but who can say? My answer is that we must be humble in such matters, because the best of us is horribly, fearfully ignorant of the gigantic mysteries of the Universe.

I am an agnostic, which means that to all proposals and explanations of the mysteries of life and eternity, I say, "I do not know and I don't believe you or any other human does either."

At the same time, I stand firmly for positive, ethical religions, whatever they may be and believe they must be protected and given the greatest freedom to do what they can to lessen the awesome burden of human misery on this tiny planet I know there will be many intellectuals who will reply that religion has caused untold torture and suffering to stamp out 'heresy', but in view of man's need for emotional catharsis in today's immensely frustrating world, and in view of Pavlov's experiments, I believe that religion is the poor man's 'psychiatry', his only 'escape' from intolerable pressures of society. Since that ski-trip to the priest up in Maine, I have never tried to argue anybody out of his religion and have given strict orders in the American Nazi Party that religion is

simply not permitted as a subject of discussion for anybody. We have Protestants, Catholics, atheists and agnostics among our membership and all of them are equally welcome and valuable. We are battling for better things in this world and will leave discussions of religious affairs until we are in the next, if such there be, when better evidence will be at hand.

At Hebron I formed my first tiny political organization and succeeded with its purpose. There was a chemistry professor by the name of Foster who was a petty tyrant: even sneaking around the halls of the dorms in his stocking feet to catch boys breaking regulations, so he could give them huge numbers of demerits. Ed Lewis and I, and a few other top-floor men from Sturtevant Hall organized the Phi Phi's -- which is Greek for F.F. -- which referred to what we felt about Professor Foster. We burned the unfortunate victim in effigy, marched about the campus with torches and signs, plagued the poor man with impudent notes and generally made him and the administration miserable for keeping him on. And it worked. The next year, Mr. Foster sought employment elsewhere.

I also had fun at Hebron in the process. There was a genuine, fourteen carat, block-headed 'rube' on our floor, the epitome of stupidity, and I was no less sparing of the sensibilities of such good targets of fun than any other boy. But I was more clever in perfecting methods of making life miserable for such characters, a standard avocation of all at Hebron. We invited this hayseed to a 'supersecret' meeting to see about getting rid of Foster. The rube, whom we called "Danny Boone", was delighted at thus 'getting in with us'. We discussed what could be done about Foster with dreadful mock-seriousness and finally 'decided' he had to be done away with. We had learned in his chemistry class -- poetic justice -- how to make nitroglycerine and the conspirators decided thus to send Foster to his reward.

In growing tension and in hushed voices, we decided to draw straws to see who would carry the 'nitro' and throw it into Foster's suite of rooms. One of the guys announced that he had made some of the deadly stuff and had it on cushions in his room. He went and filled a little vial with hair oil and we all watched him through a crack in the door as he brought the fearful thing back on a pillow, stepping with immense caution, bulging eyes and bated breath. He set it down in the middle of the room. Covertly, we all watched our rube out of the corners of our eyes. He was transfixed, hypnotized, helplessly in the spell of the thing. The fatal drawing of straws was held with terrifying seriousness.

By a 'strange coincidence' the boob got the short straw and stood looking at it, frozen with horror. We all congratulated him on his luck as a maker of history, patted him on the back, told him of the praise he'd win from future generations of Hebron men, etc. Finally, he was handed the terrible thing -- inches at a time -- pushed out the door with it and aimed at Foster's room.

But he couldn't move. We cajoled and begged and pleaded, but he couldn't move. Finally, he appeared to have a thought. "Hold it a minute," he said, and handed the deadly vial to one of the boys. Then he dashed down the hall screaming, at the top of his lungs, "Mr. Foster, Mr. Foster! They're going to blow you up!" -- and disappeared down the back stairway. Foster came bursting out of his room and never did find out what was wrong. The corridor was quiet as a grave and all was as it should be at Hebron. Only the suffocated groans of diabolical joy under blankets and pillows in a dozen cots were clues to what had happened. But Mr. Foster couldn't hear those.

The summer of 1936 I spent lobstering in Maine, as I did many years before, and indulging my newly-found joys of philosophy and music, combined with the appreciation of nature I had felt since babyhood. I also worked as a waiter at 'Me Green Shutters, a small summer hotel in Boothbay Harbor frequented mostly by schoolteachers, and I learned some new facts about the world. I learned more about females.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER IV.

There was a girl named Franny working there as head waitress. She was 24 and five years older than I. She was nothing special, but she was not bad either. And she was a girl. I had earned a little 1936 Ford coupe, mostly by selling hand soap to garages, and with this piece of modern machinery -- which I doctored endlessly -- and Franny, I made some further experiments in the processes by which Nature intended there should be more of us. Later, with more experience, I would have had no trouble discovering and experimenting with the process itself, but, with my Victorian upbringing and ideas, and my utter ineptness in the matter, I allowed Franny to hold the experiments to preliminary investigations and what you might call 'dress rehearsals'.

Nevertheless, these sessions were so profoundly exciting that the thoughts and images they provoked interfered seriously with my growing interest in music, art, literature and philosophy. I found myself wondering, as I read *The Crito*, whether Socrates had had similar experiences. Then, remembering Xantippe and her reputation as a termagant, I decided that if they had shared such experiences, Socrates wasn't adept at it or had given up too early.

At the Green Shutters, I also learned about old ladies and discovered some effective methods of dealing with them. Their endless empty chatter disgusted me. Nothing but stories of tea shops, gift shops, difficulties with other old ladies, sly remarks about still other old ladies and their friends. It was depressing to a lively youth who had just discovered the fabulously interesting world of ideas, sex, music, philosophy, etc. How could these corsetted blimps survive each other's empty conversation about nothing for years and years and years? It was a mystery to me and still is.

But there was no mystery about their dispositions. There were a few sweet ones, but these old war-horses of grammar school and high school were mostly arrogant, imperious tyrants with us waiters and waitresses. Nothing, absolutely nothing was quite right for them. Nothing quite satisfied them. I remember all the same kind of teachers I had had and began to cast about in my mind for methods of innocent revenge. They would have me move their mattresses from one cottage to another through the woods when they would complain of nonexistent "lumps" and then dismiss me imperiously -- with no tip. They would call me interminably from table to table to complain of small discrepancies in the portions of food or other injustices and indignities to their too-too-dignified persons.

But I discovered there was one thing that drove them crazy: sticky handles on the pancake syrup jars at breakfast. They were a finicky old lot and sticky fingers were unbearable to them. So I carried a sticky rag with me and dosed up their door knobs, their pocketbook handles, their light switches and anything else I could find where they would get into the mess. The effect was thoroughly, delightfully satisfying. I was called out at all hours, of course and the proprietress and her son were scolded no end for the mysterious plague of stickiness, but nobody could figure it out -- except us waiters and waitresses and we had no interest in spoiling all that fun.

There was one fat, old killer-whale in particular who drove us mad at the table. She was always discovering that there were air bubbles in her scoops of ice cream and insisting that the terrible deficiency be made up to her. So one evening I decided to be sure her ice cream was rich enough to suit her. I took a square of butter, which was kept in the same freezer as the ice cream and built her a nice ball of ice cream around it. Then I served it up to her with great style. We all watched from behind a little screen, looking out between the cracks and holding our

breaths until she came to the butter. I was going to explain that it was an accident, that the butter must have fallen into the ice cream, which it could have, when she squawked. But she didn't squawk. Instead, we saw her look down at the dish, bend over and hack at it with her spoon a few times. Then she took a large bite of the butter and an almost lascivious smile spread across her ocean of face. She loved it!

I was called for immediately and dutifully came to attention beside her. "Young man," she commanded, "this is the finest and richest ice cream I have ever tasted. What kind is it"

"Turner Center," I told her truthfully.

"Well, I want another portion right away and I will have some of this kind every night. See that Mrs. Clayton orders this kind in the future, not that watery stuff we've been getting."

I fetched her another portion and this time packed the butter in almost solid. The staff was suffocating and dying, holding onto the door jams and retreating in agonies of laughter to the kitchen when they couldn't stand it any more.

Perhaps the Freudians will have me carted away to the booby hatch for this too. If they do, it will have been worth it! As I write this, I am suffused with a hugely satisfying glow as I recall that stupid human dirigible waddling away from her table, imagining herself mistress of all she could stuff down her ravenous gullet. I was learning, even then, how people work!

I had been accepted at Brown University during the summer by Bruce Bigelow, the director of admissions who gave me my first clue that I might be different from other people. He frankly told me that, in view of my six years in high school and other vagaries of my student career, I had the worst scholastic record of anybody ever admitted to Brown, but the highest grade on the College Aptitude Test, which shows intelligence, of all the students ever tested. He warned me that I was to be admitted strictly as an experiment to see what would happen, when the immovable object of my disinclination for scholastic achievement was placed against the irresistible force of my native intelligence in the atmosphere of a college.

I entered Brown in the fall of 1938, literally in a hurricane. That was the year New England was struck fearfully by winds of over a hundred miles an hour and thousands died in masses of wreckage. My aunt and 80 year old grandmother were at the beach called Barrington, on Narragansett Bay, when the storm hit and I was up in Providence with my Aunt Margie. As soon as we knew how terrible the thing was, I got down to the beach, where we had heard chilling rumors of death and destruction and discovered the rumors to be no exaggeration. Whole cottages had been swept away with their inhabitants and my heart stopped until I could see the wreckage of my Aunt Helen's place where my grandmother was staying. Bodies were floating against the beach as I picked my way over the piles of torn-up lumber, roofs, beds, etc., to the cottage. Inside, to my huge relief, I found my folks alive and well -- even if uncomfortable.

I was about to meet my first wife.

I had started to work on the wreckage, when a little teenage girl behind me somewhere on the pile yelled with infinite impudence, "Hey, you: Brown Pants! Grab the other end of this!" and poked some debris at me. This little character was as fresh-looking as she talked -- wearing pigtails and flirting her talk around like a jay bird, and twice as sassy.

She was something I had never seen before. Her fresh wholesomeness attracted me irresistibly and her bossy manners repelled me almost as much. Here among the wreckage of the hurricane, though, her super-cheerful easiness and "Let's get with it, boys!" helped erase the atmosphere of tragedy and death. I tried to sass her back, but wasn't equal to it. There was no squelching this pert young lady. I couldn't forget her. Some other people there said her name was Judy Aultman who lived nearby and that's all I found out for another year.

There was plenty to keep my mind busy as I entered college. There were endless tests to see what courses we needed and one of the major surprises and shocks of my life was when I discovered that I had passed the fairly difficult tests for Freshman English and Freshman French, a relatively rare occurrence. I couldn't believe it, considering my agonies in high and prep schools, but passing showed me I had discovered a new technique in the struggle to avoid school work, a system I have since called the "total situation" approach. In writing those English and French tests, I had been faced with technically difficult problems, but had solved them, not by relying on my rote memory and rules, but by fathoming the minds of the preparers of the exams, the minds of those who would grade the exams -- and coming up with an overall impression of virtuosity which would sell the grader on my ability. In addition, I had used logic and reason to come up with rules when I needed them, the same way that the rules were originally developed by those who parsed the language in the first place. Above all, I prepared my essays in such a manner as to avoid what I was sure were the standard errors the graders were used to and were looking for.

Time after time, since then, I have discovered that I do not have to study the usual rote memory portions of most subjects to succeed or even excel in performance on tests or use of the knowledge. By learning the most fundamental logical development of the subject, I am usually able to develop any other portion of the subject, as I need it -- very much the way a Navy ship does not need to carry around spare parts for every piece of the ship, but carries, rather, the plans and raw materials which can be worked up as needed for any desired part in the machine shop.

It is my belief that this technique should be the most fundamental part of the education of our youth, instead of the present stuffing of young minds with millions of unrelated facts and unevaluated ideas or the chaotic development of personal whims and prejudices called "progressive education". Once the principle of a subject is learned, the details can be developed at will in most cases. The beauty of this system of mental discipline is that it leaves the mind free to do creative work, rather than burdening it with billions of confusing separate facts. It is my contention that the failure to teach young minds today the principles of all logical development, accompanied by the positive emphasis of the insane idea that absolutely everything is "relative" and "grey", rather than black and white where principles are concerned, kills the ability to think in our youth. Phenomena which exemplify principles can indeed be on a sliding scale of "greys" and always are, in fact. But the principles themselves, such as force prevailing over weakness, are not relative, but eternal laws of logic which would prevail even in an empty universe.

Once the internally consistent body of principles governing a mental discipline is learned, and then the system of deriving the details -- by logical building from there -- one can master subjects well enough to use them successfully in a ridiculous fraction, of the time usually frittered away in courses taught at schools and universities. This is the method, for instance, whereby I have been able to hold my own and even win a good many victories in the courts as my own attorney, without a day's training in the law. I have discovered that law is, by and large, a system of common, ordinary horse-sense, based on a few fundamental and simple principles -- at least until our Supreme Court got at the matter. But in our ordinary courts, knowledge of the fundamental principles, a will to succeed and the application of brainpower to the principles will make any man his own lawyer and a more successful one than many court-appointed attorneys who don't have your motivation.

This is not to assert that a trained, expert and highly-paid lawyer is not a good investment, nor does it mean that I will not make use of such legal genius when I can afford it. But when it is necessary to have a lawyer and none will take your case, as has happened to me as a Nazi -- and you can't pay them besides -- then a knowledge of how to master a subject well enough to use it in a few days by the use of principles plus logical building of details is invaluable.

Incidentally, while I am on this matter, I have also learned that even such majestic subjects as the law are as vulnerable as everything else I have found in this world to human motivational study. Lawyers, judges and other officials are human. I have discovered that even the best of them make fearful mistakes, omissions and blunders, even in their robes and/or wigs. By calculating not only the law, but their emotions and their probable thought processes, I have more than once won victories by something beside the unvarnished use of the law and the facts.

My first year at Brown was perhaps the happiest of my life. There was no responsibility, compared to later life; instead, there were flowering abilities in all direction, an absorbing interest in everything and everybody, all sorts of opportunities to drink beer, experiment with women and discuss the entire world as a 'master' with other young 'masters-of-everything' in the fraternity house. Although I was only a freshman, I launched the college humor magazine which had been dead for a long time, together with sophomores Vic Hillary and Bob Grabb, my best pals at Brown. I was art editor and Grabb was the editor. Hillary was editor of the college paper, The Brown Daily Herald. I worked with endless creative pleasure for both publications and more than once got called over to the Dean's office for my exuberance. I developed a horror style of cartoon years before Charles Adams and these were frequently reprinted in other college papers, such as The Annapolis Log. I was also to see stacks of these works of kid-college humor in the District of Columbia Municipal Court on July 26, 1960, where I was on trial as a lunatic. These exuberant works of over twenty years ago were diligently gathered together by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, photostated and presented to the Prosecutor, who testified that he "didn't know where all the photostats came from." These cartoons were used to 'prove' that I was a sadistic monster, although in the twenty-two years since producing them, I had risen from an enlisted man to a commander in the Navy; been selected to command three squadrons; successfully established three businesses and had never eaten a single baby or carved up a wife.

It was at Brown in 1939 that I first ran head-on into Communism, although I didn't know or even suspect it. I don't remember even thinking about it any more than I did Thugeeism in India or Mormonism. I was still blissfully and totally ignorant of Communism, Jews, Negroes and the assault of the masses of the world, led by the master-mongrels -- the Jews -- against the White Race and its elite. In a way, I am glad of this long-maintained ignorance, because today, when I meet young college men and women who are full of conceit of their 'knowledge', 'liberalism' and 'understanding' of our social problems, I can be patient with them. I can imagine my own reaction if I had been told there was a Jewish or any other kind of world conspiracy. I was sure, at that time, that my 'deep' studies into the profundities of knowledge would have long ago revealed any such monstrous conspiracy and even if not, that my professors and men of learning would surely have known of it. I would have been angry at such effrontery, just as the young college boobs I meet today are at first angry -- until I ruthlessly use logic to beat them out of their disgusting and monumental conceit by driving into them, one after the other, the explanations of how come they never ran into such facts.

But then, in 1939, I sat in "Sociology I" class and tried my best to make some sense out of it all. I had been happy at the chance to study sociology, as it appeared to me logical that there must be some fundamental principles of the development of the social relationships of life, as I had discovered simple basic principles of other affairs I had looked into. I was most eager to learn these basic principles of the operation of human society so that I could understand the events around me and perhaps even predict sociological occurrences in accordance with the principles I would be taught. I have since learned that there are such principles, particularly

in Adam's **The Law of Civilization and Decay** and even better, in **The Crowd** by LeBon.

But it would be many, many years before I would fight my way into the intellectual sunshine of such simple, fundamental and logical presentations of the facts of social life. In Professor Bucklin's classroom on society, all was the most depressing darkness and confusion. It all sounded most enlightening, of course. There were lots of brave new words, ethnic groups, etc., but try as I might, I could not get to the bottom of it all to find any idea or principle I could get hold of. Everything was "by and large" and "in most cases" and "on the other hand" and "So-and-so says, but Dr. So-and-so says absolutely not." Muddiness of mind was not deplored, but glorified. I buried myself in my sociology books, absolutely determined to find out why I was missing the kernel of the thing.

The best I could come up with was that human beings are all helpless tools of the environment; that we are all born as rigidly equal lumps and that the disparity of our achievements and stations was entirely the result of the forces of environment -- that everybody, therefore, could theoretically be masters, geniuses and kings if only we could sufficiently improve everybody's environment. I was bold enough to ask Professor Bucklin if this were the idea and he turned red with anger. I was told it was "impossible" to make any generalizations, although all I was asking was for the fundamental idea, if any, of sociology.

I began to see that sociology was different from any other course I had ever taken. Certain ideas produced apoplexy in the teacher, particularly the suggestion that perhaps some people were no good biological slobes from the day they were born. Certain other ideas, although they were never formulated nor stated frankly, were fostered and encouraged -- these were always ideas revolving around the total power of the environment. Slowly, I got the idea. At first, I just used it to get better grades. When I wrote my essay answers in examinations, I poured it on heavily that all hands in the civilization in question were potential Leonardo da Vincis, no matter how black they were, nor how they ate their best friends for thousands of years; and that with a quick change in environment, these cannibals too would be writing arias, building Parthenons and painting masterpieces.

But then I began to wonder "how come"? Certainly, environment was important. Anybody could see that. But it was obviously negative. You can make a helpless boob out of a born genius by bringing him up in a dark closet, but you can't make a genius out of a drooling idiot, even by sending him to Brown. Was it just old man Bucklin who was insane with environment? Or was it the whole subject? I went to the library and read more sociology books. They were universally pushing the same idea.

I began to make fun of sociology in the college paper in my column and got into more trouble. Some of the columns were 'killed' before seeing the light. I was still too ignorant to know that I was fighting Lysenko and Marx and the whole Soviet theory of environmentalism -- which has captured and hypnotized or terrorized all our intellectuals -- and I imagined I was battling just one foolish college course!

During my second year at Brown, my picture of the world darkened as I discovered more and more intellectual dishonesty in this university which had first seemed almost heaven itself to me. I still knew little or nothing about Communism or its pimping little sister, 'liberalism', but I could not avoid the steady pressure, everywhere in the university, to accept the idea of massive human equality and the supremacy of environment. In every course, I was repelled by the intellectual cowardice of the faculty in failing to stand up for any doctrine whatsoever.

I majored in philosophy and, while I admired the intellectual brilliance of my professors, particularly Professor

Ducasse, I was hugely disappointed in the headlong retreat of all the faculty whenever they were asked their own opinions as to the objective truth in any matter. I was told that "eternal seeking" is the way to knowledge and there is no denying that, but lively discussion is also vital to any advance of knowledge and you cannot have any lively discussion where the opposition either doesn't exist or melts away like a wraith when you seek to take hold of it.

I was running into the disease of our modern life: cowardice and pathological fear of a strong personality or strong ideas. Dale Carnegie has codified and commercialized this creeping disease as "how to win friends and influence people", which boils down to the essential principle of having no personality or strong feelings or ideas and becoming passive and empty so that "the other fellow" can display his ideas and personality. But he, too, is trying to become popular by being passive and dispassionate, so that the result is like connecting two dead batteries: no current. Such human robots are suited to enslavement by a 1984-type society, but not to life in a bold, free society of men. This is the way women should be, perhaps, but not our men and especially not our leaders.

I found the same feeble feminine approach in every subject except in the sciences, and for these last, I was very grateful. In geology and psychology I could find a few principles and laws which stayed there when I reached out to grasp them, and so I reveled in these subjects and rebelled to the limit of my capacity in the others. In sociology I went so far as to write an insolent examination paper which almost got me thrown out of Brown. We were asked to write an essay answer on the factors leading to criminality and delinquency.

I wrote nothing but a fable about a crew of scientific geniuses who set out for Africa to see what made ants act like ants. They searched around until they found a lot of anthills, observed them for many years and finally came up with the discovery that when ant eggs were hatched in tunnels in a certain kind of hill in Africa and grew up among six-legged creatures called "ants", they themselves were so affected by this strong environment that they became, themselves, ants and waved their antennae like ants, scurried around aimlessly like ants, looked like ants and were ants!

Once again, I was hauled up before the administration for this impudence and almost thrown out. However, I was given another opportunity to write the exam and for the sake of my dear good grandmother and my patient, loving Aunt Margie, I sat down and wrote what I knew they wanted -- a piece showing how unfortunate and most excellent babies were invariably driven to stealing from their parents, relatives and friends, robbing strangers at gunpoint and finally axing somebody in sheer desperation at their nasty environment. This was passed with a C plus.

Meanwhile, I was learning mightily from my endless 'bull sessions' with Vic Hillary and Bob Grabb, my constant companions. Both of them were soused to the ears with the prevailing 'liberalism', although I still did not know what it was. I simply discovered that almost all my ideas clashed violently with theirs. My ideas that socially-significant novels were dangerous because they allowed ideas to sneak into the mind while it was hypnotized was especially aggravating to both of them as we all aspired to creative careers, they as novelists and great writers. My attack on the very social novels they were aiming to write was painful and their reactions, particularly Hillary's, were most passionate. Far into the night we would battle over this matter, with the usual results: no progress. But in the process, I learned the art of controversy.

At first, I was too sincere and ingenuous to do anything but try to make my opponent see the truth of my position with the utmost force and sincerity. But then, I found that I would fall victim of the dirtiest kind of tricks. My position would be enormously and ridiculously exaggerated and then it would be flung, into my face in triumph, to the great laughter of the audience of listeners or participants. I could not understand when even

my revered friends did this to me. I was more than once too hurt by such tactics to defend myself.

But, as with everything else in my life, when I discovered the inevitability of such illogical skullduggery, I schooled myself in it and one day turned the tables on my 'liberal' friends. Since I was usually alone in my 'conservative' position, surrounded by voluble and hostile 'liberals', I had more than the usual share of difficulties in gaining one of the phony 'victories' which are the only ones possible in such a battle, wherein truth means nothing. Under such circumstances, where the listeners as well as one's opponents are all hostile, one must capture them emotionally, in spite of themselves, with a lightning, unexpected stroke, usually of overwhelming humor or sarcasm, so that they laugh at your opponent and even themselves, in spite of themselves. Then you must decamp with a flourish, but with haste, before they can recover, and lay loud claim to victory. Such practice has served me handsomely, many times since then, in political battles, particularly in courtrooms when prosecutors get oratorical and too big for their britches. One has only to find the man's weak point in such circumstances to turn his unfair attack against himself with judge, jury and spectators.

More and more at Brown, I came into basic conflict with the prevailing 'liberalism', still without realizing what it was all about. My companions, my courses, my professors, the latest 'erudite' books: everything seemed to me to be touched with madness. I fought it fiercely and, for my ignorance, powerfully, but mostly by instinct. I simply had never heard of Communism as anything but a fiendish and insane doctrine held by a few fanatics someplace overseas. That the campus, dorms, fraternity houses and classrooms of Brown University were crawling with the filthy thing, I would never have believed and would have laughed to scorn anybody who had tried to tell me such a 'fantastic' thing -- then.

It was during my second year at Brown, at the first fall dance at Faunce House that I recognized one of the freshman girls -- my future wife -- from Pembroke, the girls' section of Brown. I saw the same sassy little jaybird I had met in Barrington after the hurricane. Only this time, she was in a party dress. She still looked fresher and more wholesome than any girl I had ever seen, but she looked more than just wholesome in the pretty dress, as she swept across the floor with a succession of partners who cut in on each other. I was busy chasing a few women myself, but I noticed when she disappeared outside into the darkness with somebody. I strolled out onto the campus and over by University Hall, which was behind a fence as it was being remodeled. I saw her come out the door of the fence with her escort and was immediately irritated, but I kept control, strolled nonchalantly over and said "hello" to her. She recognized me and I couldn't resist asking her what she had been doing in the deserted hall.

"Ringing the bell," she said, which I insisted on taking with a double entendre, but which did not embarrass her in the least. I was a sophomore, far above such silly little freshman girls, but she apparently refused to recognize this great difference in our social stations. I resolved to ask her for a date and did so the next opportunity.

From then on, my life was a hell of glorious hope and miserable despair. She would seem to be as desperately in love with me as I was with her, only to cut me to pieces with some unheard of cruelty. She was the most popular girl in the freshman class and played the field with calculated cunning and cold manipulation. Such were the agonies of pursuing the girl who was to be my first wife.

She would take my fraternity pin, full of love and even traces of passion, only to thrust it back at me a few days later, for no special reason. I later got to know her mother and suspect her dainty hand in this sort of affair. But she had roused in me that fatal acceptance of challenge which is my most fundamental quality. Since she seemed impossible to tame or to attain, I had to have her and I doubled and redoubled my efforts to that end. I still don't know who got whom and I don't think she does either. Always, I was being bounced from heaven to hell by this sassy young thing I sought to corral.

But such emotional badminton didn't stop my development politically. Roosevelt was campaigning for re-election for his third term and I was not only outraged at this conceited flaunting of tradition, but Roosevelt's masterful but obvious demagoguery repelled me beyond endurance. I remember getting a harsh lesson from this Machiavellian "man of the people" when I heard a Republican program wherein different speeches of his were played in sequence, so that the impudent lies of the man were horrifyingly obvious. In one excerpt you would hear this political snake declare his undying devotion to one principle, only to hear him denouncing the very same thing the next moment, with passionate and self-righteous venom. I rejoiced at this genius of the Republicans and was sure no political leader could survive this devastating exposure of total lack of principle and utter depravity of character. Roosevelt was dead; I was positive! His subsequent landslide election victory taught me once for all that the ability of the people to know, to weigh and to judge facts *per se* is almost zero.

When FDR would take to the airwaves with his undulating, calculatingly charming voice, the women would be overcome with his "masterful" leadership and the males would be scrambling over one another to do homage to this great "liberal". My college mates absolutely staggered me with their apparent blindness to this foul liar and cheat. Grabb and Hillary formed committees to get Roosevelt re-elected and the campus was alive with a passion for Roosevelt. When I tried to point out the wild lies and inconsistencies of the man's words and acts, his demagoguery which should have been obvious to any ass and his grossly insincere and studied mass-manipulation techniques, I was greeted by a reaction which I have since learned is typical of these phony 'intellectuals' who pride themselves on their 'liberalism': invective! I was called a "reactionary", a "tory", even a "fascist" -- a word I knew nothing of at that time. There was no attempt to show that my arguments or charges were wrong or ill-founded -- only sneers, jeers, curses and name-calling.

It is typical of my political naivete in that time that when the hate propaganda about Hitler began to be pushed upon us in larger and larger doses, I swallowed it all and was unable to suspect that somebody might have had an interest in all this and that it might not be the interest of the United States or our people.

Charlie Chaplin was one of my favorites (and still is) and when I saw his "Great Dictator", I was not only brought to tears by the funny parts, but I was brought to bursting indignation by the impassioned speech he makes at the end against dictatorship (except for Stalin's brutal dictatorship which was depicted as benevolent love for his people, including the massacres of "enemies of the people"). The only dictators attacked by Mr. Chaplin were Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo, which I have since found easy to understand when we learn that Charlie is so red even our pinko State Department has banned him from the U.S.A. -- and the even more significant fact for a capitalist who has made millions here in our hospitable land, that Chaplin's real name is Israel Thonstein.

But in 1940, all of this was hidden from me, as it is still hidden from our people for yet a little while longer. And so I grew to hate this "vicious monster", Adolf Hitler, as much as anybody in the country. It became obvious that we would have to get into a war to stop this "horrible ogre" who "planned to conquer America", so we were told and so I believed.

I was having the time of my life in college, but my idealism would not permit me to enjoy it as long as I sincerely believed, as I did, that my beloved country was in immediate and deadly danger of being enslaved or murdered and destroyed. I made preliminary inquiries about enlisting in the Navy.

The president of Brown, Henry Merrit Wriston, called me into his sacred chambers to remonstrate with me. "How can you expect to become an important man if you don't finish college?" he asked.

Sitting on the edge of my chair in awe of this grand person, I replied that there was no use trying to become an important man if America was to be destroyed. I said that I felt it my duty to do what I could immediately to stop any conquering of my country and I wondered how anybody could do differently. This fetched him up short, as he took it as a personal slur on his courage and patriotism. Waving a big stack of papers at me, he fairly shouted, "See all these papers? I have just signed them! I sign my name over a hundred times a day! This is what it means to be important! Nobody will want you to sign your name if you do not finish college!"

This seemed to me then and seems, to me now, a pretty sorry argument for finishing college or for being a success, especially for a man who has been asked to reorganize our Foreign Service and is looked up to as a mastermind. Facing him as a young squirt, I found him to be something less than a Socrates or even a good Scout Leader and I realize that such pompous and relatively empty-headed 'leaders' are, and will be our lot until we can conquer the Jewish money-power, which can only survive as long as our leaders are either consciously in on the filthy red scheme or as I think in the present case, are too slow-witted to see what stooges they are.

So another student and I went ahead and enlisted at the First Naval District headquarters in Boston. How my life changed then!

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER V.

For the first time I found some order and dignity in life! The rough going as an enlisted man was something hard to take, of course, but my soul rejoiced in the pride and strength, of the military. Civilian life seemed soft, weak and feminine, and I got a deep satisfaction in my growing ability to stand up under the discipline and punishment. When we stood at parade and watched the flag go by to the military band and the drums, for the first time I experienced the goose-pimple emotions for which there is no other name than 'glory'. How unspeakably proud I was to be an American and a sailor! How I scorned the featherbedded life I had just left and how worthy the United States Navy was of my pride, in those days!

Officers were dignified, rough and demanding -- not afraid to insist on salutes and privileges. How I worshiped them! There were no Negroes except in the galley and the chiefs and petty officers over me may not have been paragons of culture, but Lord, they were tough! They used to break us out of the barracks on bitter, snapping cold mornings sometimes at two and three a.m. in the howling wind and snow to wash airplanes with our bare hands in buckets of boiling water. It was torture, but there was manly pride in just surviving it. What camaraderie the suffering produced among us! The mamas' boys, lady-officers and Negro brass of today's service will not understand what that Navy was like, but the old hands will know whereof I speak. And perhaps, if they reflect on how right I am about what's happened to our services today, they will be a little less harsh on me for discovering who it is who has made such a mockery of our once proud fighting forces, and fighting the evil with every fiber of my being, no matter what I am called or how I am hated. The Communist-Zionist Jew conspiracy cannot afford to have a proud, fighting Navy or any other tough service, for real fighting men would never tolerate the takeover they are now maneuvering. So they have consciously and viciously filled our services with 'democracy' and fatal softness which will one day destroy us as the French services were destroyed, if we do not drive the seducers out first.

I was sent to 'elimination' flight training at Squantum, Massachusetts, to see if they could make a Navy pilot of me. I washed out urinals with a rubber glove; I marched endlessly and suffered all the usual military discomforts, but I was to be a pilot! That word has lost a lot of its glamour today, but in 1940, a pilot and a Navy pilot at that, was just a few notches under a god to a hot-blooded young man.

A tough young Irish lieutenant junior grade named McCollough instructed us for a few weeks in 'ground school' and I distinguished myself in his class on flying by scoffing when he said we would all bounce when we landed the first few times. I had been over the procedure many times in the book and was sure I would not bounce. McCollough said, with a happy twinkle in his eye, that he would personally take me for my first flight in an airplane and see how I did!

He took me up on a wintry day in the little open N2S yellow Navy biplane, and in the hard, bright sunshine over Boston Bay, did everything within his power to tear the wings off of that government property. He failed, but he did succeed in taking all the impudence and arrogance out of me. When I was completely unsure of up and down and felt that my eyes were hanging two inches out of their sockets, he gave me the stick and held his hands in the air.

I will ask the gentle reader to spare me the description of the denouement of this little episode. But I am sure McCollough had a ball recounting the tale that night in the officers' club. I did not find my fellow students

overly-reverent in my presence, either. I later met 'Mac' when I was aboard the Wasp in the Pacific and we had a lot of laughs over that first flight, but it was not humorous at the time. Irishmen, as I have learned, are charming, but a bit mad in the air.

Marching, washing airplanes, freezing, ogling women in Boston, standing seemingly interminable cold watches in empty hangars, getting chewed out by petty officers, fighting in the barracks, turning each other out of beds and short-sheeting others, flying a little bit each day -- I got in my eight hours of dual -- and then the great day: I passed! I was given an airplane all by myself and the idea was to get it up, around the field and down again. This is an unforgettable feeling as you sit there in the cockpit and the safe, dependable instructor climbs down and leaves you all alone in this roaring monster. You get off the ground safely and then worry about getting in to land. I, of course, to be cocky, had boasted to my mates that I would make a perfect 'circle shot' by landing in a hundred-foot whitewashed circle used by Navy pilots for carrier precision landings. I undershot at first and had to put on more power to get there, almost giving the entire squadron heart-failure as I wobbled and skidded and stalled and struggled to the circle -- and then I missed! But never mind, I had survived and soloed, and that was all that was required. Those of us who had passed were too happy to pay much attention to the jibing about my missing the circle or even to mind the dunking we got in the icy water for soloing.

During this elimination training, I had been seeing Judy, the girl at Pembroke and, while my new glamour helped some, I was still bounced around very painfully between thinking the game was in the bag and discovering that another hunter had been poaching.

We were sent down as one of the first few classes at the new Navy training base at Jacksonville, Florida, and found nothing much but sand and sun and an eternal hot wind which drifted the sand everywhere. There was a dearth of facilities, so, although we were supposed to begin training, we had to serve in the lowest servile capacities as janitors and airplane-pushers, watch-standers, etc., for some weeks. But finally we started flying and I quickly learned that it was not as glamorous as we had imagined. The dread of getting 'busted' out was a terrific pressure, to say nothing of the struggle to stay alive. Crashes and deaths were regular.

My first experience with death was when a guy across the hall crashed and we had to get his things together. I busted two checks in a row on my 'stunt' and had to get 'squadron time', then up again to spin, stall, loop, Immelmann, do wings-overs to perfection and finally the ultimate: inverted spins. After getting the extra 'squadron time', you have to get two ups out of three. My first check was an 'up' and I prayed for one more as I waited for my check pilot to appear, only to discover it was "Downcheck" Graham, a stone-faced terrorist who sent more cadets home than any other pilot. Quaking and sweating, I took him up and fell all over the sky, finally almost ground-looping on the landing. Now my career as a hero of the air hung on what the next man said. I had to wait several days for this final check, but at last I sat on the line waiting for my luck as a check pilot. I drew a Jew -- Blenman! I gave him an excellent ride, somehow or other, and he gave me that desperately important 'up'.

It was during those days, just before we got into the War, that I discovered what a slouch I was in the eternal 'liberty' hunt for women. The other lads were set into motion the moment anything in skirts appeared and were full of brass and loaded with 'line' to catch these fillies. In the first place, I was repulsed by most of these women. They were cheap and often brassier than my companions.

When they would use earthy terms in the inevitable banter of the encounter, it turned my stomach and I would drop out of the contest. Many an evening in these times I sat in libraries or movies while my buddies enjoyed what, to hear them later, were the most voluptuous orgies.

But this is not to say I was a hidden violet entirely. At the Roosevelt Hotel in Jacksonville, at a dance one night, I saw an entrancing, feminine little creature whirling around with a host of beaux and was immediately captivated by the dainty girl. When I was interested, I could 'operate' as devastatingly as the boldest of my companions, only in a more subtle way. I cut out a whole mob of would-be captors of this little lady, whose name I learned was Elsie; I also got rid of the poor sap who had brought her to the dance. I bowled her off her feet and swept her out of the place, feeling enormously masculine and possessive.

She had rich folks in Georgia, I discovered and learned that my catch was far, far beyond my wildest dreams: she had a Cadillac convertible and, when I got to know her better, she had me often to her place in Georgia, where I luxuriated like an oriental potentate. Elsie herself was adorable and cuddly and willing to cuddle, too. I soon had all those who had scoffed at my backwardness in the streets squirming in jealousy as Elsie would sweep up to our barracks in the Caddy and she and I would float off to transports of joy which needed little exaggeration. But I discovered all this wonder was not unalloyed. Elsie was spoiled. She demanded the uttermost in service, with flourishes, even homage. Homage I was anxious to give, but not on command. There were many minor and even a few large skirmishes, but by and large the affair with Elsie was what most men dream of. I asked her to marry me and she said yes. But then there was a quarrel and she broke the engagement. I stayed away, but she sent emissaries and eventually we were going together again, although there was no formal understanding.

Meanwhile, I had passed one check after another and reached the stage of final fleet training. Here I got a serious disappointment. There were three possibilities: carrier fighters, scout-planes which were 'catapulted off a battle-wagon or cruiser and patrol flying-boats or 'P-boats', as they were called. You were invited to list choices in order and I listed "1. Fighters, 2. Fighters and 3. Fighters." But I did not get fighters. I got what was considered the lowest of the low: Catapult pilot. How I groaned. But it did no good. I was sent to the seaplane squadron and learned to fly first Steermans on floats and then OS 2U's -- the lousiest plane in the fleet, we all felt. The underpowered and clumsy float planes were designed to observe only and their top speed was only 110 knots, with nothing but a couple of thirty caliber machine-guns. What a tub! What a miserable vehicle in which to fly to glory! But I completed training in them, including a catapult shot off the dock at Jacksonville; was commissioned ensign and was assigned to an old World War I cruiser, the U.S.S. Omaha.

I drove north in the little flivver I had in college, which my Aunt had shipped to me and stopped in Newark, New Jersey, to see my first girl, Jean, from Atlantic City. My dashing Navy uniform and wings, etc., captivated her and she in turn captivated me. She was as sweet as I had remembered her, only now I had the courage and know-how to kiss her, which I did. In one evening, she was convinced we were engaged, although I said nothing about it. But I had to resume my travel north to Providence to see my folks.

Arriving in Providence, I of course went to see Judy at Pembroke. My uniform and wings (very rare yet, since not many were in uniform) were as efficacious with Miss Aultman as with the others and I became engaged, this time with me asking the question. I closed out my remaining affairs and took the train to Norfolk where I was to catch a ship which would transport me to the secret port where I would get aboard the Omaha for permanent duty. Judy saw me off, none too tearfully I thought, as the other less 'fortunate' girls had been.

In Norfolk, I got my first taste of the real old salty sea-going Navy on the U.S.S. Pastores, a supply ship. They had a little bos'n's mate, whose name I forgot, but whose character I will never forget. He went about barefoot all the time and could and did boot a man just as effectively with those calloused toes as with a boot. He was tattooed all over and obviously tough as a tiger shark. The officers loved him, although they pretended publicly to disapprove of his ways and tactics.

Finally, the Pastores was ready to sail and we moved out into Hampton Roads to swing on the hook for the last day. As an officer, I had the run of the ship and I hung around the bridge to learn what I could of the affairs of managing a great naval vessel.

About an hour before we were to stand out of the harbor, we got a light message by blinker from the flag headquarters on shore: "Send boat for officers" -- and the whaleboat was dispatched. When it returned, the cox'n was grinning from ear to ear and the captain, who had come out to meet the important officers who had held up the ship, discovered that the "officers" consisted of the bos'n, full of beer and immense satisfaction with having avoided missing ship, a serious charge. The business about using the flag's signal light, etc., was relatively 'minor' and "Boats" had done it again. The officers laughed for days about this 'crime' in the wardroom.

On the Pastores, I had my first experience with 'race prejudice'. it must be remembered that I had gone to school with Negroes and never even noticed them. As a passenger officer, the exec. had put me in charge of one of the holds where there were berthed two or three hundred men who were also passengers. When I got to the hold, as ordered, I found a riot in the making. Half of the passengers were Black, the other half White, and those were not just ordinary White men, but men from Georgia! This was before Eleanor and Anna Rosenberg had integrated the armed services. Blacks were always mess-boys and never, never were berthed with White men. Now here I was, a brand-new, fishy-green ensign in charge of an explosive race situation!

I marched the Blacks out of there immediately, mustered them on deck and had them hold ranks, while I found out what to do. But the exec. was busy getting underway and I was told to figure it out myself I checked the other hold and found another passenger officer having the same trouble. He had half White and half Blacks, so we traded. Both of us wanted the Whites, but we flipped and he won, so I got two hundred Africans and he took all the Whites.

I boarded the Omaha in Trinidad and my Navy life really began. It was so different from the Navy of today that the present outfit seems like that of another country, a much less manly country.

From the glorious foundations of the United States Navy until 1944 or 1945, when the influx of 'quicky' officers got too huge to train properly, we had 'iron men in wooden ships', to use the old Navy phrase. In 1946, after the Communist 'bring the boys home' debacle, all hell broke loose in the salty ranks of the great fighting men and officers who led the Nation in unbroken victories for two hundred years. Civilian meddlers and Communist fellow-travellers got the power to wreck our armed forces as part of the conscious plan to weaken us, now that the only possible enemy was the Soviet Union. They 'democratized' our fighting men, integrated units, 'luxury-ized' them and they have almost destroyed them. Every top officer in the service knows the despair of trying to do anything constructive today, and I speak with authority when I say that the morale in the Armed Forces has disintegrated to the point where no matter what weapons we have, we no longer have sufficient men and the masters to make a real fighting team. To go back to the old Navy term, we now have 'paper men in steel ships'. The officers and men who have the guts and gumption and can't stand the phony atmosphere get out and 'make it' on the outside. The pitifully few old-line officers and career enlisted men who are still trying to keep a backbone in our armed forces are usually 'retired' prematurely, like the immortal "Chesty" Puller, the greatest leader the Marine Corps ever had, while slick operators and 'brown-nosers' are moved into top commands, where they fight with cocktail glasses and barrages of paper.

The millions of men who are inducted and then jammed in with Negroes and never shown an officer or sergeant with the guts to "make them salute and show respect or kick them firmly in the tail, get out as soon as they can, in highly proper disgust. A uniform used to be the mark of a fighting man. Now they have got old and sacred fighting uniforms for hookworms with horn-rimmed glasses, ladies and even Africans.

Most of this was accomplished by the first pro-Communist Secretary of Defense, George Catlett Marshall, who boasted how he destroyed Nationalist China with a stroke of his pen and gave China to our mortal enemies; and by Anna M. Rosenberg, the Hungarian Jewess he put in as his first assistant and in charge of man-power. Anna M. was identified under oath before the U.S. Senate as a member of the Communist John Reed Club of New York City and as a writer of articles for the Communist New Masses magazine. I myself have the photostats of these Red articles I made in the Library of Congress, along with her picture, so there can be no howls of 'mistaken identity'. It was this communistic Hungarian Jewess who promoted the Communist Jew, Peress, when Joe McCarthy got on his track and it was this communistic Jewess who 'niggerized' our once tough fighting forces.

In order to proceed undisturbed at the wrecking of our armed forces, these unspeakable traitors have calculatingly and brutally brainwashed our men with 'orientation' courses in 'democracy' (meaning Communism -- see any Soviet propaganda) until any attempt to help them now is met as an attack on them. I am sickened and heart-broken today when officers who should be able to see what has happened tell me what a filthy dog McCarthy was and explain to me what 'progress' is being made in 'democratizing' our once elite fighting forces.

The Army has had it the worst, for it is the Army alone that the Reds fear in the moment of their takeover. If the Army is led by patriotic Americans, not afraid of personal reprisals and faithful to the Constitution, as they have sworn to be, no Red putsch can succeed. But if they can fill up the high posts with toadies and Jews and pinkos and boobs, the helpless and inarticulate masses of men will have to go along and be used, as they were in Little Rock, to destroy their own great American Republic. NOTE: Since this was written, the "General Walker Case" has fully substantiated these charges.

But in 1941, boot ensigns such as I still jumped at J.G.'s orders; niggers were just niggers; chiefs were tough and could settle matters which now go before courts martial with the toe of a well-placed boot and officers dressed in full formal uniform for dinner every night, no matter what the conditions.

I would like to write an entire book on what I learned and learned to love on that old O-Boat, but cannot spare the pages in this, my first book. Perhaps later I will write a book on the armed forces, but for now, all I can say is that I found out what a fighting force should be like on the Omaha and Americans should tremble in fear and terror every minute we deny our officers the right, the privilege and the duty of acting like officers and making our men as tough as the steel and electronic monsters they guide as they were on the old Omaha. There is no 'democratic' nonsense in the Soviet armed forces and, should we ever have to face these tough, old-fashioned fighting forces, no matter what our technical superiority -- like the French hiding behind their Maginot Line -- we will be sliced up like butter before the hot knife of the undemocratic Soviet enemy.

I had my first taste of war on the Omaha, but in odd circumstances. Martinique was French and France had fallen to Hitler. We patrolled off this island and one night when I was catapulted out to search for a reported contact, I found traces of a sub. I got radio orders to stay with it and was concentrating on this when the radioman called on the intercom and asked me what the "sparks" were. I looked back, saw tracers going by and discovered I was being pursued by what I thought was a Navy SNJ -- but which was probably one of our earlier gifts to the French. I was flying an old SOC, open-cockpit biplane at ninety knots and the SNJ, compared to me, was 'red-hot'. It flashed past me below and disappeared without hitting us. I got a lot of kidding back aboard later and there were a good many remarks about my 'imagination', etc., but the radioman confirmed this odd-ball attack.

Later, I depth-charged several subs, receiving return fire, but I did not get credit for any 'kills' because we discovered our depth-charges would not go off. We tested five or six of them and learned they had been sabotaged or poorly made. Still later, off the coast of Africa on the invasion convoy, I am sorry to say I helped sink two Axis subs in my work with carrier killer groups.

But the day-in-day-out flight operations were much more taxing than the relatively rare combat incidents. We were working the South Atlantic, searching for raiders and subs and going in and out of Trinidad there were always torpedoings and sinkings. The entrance, Chaca Chacari, was dubbed "Torpedo junction" by all hands. The subs used to sit fanned out on the bottom and pop off the convoy ships as they came out of the harbor, like ducks. Once I remember them blowing up a Brazilian vessel loaded with coffee and the ocean was turned into black coffee for miles. I wondered if it kept the fish awake. We often saw pieces of ships (once, an entire half) floating aimlessly and had to sink them.

Every morning before dawn, 'general quarters' would sound, immediately followed by 'flight quarters' and we pilots would stagger and stumble out of our bunks to the catapults, climb into the old SOC biplanes, be whacked in the back by our old steam-rammed catapults and find ourselves out over the Atlantic at two or three feet 'altitude' over the swells, in the dark, and only minutes out of bed. This was a hair-raising minute or two, but the belt in the back of the head served to clear the sleep and cobwebs from our brains and we were soon roaring up into the dawn -- an emotional experience which never failed to move me deeply.

The immense majesty and indescribable vastness of the sea is multiplied a thousand-fold by the terrific contrast afforded by the insignificant little ship you leave behind as you rise into the grey and pink panorama of the sky. As the tropical sunrise begins and you are suspended between endless, rolling grey ocean and towering mountains of multicolored clouds, the almost invisible, little black 'tooth-pick' -- the ship you have just left -- far below gives you a sense of the staggering vastness of it all. Only a pig or a stone could fail to be moved deeply.

But then I would have the immediate problem of dead-reckoning that ancient Curtis biplane 500 miles over that empty ocean and back to the ship -- not where it was when I left it, but someplace new -- where it had zigzagged in those five hours. We had no radar in those days and were required to maintain tight radio silence. There were no homing devices or other aids, just our chartboards, pencils, calculators, compass and instruments. We usually flew all alone, one plane out on each side, to scout as much territory as possible for the day. The pattern was a huge 'U' out from the ship and back, so as to cover everything to the limit of sight. During this time, the wind, which had to be estimated solely from the appearance of the sea far below, was drifting the plane sometimes as much as thirty miles one side or the other in an hour -- a hundred and fifty miles in the five-hour flight -- and the ship was also moving. We had no automatic pilot or mechanical aid whatsoever. You figured out everything by vectors, compass course, speed, distance, time and gas, and then prayed fervently that you and the ship would wind up somewhere in the near vicinity at the end of the flight. If you made a mistake of adding the magnetic variation instead of subtracting it or forgot a single wind figure or made any other ordinarily slight mathematical error, it was curtains. We lost several pilots just this way. One panic-stricken pilot broke radio silence against orders when he missed the ship, ran out of gas and sat down in the middle of the ocean someplace. We tried to find him, but never did.

I recommend this system for those, like myself, who tend to make careless errors in mathematics. I discovered I could be perfect -- on those hops.

While you were doing all this pencil-pushing, you were also burning up the surface of the sea for the tell-tale feather of a periscope or anything else, holding your precision compass course by stick and rudders and

watching out for the switching of gas tanks, mixture control and everything else about the bit of machinery which alone kept you out of a watery grave below. It was an exacting, exhausting job, but I loved it.

At the end of the five hours, you began to sweat out the 'sighting' and it is not hard to imagine the joy of seeing that little speck you know is home -- and more living. But sometimes you don't see it. Your gas is almost gone; there are no 'aids' and you have only minutes to see it or compose yourself for a better world. The trick often was to dive down low and sweep the horizon. What you couldn't see against the dark sea could sometimes be seen as an unrecognizable little jiggle on the horizon against the sky. There it would be! You would bore in for it with everything wide open.

When you finally arrived over the familiar, rolling shape, you circled around low while they rigged for 'cast-recovery'. Having been on both carriers and cruisers, I can assure my fellow pilots that a carrier landing is a pale imitation of the real 'hairy' thing of landing alongside a rolling cruiser in twenty or thirty-foot swells and taxiing up in clouds of blinding spray onto the 'mat', with your wing tips only inches from the steel sides of the heaving ship which was bowling along underway!

We never landed far back in the slick, which the ship made by turning ninety degrees, because it tore up the prop too much, beating against the salt water, when you then tried to taxi the hundred yards or so to the ship. My senior aviator, "Moe" Lenny, taught us masterfully and exactly to land about twenty feet outboard and abreast of the fantail (stern) so that, on the last wild and wooly bounce, after you had hit two or three swells with frantic jiggling of stick and rudders to avoid crashing, you would stop neatly with the float resting in the mesh of rope called the 'mat' and your hook engaged to hold you in tow.

Then came the business of catching the swinging iron ball from the crane and boom arrangement which picked you up. Many a man was knocked senseless and overboard playing this little game, as he sat up on the cockpit hood. And then, when you did catch it, you had to slip the big steel hook in the wire sling you pulled out from behind your head in the cockpit without letting your hands get under the hook, because when the swells yanked that hook taut, it was easy to lose a hand as the cable lifted the plane clear of the water. Finally, you would find yourself hanging in the air, swinging on the boom and totally free of responsibility for the first moment in five long hours. You slumped in the sweaty parachute harness, just luxuriating in the gratefulness of it all.

A few minutes later, you would be sipping coffee and being served a fine breakfast in the wardroom, while you lorded it over the 'black-shoe' Navy, the poor slobs who were confined to the rolling decks and who had to ask you humbly for the story of the hop -- what you'd seen, any action, etc. It was hugely satisfying and we pilots were not sparing of the opportunity to be as obnoxious as possible to the 'less heroic deck-apes'. A catapulting or a recovery were often the only excitement aboard for days on end and we pilots were thus the center of all eyes with our performances. Especially we vied on the recoveries and the crew divided up behind its favorites. I ached for a carrier and a hotter plane with more combat, but there was much to enjoy in the life on the Omaha and I enjoyed it. We went to Africa and all over South America.

I was often detailed to the shore patrol, however and this was no fun, although I learned a lot. It was a kill-job job. You had to go around with a stern expression and watch the men blowing off steam in the bars and see them look hatefully at you out of the corner of their bleary eyes. The first time I got this unpleasant assignment was a pretty brutal introduction to the problems of leading rough, tough men.

I think it is wrong to give such a task to a totally green ensign, but I was assigned to take a shore party over the side in Rio, men with heavy beards who had been cooped up at sea for months. I was ordered to line them up on

the dock and give them a lecture on the dangers of V.D. -- me, a downy-cheeked squirt who knew nothing at all of such matters. I did my best and the men tried not to laugh, but it was extremely painful and I felt a complete ass -- which I was! The lecture was apparently a huge failure, because we had dozens of men on the V.D. list within a few days in that highly-touted, but dirty port.

When I was free, I donned ny crisp whites, wings and ribbons and did enjoy liberty in these exotic lands, but usually it was spoiled somewhat for me by the filth and coarseness of it all and the crude activities of even my companions. In Rio there was the usual British Club and we officers were invited. There we met some really charming English young ladies and invited them to dinner aboard ship, but this was a mistake, it turned out, because even in the immaculate wardroom with its white napery, good food and excellent service by the as yet unrooseveltized mess boys, we could not escape the effects of the crudity and filthiness.

The old Omaha had no public address system. 'The Word' was passed in the old-fashioned way of the Navy, by leather-lunged bos'n's mates who would roar down each of the three hatches in the main deck in turn. The evening we had the young ladies aboard for dinner was hot. The wardroom was directly below the number one hatch and as they were helped into their seats by the mess boys, the bos'n arrived at the hatch with his pipe and let go with an announcement: "EEEEEE-eeeeee-EEEEEEE! (The whistle.) NOW, ALL MEN WITH VENEREAL DISEASES, LAY DOWN TO SICK BAY FOR TREATMENT!"

There was a great sound of running and pounding feet up and down ladders and the young ladies blanched. So did we.

After almost a year in the South Atlantic, the Omaha put into New York for repairs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. This was like a trip to heaven for us, but I went chasing once again after the elusive and faithless Judy in Providence.

She gave me all kinds of trouble on the phone, but when I appeared in my sparkling dress whites in her dormitory dining room at Pembroke, and she saw the other girls ohh-ing and ahh-ing, she was won over and agreed to come to New York for a week while the ship was in port, but she insisted on finishing college before we were married. I chafed miserably at that, but once again bowed to what I later learned were orders from the 'high command', her old lady, who sensed in me a male who was not so easy to push around as Judy's charming, cultured, lovable, but easily-dominated old man. However, I did manage to get her to agree to share a room with me at the luxurious Pennsylvania Hotel, now the Statler, and I imagined I had things made.

I did spend the week in the hotel room with her, but learned that I did not have it made. All my powers of persuasion, coercion, brute force, sneakiness and other techniques were to no avail and I spent one of the most unbelievable weeks of my life, a week I have a hard time convincing anybody could happen in one room with one double bed. Horribly frustrating as it was, it was also idyllic and very wonderful. I went back out to sea in a pink cloud of romance and began to scheme to get back as soon as possible.

But the Navy is not interested in private plans for romance and cruelly put the war ahead of my schemes, which came to naught. We went back to the old routine of cruising the South Atlantic and I began to chafe miserably as the war proceeded more hotly elsewhere, especially in the Pacific, while I was still lumbering around in the empty vastness of the South Atlantic, in a plane which was not too far removed in appearance from that of the Wright Brothers. I longed to fly the brand new F4U Corsairs, at that time the hottest and deadliest thing in the air.

I heard rumors that 'suicide' photo-pilots were being asked to volunteer to fly stripped-down P-38's over enemy beaches, so I wrote an official request for training as a photo-pilot and got a favorable endorsement from my C.O., with whom I was on the best of terms for good performance of duty. Even so, it seemed too much to hope for, so I almost collapsed with joy when the ship got a priority dispatch on the matter. I was ordered to Flight Photo School at Pensacola, with thirty days' leave!

I imagined once again that I could marry Miss Aultman as soon as I arrived and would spend a whole month even better than the week in New York, but once again, I reckoned without my strong-willed, future mother-in-law. It was decreed that I could not marry Judy until two days before the END of my leave, which gave me one day for a honeymoon and then one day to get to Pensacola! There was no appeal, as I had discovered, from these imperial commands, so I had to fritter away the days -- and nights -- until April 24th, when the event was scheduled.

A few days before the scheduled wedding, I was detailed to help Judy address invitations and we were working together on this task when I got my first real look at how her mother operated. My pen ran out of ink and Judy jumped up and said, "I'll go upstairs and get some ink."

Her mother burst out of the sunroom and shouted, "Hold it! just a minute! HE goes upstairs and gets the ink. You don't run errands for him!"

On April 24, 1943, I was married in the Barrington Episcopal Church, with all the trimmings, which I disliked enormously. But these amenities are the price one must pay to the ladies, who appear to revel in such painful, public formalities at a time which should be so holy and private and reserved to the young people whose lives are so hugely affected.

Finally, we got clear of all the hand-shaking, giggling, cake-cutting, sly jokes and general silly fussing and were off in a cab to the railroad station. I was ecstatic and swimming in the romance of it all, but not my brand new wife. When we had got settled on the train, she turned to me briskly and, with what I learned were her final orders from 'headquarters', announced: "Now, there's to be no boss in this marriage, and no babies, at least not now!"

This almost froze me inside, even though the part about the babies made sense. But making 'sense' is not always the way to make a good marriage and such stern announcements at such a time do not help make a honeymoon what it should be. When we got to the Statler Hotel in Boston, I got a worse shock. Her suitcase was opened and she put her clothes away. Then she laid out on the bed what I later called "the drug store", a complete assortment of equipment which left nothing to chance or the imagination! Mother had thought of everything! The inevitable result of such cold-chilling of what must be spontaneous and as warm as possible was that she wound up crying and so did I. I struggled out and spent hours loading up on beer in the Silver Dollar Bar, trying to understand what was wrong with the world. With the last-minute wedding, we had no chance to straighten things out before I had to leave. Mother had really thought of everything!

On the train down to Pensacola, I had my first personal brush with one of the obnoxious types even the Jews call "kikes". I had my reservations for a sleeper for over a month and as I staggered to the station with all my heavy service baggage and uniforms, and my even heavier thoughts of my 'marriage', I was grateful at least that I could rest on the long trip. But when I got to the train and looked up my berth, I found a 300 pound, yellow-skinned, fat Hebrew getting ready to move in. I showed him my ticket and reservation of a month's standing and he brushed them aside, telling me he had paid the agent a good deal for these accommodations and had no

intention of giving them up.

I called the colored porter and asked to have my reservations confirmed. The porter called the conductor, who sadly shook his head, said there was some mistake, asked me to step outside, and then told me that my accommodations had unfortunately been sold twice and the other man had an "earlier" reservation. I was too young and innocent to know how to deal with such villainy, as I would now, but like most people, I simply bowed to this monstrous injustice because I knew nothing else to do, outside of punching this vile Jew merchant a good belt in the teeth, which would not have helped. So I sat up all night on my bags in a passageway, while this 'chosen' fighter of Hitler (who was probably giving his all to buy war bonds at huge, personal sacrifice) rode in style in my berth. This is the first time in my life I can remember hating a Jew as a Jew, but I submit that so would anybody hate him -- even my pious fellow Gentiles who now counsel me to tolerance and love.

I plunged into photo-school and flying in Pensacola with happy enthusiasm, overjoyed to be at last on my way to the kind of work and flying I really wanted. We flew half the day and studied theory or worked in the darkroom the other half. I studied hard and did well.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

Chapter VI.

My wife of one day's vintage finally arrived, after she had graduated from Pembroke in June and I had prepared a little cottage near the base. Our married life was far from the passionate affair one might imagine or rather, what it should be. After a lifetime of Mother's training, Judy just could not relax and enjoy being a female. She had to be on guard every minute to see that she maintained her 'rights', which she did, but meanwhile lost her major birthright as a human being: real love.

There were a good many tears and scenes, but after a while we arrived at a sort of *modus vivendi* and even a bit of gay camaraderie in our mutual bafflement. I have since then come to the conclusion that it is not only not wrong for a man to find out more about life before he gets married, but his duty. I feel sure now that, if I knew then what I know now, I could have saved my poor, warped little wife and our marriage, for already the crackup had begun which was to culminate ten years later. But at that time, I was a truly innocent boob in the affair and too ignorant and scared to exert the masculine force and power given by nature to males to overcome such situations.

There was nothing wrong with Judy but the common insanity of all our education today. Her whole life had been dedicated to an unrealistic goal, as are the lives of most of our girls. Without anybody coming out and saying it, the mad scramble for 'democracy' has been extended to the sexes and the natural dominance of the male, and the passive submission of the female, which are basic to both natures and absolutely necessary to their happiness, have been scorned as evil carry-overs from our animal natures. A 'modern' girl cannot avoid the impression that it is somehow 'inferior' to be 'just a woman' or 'just a housewife and mother', and the corresponding idea, therefore, that she must try to 'be somebody' or 'do something worthwhile' by having a 'career'. She receives all sorts of 'education', particularly in college, which is not only useless if she becomes a wife and mother, but which irritate and frustrate her natural capacities. It is not hard to understand how a woman trained as an expert lawyer might chafe at the humdrum life of a wife and mother despite the fact that such a feminine life is desperately important to her own happiness as a person and to society. From time to time, my college-trained wife would burst from the kitchen in utter frustration and demand an explanation, as I came home tired from a day of flying and darkroom work, of why she had to wash dishes. "I went to college!" she would exclaim. "Why should I have to wash dishes?"

We do the same thing with millions of men, too. When there is obviously no capacity for brain-work in a child, it is criminal to drive and beat it into schooling aimed at preparing it to be a 'white collar worker'. With a minimum of schooling sufficient to read and write, it would be happy working with its hands. When it is led to imagine that it is a great brain, then is driven to the sewers and ditches with a shovel, it is understandable that the unhappy victim becomes frustrated and a danger to society, when multiplied by the millions.

It is not a question of 'superior' or 'inferior', but a question of possibilities. A girl will grow up to be a woman, a female, no matter what education, ideals, ideas and training she may get. Perhaps it is 'unfair' that she was born a woman, physically weak, less able to reason, coldly burdened with the inexorable cyclic functioning of her reproductive system and blessed with the soft, warm, emotional, understanding and patient nature of the machinery designed by Nature for motherhood, above all things.

The effort of feminists and liberals to 'correct' what Nature has decreed, whether the effort is 'good' or 'bad', can

lead only to misery for those who attempt to fly in the face of a cold and merciless Nature, and a social agony for a world which is deprived of warm and submissive females and mothers.

It is a mark of insanity for an individual to ignore reality and act as if he were something which he is not. It is no less insane when women pretend that their female natures do not exist, that they are not only the 'equals' of men, but the same as men, except for a slight physiological difference. No matter how a few of them manage to succeed in the poses of engineers and steel-workers and fighter pilots and business executives, women today, as a group, are fundamentally acting in the manner of the insane: defying and ignoring reality. The results are frightfully visible in our whole civilization. The women are becoming masculinized, while the men are getting feminized. One has only to look at a crowd of our teenagers to see how things are going. They wear the same tight pants, the same jackets and the same hats -- even the same duck-tailed hairdos. We are breeding and training up a generation of jazzed-up, negroidal, neutered queers.

Our whole approach to women today, as with most of our social attitudes, is that of the Soviets who have women in the army, working in the streets and even in firing-squads, just like men. God save us from such women!

Women are indeed the equal of men, as a group, only when they fulfill the task for which Nature equipped and made them -- motherhood. Man was designed, even in the creative process itself, to supply the spark, the drive and the aggressive push of life, while woman is designed to supply the basic building material of new life; nourish, treasure, warm and guide it, until it can sustain its own life. There is no escape from this fate, even if it were bad, which it is not.

If a man is to be honored for making cigars or building bridges or making beer, as our great businessmen are, then surely we ought to honor those who make our people! But the trouble is that our insane 'liberal' attitude toward motherhood and homemaking has given women an impossible inferiority complex and frustration about their possible and real achievements in life. We train our girls by the millions to be anything but successful wives and mothers, lead them to believe they are to be an 'equal' part of a 'man's world', when the truth is that it is only Nature's world, and man's share in it is no greater or more glorious than that of a female-oriented woman who produces, brings up and gives to society a family of happy people.

If our girls were brought up from first consciousness to realize the absolute and total inevitability of their mission in life, but above all to be proud of that mission; train for and then fulfill it joyously, there would be no more talk of 'achieving' equality. They would find that Nature has already given them equality in generous measure, if only they will accept it. There can be no sense in discussing the superiority of negative or positive electricity in a battery; they are merely different forms of the same thing, but the difference is vital if there is to be any current. When the male and female potential or voltages are permitted to become 'equal', they must be strongly opposite or the current will stop.

The current is stopping as our broken families and marriages show. In my own case, my first partner was wretchedly twisted from what I am sure were originally good, basic, natural instincts. But even more important, I was 'civilized' and 'liberalized' out of my own savage male instincts of force and domination which, if properly controlled, could have saved both my wife and our marriage.

It is not women who are at fault in the growing madness of our family and our sexual frustration, it is the men who have permitted it. The women are still born passive and submissive and if our fathers and grandfathers had not failed them as a group, as I failed my first wife as an individual, they would still, as a group, be enjoying

their birthright and the honor owed them by society for being the most exalted manufacturers and executives in the world, the manufacturers of Our People!

Upon achieving power, one of our first tasks will be an all-out public relations drive to help our entire population -- men and women -- to see that 'motherhood' is not the silly, sloppy thing which is made of it today, for 'the benefit of florists and greeting card publishers; the 'momism' described by Philip Wylie which has made so many 'mama's boys' and spoiled brats in our society, but a profession every bit as exacting, scientific and honorable as the law, medicine or education. These latter professions merely help the results of the profession of motherhood. It is the part of the women to produce and give to society people who have just the right combination of discipline and love to make people happy and capable citizens.

Where a doctor or a lawyer spends years and years of preparation for his work, and then more years of apprenticeship, most of our mothers today spend their years preparing to be writers, artists, executives or some other kind of 'career girls', which few of them actually become, while their only training for their real profession in life consists perhaps in a high school 'Home Ec' course in how to make a few fancy salads and paperback 'romance'. They plunge into the world's most important, most honorable and most exacting profession, knowing nothing of childhood disease, scientific family budgeting, psychology of children (and husbands) or any of the other vital professional subjects which would make the first years of marriage such a relatively orderly and pleasant experience, instead of a wildly chaotic mess every time 'something' happens to the baby and mother either knows nothing about it at all or knows only old-wives' tales.

If a lawyer or a doctor attempted to practice as soon as he had purchased a few medicine or law books, the way our women plunge into the business of making human beings and happy families, they would be arrested. The law and medicine would be impossible chaos, which is exactly the state of our 'modern' family system as shown by sky-rocketing juvenile delinquency and millions of wrecked families and broken homes. Our civilization is no longer as simple as the pioneering society of our forebears and, if family life is to survive -- as it must survive, if our race is to survive -- then we must stop the insane business of considering a mother and homemaker 'just a housewife' who needs no special education for her job. We must give our girls the necessary skills and knowledge for their actual and unavoidable profession first and then, if there is time and money and inclination, give them a 'liberal' education or any other kind of education, so long as it does not give them the frustrating idea that they should be engineers, actresses, fighter pilots, etc.

Finally, and most important, we must honor them, as we now honor doctors and lawyers. We must establish professional women's schools and universities dedicated not to 'home economics', but to the exalted profession of Family Science. We must get rid of the disgusting connection of 'homemaking' with the dust mop, dishpan and dirty diapers, and make it clear to our people that these tasks are no more the essence of Family Science than sweeping out the office is the essence of being a lawyer, even though a lawyer has to do this himself.

When our whole people have been given this new understanding of the real 'equality' of women and when they are honored by professional degrees in their all-important science of the organization, care and management of a plant for the intelligent production of decent human beings, there will be less of the misery which lies deep in so many of our girls who wind up with a dishpan or diaper pail after a Cinderella dream of 'better things' all their younger days.

My Judith had been told all her life that there was only one thing worse than getting locked up as a housewife, with a useless man, and that was having kids to be 'tied-down' to. The stark realities of adjusting the butterfly life of college and dreams of 'better things' to a washtub and submission to a male were too much for her, as they have been for many another before her. Aside from this difficulty, there was another problem.

I discovered the utter, fantastic illogicalness of women, which can be so delightful when it is laughable and so tragic when it causes a family fight or hurts the children.

The only time I ever laid a hand on her was when we had been in town shopping and I had told her I was starving for a big steak or a piece of meat. She was commendably anxious to save our small pay and said not to buy any more, because there was a piece of ham in the icebox at home. I remembered seeing it and said that it was not enough for both of us. It was too little, even for me. She said she didn't want any at all; I could have the whole thing. I pointed out that this was silly when we were right by the store and could get some more, but she insisted over and over that she wanted none of the ham. She made such a fuss that I agreed to let her eat something else and I would be satisfied with the little piece of ham. So we went home with no meat and I drank a beer while she got supper ready in the kitchen. When she called me to eat, I looked at the plates and there were two tiny shreds of meat, one on each plate. They looked like communion wafers!

When I asked her about the meat on her plate, she flew into a tantrum and insisted I was a pig and was determined to hog everything and let her go without! I will leave the ensuing argument to the imagination. My male readers will agree, I think, that such perfidy in regard to an agreement, even in such a small affair, is hard to take, while I have found the females will consider this sly maneuver a clever way to save money and very commendable. Suffice it to say, I was unable to control my frustration at her total lack of understanding of the principle involved and I grabbed the poor thing by the shoulders and shook her!

After completion of photo school, from which I graduated near the top of the class, we were asked what duty we wanted. Photo pilots were, I understood, much in demand, so you got what you wanted! But I made one of the stupidest mistakes of my life. I forgot that fighter pilots were not assigned to carriers, but were assigned to squadrons, which were then ordered, as units, to carriers. I wanted to fly the hottest things in the fleet on combat missions, so I put down "any combat carrier". What an afternoon it was when I came home with the assignment to the U.S.S. Wasp and we celebrated! I already saw myself swooping over the enemy beaches and disdainfully photographing Tojo himself, shaking his impotent fist at me as I went by, too fast to be seen clearly.

But upon getting to the great ship, I discovered that I was 'ship's company', a sort of glorified janitor, craving for the brave air-heroes, the pilots, who never came aboard except for combat missions and did all the flying while I did all the watching, except for a few flights now and then when I could manage it. I was V-3 Division Officer and thoroughly hated my tasks which were those of a non-flying officer. In addition, I had to watch, green to the gills with envy, while the squadron boys zipped around the sky, shooting and clowning and doing what I longed to do so badly I could taste it.

I did everything I could think of to get out of that situation and back in the air, including making myself obnoxious with requests for transfer, finally to the ultimate desperation of asking for "any ship or station." The exec at last took pity on me and ordered me to the pilot pool in San Diego where they make up the best fighter outfits! Once again, I was overjoyed, but not for long.

This time, while one after the other of the lads in the pool went to Corsair and Hellcat squadrons, I finally got orders to SAC -- Support Air Command! I was to run up the beach on invasions and direct air heroes again from a foxhole with my little radio and ground control team! It almost seemed that somebody was purposely doing this to me. How could a guy be so crazy to get into combat in a fighter, and get first on a cruiser, then ship's company on a carrier, and finally this: an entrenching tool and a radio -- my weapons -- as I cringed in a foxhole! I almost despaired as we trained on the beach at Coronado with LCVP's and with tanks running over our foxholes, while the squadrons flashed by in the blue overhead.

From there we went to Guadalcanal, where I got in on the tail-end of the action or 'mop-up' and flew a few hops I was able to scrounge out of Henderson Field. After that, Pearl Harbor and then Guam.

My experiences in all this would make a book, but others who have had far more thrilling and readable experiences have already set forth this sort of thing for all to read. My task is to pick out the experiences which had special significance in shaping my own character and political career. The only such experiences were the time I watched two marines beating to death with their bare hands a Jap who had been tossing hand grenades into the camp, night after night -- and enjoyed the sight immensely -- a thing which horrifies me now. Such is the hatred born of a bitter war.

There was the business of the Japs yelling filthy things about Roosevelt, at night. I wondered greatly at the oddity of trying to kill these guys who despised the same charlatan whom I couldn't stand myself. Luckily, I didn't know then how this Roosevelt, on behalf of world Marxism and its Jewish masters, plotted and planned to drive Japan into the war; sacrificed thousands of our lads at Pearl Harbor, all just to get our people mad enough to reverse their isolationist stand and go to war to crush Germany and Hitler -- whom the enemies of America hate as rats hate bright light. But then, the only thought which crossed my mind was the humorousness of it and the oddness of such a war.

Back at the Pacific Headquarters of the Fleet in Pearl Harbor, I once again broke my neck to pull a deal of some kind in order to get back into the air I loved. I found an officer that I knew at AirPac Assignment and told him I would do anything on earth short of treason or murder to get a flying billet. He said he would see what he could do, and he did. He ordered me to the U.S.S. Mobile, another cruiser!

But that wasn't the worst of it. The Navy brass, at that time, were in love with catapult planes on cruisers and battleships, because they were what they had known and loved so many years themselves. But, with three and four hundred mile-an-hour fighters mastering the air over any task force, and with no ship daring to leave such an umbrella of fighter protection, our 100-knot cruiser seaplanes were worse than a pain in the neck for the fleet. Their 3,000 gallons of high-octane gasoline stowed aboard ship was a fearful and useless danger to the safety of all hands in battle. We almost never flew and it was the ultimate torture for me to stand by the catapults (my battle station), helpless, useless and actually in the way, with our planes lashed down, while the boys from the carriers tangled all over the sky with the Jap Kamikaze or suicide planes which plummeted at our ships with unbelievable ferocity!

My first chance in Pearl, as Senior Aviator of the cruiser, I asked and got an audience with Admiral Sherman of ComAirPac to see if we could keep the planes on an advance atoll somewhere near the ship's operations and thus keep in flying training and combat fighting trim. As it was, the rare times we did fly, I lost two aircraft and one pilot just because they couldn't land under rough conditions and we never had a chance to fly enough to keep sharp. The C.O. of the Mobile went along with this idea, as he hated the planes and the aviation gas which were of no help to him and which constituted a deadly fire menace in fighting his ship. But I was brusquely rebuffed by the brass. I was told the planes had always been helpful on "wagons and carriers" and always would be. The old boys just could not see that the day of seaplanes in the fleet was over, especially with a fast carrier task force in combat conditions. Then I suggested helicopters, which have since proved to be excellent aids to such ships. The admiral looked at me incredulously when I mentioned it. He simply didn't believe in any such foolishness and told me so! He said they would never amount to anything, like the autogyro, for instance.

In despair, I went to my friend at the assignment desk and finally, at long, long last, made it into the air. It

wasn't the combat I wanted, but it was next best. Because of my excellent record and experience, I was given command of a large squadron of scout and observer aircraft and pilots for replacement and training for the fleet. I had the best fighters, torpedo bombers and scouts and the latest seaplane, the SC -- and plenty of authority, men and equipment. I flew like a mad man, amassing my first real time since the Omaha and was deliciously happy every time I got into the air. I found a squadron of P-47's from the Army at Wheeler and gave them a wild time in the air every time I caught one up. We had F6F's and they were more maneuverable than the heavier 47's. With our Navy training, our lads had little difficulty in riding those Army jockeys all over the sky, and we loved it!

I got my only black mark on my Navy record while I commanded SOSU-1 at Pearl. Everybody was scrounging all over the Pacific to get movie theaters set up and I had some of the best scrounging chiefs and warrants in the U.S. Navy. Somehow, they produced the ultimate luxury: two big, 35 mm. regular projectors, which enabled us to get the best movies in the area, instead of the little sixteen millimeter outfits and their old films. But what I didn't know was that the 35 millimeter film was dangerously flammable, while the 16 mm. was not, and there were voluminous regulations to guard against fire. It was my duty to know about or look into it, but it didn't occur to me. One day I came back from a night hop to see a plume of flame and smoke over Pearl Harbor and felt my heart flop as I realized it was my main building. The film had caught fire and the whole top floor burned off. I was very properly given a letter of private admonition from the admiral for failure to take precautions against such a catastrophe.

In August of that year, 1945, I was on the roof one evening watching for the return of an overdue plane, when I saw star shells bursting over the cans tied up at the destroyer base. Then whistles began to blow, then yells and shouts. The war was over!

I started downstairs and when I was spied by my junior officers and then, they began to clap me on the back and act like insane idiots. Nor was it long before I caught the spirit of it all. I too, acted like an idiot. As the mob spirit of wild joy spread and mounted to a roaring storm of bursting public passion, people danced and cartwheeled through the streets of Ford Island in the middle of Pearl Harbor. Sailors burst into the WAVE barracks, kissing and hugging as they went, and when the old maid lieutenant in charge protested, she got kissed, too. Most of my uniform was torn off and I wound up on the shoulders of some of my men, almost naked! Toilet paper rolls by the thousands tangled the mob and it was hard to see. Whisky appeared and the riotous crowd began to exceed all bounds. It sickened me after a while and I escaped back to the relative quiet of my own little cottage in the Officers' Quarters section.

Then I had an emotional experience which exceeded in intensity anything I remembered about VJ Day. Amid the howling and screaming and bursting rockets and star shells, only a few hundred yards from the insane mob of celebrators, I heard the most peaceful, but moving sound in the world. With the noise of the mob in the background, a group of our mess boys, our colored servants, were standing out behind a building under the stars, singing spirituals and hymns. One huge Negro stood with his head thrown back so the light of the Lord could shine on his face, and I could see the tears rolling and streaming down his black face in the moonlight as he boomed out his gratitude to God for the end of the war! I cried too.

Let no one say that religion is the "opium of the people". I had none of my own, but I could feel the good strong warmth of theirs deep in my heart. And let no one say that I desire to hurt or oppress such people. How my heart went out to them and still does! They are a biologically immature race, and I will fight to the death to save our people from mixing with them in any way. So are my children my inferiors and I would not let them sit in on a business conference with me, but I certainly love my kids and, similarly, I love the Negro people, so long as they don't try to push or hurt me, or those I love.

I went and got those boys a bottle of wine and gave it to them and wished I could show them how deeply I was moved by their simple devotion and childlike reaction to overwhelming events, but there was little I could do, with decorum.

I had more than enough 'points' to 'get out', which was the big rush right away, and I started to make plans for sky-castles back in the States, just like a million other war-weary Americans. I dreamed of buying a surplus Piper Cub airplane on the West Coast, where my wife was working in San Diego, and flying back together, all over the U.S.A. What a wonderful, marvelous adventure that would have been! But my hopes were dashed miserably when I got a letter from my intended 'co-pilot' that she would have none of flying in any 'orange crate' with me!

I returned to San Diego on a destroyer-escort and got another dose of cold water from my still-new wife, with whom I had lived only a few months out of the two years of marriage, the rest of the time having been in the South Pacific. Judy knew I hated and still hate earrings, heavy lipstick and most of all, nail-polish. I realize this is a personal idiosyncrasy, but it goes back to a hate of ostentation and savage decoration, as such things seem to me. In any case, my wife usually went along with this wish, the few months I had been at home, but now, when I arrived at the dock, after almost two years overseas, I found her consciously bedecked and painted in these things. When I tried to kiss and hug her in the backseat of the car in which her landlady had picked us up, she pushed me away and explained that this was improper and embarrassing to the landlady. To hell with the landlady, I thought, as any returning sailor will understand! But Judy was adamant. We had to chat about empty nothings with the landlady, which put me in no happy mood. It was the beginning of the long, downward dive of the marriage which would see its last days six years and 6,000 miles later in that same San Diego -- with three innocent little children added to the unhappy mess.

We took the train back to the East Coast and to happy reunions with both our families. Then we headed for Maine and civilian life!

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER VII.

As it became obvious the war was drawing to what I imagined was a 'successful' close, I began to plan my life as an artist, a life I had envisioned ever since high school. I sent enquiries everywhere to find out which school was the best for commercial art. The general consensus seemed to be Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York.

After the round of family reunions up and down the East Coast, therefore, I stopped in Brooklyn at the famous old school and received a rude shock. It was not just a matter of deciding which school I would attend, but a matter of which school I could fight my way into. With millions of veterans pouring out of the services and flocking to avail themselves of the free education under the 'G.I. Bill, I was only one of thousands trying to enter Pratt. And when I looked at the work of some of the students at the school which was hanging on the display boards, I was appalled at my own amateurishness. I feared I could never make the grade. Nevertheless, I took the tests, drew the samples and then went up to Maine to await results. My wife and I had rented the lower floor of an old sea-farer's home in East Boothbay.

I had already learned that, even if admitted, I could not make the 1945-1946 term, so I prepared to go to work and study at home as best I could until the next fall. I bought some books on sign-painting, some brushes and equipment, and practiced long hours over an old breadboard which was leaned up against a window box full of smelly geraniums.

When I considered that I was able to paint a readable sign, I hung a poster in the front window of the house reading "Signs painted free by returned serviceman who desires practice." For a long while there were no takers of even this bargain. But I was also offering around town to do any odd photography work for a buck and got a few jobs this way.

One of these photography jobs almost got me run out of town. The local Eastern Star, through some good friends, offered me the exceptional honor of taking pictures of some quite secret ceremony. It seems the affair was a very rare occurrence and they wanted photographs of the important ladies and their ceremonial vestments. I duly appeared and took flash pictures of the solemn proceedings, doing my best to stay in the background, but somehow managing to get in the way of the hefty ladies who paraded around and around in some kind of pattern of the utmost meaning. When the action was completed, the victorious participants lined up with a great deal of difficulty, carefully observing seniority and diplomatic protocol, for a group picture. There was no mistaking the historical urgency of the atmosphere there. Never again would such an illustrious group of magnificent Past Masters, Past Grand Matrons, Present Grand Matrons, Great Grand Past Matrons, Grand High Past Secretaries, etc., be assembled in all their plumage, their glorious badges and ribbons of high office.

I managed to get my lights connected right, my camera set and my flashes organized, and even remembered to pull the dark slide out of the camera. I snapped this never-to-be-recaptured historical moment and felt that I had it in the bag. I was promised a dollar a print from many of those present, and the operation seemed to be a great success.

My darkroom consisted of a closet with an old-fashioned chain-pull toilet in our ancient apartment, and unbelievably crude, home-made and makeshift equipment. I rushed home to this 'laboratory' and prepared to

develop the films, as I had done successfully dozens of times before. My wife dutifully tried to play her part of laboratory assistant as I fumbled around in the pitch darkness with the precious cut films, trying to get them into a tray of developer. Somehow I tripped or stumbled over some light cords and in the effort to regain my balance, bashed my hand -- which held the films -- against the corner of a shelf. The pain caused me to drop the precious negatives and they fell, not to the floor, as I prayed, but into the toilet!

This would not have been too disastrous, as water would not hurt them, but as I reached down to get them out, I bumped into the unscrewed light bulb which lit up brightly and completely ruined the holy negatives! I stalled the officials of the organization as long as I could, too scared to tell them the awful truth, but they wouldn't wait forever. Finally, I had to admit the fact that there were no pictures of the historical event of the decade -- and then hide!

The good Down Maine people of East Boothbay, however, were kind and understanding of the would-be young artist, sign-painter and photographer, and they compassionately forgave my incompetence. In fact, one retired sea-captain eventually responded to my offer to paint signs free and asked me to do a little white board with his name for his boat shop, even insisting on paying me. I was overwhelmed and went to work on that little white board as though it were for the President of the United States.

The job would not take me or any sign-painter more than twenty minutes today, but then I didn't know the secret of production for public consumption, as I do now. The eye, heart and mind of the public are unbelievably simple and naive as to technical details. Like savages or children, the public is oblivious to what, to an expert, seems a serious defect, so long as the whole makes them happy or has a pleasant effect. The grossest and most obvious fraud of a Santa Claus, if properly loaded with toys, in the right atmosphere, will be Santa Claus to happy children, although his beard may be half-off, his pillows showing and his hair plainly visible under the silvery spun glass to an adult.

The best friend of the artist is the eye of the beholder -- if the artist knows how to *suggest* what the beholder wants to see. At the same time, the public, the mob, has an unerring instinct that detects fear and timidity, and very properly hates it. A drawing, a poster or a speech done haltingly by even a good technical craftsman, in fear and trembling, no matter how excellent the details, will always repel the crowd. A sign or a poster, I have learned, can be made up of shaky, poorly-drawn letters, rotten sketches and the roughest design elements, but if it is masterfully conceived as a whole, with the effect of the whole being the artist's sole guide, the public will be entranced.

This is why a beginner's figure drawing is almost always so grotesque and ugly in appearance. He concentrates first on an eye, doing it well, perhaps, then a nose, doing it well too; then a mouth, an ear, some hair and so on down the figure. But the finely-drawn eye is too big for the nose, which is too small for the mouth; all of which are in the wrong place for the ear, which appears where perhaps the chin should be. On the other hand, a more experienced artist has learned that a few dashes and smears for eyes, nose, mouth, ears and hair, etc. will appear to be finely-drawn eyes, nose, lips, etc., provided they are put in the right places with a dash of courage. The eye of the beholder is the artist's best friend. Give the beholder a fair chance to imagine that the whole thing looks good and it will look good to him.

But in 1945 I knew nothing of all this. I was simply determined to make each letter perfect, a totally wrong approach. I did that tiny little sign over and over and over, staying up all night and getting literally desperate. No matter how I tried, there was always a wiggle or a drip some place. Finally I collapsed in bed, discouraged and exhausted! Just before noon, I attacked it once more and managed to get it looking at least readable.

I gave it to the man and refused to take any money, although he seemed pleased and offered me a dollar. I wish now that I had taken it, because the last time I went home to Maine, three or four years ago, I went and looked at that sign. It is still there and it looks fine!

Some time in the late fall, I received word from Pratt that I had managed to win a place in the next year's class. I felt that I had already conquered half of the world.

With such a great 'victory', I was able to convince Judy that we ought to have a baby! Both of us had heard that having a baby sometimes 'warms up' a wife, and I dearly wanted children anyway. Besides, we had begun to have a pretty good time, going on long walks together and playing like two kids. With a place at Pratt secured and our marriage showing signs of life, I felt pretty good.

I began to get a good bit of sign-painting and photography work, and I decided to build myself a little shop in Boothbay Harbor. My father had once run a hotel called the Tinker Tavern there, and after it burned down, owned an empty lot in a good spot near the Yacht Club. I got permission to build my shop there and the minute the hard freeze went out of the ground in early March, I went to work building my shop. I had never built anything before, but had watched carefully and was sure I could do it. I had few tools, but the place was only to be 22 by 12 feet, and I had time.

My biggest error was in making everything too big and too heavy. I used 12 by 12 beams underneath and had a whale of a struggle lifting them into position alone, nailing or rather spiking them, while holding the corners on my back, and then jiggling the whole thing level on the hillside. I made another error in forgetting to add in the thickness of the boards themselves when calculating the building measurements, and so, when I came to put on the roof, I found the building eight inches wider at one end than the other. I had to place, nail and saw the pieces thereafter, to size.

In May or June of 1946 I opened the little shop as the "Maine Photo-Art Service" -- offering eight-hour photo-finishing, sign-painting, advertising art and other related services. Judy pitched in loyally, even helping to tar the roof and later running the store part of the building. I worked like a tiger, solving one 'impossible' crisis after another to stay in business and rescue my own blunders as a 'professional' who had no real experience. Nevertheless, we managed to make a living and to do some creditable jobs.

In the fall, we closed up the little shop and headed for New York. I had arranged to stay with my Aunt Helen and her husband, Roscoe Smythe, in Mount Vernon until G.I. housing became available at Pratt.

It was while we were in Mount Vernon that Judy presented me with our first baby -- at first named "Judith Mitchell", but then changed just to "Bonnie" at Judy's request.

I got my first lesson in the attitude of 'modern' society and hospitals toward breast-feeding at the Bronxville Hospital where Bonnie was born. The pressure on mothers to bind up their breasts, take pills and do everything else to dry up the miraculous fountain of God-given life itself was terrific! It is little wonder to me that many of our children today are 'insecure' as the Freudians call it, when they have been denied the direct, warm, animal contact with their mothers in their most helpless state. Babies can't testify to their sensations, of course, nor can they remember them, but I am sure that if they could, a bottle-fed baby would feel just like a man whose wife handed him some kind of rubber mannikin to sleep with. Such a device could be manufactured to equal and perhaps exceed the mechanical performance of a human wife, but the mechanical stimulation is not all that is necessary -- it is the indefinable warmth and love of the person which is the priceless ingredient, and how much

more it must be so with a tiny, helpless thing which has no other satisfaction at all. A baby lives entirely for contact and sustenance from its mother. When she purposely and willfully denies it that warm contact and palms off a glass bottle full of milk meant for a cow-mother's baby -- no matter how 'scientifically' it is prepared -- she is starving that baby of the basic element of his life: Love. And she is doing so at the very time it should be filled and stuffed and overflowing with warmth and love. If the mother is unable to feed her child, no matter how hard she tries, then, of course, the bottle is the only solution. But it should be the last resort and relatively rare, instead of the present norm in so many cases.

The whole thing is another manifestation of the corrosive and perverted idea of 'moderns' that it is somehow 'degrading' to be a woman, to have babies, to nurse them, and to fulfill the animal functions of a woman. For my children's sakes, I am happy to say, I was able to prevail over her mother's dictum with Judy, and she lovingly nursed all the kids -- even when, with Phoebe-Jean, the youngest, it meant excruciating pain and a breast-pump.

Upon entering Pratt, I got my first close look at the human scum which more and more befouls our great cities, especially New York and Brooklyn. The 'melting-pot' has turned out to be more of a garbage pail. One of my classmates was a Chinese Jewish Negro -- with red hair! -- and freckles! One is reminded of the limerick about the young man from Dundee who got together with an ape in a tree. Atlantic City had surrounded me with Negroes and jews, but there had been some order about it. You could tell who was who or what was what if you looked. But in Brooklyn I saw the streets crawling with creatures which defied identification. My 'equals' by the million scrambled everywhere for the crumbs of a paternalistic government -- pushing, shoving, fighting, knifing, screaming -- giving every evidence of their kinship with a jungle tribe of pygmies or cannibals. Jews in long robes, beanies and black curls shuffled the streets among the teeming congregations of the Lord's "chosen" who were throwing garbage and offal into the streets until the smell alone was unbearable.

I hate none of these people any more than I hate caterpillars, grasshoppers, worms or Australian bushmen. I hate what they are doing to our cities, our culture, our White children and our national life -- under the encouraging aegis of the Communist-Zionist jews and their millions of soft-headed agents, most of whom have never lived anywhere close to this human scum. But in those days, I was still monstrously ignorant of race, jews and Communism. I saw only a mess, which I imagined had just 'made itself' and was unavoidable. I never considered that it might be caused or that it might also be remedied with justice and decency, without hating and torturing any innocent people.

My artistic education was launched in the schizophrenic dichotomy of values characteristic of our exploding civilization. Half of my instructors were genuine artists and craftsmen who taught me valuable lessons. The other half were gross charlatans teaching 'modern art'. As had happened in sociology at Brown, I became aware that the teachers of 'modern art' were all pushing a pattern of ideas and techniques, and as I had discovered with sociology, the basic pattern of these 'wise men of Boeotia' was the enshrinement of mediocrity, chaos, disorder and fraud.

It was impossible to get your mind wrapped firmly around any principle or idea in the classes of the 'modern' disciples. The only aim seemed to be being different at all costs! Out of the window with drawing, color, sensitivity, drama, idea -- even art itself. But be shockingly different! That was the stroke of genius! It was the philosophy of the jaded roue, the surfeited pervert. All the 'old' values were reactionary, no good! On to something new, something exciting, something wild, and then wilder still! Never mind if what you do is ugly, so long as it is shockingly different!

For the first time in my career and purely by instinct, without understanding the ideas involved as I have expressed them above, I began to call this kind of art "Communism". I knew Communism was something

foreign and supposed to be bad and ugly. This kind of monstrous 'art' was all these things.

As I have learned to do many times since, I made a laboratory experiment of these theories of mine. We had a class in 'design', which amounted to lessons in graphic madness and chaos. The project for the year was a 'mural' showing 'workers, industrial strife, etc. -- sound familiar? We had to make endless sketches, charcoals, color ideas and so forth, but I could see the foolishness of it all and, as I had in Atlantic City High School, in "Problems of American Democracy", I simply rebelled. Only this time, I dared not do it openly, since I was living with my wife and our new baby, Bonnie, on the \$90 per month I got for going to school. So George Olsen, another real artist and myself, along with a few others, discovered that we could simply slip out the door onto the fire escape after checking in, and over to my place for bull sessions and coffee. So we did this almost all year.

When the 'master sketch' was due for grading, I sat up one night and demonstrated my utter disdain for this organized insanity. I traced my foot on a piece of illustration board, let the baby scribble on it and then scrambled in different communistic-looking 'workers' where they would fit -- any which way. I daubed and smeared color until the foot was somewhat disguised, although you could still see it. It was atrocious, awful! Then I took it in and presented proudly to the poor boob who taught this 'subject'. He was thrilled to death and said it was unquestionably 'different'. He held it up to the class, gave a lecture on the 'significance' of the baby's scribbles, my foot and the smears. Then he gave me a 'B' on it! George Olsen and I had a hard time keeping straight face but we did, until we got across the street to my little apartment where we laughed and howled over the idiocy for hours.

At the end of my first year at Pratt, I got my introduction to the Jew's 'enforcement squad', although at the time, I didn't know such a thing existed.

I had had so much business the summer before at my shop that I wanted to get another student to help me the next year, so I put up a sign on the bulletin board at Pratt to that effect. Boothbay Harbor, at least at that time, was a highly restricted community, although nobody mentioned it. So I had added that fact to the sign when I advertised for a sign-painter and artist-helper to come to Maine with me. A Negro, for instance, would have found life simply impossible up there.

A few days later, three husky Jews showed up at my apartment and asked if I were the one who put up the sign. When I said "yes", they firmly and none-too-gently told me that that sort of thing would not be tolerated and that they had been down to the school authorities. Then they handed me my little notice, which they had ripped down. They gave me a lecture on 'democracy' and 'brotherhood', then they left, almost in military formation.

But the little notice had done its work anyway, and a fine young man, Jack Myers (German) and Miki, his charming wife, agreed to come up to Boothbay Harbor with Judy and me for the summer and work in the "Photo-Art Shop". Jack and I did a roaring business that summer. We daubed signs all over the one charming little fishing village I had known as a kid. We even smeared some of the huge roofs with aluminum paint, advertising marine services and shore dinners -- an atrocity, as I look back on it now!

We developed thousands of vacationers' films, learning all kinds of intimate secrets I had never before realized were seen by a photo-finisher. It was a wonder to me that more photo-finishers do not get tempted into blackmail schemes.

We did silk-screen paintings and sold them successfully. I drew caricatures at fairs, one time almost getting

thrashed by a customer with no sense of humor. Both Jack and I painted for fun and we held lengthy beer-and-bull sessions.

In the fall I returned to Pratt and plunged into the hard schedule of study plus all the free-lance art work I could get in order to eke out a living from our \$90 per month from the Veterans' Administration.

The cleavage between the real art I was learning in some courses and the Marxist fakery and trash I had to pretend to do in others was beginning to tear me up inside. I quickly tired of playing 'jokes' on the teachers of this madness and humbuggery, once I learned it was so easy. I began to chafe at the dignity and distinction granted these phonies, alongside immortals like Durer, DaVinci, David and the other real masters. I taxed my brain endlessly to discover how they were able to get away with such monstrous fraud. It was grossly obvious! I had not yet learned that the authors of this kind of 'artistic' garbage, the promoters of this trash and, most important, the swindlers of public opinion in the press -- the 'critics' who gave credence to this incredible imposture -- were, mostly Jews!

I learned that the grand-daddy of this vicious perversion of Western Art and Culture -- Pablo Picasso -- was not a Spaniard, as I had thought -- but a Jew! That he was also a Communist, as I have since learned (he did the 'peace dove' for the Kremlin), I still did not know or suspect.

The mental struggle to understand this fraud drove me almost to distraction and I commenced to wonder if it were I who was out of line and unable to perceive the 'beauty' of these graphic catastrophes in which the human anatomy was ripped and torn into depictions which seemed horrible to me. I could see the beauty of modern architecture and advertising, but I could not see any beauty in the insane and purposeful forcing of monstrous ugliness in modern painting. I hated these things. I was pushed more and more by the administration of the school to bow down to what bred only disgust and disdain within me. It was impossible for me to hide my feelings completely and, although I didn't rebel openly, I was the leader of a small clique of dissidents and lovers of good drawing, design, etc., which was a thorn in the side of the school. They pressed harder and harder for conformity with the 'appreciation' for 'modern art' which was demanded.

Eventually, the conflict affected my work and I sought help. I went to the Brooklyn office of the V.A. and asked to take the aptitude tests, to see if perhaps I would make a better butcher or doctor than an artist. The results, they told me, showed that I had the best possible qualifications to be an artist. So I resolved to succeed in spite of my disgust at 'modern' painting, by sheer excellence of effort.

The National Society of Illustrators in New York, which included such greats as Norman Rockwell, Art Dorn, Fred Ludekins, Al Parker, et al., had offered a national prize of \$1000 for the best commercial illustration of 1948. I entered a full-page scratchboard drawing illustrating an ad for the American Cancer Society in the New York Times. I paid no attention to the wild notions of 'modern' art, but made my work the ultimate of dramatic effect on the basic human emotions.

The entries were anonymous, so the judges did not know they were picking my work when they awarded my scratchboard job the first prize at Pratt. But when they found out the winner was the old-fashioned 'ugly-duckling', they did a lot of 'explaining' as to how I had actually used all the stuff they had been pushing at me -- the stuff I consciously and purposely excluded from my mind. Then the art from all over the U.S.A. went to New York, with the young reactionary' -- me -- representing ultra-modern Pratt!

Once again, plain old-fashioned principle and craftsmanship won out over the wildest and most novel 'modern'

geniuses, I took first prize in the nation, and had a ball explaining to the newspapers that I did it, not because of the 'modern' stuff being shoved at Pratt, but in spite of it. Dean James Boudreaux, head of the school, called me in and asked me not to comment -- it was getting too hard for him to explain. I received my \$1000 check at a big reception attended by the New York greats of illustration and art, and this success enabled me to promote baby number two with my wife.

She agreed to give me another little Rockwell, in addition to my \$1000, as prize. Our marriage was still nothing remarkable but it was a marriage, an seemed to be settling down to an institution. The first baby, Bonnie, had helped. We both loved her to pieces and I felt sure another -- especially if it were a son would be the kind of cement we needed for a happy family.

My second year at Pratt I also learned about naked women. In the second year, figure classes work from the nude model, and during the first year our tongues fairly hung out for this unimaginable and lascivious experience. Lovely naked models parading in front of us to be looked at! What a prospect! Even though the ancient models are something less than 'lovely', it is still a bit of thrill the first time you sit with a group of clothed people and a lady steps forth on the stage in the altogether. But after two hours of it, the thrill is over -- forever!

You learn that it is the human imagination, not reality, that makes nudity seem so unimaginably thrilling, and when you settle down to hard work, painting and thinking out your values, colors and planes, the model becomes no more than the pitchers, apples, drapes and bottles we painted the year before. Our grandfathers, as with so many things, had infinitely more sense about sex than we do today. They clothed women so completely and then piled on so much more, that by the time they got to the nakedness, their imaginations had enjoyed what is denied to us, who have no chance any more to imagine anything with bikini-clad females on view. The chance sight of a woman's ankle was a pleasure to them. For us to experience the same clandestine thrill today, it would be necessary for a woman to get arrested for total exposure.

Naked women, as Schopenhauer says, are dumpy-looking, and so far from the sylph-like creatures we imagine, that only the inexperienced could imagine that the constant sight of naked models would be exciting. At the risk of being accused of fruity tendencies, I must insist that, as a work of straight art, the well-muscled male figure is far superior to that of the blubbery-looking female. Only the sex instinct makes the suggestive curves of a female seem more beautiful -- because they certainly are more exciting sexually.

I had begun to have considerable success with my commercial art work on a free-lance basis and learned the largely Jewish advertising techniques of the Madison Avenue jungle which are now serving me so well in smashing the Jewish 'silent treatment' or paper curtain.

From my experience of two years in Maine in the art field, I had discovered that there was need for an advertising agency in Maine. All the big companies -- in need of agency services were going down to Boston, and at the same time, young Maine men with talent and ability in the advertising field could find no work in Maine and had to go to Boston. It seemed to me ridiculous that Maine customers wanting services and Maine artists, writers, etc., wanting to supply those services should both have to go down to Boston to get together. When I inquired about the possibility of starting such an advertising agency, I was told it had been tried a dozen times by experienced men and that it was impossible. It could not be done.

Since it could not possibly be done, I determined to do it. I could see no more sense in battling 'modern' art bugs at Pratt and had proved, at least to my own satisfaction, that I could learn more by myself in the working world

of art than from these beatnik bohemians, so I left Pratt and skipped the last year of the course there. I went back up to Maine and started to work to set up an advertising agency in Portland.

The first step was to survey the existing field and see what material there might be to work with. I called on the Portland offices of the Sullivan Company, a big Boston agency, where I found a charming rake by the name of Al Bonney, a distant relative of the William Bonney who was otherwise known as "Billy the Kid". Al was captivated by the idea of launching our own agency and felt sure he could walk out with a good batch of local accounts. He had a cottage at the beach, where we 'hatched it' and roughed it well into the cold weather as we cooked up the great ideas and plans and worked ourselves into the necessary state of fanatical enthusiasm in order to survive such a wild and 'impossible' assault on the staid and stuffy world of Maine business. It occurred to us that it might be good to have some money as one of the ingredients of the venture, so we schemed to ensnare a young playboy whom Al knew from the local beer joints, and whose father was 'loaded'.

The young gentleman, Norton-Payson, scion of one of THE families of Maine, was invited down to the cottage for beering and talking and persuading sessions. Hours and hours, night after night, we worked to persuade him that an advertising agency was the place for his genius and talents (and money, which we did not mention), but it was slow work, even with gallons of beer. He had a convertible and an easy life; and, with the iron conservatism of his family and Maine in general, he couldn't see much sense in the hair-raising schemes we outlined for getting started on a shoestring -- his shoestring. He was a quiet, extremely likeable guy, but stolid as a stone Buddha. It took us weeks to 'catch' him but finally we did it. The only trouble was, as we learned later, he caught us!

The company was formed as "Maine Advertising, Inc." at 53 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine. The capital was supplied by Payson, with equal shares to the three of us -- Al and I signing notes to Norton for our shares, which were to be paid back out of profits. Payson's uncle managed the Jock Whitney estate in New York and his father's lawyers very kindly arranged the deal. I was president, Al Bonney was secretary and Norton was treasurer.

Al and I ran around and sold like mad, mostly from the imaginative ads which I sketched up and the customers liked better than those they had. We piled up a good batch of accounts and even sold clients space in Newsweek, an unheard of triumph for a Maine-based agency. But then we ran into serious trouble. The magazines and radio stations would not trust us, although we promised to pay when the clients paid us. Cash on the barrel-head was what they wanted, and cash was what we didn't have. But Norton did.

Within a matter of weeks, Norton's lawyers arranged another deal. Norton became head of the agency, with me the Art Director -- on a salary in the back room -- and Al out as a salesman! The Jews love to refer to this as one of my 'failures', but it was part of my apprenticeship for the job I now have, and a hard school it was. In so far as I got nothing out of it financially, I was a failure, but I did establish a successful agency in Maine -- which "couldn't be done." It is there now, as Simonds Payson Company, the biggest in Maine, with huge clients like Bath Iron Works.

Because of my 'failure', young Maine men who formerly gave their talents and earnings and taxes to Massachusetts now have a wonderful opportunity to help their state grow and to bring up their families in a great state, while the clients themselves are serviced right on the spot by top talent. If this is a 'failure', then I hope the Nazi Party will also be such a 'failure', regardless of whether or not I personally 'get anything out of it.

Payson got into business with another man who was supposed to have a lot of advertising experience: Doug

Fosdick of Lewiston. The production department was moved up there, which included me, the Art Director. My wife and Bonnie and I took a little apartment in the French Canadian city of Lewiston and I dug into the day-to-day grind of advertising agency work. Meanwhile, my 'complementary prize' for winning the illustration competition appeared. Little Nancy Rockwell was born in a Lewiston hospital and once again, we went through the routine of fighting off the breast-binders and pill-pushers.

I got my first introduction about this time to 'office politics'. Payson and Fosdick were frequently at loggerheads, and these two titans of finance often had us peasants upset over the insecurity of what was next,. Such conditions inevitably produced intrigue and conniving among the growing staff -- and how I hated it! I longed to devote myself to the creation and production of advertisements, and was doing pretty well at it, when the blow up came. Fosdick split off. We were all moved back to Portland.

The atmosphere in the office was now very different for me. Payson had become an important executive and businessman. He was unhappy with me too close, to remind him how he got started. I didn't mention this, of course, but it was inevitable that he would feel it himself. Al Bonney was eased out, and I could see that it was only a question of time before I, too, would find it simply too difficult to remain. My request for a raise from \$75, as the company got more prosperous, was denied by Norton.

I resolved once more to launch a personal assault on the business world, this time for the benefit of my family and myself. Millions of tourists come annually to Maine, but there was no overall and reliable guide for these people as to what was going on, where, when, etc. I designed The Olde Maine Guide to fill this need and started working to get it out for the summer. In the meantime, to feed the family, I started a little radio guide, What Next?, which divided programs by type, a new idea at that time.

I sold my little ads successfully and got What Next? going very well, with people actually subscribing for money, a reaction I had not expected. Then I got the ads sold for the Guide and managed to get it published all through the summer, even winning the endorsement of the Maine State Junior Chamber of Commerce. But the financial struggle to stay alive was deadly, and my family lived in a little cottage at Falmouth Foreside in the most heartbreaking poverty and misery.

It was in that little cottage that I first heard the voice and the words which eventually led to my present political career. One night I heard a man on the radio saying that there were Communists in the American State Department and all over our government; that there was great danger of subversion from the Communist Conspiracy right here in America! He said we had to learn about it and fight it!

I listened enthralled. I couldn't believe that there was such a man left in our government. In his voice there was courage and calm force. He did not sound like the pansies with the faint British accents (phony), which I had heard from Washington before. He spoke like a man and a leader!

Who was he? I waited impatiently to hear his name. Then they announced it: Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin! I whooped and hollered for Joe McCarthy! It seemed like a voice from another planet -- a wonderful, patriotic, American voice -- a voice which almost seemed to come from inside myself.

But, much as I liked what I heard, it was no more than a very exciting passing thought at the time. I was deep in the business of surviving. As usual in my career, I was succeeding at something which needed badly to be done and winning the plaudits of the multitude, but not their dollars. My financial position was almost impossible and my wife was struggling under fearful conditions. Often we would have nothing to eat but a can of beans donated

by Russ Edwards, a man who worked for me, but who also owned a small summer hotel nearby.

Nevertheless, the Guide was doing so well that I had been asked by businessmen in Boston to see about putting out a Guide down there. I was in Boston, discussing this possibility, when the news came that the Navy had recalled me to active duty because of the Korean War. I was ordered to San Diego, to report within ten days!

It was a blessing and a curse all at once. It meant the end of the terrible poverty, but it also meant the end of the business for which I had striven so hard and which was on the point of paying me a return. I had been recalled, I believe, mostly because there was a tremendous need in the Korean War for air support of the hard-pressed ground troops. That had been one of my specialties in World War II. The jump from near-starvation to the pay of a flying Lieutenant Commander was a financial relief, if nothing else, so I prepared to report to the Navy for another war.

The horrible living conditions and the poverty of the last few months had almost wrecked what was left of my first marriage. My wife had taken the children to her grandmother's place in Hadlyme, Connecticut, so I went ahead, alone, to San Diego, which I thought was a mistake. So it was that I started off in 1950 with an almost new Nash and drove from Portland, Maine, to San Diego, California. As I did, I left behind forever my place as an ordinary American citizen. I was about to become a convinced Nazi in San Diego and start the career which has led me so far to embattled notoriety all over the earth, and which will one day place me at the head of millions of Americans who now imagine they hate me and all I stand for.

The shock of suddenly becoming an officer and a gentleman again, with cash in my pocket, was considerable. But that was nothing compared to the jolt of finding myself again in a hot little Navy fighter after five years of hardly seeing an airplane. No sooner had I arrived than I was given the hottest thing with a prop -- an F8F Bearcat -- and told to check out.

Of everything I have ever flown, the F8 is my all-time favorite. It will take off and go straight up like a rocket. It is all engine. In fact, the individual wings are smaller than the engine itself! You sit on the floor of the tiny cockpit, with your legs wrapped around the tiny hydraulic stick and the engine. It has so much power, you have to let it all out once in a while on a flight or the engine fouls up. It is like riding a lightning bolt. When you goose the throttle it goes! The fastest jet in the sky has not the acceleration and drive of that little bumble bee. The jets go a whole lot faster, but they never seem as fast or as hot. The F8 is the 'hot-rod' of the sky, and how I loved it! You can roll it around and around, going almost straight up and tear up the sky like a tiger. It maneuvers so fast and so cute that you can beat anything in the air which tries to stay with you, including jets.

We used these deadly little hornets to train Marine and Navy pilots in the close air support of troops. We had perfected the techniques so well that we could work within fifty or a hundred yards of combat troops. To do it, we instructed our pilots to concentrate on map-reading, terrain identification and efficient communications. Half the time, we taught them in ground school classes at Coronado and the other half over at El Centro, where we rocketed and bombed all day in the desert. My specialty was vision-training and search tactics. The commander of the Pacific Fleet Aircraft wrote me a special commendation for my methods, which helped hundreds of Navy and Marine pilots to chew up the Reds in Korea.

When I had been able to find and furnish a house, my wife, Bonnie and Nancy flew out to join me. Family life was resumed on a relatively happy note. The weather is almost too perfect in San Diego, so that we enjoyed countless picnics, outings and daily barbecues under our own orange tree in the back yard. I also decided to save money by raising our own chickens and purchased a flock of layers and hatched chicks to fry.

But this was also the time that General Douglas MacArthur was being summarily fired by the midget of history, Harry Truman, in the most humiliating manner; while Senator Joe McCarthy was belting away at the coterie of reds, queers and pinkos in Washington who were basically responsible for the general's dismissal. I began to pay attention, in my spare time, to what it was all about. I read McCarthy's speeches and pamphlets and found them factual, not wildly nonsensical as the papers charged. I became aware of a terrific slant in all the papers against Joe McCarthy, although I still couldn't imagine why.

I had known and respected Douglas MacArthur, and we have since corresponded. I thought he would make the greatest president of the United States. When there was a campaign to get him the Republican nomination in 1950, I wanted to do what I could to help. I read a letter in The San Diego Union from a woman who lamented that no one would help her get a MacArthur rally going, so I called the lady, whose name I have forgotten, and offered what help I could give. She was very grateful and invited me to her little cottage where she lived in retirement with her husband. I started to tell her all the things I thought could be done, but she smiled with a patient, sad smile and stopped me.

"No," she said, "you can't get a hall so easily, even if you pay. They won't rent one!"

"What do you mean?" I blurted. "Who won't rent one?"

She looked queerly and quizzically at her husband, clearly asking him with her eyes about something. He just shook his head.

"Who won't rent you a hall?" I repeated, looking from him to her.

She took a deep breath, looking pained, and said, "The Jews."

"The Jews!" I exclaimed. "What have the Jews got to do with it? What do they care whether you get a hall or not?"

"They hate MacArthur!" she said, and started to say something else when I interrupted her.

"Hate him? That's silly! I suppose some of them do, but certainly not all of them, and certainly none of them hate him enough to stop you from hiring a hall for a MacArthur rally!"

She took another deep breath, looking hurt. "It's true," she said. "They all hate him! Look at this, for instance." She handed me a copy of The California Jewish Voice. There it was: "MacArthur Approaches: Hitler Enters the Chancellory!" The paper went on to rave about how General MacArthur was a threat, another potential Hitler! I couldn't believe it.

"That's only one paper!" I countered. "It's probably just an extremist sheet. I'm sure the Jews don't imagine MacArthur is really another Hitler!"

She showed me another Jewish paper. Its tone was more dignified, but same message was there. She showed me still other Jew papers. In most of them were vile pictures of Joe McCarthy, terrible charges against him and MacArthur and unmistakable venom for both these men.

This is the experience which awaits every honest American, but is usually hard to come by, as might be imagined. I had suddenly been exposed to a whole secret world which the average American never even imagines and never sees: the world of the Jews. In the same Jewish Voice I saw the headlines by the editor, Sammy Gach: "Thank God!" -- the day the Soviet Union got the A-bomb!

I saw hundreds of similarly treasonable items, but our people are too insulated and easy-going to look into this Jewish press. Sooner or later, no matter how long the average American is kept in the dark or keeps himself in the dark by imagining that discovering treason against his country and people is 'bigotry', he will find the naked evidence of this unified, alien, fanatical Jewish world in the midst of his own people -- implacable, hateful, spiteful, bitter and diabolically clever at appearing to be only a persecuted religious group.

The whole thing, however, still didn't register with me. It was too fantastic. I felt sure there was some misrepresentation, somehow. But the lady gave me some books and papers to take home to study and I left.

When I got home, I looked at the first paper. It was called Common Sense and the headline was "Red Dictatorship by 1954!" I figured right away that I had found the source of this monstrous 'Jewish scare' which the lady had told me about. The story was all about a Jewish world plot and I couldn't finish reading it. It seemed too silly and disgusting for an intelligent man to waste his time on. But in the few lines I did read, Common Sense gave what it claimed were startling "facts" about the Jewishness of Communism and the 'Russian' Revolution. It listed as the sources of some of these unbelievable facts, The Universal Jewish Encyclopedia and various official U.S. Government documents.

This seemed like an excellent opportunity to spike such a fantastic idea as that of Communism being Jewish and I decided to check out these supposed "facts". I went over to the San Diego Public Library in Balboa Park and dug around in the volumes mentioned in Common Sense. Down there in the dark stacks of the library, I got my awakening from thirty years of stupid political sleep, the same deadly sleep now closing the eyes of our people and making them cooperate with their enemies in their own destruction -- all in the name of 'good citizenship', 'brotherhood' and all the rest of the shibboleths of 'nice' people -- the same hypnotic sleep which we are breaking up with our calculated and dramatic Nazi tactics!

I found that Communism was not only Jewish, but the Jews boasted about its Jewishness in their own books and papers! Rabbi Stephen Wise, for instance, the acknowledged leader of American Jewry for many years, openly and arrogantly laid claim to the Jewish nature of the Communist doctrines with his oft-repeated statement in regard to the Jewish religion: "Some call it Communism; I call it Judaism!"

I found, in unimpeachable documents and intelligence studies by our own U.S. Government that the Russian Revolution was not 'Russian' at all, but almost wholly led by Jews! In the Overman Report to President Wilson, for instance, it said: "...out of 388 members of the first Soviet Government, sitting in the Old Smolny Institute in Petrograd, 371 were Jews and 267 of these Jews were from the Lower East Side of New York City"! Not even Russian Jews, but New York Jews!

I learned, from the article called "Khazars" in The Universal Jewish Encyclopedia, published by Jews, that most Jews are not even Semites or descendants of the Hebrew people of Palestine, and thus of Christ's people, but mostly the descendants of a semi-oriental tribe in central Russia called "Khazars" or "Chazars", whose king, Bulaban, in the sixth century after Christ, ordered his people en masse to become "Jews". I discovered that these 'Jews', called 'Ashkenazim' in the 'trade', as distinguished from the real, Semitic Jews, called 'Sephardim', constitute the bulk and the leadership of the people we call "Jews". It is swarms of these 'Khazars', with their

oriental heritage, who are pushing us around, forcing integration on us, degrading our culture with their filthy 'art' of chaos and pornography and, worst of all, spreading the disease of Communism -- all the while hiding in the robes of the Jewish 'religion'.

I went on to find, in old copies of The New York journal American, that Jacob Schiff, then head of the gigantic financial empire called "Kuhn, Loeb & Company" and grandfather of the woman who now owns the super-left-wing New York Post, "...sank over twenty million dollars in the Russian Revolution", financing another Jew, Bronstein, alias Trotsky, in the murder of the masses of Christian and anti-Communist White Russians!

Most surprising and revealing of all was the often invisible connection between a seemingly pure Gentile Communist and the inevitable Jew, lurking just behind. Lenin, not a Jew, was married to Krupskaya, a Jewess. Stalin, also not a Jew, was married to the sister of Lazar Kaganovitch -- Rose, a Jewess. Stalin's son married another Jewess and it turns out that Khrushchev was the protege of this same Jew, and married another Jewess in the Kaganovitch family!

The pattern was the same in the United States: Alger Hiss, a non-Jew, was the protege of Felix Frankfurter, a Jew, of course. Elizabeth Bentley was the mistress of Jacob Golos, supposed to be a 'Russian', but actually another Jew. Fredrick Vanderbilt Field, the Gentile millionaire Communist, again, was married to a Jewess. Whittaker Chambers, another Gentile Communist (who recanted), married to still another Jewess!

In the satellite countries, it was the same. More Jews! Even that sacred 'friend of America', Tito, is the protege of Moise Pijade, another Khazar Jew, who does the 'suggesting' for the strutting Mr. Tito.

In the U.S.A., the F.B.I. was catching hordes of Jew spies: Rosenberg, Greenglas, Sobel, Coplin, Moskowitz, Weinbaum, Fuchs, Golos -- the names -- alone were unmistakable, although some were changed, as in the case of John Gates, editor of The Daily Worker, whose real name turned out to be Israel Regenstein! But the pictures of these camel-like faces were more than enough to identify these Jew spies!

Out of forty-one workers with Communist records at our secret radar laboratories in Fort Monmouth, thirty-nine turned out to be Jews! Out of fifteen Americans convicted of espionage for the Soviet Union since 1946, thirteen were Jews. Out of twenty-one convicted of Communist conspiracy to destroy the U.S. Government by illegal force and violence, eighteen were Jews. When the F.B.I. nabbed the "Second-string Politburo" of seventeen, fourteen of the traitors were identified as Jews! Out of the "Hollywood Ten" who took the Fifth Amendment when asked if they were Communists, nine were Jews!

I looked into The Daily Worker and found the atmosphere to be strictly 'kosher'. There were touching "In Memory of" ads to "Our dear Mother" from Bernie, Abie, Izzy and Nathan Ginzberg; notices of picnics at "Weinbaum's lovely Grove", etc.

In Russia, where I had understood anti-Semitism was running rampant, I found the Jews boasting that the head of Soviet propaganda was a Jew: Ilya Ehrenburg! With all the Jews being caught red-handed as Red spies, is it surprising that the Jew, Ehrenburg, head of Soviet propaganda, wishes to spread the idea that the Communists are "anti-Jewish"?

Even in Japan and China, I found the early planters of the Communist seeds were Jewish. In Japan there was an Anna Rosenberg, and guess who turned up in China as advisor to Sun Yat Sen? Good old George Sokolsky, our 'conservative' columnist!

To an intelligent man, the facts were undeniable. They might be explainable, but they were simply undeniable. Communism was Jewish! And the Jews in the United States were almost unanimous in their venomous hatred and suppression of anybody who so much as asked about this fact. Even noticing the number of Jewish Communists and race-mixers brought the unfortunate victim an hysterical campaign against him as a "hate-monger"! The same people who screamed the loudest for 'academic freedom' to preach Communism were the ones who were most merciless in their campaign of suppression against anyone wishing to discuss the Jews in anything but the most fulsome and disgusting praise. The Jews were unanimous in hating McCarthy and MacArthur, with one or two negligible exceptions -- which I later found were planned so there would be exceptions, such as Joe McCarthy's "Rabbi" Shultz.

I found this exciting, interesting and frightening, but also very depressing. Far down in my soul I could feel the cold dread of our fate, if what seemed to be going on was going, on I, too, had been brought up never to say the word "Jew" right out, but always "Jewish person" or "person of the Jewish faith", because of what the Bible calls "fear of the Jews." I could imagine the result of my own temperament and my reaction to a challenge if I were to find out that there really was a Jewish plot against my country and my people!

I went back to the papers and books the lady had given me and read them carefully. The tone of the articles, in most cases, repelled me. They were loose in their charges, poorly gotten up, and full of rabid sensationalism, but they kept revealing new pearls of fact, which I found checked out. And when I put all the facts together as best I could, there was no question about it: There was a Jewish plot of some kind or another and it definitely involved Communism and moral subversion.

I went back to the lady and we talked some more, with me doing the listening this time. She was mixed up and confused in many ways, but she knew there were dark forces at work to destroy her country and our White people, and she had the fundamental ideas right. She asked me if I wanted to go hear a man named Gerald L.K. Smith. I remembered the name vaguely, as some kind of horrible radical or other. But she said he was a great American patriot and a great speaker, and gave me a ticket to a speech he was making in Los Angeles.

I was afraid to go, since I was in the Navy, and the whole thing seemed so wild and radical and dangerous. I went to the F.B.I. office and asked to see an agent. I was ushered into a private little chamber and seated opposite a handsome, Nordic-looking man. I told him about Smith and asked if it would be all right to go to his lecture.

"Yes, if you don't participate," he said.

So I went to the speech, and what a thing that was! Few Americans today have ever heard an orator. They have heard talks, speeches, even ravings, perhaps, but it is doubtful they have ever heard an old-fashioned, roof-lifting, earth-shaking, soul-shattering oration. Gerald Smith is the master to end all masters of the human voice. Whatever else he may be, he can seize you by the lapels of your soul, jerk you out of your seat and hold you helpless and spellbound as long as he wants. He does not just roar and bellow. He whispers, he sighs, he wheezes, he coos; then he blasts with the power of a locomotive roaring through a tunnel. He laughs, he cries, he howls, he cajoles, he mimics, he screams, he begs, he goes back to whispering, sneers, leers, yells, bursts into hysterical laughter, then whimpers some heart-rending bit which leaves you limp.

I sat in the balcony, literally on the edge of my seat. If Smith had said suddenly, "Jump!" -- I think I would have done it.

I have not heard him for almost ten years, now and he is perhaps losing his steam. He will have nothing to do with me any more and hides under an assumed name in the Congressional Hotel when he comes to Washington, D.C. But he is still the grandest master of the spoken word alive today, and I would walk twenty miles to hear him again.

But it was not just the way he spoke which captivated me -- it was what he said. When you peeled away all the emotional overtones of his speech, and got down to the raw meat, you found the basic elements of recognizable truth, beautifully put together to show, at last, the clear pattern of what it is the Jews are trying to do with their conspiracy.

He had books for sale, among them *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*. These I studied carefully. The Jews howl bitterly that they are a forgery, but this is as irrelevant as claiming that a man did not commit a murder with one particular knife, but another knife altogether. It matters not which knife was used. The fact is that somebody did a murder. The Protocols, first put in the British Museum at the turn of the century, long before World War I or II, set forth with horrible clarity exactly what some group would bring about in the way of world wars, inflations, depressions and moral subversions; how they would do it and to whom they would do it.

Sixty years later, not one word has failed of fulfillment exactly as set forth in *The Protocols*. If they are "forged", then it was done by a genius who knew exactly what the Jews of the world would do for sixty years, with not partial, but perfect accuracy. The Protocols alone, of all knowledge on this earth, give one the power to predict successfully historical events, as I have been able to do since studying them. A theory which enables scientific, calculated prediction is not the mark of a fraud, but always the mark of a realistic theory.

Henry Ford Sr. said of *The Protocols*, thirty years ago, that they were being ruthlessly fulfilled, which was enough proof for him of their genuineness. Adolf Hitler ten years later said the same thing. Any man who takes the trouble to read these astounding documents will find the same thing. If they were not written by a Jew, they were written with devilish accuracy about the Jews. They enabled humanity, for the first time, to understand what before seemed impossible chaos. All the chaos, the mad 'art', the Communism, the moral filth, the control of the press and entertainment, the development of world wars, the insane setting of labor against capital and vice versa -- all these things become calculated elements of a steadily-progressing plan by a nation or race, masquerading throughout the world as a 'religion' in order to accomplish this awful work of destruction under the cover of 'religious tolerance'.

When history is examined, we find this nation steadily and surely progressing toward its goal as "God's Chosen People", who are destined to quietly conquer and subdue the world under the bloody, old-testament despotism of the "King of Zion".

As I researched into the subject of Zionism, I found the Jews not even bothering to cover up this aim of world domination. With the most monumental disdain for the boobs they call goyim (non-Jews), they openly declare that they spurned offers of much better national "homes" for the Jews than Palestine; places where it would not have been necessary to exile and make homeless a million helpless Arabs, but the Jews arrogantly demand Palestine "because it is the center of the world"! Not because it is a biblical promise, but because it is the cross-roads of all the earth between three continents, and their chosen seat of eventual world power.

I am aware as I write this of the outrage upon reason of such statements. I myself suffered this outrage when I first considered or heard of the ideas. But I can assure the reader that I would not lightly set these things forth in

such a permanent thing as a book, which will be around a long time to haunt me if I am frivolous or in error. For ten years, now, since I read The Protocols, I have observed the world not going of its own accord, but being steadily and inexorably pushed down the exact paths set forth in these supposed "forgeries" written more than half a century ago. With the election of Kennedy now almost sure, as I write this, The Protocols are rapidly approaching total and final fulfillment.

Wide awake now, after reading and studying all I could, I began to think realistically for the first time in my life, instead of according to the slogans to which I had been trained since babyhood; slogans I had never even thought to question, such as "you mustn't judge people by groups, but only as individuals."

When you come to think of it, the latter is madness! We sank German, Jap and Italian subs during the war without asking which ones of the crew were Nazis, Militarists or Fascists. We sank them all. I hated Roosevelt, but the Japs and Germans were not too careful about shooting at me, along with the New Dealers who were so anxious to get into the war.

When you see a nun, you do not inquire as to the health of her kids, nor do you invite 86-year-old men on a parachute jumping party, even though a few of such age, like Bernard MacFadden, may sometimes do such things. You might fairly expect a Chinaman in a small town to be in the laundry or restaurant business, and a Sicilian member of the Mafia to be mixed up in some kind of crime. Nor is it sensible to insist that skirts are not an indication of females, just because Scotsmen are found in skirts, too, although they are called "kilts". Nobody would be considered mad for presuming a member of the Ku Klux Klan to be a racist, nor a member of the Americans for Democratic Action to hate the Klan. By the same token, simply because we base our views on the weight of previous evidence, we are not crazy or 'hate-mongers' when we presume that any given, unknown Jew is a Zionist or a Communist. The probability that he is one of the two and at least sympathetic to Communism is overwhelming.

About the only way we can and do judge people, until we get to know them extremely well, is by the group to which they belong. If that group has proved over a long period of time, by its actions, that it is hostile to us, it is not 'hate' or 'bigotry' to consider unknown members of that group also hostile, unless and until we learn differently about the particular member who is an exception to the rule.

The Jews have calculatingly deprecated this utterly necessary rule of daily living and cultivated the opposite, insane idea that we must presume every individual to be a 'blank', no matter what the evidence of his being a cannibal or a Sicilian or an Irishman or a Swede, all in order to keep people from noticing that a devilish lot of Jews are Communists and therefore traitors!

Once one has realized that the Jews are not 'just a religious group' and a pitiful, persecuted one at that -- but a racial and nationalistic group in our midst -- then one can see the obvious fact that most of the individual members of this group can be expected to be certain things, namely, Communists, Zionists and race-mixers. This does not mean, of course, that all of the group must be a certain thing, any more than all Germans are Nazis and all Italians are Catholics.

The Jew-Communist-Zionist-traitor situation is much like that of the Mafia. Everybody knows that the Mafia is mostly Italians and mostly gangsters, but that does not mean that all Italians are gangsters or all gangsters are Italian. On the other hand, the principle the Jews want to suppress is that a member of the Mafia is probably an Italian and probably a gangster. Only madmen would put a member of the group called "Mafia" in charge of their police department. Yet, this is exactly what the United States has 'strangely' done with its deadly atomic

and hydrogen bomb. From Lillienthal to Strauss, we have put almost nobody else but Jews in charge of atomic weapons and programs, although Jews have constituted over 80% of our atomic spies and Communists! Lillienthal, Oppenheimer, Teller, Strauss, Rickover, LeMay, Isadore Rabi, etc. -- always more of the same deadly pattern. We are not to judge Jews as a group, although their group is somehow always in control of the key spots!

As Winston Churchill pointed out, the driving power and leadership of the Marxist forces is Jewish, and most Jews are at least sympathetic to Communism in one form or another, and they cover-up for Communists by screaming "hate-monger" at real anti-Communists. But by no means are all Jews Communists, nor are all Communists Jews. The scientific truth is simply that, on the basis of undeniable statistics, an unknown Jew is probably, but not certainly, pro-Marxist, whether he be a Communist, Trotskyite or just a race-mixing liberal.

As I studied and thought my way further into the chaos of our national madness, I began to wonder why we had gone to war on the side of the Bolsheviks who had openly bragged for a hundred years of their plans to destroy us by force and violence, lies and subversion; while we completely wrecked Christian Germany, which never had a single highly-placed spy in our country and no practical chance of conquering the world, as I had believed they were trying to do. I wondered about Adolf Hitler and the Nazis. I had learned he was right about the Jews. It might be worth reading his book to see if he had anything else right, too.

I hunted around the San Diego book shops and finally found a copy of Mein Kampf, hidden away in the rear. I bought it, took it home and sat down to read. And that was the end of Lincoln Rockwell as the 'nice guy', the dumb 'Goy' and the beginning of an entirely different person.

Mein Kampf was like finding part of me. Chaos and disorder and mental 'grayness' are immensely frustrating to me and I had suffered for years trying to fathom the bottomless philosophical, social and political mess in the world and the even messier explanations offered by religions and sociology. Over and over I had said to myself, "There must be some sense, some logical causal relationship between social and political facts as to how they got that way!" But no person, no book, nor my own mind had been able to discover head or tail to these things. I simply suffered from the vague, unhappy feeling that things were 'wrong', without knowing exactly how and that there must be a way of diagnosing the 'disease' and its causes, and making intelligent, organized efforts to correct that 'something wrong'.

In Mein Kampf I found abundant 'mental sunshine' which bathed all the gray world suddenly in the clear light of reason and understanding. Word after word, sentence after sentence stabbed into the darkness like lightning bolts of revelation, tearing and ripping away the cobwebs of more than thirty years of darkness; brilliantly illuminating the heretofore obscure reasons for the world's madness.

I was transfixed, hypnotized. I could not lay the book down without agonies of impatience to get back to it. I read it walking to the squadron, I took it into the air and read it, propped up on the chartboard, while I automatically gave the instructions to the other planes circling over the desert. I read it on the Coronado Ferry. I read it into the night and resumed the next morning. When I had finished, I started again and reread every word, underlining and marking especially magnificent passages. I studied it, thought about it and wondered at the utter, indescribable genius of it.

How could the world not only ignore such a book, but damn it and curse it and hate it, and pretend that it was a plan for 'conquering' the world, when it was the most obvious and rational plan for saving the world which has ever been written? Had nobody read it, I wondered, that people went around saying it was the work of a mad

"rug-chewer"? How could sensible people get away with such monstrous intellectual fraud? Why was it so hated and cursed? I could see why the Jews would hate and curse it, but why my own people?

I reread and studied it some more. Slowly, bit by bit, I began to understand. I realized that National Socialism, the iconoclastic world-view of Adolf Hitler, was the doctrine of scientific, racial idealism, actually, a new 'religion' for our times. I saw that I was living in the age of a new world-view. Two thousand years ago there had been a similar rise of a new approach or world-view, called a 'religion'; a world-view which shook and changed the world forever.

I realized that this new and wonderful doctrine of scientific truth applied ruthlessly to man himself, as well as to Nature and inanimate matter, and that it was the only thing which could save man from his own degradation in luxury, self-seeking short-sightedness and racial degeneration. The doctrine of Adolf Hitler was the new 'Christianity' of our times, and Adolf Hitler himself was the new 'savior', sent by inscrutable Providence recurrently to rescue a collapsing humanity.

Hitler's and Germany's 'crucifixion' was all according to the inevitable workings of this unknowable Scenarist. Even the eleven hanged disciples in Nurnburg were not without significance! The most hated and dreaded idea two thousand years ago was Christianity, and the most hated and cursed man on earth was Jesus Christ. His followers were bitterly persecuted and murdered by the 'good', 'sensible' people who could see that anybody in his right mind recognized Rome and the Empire as the solid, substantial reality. I realized that today's Marxist-Democratic world is another sprawling 'Roman Empire', and today's Nazis the early 'Christians'. What is going on is far more than a battle for political supremacy in the present social and political situation. It is the utter smashing and destruction of a society which has become so rotten that it will tolerate and even love its own Marxist destroyers, just as it hates, despises and fears the slowly-growing Nazi society which will replace it. Such mighty, awesome thoughts come to a man but once in a lifetime, if ever, and when they do, that man changes for all time.

At once, a great weight lifted off my soul. I knew that I had found my way to the sun at last and the days of mental darkness, searching and endless frustration were over. But at the same time, an immensely heavy burden replaced it, but in a different, even satisfying way. I knew that I had to, I must do what I could, to spread the new and wonderful idea and secure its victory in the collapsing world -- no matter what it cost me, or even if I were to become a 'failure' to be 'fed to the lions' in the 'Colosseum'.

I was as sure then as I am now that it will be done. Nothing can stop the victory of what is now a historical necessity, determined by events beyond our control. The Marxists have pretended that they too are historically determined, but they are out of time-phasing. They were fated to rise to the top, and they have. They have had their victory. Now it is all over, no matter how mighty and terrifying their power and their 'Roman Empire' may appear to be.

Today, they are in the Kremlin and the White House, wearing different masks to be sure, but nevertheless grinding the whole world under the brutal heel of the Marxist doctrines of "mass" and "equality" and racial defilement. Their 'Roman Legions', of which I was so long a part, march and destroy everything which dares oppose them. They 'crucify' the whole German Nation and the daring apostles of the Great Man when they speak one word about his genius. But the Marxists themselves have spoken their funeral oration when they said that each thing contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. They, too, are victims of this perfectly valid law and their destruction is now ready to burst from within themselves in a furious catastrophe. Even their 'legions' are disintegrating under their own Marxist race-mixing doctrines.

WE are the new 'barbarians', forged to iron-hardness in the fires of their hate and persecution. All over the world, we wait to pounce on the arrogant, strutting 'emperors' of Marxism when they have over-extended themselves just a little bit more. They can shore up their confidence with the belief that National Socialism is 'dead', that they are on the march to final 'world revolution' and Jewish mastery of the world under their King of Zion -- whether they call him "Commissar", "Secretary General of the U.N." or "Premier of Israel". I know today that there are millions of us, everywhere. Nothing can stop us!

But in 1951, I felt alone with my Book and my inspiration. I did not - even know any 'conservatives', let alone Nazis. And I dared not mention the subject openly to anyone. Even to my wife I did not betray the truth: That I had become an all-out NAZI, worshipful of the greatest mind of two thousand years -- ADOLF HITLER!

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER VIII.

Living from day to day when you are on fire with a gigantic idea is not only hard on you, but on those who must live with you. The rest of the time in San Diego, I was a loving, but hard-to-understand husband. I cared nothing for the eternal cocktail parties of the Navy set and ruined those I did attend by turning them into McCarthy rallies. I read and studied every spare minute and my wife had a hard time promoting a few evenings out to dinner, etc. I tried to apply my writing and drawing talents to sneaky attempts to push The Idea, and came up with The Ducks and the Hens, which has been stolen wholesale and reprinted all over the world by some of the very people who disdained it when I offered it back in those days. One of these individuals is Ron Gostick of Canada who preaches that I am a Communist agent-provocateur.

In spite of my preoccupation with politics, I was well-liked in the squadron and we had many 'good times', as the beer and blab sessions are called. I tried mightily to control my desire to 'McCarthyize' everybody I met, but I am sure I seemed pretty odd to a lot of officers and their wives who ran into me in the alcoholic haze which suffused these cocktail parties.

The crushing ignorance of even the 'best-informed people' concerning the terrific ideological struggle going on all around them -- the battle for the life or death of the Western and Christian Civilization in which they lived -- appalled me beyond words. From admirals to presidents, bankers to butchers; all of them, I discovered, accepted words and slogans in place of facts, just as The Protocols had so coldly calculated! Whatever was repeated over and over in 'reputable sources' like The New York Times, Harpers, Life, etc. or by oracles like Edward R. Murrow, was simply IT.

Any attempt to question the 'holy dogmas' of 'Democracy' and 'Brotherhood', no matter how overwhelming the argument or the facts, was greeted as just short of treason against America. Although I often heard the 'emancipated' and 'liberal' wives of important men use filthy language at cocktail parties, -- these same women would recoil in horror at the words "race" or "McCarthy"! And, although, our Nation is supposed to be a Republic, not a Democracy, as pushed by the liberals and pinkos and Jews, any demonstration of the similarity between so-called "Democracy" in America and the same product with the same name in Communist countries was attacked by these 'advanced thinkers' with all guns blazing! I could not even get the men I considered intelligent and open-minded to so much as discuss these forbidden subjects, even though they would talk knowingly about 'the battle for men's minds', one of the stock slogans emanating from 'the best sources'.

I began to despair of my fellow human beings! I felt like a sheep being herded to the slaughterhouse who had suddenly discovered what was ahead and was trying desperately and vainly to get my fellow sheep to realize what was happening and what had happened to our fellow sheep in Russia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany and a dozen other Soviet slaughterhouses! But they were either too busy nibbling the luxuriant grass in the pasture or too scared of the intellectual sheep-dogs snapping at their heels to pay any attention. It just made them angry to be forced to think about such a nasty, 'controversial' subject.

Somehow, in spite of the emotional and intellectual cataclysm within me, I managed to go about the business of living with some success and greatly enjoyed my family life. Little Phoebe Jean Rockwell was born in the San Diego Naval Hospital and the five of us made a fairly 'normal' family. There were the marital battles which I found to be 'usual' in most 'modern' marriages. I moved into the Bachelor Officers' Quarters once and prepared

to get a divorce, but somehow, we kept patching things up. I hated the very idea of divorce as much as almost anything in the world, having been brought up in the middle of one, and still hate even the word. I dearly loved and love my kids. They worshiped me, too, and I was willing to suffer almost anything to try to keep the family together, but in 1952 I got orders to report to Norfolk, Virginia, for further assignment, so the family had to be uprooted.

We made the transcontinental trip in our Nash with the sleeper-seats. All five of us slept in the car, with the baby on the floor in the front. The whole family enjoyed it hugely, as we meandered across the United States, camping in the magnificent National Parks, sight-seeing everywhere and devouring the indescribable glories of this beloved America. I made it a point to go through Appleton, Wisconsin, Joe McCarthy's hometown, and practically worshiped the ground where this great American grew up and lived.

When we got to Norfolk, I walked into the Navy assignment office while the wife and kids waited outside in the car, anxious to learn our 'fate'. Where would my next duty be? My 'sentence' sounded fatal: Iceland! I had hardly heard of the place, I imagined, like most people, that it was a land of polar bears, ice and Eskimo. Worst of all, I knew it would be an impossible strain on our already creaking marriage. Families were not permitted in Iceland and the minimum 'sentence' to this outpost was one year!

Although I protested weakly, Judy decided to move right next to her mother in Barrington, Rhode Island, so I duly deposited her and the kids with her mother. Then I went to Westover Air Force Base in Massachusetts to catch a plane to Iceland -- the end of the world!

When I arrived, I found the base at Keflavik (pronounced "kep-la-veek", in spite of the "f") a little more civilized and a little less icy than I had imagined, but not much. There are a few dozen stunted trees in the whole of Iceland, but none within thirty miles of the huge and utterly barren U.S. air base. The Gulf Stream runs around one end of the island and the icy, Arctic currents sweep around the other, so that the extreme difference in temperatures regularly produces winds of over a hundred miles an hour. These gales roar across the volcanic ash and bare ground of Keflavik out of the Atlantic Ocean, unopposed.

I was detailed as executive officer of a fleet aircraft service squadron equipped with patrol bombers. Our working squadron area consisted of a few Quonset huts and the rudest possible facilities. We had only half of an old World War II hangar in which to work on our planes, the other half being crammed with old jeeps and trucks, so the men had to work and live in the bitter arctic weather much of the time. It is dark almost all winter and the wild wind, the sweeping, stinging, freezing rain along with the eternal darkness are infinitely depressing. It is not cold, but actually warmer on the average than Norfolk, because of the Gulf Stream; however, the duty up there at Keflavik is as close to a prison sentence as you can get outside the walls. There were consolations however. Liquor was unbelievably cheap -- a dollar or two for quarts of the best stuff -- and women were something else altogether. They were and are beautiful! They are the purest of Nordics, with perfectly handsome faces, lovely figures and charming dispositions. The social customs of Iceland are particularly entrancing to visiting males in this respect, as sex is not the sternly-regulated affair it is everywhere else. The attitude in Iceland is pretty much that sex is like hunger or thirst. When you are hungry, you eat. When you are thirsty, you drink, and when you feel like sex in Iceland, you satisfy this need, too.

Many couples just move in together, not bothering about formalities unless a child appears. Even then the wife does not take her husband's name, and the children take only their father's first name plus "son" or "dottir" (daughter). And even after formalities, instant divorce by mutual consent is available. Further, either party can 'ditch' the other simply upon demand, without proceedings and without any cause -- a horrible situation for a loving spouse and parent, as I have learned to my own anguish.

There were few unavailable girls at the airport. Most of them worked for the administration one way or the other, but none of them ever realized that they could make money other ways. They were having too much fun being generous. In fact, unbelievable as it may be, one of my officers almost got murdered by a very pretty little girl, for kicking her out of his bed.

She had spent long hours with him before she was turned out into the snow -- so he could get some rest for a morning hop. She did not like being sent away, so she went and 'borrowed' a .45 from a sergeant she 'knew' in another barracks, stuck it through the window of the lieutenant's room and started shooting. He and the other two officers in the hut scrambled madly, first to get out of the way and then to catch and disarm her. The squadron dentist, a Jew, by the way, hid in the closet during this 'fire-fight' and the boys had endless fun afterwards at the Jew's expense -- not without justice. In the lieutenant's fitness report, I could not resist reporting that he was cool and courageous under "combat conditions" and "heavy fire", which raised eyebrows back in Washington, D.C.

It was not at all unusual for girls to take their boyfriends home and upstairs with the tacit knowledge and understanding of the folks. One ensign even lived with his girl and her folks for months, only moving out when she got pregnant.

Parties at the base were more like orgies, with all the free liquor and the even freer girls. I am sorry to say that many of our top, most senior officers succumbed to the enormous temptations of all this and conducted themselves in the most disgraceful and un-officer like manner. An Army commander, for instance, seduced and betrayed, not one of the cheap girls at the base, but the daughter of one of the best families in Iceland, in the most shameful and dishonorable manner. A Navy captain publicly 'shacked up' with a divorcee in his quarters and drove her around in his big Navy sedan. The whole atmosphere at Keflavik International Airport was evil and unwholesome, depressing and disgusting.

I reacted by almost total asceticism. There was no half-way about it, as could be seen all around me. I refused to touch a drop of liquor. I went to only those parties which my position in the squadron demanded. I ran over a mile a day and exercised to keep in condition and I devoted myself wholly to study, thinking and writing.

After two months or so, the Navy decided to send me back to the States to visit a big 'Fasron' to get some ideas for the improvement of our work. I was ordered to Quonset Point in Rhode Island, only a few miles from my family, for two weeks.

When I arrived, I found what I had feared. My wife picked me up at the airport at Westover and promptly informed me that she had learned to be "independent", which was certainly true. It was like coming back from the Pacific all over. She took me to the lovely little apartment she had gotten, and I tried to imagine that it was good to be 'home', but there was no overcoming Judy's new 'independence'.

There were scenes over my giving orders to my own kids. There were scenes about whether or not to open the windows. There were scenes about whether I should "bother" her with kisses while she tried to "get things done". There were groans about me taking the car to work at Quonset, now that she drove and was used to having the car. It was a generally uncomfortable, difficult and unhappy visit. She made it endlessly plain that I was a 'fly in the ointment'. She wanted to run the place alone. I "spoiled everything", as she put it.

I must, of course, take 'credit' for not being a thoughtful husband in San Diego and not being a good provider

before that. But there was not much sense in her actions on this visit. She had simply gotten to enjoy her status as head of the household and possessor of the car, without any husband 'under foot' - and she was unhappy with me there. I slept on the couch. When it came time for me to report to Westover to fly back to Iceland, her relief was painfully obvious, and when I got the word that the flight was postponed and would not go for a few more days, her reaction was: "Jesus! More?"

I was hurt, deeply and miserably. Then I found out that she was also angry at me for being still in my own 'home' when she had arranged for a visit from her Aunt Polly and a cowboy with whom the aunt was living. I got out and went to Westover, where I suffered utter loneliness and misery for three or four days in the barracks, only a few miles from my wife and dear little children. She never called.

Back in Iceland, I redoubled my dedication to asceticism, my studies and my writing. There seemed to be nothing else. I banished the agony of losing my family in the hardest kind of mental and physical exercise. I became interested in the culture and history of Iceland, and in particular, the racial purity of the Icelandic people.

The officers living in the quarters used to get together and hire Icelandic girls to clean up, make the beds and do the housekeeping, and the girl in the quarters to which I was assigned used to bring a crew of her little brothers and sisters and sometimes a girlfriend to help her. She would not only give orders to these other Icelanders in Icelandic, but also make what I was sure were all kinds of remarks about Americans in general and, when she felt like it, me, in particular. With the curiosity my father taught me and the consequent interest in everything, I resolved to learn Icelandic, at least well enough to surprise this sassy young Icelandic maid some day.

I had long ago, when forced to study French in high school, come to the conclusion that languages are 'difficult' to learn for adults because of the way they are taught in school - mostly because you do not concern yourself just with the language, the way you learned to speak English - by speaking it - but you must also learn a whole mess of artificial garbage called "grammar" and rules. I reasoned that it made no difference how many mistakes I made, so long as I could learn quickly to communicate, which is the basic purpose of a language; first, by learning a small basic vocabulary and then by talking to Icelanders, no matter how they laughed at my foolish mistakes.

I frequented the little Icelandic grocery store on the base and began to 'shoot the breeze' with them in my impossible Icelandic. They thought it immensely funny to hear an important American commander making such a linguistic ass of himself, but I kept at it, until one day I could understand and make myself understood, about like the owner of a Greek restaurant uses English in America: It ain't poetry - but it works.

I waited innocently in the apartment one morning for the sassy maid and her crew, then listened carefully. Soon enough, they started the Icelandic wise-cracks. I suddenly turned, after I heard her say in Icelandic: "He is lazy and stays home today." I replied: "Nej, thadth er thu sem er latur og Vill ekki vinni! (No, it is you who are the lazy bum - who won't work!)"

The electric effect was well worth all the effort. She had no idea, of course, how much more I might have understood previously, when she had discussed me with her girlfriend and she turned red and blushed! From then on she was more careful, but she also began to take a pride in my ability to speak Icelandic. She would not speak English to me, as she did to the other officers, no matter how I struggled and stumbled. At Christmas, she captivated me with a little present she gave in return for the bonus I gave her - she curtsied! What a charming, lovely custom that is for young girls.

In Reykjavik I now began to enjoy myself conversing with the Icelanders. Even the most anti-American were impressed with an "Ami" commander who would take the trouble to learn their language, the language of the ancient Vikings, spoken by less than two hundred thousand people in the world today. But that was not my only reward. I learned wonderful things about our ancient Nordic heritage from our mighty, bearskin-clad ancestors of the far north. I learned, for instance, that the Icelandic word for a German is "Thodthverdthur", which means "People's Defenders" - stemming from the tribal memory of the times when it was the Germans alone who stood between the White men of Europe and the savage hordes of Genghis Khan for many centuries - as they stand now, between us and the same savage hordes.

I reread Mein Kampf a dozen times, annotating it and indexing the main ideas. I wrote endless commentaries and plans for organizations. I drew cartoons which were designed for mass consumption, for the millions of boobs who will not read more than a paragraph and have to get their ideas in comic book form, in order to transmit the facts I had learned about the Jews. I drew for the same boobs now lapping up the Jewish comic books, television programs, newspapers, movies and other propaganda media which presently pass for 'public information and entertainment'. I began to correspond with people whose names I found in conservative publications like The American Mercury and Common Sense. I even corresponded with Conde McGinley and Major Williams.

I commenced the writing of a 'great book' to be a compendium of almost all knowledge - the knowledge left out of my college education - the knowledge of life and Nature and the real laws of society and human affairs. But I found that I could never get started on the ambitious project, only the introduction. The subject was just too vast and too disorganized in my mind to allow me to get into the 'meat' of it. Endlessly I wrote and rewrote introductory chapters.

After several months of this monkish existence, I was invited to a diplomatic party in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, thirty miles away from the base by the worst kind of dirt road. I had met the American wife of the first secretary of the Norwegian Embassy in Iceland, Cathy Amalie, when I had given her instructions in a silk-screen class as part of the leisure program. Her husband, Egil Amalie, the Norwegian first secretary, and I had become friends. He was a tiny dynamo of a man, full of culture and rough masculine charm, which I liked and admired.

At the party in his lovely home, all sorts of Germans, Dutchmen, Norwegians, Americans and other people in the military and diplomatic set were singing and talking in several languages. I was watching a group singing, when I saw a tall, impeccably dressed man appear in the door, with one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. He was introduced to me as the First Secretary of the German Embassy. Somehow, I got the idea that the girl was his wife, which immediately saddened me. She captivated me instantly and completely, so I was greatly relieved and happy to learn later that she was not the wife of the German, but an Icelandic girl named Thora Halgrimsson.

Tall, blonde, aristocratic in looks and bearing, she had the face of an angel and the figure of a French model. I asked her to dance in a perfect swivet of excitement. She melted to me as we danced and I knew in my soul that I had met THE woman in my life. We talked and I found she spoke perfect English, although she had spoken Icelandic only until she was eighteen, just five years before. She had been educated in England, had traveled the continent and had even gone to school in Hackettstown, New Jersey. She was subtle and intelligent, yet feminine beyond any woman I had ever known. There is no question but that I was then and there desperately in love with this beautiful Thora!

I told her of my broken marriage and my kids, but mostly about my book, beliefs and ambitions. I did not, of course, tell her I was a Nazi, yet, but I did make my racism and other Nazi ideas clear from the very first evening. She seemed fairly cool and handed me her engraved card when I took her home and said "Good night" at her gate.

When I got back to the base, fate took a hand in the affair. I got sick and broke out with red spots. The doctor diagnosed it as chicken pox, a disease I thought I had left behind with my roller skates and marbles! It is impossible for me to imagine that this improbable disease, coming at this particular and improbable time was not another of the inexplicable strokes of destiny I have now come almost to expect. Thora, too, had been intrigued and was unable to understand my failure to call her for all that time. So, as I learned later, she took action.

I got a call from the wife of the political officer of the American Legation in Iceland, Mrs Roland Beyer, inviting me to a Christmas party in her home in Reykjavik. I hardly knew the lady and was at first puzzled. Thora later told me that she and Ruth Beyer had cooked up the party mostly for my benefit! When I arrived at the party, there was Thora again, so lovely that I could not keep my eyes from her. It was Christmas Week and they were playing "The Messiah" on the hi-fi, but I did not even hear this, one of my favorites. I covered my face with my hand, ostensibly absorbed in the music, but actually peeking at the tall blonde. I later learned that even this was noticed by the conspirators and added to their calculations.

We talked some more and I learned that she had been married before to a man she said was a drunkard and a philanderer of the worst stripe. She also said she had a little boy, and I managed to make arrangements to take some pictures for her of the boy at her home. Fridthrik, her little boy, was a problem, to say the least! He had been brought up Icelandic style, with almost no discipline and nothing but 'permissive' and indulging love. He ran around wildly in the house, knocking things over and off tables and generally behaving like a spoiled brat. But what a handsome, adorable little brat! He was a baby Viking - blond as the snows on the Icelandic glaciers; bold, with a certain Nordic dignity and arrogance reminiscent of his furclad forebears. He was the perfect, scientific specimen to set next to a half-ape African black boy, to banish at one look the damnable 'equality' lie. The very noble bearing in his stance even at two years of age and the unbreakable will shining out of his sky-blue eyes simply cannot be found in the inferior races, nor can it be explained as purely the result of the 'cold weather', 'luck' or 'the Point Four Program'. I loved this little brat, despite his atrocious behavior.

I began to call on Thora regularly, whenever I could plow my jeep over the back-wrenching thirty miles of dirt and icy roads between Keflavik and Reykjavik. I spent many enchanted, tender hours with her alone in her private drawing room. She was not only charming, intelligent and lovable, but she also knew how to be loving. For the first time, I realized what a marriage should be like, and resolved to put an end to the 'marriage' which was nothing but a shaky business partnership which put a terrible cloud over the kids, who used to cry, listening to Judy and I in combat; a 'marriage' from which I had been kicked out for being 'under foot'.

I wrote and asked Judy for a divorce. She promptly and curtly replied that she would give it to me provided 'only' that she would be assured of steady and plentiful alimony: Four hundred dollars a month was what she demanded!

As soon as I realized how serious were my feelings, I also told Thora of what I planned to do in the world. I told her that I would be either a bum or a great man, and I honestly didn't know which. I assured her that I was not a 'normal' person and would never give her a 'normal' life. She replied without hesitation and with the utmost warmth that she didn't care what I did; she would follow me and love me even if we had to escape civilization and its rules on a 'banana boat'! For years, 'banana boat' were secret code words with us when things looked too

tough - which was most of the time.

Nothing could quench the blazing fire between us, and after a passionate and wonderful courtship of only five months, we were married in Icelandic in the National Cathedral in Reykjavik, where her uncle is the Bishop of Iceland, on October 3, 1953.

For our honeymoon, we went to Berchtesgaden, Germany, which has been made into a U.S. recreation area. It is also the site of the "Obersalzberg", the home of the Fuehrer in the fairy-tale setting of the Bavarian Alps. I was appalled and disgusted to discover that the authorities are so fearful of the rise of Adolf Hitler to sainthood - a rise which is inevitable and which I have gotten well started - that they have razed the "Obersalzberg" to the ground and daily run bulldozers over the site to pulverize over and over again the tiny fragments from which they fear Hitlerites will one day make relics, as they do anyway!

Thora and I were blissfully happy together, although nothing like as happy as we would have been if we could have enjoyed such a trip after we had got to know one another better and love each other as deeply as we did later.

I was immensely proud of my wife as we strolled about in the story-book scenery of Bavaria. We had days and nights of unshared fun on that honeymoon - playing like kids. We spoke Icelandic between ourselves in public, which hugely puzzled the guides who imagined they'd heard about everything. It was our private, secret language and we could discuss and make insulting remarks about everybody around us like two naughty kids, as we smiled sweetly at them in their ignorance.

This was not an unshared blessing, however, for when we had a squabble over something, to keep it private, it was in Icelandic that we argued. She had a terrific advantage over me then, as my vocabulary is most rudimentary and I kept getting lost for words as she steam-rolled over my halting arguments. But even these rare and petty squabbles were fun, because of the 'making-up'. These were some of the most tender memories of my life.

Thora enjoyed being a woman; gloried in it, swam in it, and it brought out the best in me, as Nature intended. I learned at last to know what a female was supposed to be like, and it made me bitterly sorry for my first wife, Judith. I made the mistake of telling Thora this and thus discovered her only real fault: jealousy. She could not bear to hear sympathetic remarks about any other female, even little ones! I later found I couldn't even pass a cute little girl on the street and pat her little head, without my wife making remarks about it and asking why she was not getting patted.

Back in Iceland from our honeymoon, I requested and received another year's duty at the base. They were tickled to find anybody who wanted to stay up there, so I got one of the rare assignments to a family apartment at the base. I had been made commanding officer of the squadron and our apartment was directly below that of the commanding general's. It was very comfortable, if not luxurious.

Thora and I settled down to making a working marriage out of a love affair, a task which all couples face in the first year of marriage. It is usually difficult, the more so because it is usually unexpected. I had to learn that she could never get enough of being told how dearly I loved her and how beautiful she was; while she had to learn by rude experience that I waken rather violently, ready to fight, when anybody turns on the lights abruptly while I am sleeping. This habit grew from wild nights in Navy barracks. There were a million other petty things we had to learn about each other, many the hard way, so that the first year of marriage is far from being a poem

or a dream.

Even with the usual petty annoyances, it was a rich and rewarding experience to be married to such a complete and loving woman. She taught me how to feel and behave like a male with females, overcoming my training in American ways for men, which always seem to involve an inferiority complex for husbands and fathers. The latter are always depicted in movies, television and comic strips as stumbling, humbling blow-hards who are so incompetent that they have to be constantly rescued, babied and swindled into survival by their patient and all-knowing 'help-mates'. The carry-over is inevitable and American husbands tend to be far too timid and self-effacing. This behavior in turn further aggravates the tendency of wives to be far too aggressive, businesslike and unfeminine.

On the other hand, having been brought up Icelandic-style, with almost no conception of discipline and duty, Thora could not understand my instant obedience and respect for my superior officers. Once, my immediate superior kept me talking almost an hour after work at the squadron, so that the lovely dinner my wife had hot and tempting for me became cold and greasy by the time I arrived. She was very angry and demanded to know why I was late. The explanation that "the captain kept me" sounded like a lame excuse to her. I should have been able to excuse myself and come right home! We had quite a scrap over that, in fact, just about the worst battle of the year. She simply could not fathom that I had to do anything whatsoever my superior ordered, outside of murder, and even that in certain circumstances. He could have kept me there all night, as he did once or twice, later.

There was the time we had an engine fire over the Atlantic as we were searching for survivors of a storm, and I had to land on a little bit of rock called Vestmanneyja, which stands in mid-ocean and has a landing strip only a few hundred feet long, with cliffs at both ends. I had to reverse the good prop just before touchdown to avoid dropping off at the other end, and we had to stay at a little Icelandic inn in the tiny fishing village there. There were, of course, fishermen's daughters in that village. Thus did I have a devil of a time trying to, convince Thora that I had not fallen victim to the wiles of any of these willing damsels while we were so cold and lonesome, awaiting rescue from the mainland.

Sending the huge amount of money demanded by Judy every month made life a little tough for us, but we managed. In May, my wife gave birth at the base hospital to my first son, Lincoln Hallgrimmur, whom we came to call "Grampaw". I was overjoyed! After three daughters, at last a son.

At the end of the year the Navy had begun a severe cutback program. My first wife had gone to my senior, state-side commander and raised some hell about me, which didn't help my request to remain on active duty any longer, so I got 'riffed' out with only a month to prepare to carry the enormous financial burden of the \$400 per month alimony, plus the expenses of a new and growing family - starting from scratch!

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER IX.

I had observed that the wives of servicemen were being shipped all over the world and being constantly moved and transferred into wild and strange surroundings with no advance knowledge of conditions. Their problems were totally different from ordinary housewives, especially as America began, unofficially to police the world. There were magazines for ordinary wives and mothers, but none for the millions of service wives. Here appeared to be a market unserved - the ideal opportunity for a free-enterprising businessman in any field.

But in addition to the business possibilities, I realized that such a magazine could have a powerful political effect. I had carefully observed the technique of sly propaganda - always in the form of entertainment and information - in all the Jew-dominated papers, magazines, books, etc. and I believed that I could reverse the process with my magazine for servicemen's wives. I would have to be very subtle, of course, but I could, as months went by, begin to drive out the filthy ideas of Marxism, mobocracy and racial defilement and replace them with ideas of republican government and racial self-respect. I envisioned, for instance, the publication of pieces on the style of Mark Anthony's funeral oration, in which I would sicken the ladies with disgusting pictures of Negroes and White girls - perhaps their daughters - dancing and hugging one another, along with an overdone text praising such 'brotherhood', 'tolerance' and so on, coupled with pictures of the inevitable Jews who were usually responsible for such vile mixed affairs. There would be such fulsome 'praise' for 'brotherhood' that the Jewish advertisers I must win to survive could not complain, but the result would be quite the reverse of what the Jews wished to see.

I realized that no ordinary job I could find would produce the income I must have, with my ex-wife threatening dire action if I failed to send the gigantic alimony payments and my present family needing all I could possibly earn. Only through the creation of a job and a business for myself which would pay large sums of money could catastrophe be prevented. Desperate effort was required! To this effect I began surveys and studies concerning such a service wives' magazine, deciding on the name U.S. Lady.

I had some certificates printed up as pledges to buy stock and made up a little art-work 'dummy' of the magazine. With these I went around to servicemen's families, including the officers I knew in Iceland. I got \$8000 worth of these certificates signed and began to write to U.S. outfits inquiring about printing and distribution. Once again I received a dose of the tune I have heard so often: "It can't be done!" Publishers, printers, everybody told me I would need millions just to get such a magazine launched. Worse, service sources told me that many others had tried the project, some with the millions, and all had failed. Mrs George Catlett Marshall, for instance, with all her influence and money, had failed to get one going.

We arrived back in the U.S.A., as I had at Brown University, in a hurricane and I received my detachment to inactive duty at Brunswick, Maine. Thora, Ricky, "Granpaw" and I took a little cottage on Bailey's Island, at the height of a roaring gale, and I set about methodically preparing to publish a full-color national magazine. We had exactly \$300 to our names.

I presented my idea to the armed forces at a meeting in the Pentagon of the admirals and generals heading public relations for each of the services, and I got a hearty vote of confidence from them. Service morale was sinking fast under the lash of integration and the withdrawal of dignity, respect and privilege, all being dumped upon our fighting men by Anna Rosenberg in the name of 'democracy'. The disaffection of thousands of wives

was hurting re-enlistment. U.S. Lady would obviously help to keep the service wives satisfied, and the Defense Department assured me of every cooperation.

A retired general's daughter, Jane Brownlow, wrote me and said she had heard of the project and was very interested in helping. I met Mrs Brownlow at the Icelandic Embassy, where we were living with my wife's uncle, the ambassador, and she became even more enthusiastic. She proceeded to gather information and assistance for us as I finished being mustered out of the Navy in Maine.

After final clearance, I drove down from Maine to Washington, D.C., obviously the only place such a magazine as U.S. Lady should be published. After staying again for a while at the Icelandic Embassy, we rented a lovely old Virginia plantation home sixty miles out in the 'hunt' country south of Warrenton. We got the place for a \$100 a month, since it was so very far out. It was really luxurious. There were bathrooms with fireplaces, chaise lounges and oil paintings! But commuting 120 miles a day in my little Plymouth station wagon was extremely difficult. I began to sleep some nights in the tiny office I had rented in the Walker Building, a block away from the White House.

This situation was terribly hard on my wife. She hated being removed from all social life and people and also being deprived of her husband. I was working feverishly, day and night, and hardly saw my family, but there was no choice. I was 'under the gun' economically and it was succeed with U.S. 'Lady or starve and be ruined. Another extremely unhappy element came into the picture: My wife just couldn't believe I was as deeply in love with her as I was, or that I could not resist what she imagined was 'temptation'. For whatever reason, she began to be jealous of Mrs Brownlow with whom I spent so much time in the office.

Eventually I found a little apartment on Connecticut Avenue, right in D.C. and we moved there in the middle of the night and a howling blizzard.

Meanwhile, I had been driving ahead to one goal after another. I called in all the stock promises and got an amazing half of the money paid in. Then I had to go through the Securities and Exchange Commission and discovered what a hateful, arbitrary and tyrannical bureaucracy we have in D.C. Time after time I would go down with my statement for filing under Regulation 'A', only to be thrown out for some newly-invented 'discrepancy'! I hired a CPA to make up the financial statement and even this was thrown out. It was heartbreaking. The Icelandic Ambassador, Thor Thors, watched all this going on and generously offered to do what he could to help, but there was no way to help with these officious bureaucrats. One simply had to bow down and wait until their childish natures were satisfied with the humiliation and exasperation of people who were trying to produce something.

I got advertisements made up, inserted them in a few newspapers and sent out hundreds of thousands of circulars to military wives' clubs all over the world. The planning took months and endless midnight and early morning hours of heartbreaking work, but at last, the results began to come in. Our ads and advance sheets were so effective that we did the impossible: We managed to get thousands of military families all over the world to send us \$3.85 for subscriptions to a magazine which was still only an idea! I knew, of course, that subscriptions would not finance such a tremendous undertaking, so I planned to sell stock in the enterprise, which was the reason for my dealings with the S.E.C.

I also knew we had to write a prospectus to sell stock, but I knew little more than this of official stock exchange requirements. So I sent Mrs Brownlow out to pick up some sample prospectuses from other businesses and she came back breathless with excitement. She told me she had run into a man just next door in the Union Trust

Building who had wanted to be a publisher and who was now a big financier and stock broker! Thus I invited this 'great man', Landrum S. Allen, together with Mrs Brownlow, out to my place in Virginia to see what we could work out.

We spent a dreadful afternoon and evening. It was impossible to make head or tail out of this man's conversation. The best I could get was that he wanted to publish a magazine to be called On The Avenue in Polish, Swedish, Sanskrit and other languages. When I tried to ask him what his market was - an absolutely vital fact for a publishing venture, obviously - his reply was "for warm-hearted people" and that is all I could find out. He wanted me to do up covers, sample pages, etc., and then move into his offices, so we could publish together. I declined this 'golden opportunity' and endeavored to get him to help sell the stock of U.S. 'Lady, but he was as skittish as a blind mare.

We launched the stock sale ourselves and began to do quite well. The big job, however, was getting a magazine together and getting it printed. By skillful maneuvering and playing 'hard to get', I managed to give an impression of booming success, which in a way was true, and we got the big printers competing against one another for our business. Their salesmen regularly took me to sumptuous luncheons and I began to bargain for the big job of printing. With the blessing of destiny, I am sure, I 'allowed' Ransdell, Inc., to sign a contract for the printing - which, in effect, meant that I had secured \$23,000 worth of credit, with no capital at all!

Throughout all this, my wife Thora showed herself nothing less than a heroine. She was pregnant again, but she pitched in with the typing, the filing and making of address stencils at the same time that she was trying to make a home out of our dingy apartment and a living out of the pennies we had left after sending the money up to my first wife. She even got a job taking, a radio survey, door to door. Pushing a baby carriage containing "Grampaw" and leading naughty little Ricky by the hand, she earned a few pitiful pennies by asking the usual listener questions up and down the street. We had no fun, no pleasure, no pause in the desperate scramble to survive and get the magazine on its feet. But Thora had the faith of a saint. Even when I would get discouraged and felt almost sure my gigantic struggle would come to naught, my brave little wife would put her arms around me, look me in the eyes, tell me how she believed in me and trusted me, and I would fairly burst with new drive and determination. She knew the age-old secret of women: how to inspire and fill a man with power he could never have alone, just by laying a gentle, warm hand on his cheek and letting him feel her faith flowing outward. How I loved her! I can never repay her loyalty and devotion.

I was not able to pay salaries to Mrs Brownlow or the others, but was nevertheless able to gather a staff of almost thirty people, just by enthusiasm and leadership. I was getting the training which is enabling me now to accomplish the far more difficult task of organizing men into the most persecuted organization in the world: My men have to give up everything of fun and profit in life and then pay to stay with me. I learned how to get people to create miracles just because of something they believe in - a far more powerful force than the mere desire for money. But I was having some fearful problems with my females.

It was inevitable that a women's magazine would have a lot of women on the staff, even if it took a man to get it together and ramrod it. The women necessary for such a task had to be creative, and therefore, more than usually temperamental. Furthermore, since I wasn't able to pay them, I had to keep them working and organized by wheedling, cajoling, promising and threatening, by the sheer power of personality and psychology. But such methods cannot keep a business organization going forever without money, cold cash. And cash I was chronically short of, even when thousands of dollars began to come in every week.

The stock was selling quite well and, when I succeeded in coming out with the first issue of U.S. Lady in full color and distributed 150 thousand copies all over the world, we received over 1500 requests to buy shares in the

company. Figuring I had it made, I again approached a lot of stockbrokers and tried to get them to take over the stock sales on commission, since I was in the business of publishing a magazine, not selling stock. But none of them would gamble with it, except one: Landrum Allen, the man who had come to dinner out in Virginia. He said he took it only because he was still in love with the idea of being a publisher. He figured he could eventually wangle U.S. Lady away from me, as he later tried hard to do.

So I signed a "best efforts" deal with Allen. He was supposed to sell my stock, while I published the magazine. He was to receive one of every five dollars in shares which we sold - a handsome commission - and I expected that, with all the inquiries we were getting, he would sell out the issue in no time, and that the struggle would be over. But I reckoned without human greed, pettiness and intrigue.

My unpaid and rambunctious women began to buck and kick in the traces, and appeared to resent almost everything I did. Every one of them seemed to feel that she knew better than I how it should have been done, and there were always two or three of them a day weeping and having hysterics in my office. The magazine, however, was coming out regularly, was looking better and better and receiving acclamations from all over the world.

Mr Allen had his plans, and the women had fallen in with them. I discovered that there were regular 'rump' executive meetings of my women and Mr Allen in his financial office, two blocks up the street on Vermont Avenue. Today, I would act like lightning to put a stop to such conspiring, but then I was still too green in business and too distracted by a million other things to take effective action. The atmosphere of 'mutiny' grew like a cancer.

One of the things distracting me was an effort by a gang of reds to gain control of the magazine. I can imagine the scoffing of the 'liberals' at this, but the records of the FBI and Jane Brownlow, who was in on all of it, will bear me out. I was approached by Frank Bryer, from Army Times, who took me to lunch at the George Washington Room, where he told me that "big interests" were considering supporting me and wanted me to put out a companion magazine to U.S. Lady to be called U.S. Officer. He described a magazine like Fortune, a fabulous publication, which he said would cost a dollar. I told him that wouldn't begin to cover the cost of the kind of magazine he described, considering the small readership it would have.

Bryer was drinking martinis one after the other and, as I pressed him to explain how this magazine would be a financial success, he kept saying his "big interests" had plenty of money to cover it. I explained that such a publication would lose millions permanently and asked where in hell they would get money like that. He was obviously flushed with the gin and drew me close. "From the Soviet Union," he said - without kidding me. I pretended to laugh and let the subject drop. I returned to the office and told Mrs Brownlow of my conversation. We figured that he was, perhaps, too drunk to know what he was saying. I But Bryer followed it up. He told me that the "interests" were in Texas and were ready to pay my fare and expenses to go down there and talk over a deal. I wanted nothing to do with it, of course, and told Mrs Brownlow to say nothing to anybody. But she did anyway. Her boyfriend at the time was an Army officer who did some shooting at a range with an FBI friend. She told the officer, who told the FBI friend. So I was visited by FBI agents and told them the story when they asked me to. They suggested I go and see what it was all about and implied that there would be agents around in case it was dangerous, so I agreed to investigate the thing.

There had been a moment at home with my wife, when I saw how she and the kids had to live, that the temptation to take the deal was almost overpowering. I knew by then how the reds operate, and knew that I could assure a happy and successful career for myself the rest of our lives, with luxury and security, just by going along with these people and pretending not to notice what was going on. It is obvious that dozens of other

men before me have 'gone along' with this filthy red money-power, but once again, my dear, brave wife agreed with me that we must scum this nasty deal and fight our way through by ourselves.

I went down to Dallas and met the 'contact'. I 'was taken to a millionaires club and listened to the proposition. They wanted 51 % of the stock - control - in return for fat financing and there was talk of printing the magazine on the presses they owned in Texas. The millionaire was the last person in the world I would expect to have anything to do with Frank Bryer, the man in Washington who broached the deal. He was the soul of conservatism, and seemed to know little of what was going on. We came to no agreement and I flew back to Washington.

Then the FBI double-crossed me - unintentionally, I feel sure now. I had told them that Bryer was with the Army Times, an outfit which could have ruined me in the service publishing business, and I did not want him to know I had given the story to the FBI. But they interrogated him anyway and let him know that they were looking into the "Soviet Union" bit.

Bryer telephoned me in horror when the FBI left him and I had Jane Browntow listen in to witness the incredible call. He said he was 'hot' and would have to clear out of town, and was going to "hide out up in Philly" for a while. I managed to convince him that I couldn't imagine who had 'squealed' and he suggested that I, too, "lie low." Then he blasted the FBI unmercifully, said he gave a speech about FBI tyranny and snooping at his Methodist social action group - and left for Philadelphia.

Those who imagine this is 'propaganda' or lies may reflect that the names are all printed here and any of these individuals can sue, if these statements are not true. If they are true, which they are, 'liberals' might reflect further as to the pinko content of so many of our national magazines and other publications. Perhaps some men prefer millions to patriotism.

Landrum Allen, the stock underwriter, suddenly stopped selling stock one day and announced that he could not, in good conscience, continue selling until I changed my management methods, and so forth. He was backed up in this high-handed maneuver by four of my women who came to be called "the big four" by the rest of the staff, most of whom were fanatically loyal to me.

I was to give up a lot of authority and do this and that, demanded by the ladies. Ordinarily, I would have sent Mr Allen scurrying from the office, but in this case, he had the exclusive contract to sell the stock and he refused to do so. Without stock money coming in, there was no way to catch up on the expenses incurred from launching the business, and he knew we would collapse. This was exactly what Mr Allen counted on. He and the women began to interfere with my promotional plans for the magazine. Knowing nothing of promotion, at which I was a professional, they forced me to abandon the highly controversial 'advisory board', which I had set up, comprised of the wives of the Secretaries of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Defense Departments, plus the wives of top admirals and generals. More important than this, they wanted me to drop my Federation of Service Wives - a red hot issue, which, had I been able to push it as hard as I had started to do in the first issue, would have made U.S. Lady the center of a political storm and sold it like hotdogs at a football game. But the timid ladies were sure the Defense Department would "close us up" if we went against their policies, so they got Mr Allen again, and I had to back down.

Without cash money, I learned, a man is nearly helpless in the business world, no matter how clever, how dedicated, how right, how-hard-working he is or how worthwhile his contribution. Without cash, you are 'forbidden' to contribute to our society, except as a muzzled and chained 'hired hand'. This is one of the things

we shall change. Things must be arranged so that free enterprise and investment are respected, of course, but also so that genius and talent are not crushed and enslaved by the brutal, ugly power of money.

As there are government facilities for the encouragement of health and welfare of even the slobs of the world, so must there be some kind of government facilities for the protection, growth and development of human genius. Nothing is more valuable to the world than the contributions of its geniuses, yet our Stephen Fosters, our Robert Fultons and other great creators must fight the whole brutal and ugly world of money in order to force their gifts on a blind and greedy world. And often, even after they have been successful in contributing more value to the world than any millionaire since the beginning of time, they are allowed to die in misery and poverty! Why must a man be first an expert at the Jewish money game before he is allowed to survive and paint or write or think or build or organize or reform? Even if only one out of a thousand brilliant minds produced anything great for society, it would be well worth the little it would cost society to establish creative institutes where the finest minds in the population, regardless of other considerations, can be fed and clothed and housed, with nothing asked of them in return except the results of their creative effort. Who knows how many symphonies have died in the poorhouse, how many great philosophers or statesmen have perished in our gutters, how many immortal paintings lie buried in our potter's fields?

Allen and the conspiring ladies were able to overwehln every move I could make, for I simply could not pay my bills every time he stopped selling the stock. Finally, he stopped so long, negotiating and arguing, that the bills got past the point where they could be handled. There were creditors' meetings and talk of bankruptcy, but nobody wanted to see such a good property wrecked. Even Allen didn't want to go that far. He hoped, I am sure, to gain control in the struggle and thus become, at last, a publisher.

But somehow the news got around and, from as far away as New York City I received calls offering to buy the magazine. This is something I don't think Allen counted on, as his attitude showed when I sold out, lock, stock and barrel one afternoon to John B. Adams of Washington, D.C. Allen sulked at Adams and tried to give him a hard time - forcing him to go to court several times - but Adams had the hard cash to kick Mr Allen's nose right out of the business, and that is just what he did.

Adams is now publishing U.S. Lady very successfully in Washington, and Readers' Digest published two pieces from it last year. Once again, I had created what I had set out to create, but lost the fruits of my labors because I lacked capital.

During the last desperate weeks at U.S. Lady, our third child, Jeannie Margaret, was bom in the George Washington University Hospital in the District of Columbia, but I had hardly seen the little angel. I spent almost all my time in the office or in a state of collapse at home - exhausted. So, with \$4000 in the bank and the nightmarish pressure of the magazine, the women, Allen and the creditors suddenly gone, I relaxed at home with my family for a week or ten days to catch my breath before making another scramble for a living - two livings!

Since I had been unable to keep the vehicle I intended to use for political reform, I decided to go directly into politics, provided I could somehow find a way to earn two livings at the same time.

By this time, I had had plenty of opportunity to look over the activity of the 'right-wing' - the conservatives - and had come to the conclusion, in my total ignorance of the real nature of the case, that all they needed to succeed was an organizational drive to get them 'together', with a businesslike plan. I had found that there were dozens and maybe hundreds of very rich men, like H.L. Hunt of Texas and Robert Welch of Boston, who felt

much as I did and who, together, could pool enough money and resources to swamp the Marxist-Zionist Jews and left-wingers. There seemed to be plenty of talent and ability, and an actual majority of our people over on my side of politics, so that common sense seemed to force the conclusion that it was only a lack of determined effort to put this together which permitted the left-wing minority, sparked by the sub-minority of Jews, to keep winning victory after victory and thereby send America down the path to Marxist socialism and racial disintegration.

The 'conservatives', as I saw the problem, lacked any real national and popular medium of expression. With the demise of The Washington Times Herald, there was no longer any nationally read 'conservative' newspaper, and I decided that there was a hungry market for such a journal. I carefully planned a national paper to be called The Conservative Times and still think it would be successful, if the people on the right who are still 'nice', unlike me, would finance it.

I learned from surveys that, in Washington alone, the market for such a paper - where the only voices heard are stridently 'liberal' - was large enough to support it. Many people in the area would pay then and would still pay now a premium price for a real right-wing newspaper, even if advertisers were hard to get. And with a newspaper, it would be easy to organize and even discipline the splintered and squabbling right-wing into a cohesive, effective organization. I realized, even then, that talking and educating are silly and useless unless they are directed at the only worthwhile political goal: POWER! The newspaper must first give our side a voice, then help it organize by effective communication, then discipline it by withholding or granting recognition and praise, as is necessary to produce a sense of responsibility and direction in the movement, as the Jews now do with our entire machinery of communication and entertainment. When any public figure goes the way the Jews wish him to go, he is lavishly praised and built up in the press, and when he displeases them, he is greeted by dead silence, no matter how newsworthy his statement or action, or he is smeared and blasted until he slinks away with his tail between his legs. With a newspaper, we could gradually begin to do the same thing on our side and I set about the task of applying my ability and experience toward the development of such a newspaper, and eventually a strong conservative organization aimed at POLITICAL POWER. The John Birch Society has appeared, since this was written, to do what I planned then.

But I reckoned without any knowledge of the human content of the 'right-wing'. From the millionaires to the scared little people who attend the endless, pitiful 'conservative', '100% American', 'old-fashioned', 'constitutional', 'states' rights' meetings, I learned by bitter experience that the human material of the right-wing consists 90% of cowards, dopes, nuts, one-track minds, blabbermouths, boobs, incurable tightwads and - worst of all - hobbyists, people who have come to enjoy a perverted, masochistic pleasure in telling each other forever how we are all being raped by the "shhh - you know whos," but who, under no condition, would risk their two cars, landscaped homes, or juicy jobs to DO something about it. Knowing nothing of this, however, and being full of my usual enthusiasm and drive, I paid for a series of radio spots before and after Fulton Lewis' show, announcing a Washington meeting to organize the right-wing.

The response seemed to be gratifying. Hundreds of people called and I arranged with one of them, Sam Jones, the correspondent of Bill Buckley's National Review, to use his lovely old Virginia mansion in McLean for our first meeting.

Of the hundreds who called, only about fifty showed up at the meeting, including John Kasper and an Arab friend. I addressed the meeting in the best 'conservative' style, lecturing 'nicely' on the need 'to get together' more than anything else, during which I received little flurries of polite applause. Ugh! How I shudder now to think of all that feeble, useless, stupid 'niceness' - while Our Race and our whole world are being brutally destroyed!

From time to time somebody in the audience would ask "What about the Jews! " and there would be snickers and shifting around of feet, like grammar school kids when somebody mentions the word "sex". Then I would scold this 'bold' character for such a 'disgusting display of prejudice', making my righteous love of the 'wonderful' Jews very clear, and even sharing knowing winks with some close friends in mutual appreciation of my 'clever' deception.

The Jews would not have disturbed such a meeting for anything in the world. We, like a million other 'conservatives', were indulging ourselves in the illusion of 'fighting' treason, subversion, communism and race-mixing - in other words, the Jews - without DOING anything and without hurting the enemy himself. If we did NOT have such silly little secret meetings, we would eventually build up such a pressure of frustrated patriotism that we just might have done something forceful, and therefore effective.

My wife took up a little collection, we passed out membership cards and then stood around babbling, as is the inevitable custom after such 'battles' with the enemy. Everybody congratulated everybody else at this new and terrible assault on the "Eskimos", as John Kasper called them then, and we went home all aglow with the great 'success'.

I became friendly with this unknown John Kasper and he often stayed at our home in Vienna, Virginia. He ran a tiny right-wing bookstore in Georgetown which was frequented by a Bohemian set of odd-balls, dope-addicts, poets and patriots. We confessed to one another our dedication to Adolf Hitler, whom he called "The Saint" - but he had an even greater love: Ezra Pound, the famous poet and broadcaster for Mussolini who was locked up as a nut in Saint Elizabeth's. John Kasper led a circle of worshipful admirers who sat at the master's feet there in the ward full of raving madmen. I attended one of these sessions with my wife one Sunday, and it was an unbelievable afternoon. There was a barefoot lunatic pacing up and down beside the group seated around Pound, loudly giving hell to an invisible companion. There was another man crouched in eternal terror in a windowsill, and still others giving the most threatening looks. Meanwhile, the group was at the feet of Ezra, who wore shorts, sandals, a loud shirt and a beard. The worshipers included a lady dope-fiend, an artist, a beatnik who said he was a poet, John Kasper's hefty, blonde girlfriend, Nora Devereaux, John Kasper, Pound's almost silent wife, my wife and myself.

John Kasper worked almost entirely at the direction of Pound when I first knew him and, although I don't know it for a fact yet, I feel sure that John's activity in Clinton and elsewhere was largely inspired, if not directed, by Pound. When I once went down to Alabama to see if I could help Admiral Crommelin in a campaign for election as senator, it was John who asked me to come, and it was Pound who was sending almost daily letters of instruction. The letters themselves I thought were nutty, but John treasured them and seemed to obey them to the letter. Fortunately, the Admiral was much too strong-willed and self-willed to be influenced much by either Pound's or John's more ethereal ideas.

I poured out my time and money in an all-out effort to organize the right-wing 'nicely', under the aegis of the American Federation of Conservative Organizations, and published a national conservative paper. We held meetings in the best meeting rooms in the Statler and Mayflower hotels. I had beautiful stationery engraved in gold. I used all my skill in art, writing, organizing, promoting and leading - the same skills which are now serving the American Nazi Party so well - but my best efforts were useless. The basic premise of conservatism was wrong.

Although it is made to appear so, the battle between the 'conservatives' and 'liberals' is not a battle of ideas or even of political organizations. It's a battle of force, terror and power. The Jews and their accomplices and

dupes are not running our country and its people because of the excellence of their ideas or the merit of their work or because they have the genuine backing of the majority. The Zionists are in power in spite of the lack of these things, and only because they have driven their way into power by daring minority tactics. They can stay in power only because people are afraid to oppose them, afraid they will be socially ostracized, afraid they will be smeared in the press, afraid they will lose their jobs, afraid they will not be able to run their businesses, afraid they will lose their political offices. It is fear and fear alone which keeps these filthy left-wing sneaks in power. It is NOT ignorance on the part of the American people, as the 'conservatives' keep assuring each other - "ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" - when the truth is that any slave knows the truth - that he is a slave - but he is not free in spite of knowing this truth, unless he can somehow obtain the power to force his way to freedom. It is not the truth which will make us free in America, because millions already know the truth and hate bitterly what is going on, but they are afraid even to admit they know the truth. Ten million signed the petition for Joe McCarthy and they are not all dead, although they might as well be, as long as the right-wing spends all its time and money trying to 'win' another ten million instead of getting the ten million we already have to stand up! We have plenty of people, money and facilities to take America back from the traitors tomorrow morning if all the people who already know what is going on were not afraid anymore and would stand up!

As long as the right-wing confines its fighting to being 'nice', the great masses of the public will bow down like the sheep they are to the left-wing which is NOT nice - which uses smear, economic persecution, legal harassment and finally, physical terror to maintain its domination of our national life and culture by force. The force is disguised, of course, in checkbooks, judges' robes, rigged party conventions, etc., but it is still force or the threat of it which has America down and afraid. No amount of papers and pamphlets, were they all masterpieces of propaganda, and no amount of talk and meetings can stop this growing left-wing force and power, and the fear it inspires - much less drive it back and destroy it.

But in 1955, I still imagined we could 'sneak up' on the Jews, like the my sissy friends. We would build a great 'grass-roots' membership by not mentioning the Jews at all, or even praising them. Then, while they suspected nothing, we could become stronger and stronger and finally, one fine day, we would wipe the smiles off our faces, spin around on the surprised Hebrews and let them see just what we had in mind!

I found this coward's dream being promoted everywhere I went. Every 'conservative' I met would draw me aside and groan about the latest outrages and treason of the "you-know-whos" and describe to me the latest plans to sneak up on the tormentors. I was as much beguiled by this childish illusion as anybody else. I spent hundreds of hours discussing the methods for this super-sneaky revolution and the only thing I gained from it all was the final discovery that it was and always has been impossible to unseat the terrorists by talk. One must dislodge such evil usurpers by the same weapon which got them in: POWER! Theirs was and is secret and disguised. Ours, by nature, must be open, legal and honest, but it must still be power, not talk or pamphlets or sneaky dreams. Thus it involves risk.

I also grew to know the people my wife and I came to call the "die-hards", for some obscure reason I can't recall. These were the perennial 'patriots', the eternal attendees of meetings, the inexhaustible babblers, the super-clever know-it-alls who are going to 'throw the election into the house this time' and the disgusting hobbyists who discharged their pent-up 'patriotism' once a week or so in the masochistic orgasm, they seemed to obtain by flagellating themselves with the latest outrages of the Jews. These people seemed to have been 'fighting' the Jews all their lives, decade after decade. Their standard reaction to anything they didn't think up themselves in the way of new schemes for sneaking up on the Jews was, "I was fighting this thing before you were born, son." This was supposed to send the upstart packing, as if people who had spent forty or fifty years fighting so unsuccessfully had any business opening their mouths at all. These "die-hards" would insist on

bending one's ear endlessly and at all hours of day or night. Any attempt to escape from them was taken as a personal insult. My wife and I grew to dread the sessions with the "die-hards", who were not interested in doing anything except talk and were World Champions at the pastime.

Our meetings were better and better attended, but there was no result at all. Nothing was accomplished. As the months wore on and we began to see our small savings diminish with no signs of any real progress, I began to come down with a case of 'desperationitis' so common to the right-wing. I had begun to meet a large, unorganized, but regular circle of 'patriots' which exists everywhere, with whom, I discussed all kinds of tricks for 'spilling the beans' about the Jews, all at once. There were endless plans for dropping 'the whole story' out of airplanes on top of the public, while the helpless Jews watched in impotent rage as the millions of leaflets fluttered down, out of the sky. There was talk of a plan to raid a TV station of one of the major networks and hold the personnel at gunpoint, while one of us - nobody cared to discuss who, exactly - would present to the breathless millions the documents and facts on the Jewishness of Communism, which we have in such abundance, but which mean so little as long as we reach only one another. There was even a scheme for sending aloft huge signs on balloons, tied to inaccessible places, which would 'squeal' on the Jews from the sky, while they scrambled madly to get them down. These wild ideas are actually being discussed, right now, as you read this, by otherwise intelligent people somewhere, people who are simply too overwhelmed by their own timidity and ignorance to understand that even if they played these nasty tricks on the Jews, there would be no result at all.

Just two weeks ago, as I write this, the Jews used two or three minutes of one of my speeches to introduce a long program on behalf of race-mixing on a national TV network show. Mine was the only voice for the White man in that dreary hour of Jewish race-mixing propaganda. The Hebrew media-masters even used the section of one speech in which I explained that the Jew Communists were organizing the colored races of the world in a mass assault on the White Man. The Jews imagine, in their own ignorance, that my speech, delivered to a howling mob in Washington in all its naked passion and ferocity, will repel people - which is just as wrong as the "die-hards" with their silly idea that 'spilling the beans' will somehow 'wake up the people' and attract their support. Neither is the case. People are more inert than it is possible to believe, even after you discover their inherent inertia. It takes an incredible quantity of propaganda, repeated over and over and over to move them even a little bit. This is one of the reasons Joe McCarthy told me that he wouldn't even attempt to tell the whole truth. "They'd simply put me away as a lunatic," he said, "and the public would forget what it was all about." And he was probably right.

The idea that there is anything easy that can be done which will send the Jew traitors scurrying for Israel like rats, while we walk triumphantly into the White House, is one of the worst self-delusions which has been keeping the right-wing babbling and conspiring while the Jews have been laughing at us and trampling all over our Constitution, our rights, our traditions, our dignity and our White Race.

Anybody, when he first discovers what is going on, might be forgiven a certain period of nourishing this delusion and hope, but when he sees the Jews starving the families of his fellow hopers who lose their jobs, who get railroaded into jail, shipped to 'mental health centers' and are smeared and blasted for just the slightest attempt to stand up to Jewish power, he ought to get the idea in no more than a few years. Any man who spends thirty or forty years pretending to imagine there is such an easy way, while our country and our White Race go down and down is not a dreamer, nor is he ignorant. He is a coward!

'Conservatives' are the world's champion ostriches, muttering to one another down under the sand in 'secret', while their plumed bottoms wave in the breezes for the Jews to kick at their leisure. They are fooling nobody but themselves.

One of the conservative leaders I contacted was William F. Buckley, Jr, the publisher of National Review. My friend in Washington, D.C., Sam Jones, was his correspondent and we got together at a meeting in New York. It was an intellectual thrill, just talking with Buckley and his staff. There is more pulsating brain-power and genius surrounding Buckley than in any place else on earth, where I have ever been. Bill, himself, is personable in the extreme and brighter than all the rest, but his staff includes three or four Jews, one of them particularly Jewish-looking, and the atmosphere there is different than with other 'conservative' groups.

Buckley is extremely cagey on the Jewish Question and even when you get him alone, it is difficult to elicit information as to his awareness. The best you can get are guarded implications from which you are at liberty to infer what you want. I have since learned the reason for this: Buckley's millionaire father had a major interest with the Jews in Israeli oil, and the result, even today, is that Buckley's anti-liberalism and anti-Communism stop at the borders of Israel and the doors of Zionist meeting halls.

At the time I, too, was playing this silly 'I've-got-my-eyes-closed' game, so I felt that much could be accomplished by helping Buckley. I agreed to promote the National Review for him and he deposited a thousand dollars in a Washington bank to my account. So I started on a project designed to get mass circulation for National Review in colleges and universities.

At the time, however, I was heavily involved in my own effort to launch the A.F.C.O. and the newspaper, and I am ashamed to have to admit that I did a rotten job for Bill. I made some efforts, but they were without the drive and full enthusiasm necessary in such a promotion and nothing happened. I returned the money to Bill, less expenses, with a guilty conscience. Outside of being too cagey on the Jewish Question, which is, of course, his privilege, Bill Buckley was 100% square as a man and unlike the situation with other right-wingers with whom I have worked or tried to work, my failure to accomplish anything with Buckley was entirely my fault.

During this time, my wonderful wife and I were enjoying our marriage as I am sure few couples do the institution of matrimony. She pitched in loyally on everything, helped me with meetings, collected donations, even gave little talks. I forgot to get Christmas presents for her, forgot birthdays, gave her political lectures, hardly ever took her out in the gay society she loved, cut her off from 'nice' people who would have nothing to do with us now that I was a professional 'McCarthyite', and I generally gave her damned little in return for the steady devotion and warm love she showered upon me. Often, even as far back as this period of my political career, I would tell her that I knew some day that I would have to go to jail, in all probability, not for doing wrong, but for standing against Jewish treason. She never flinched and I never doubted for a moment that she would wait faithfully for any number of years. The only time she would cringe and be silent for a moment was when she would ask if she and the kids were the most important thing in my life. I would tell her they were loved the most, but I felt I had a more important duty to do what I could to save my country and my Race. I told her many times that this duty would have to come first, as I had told her before we were married. Women may judge the quality of wifely devotion which could stand steadfast in the face of such a declaration from a husband.

On the other hand, let no one imagine that it was easy to say this to a person I adored as much as my wife. It was tempting to lie or cover up the burning drive within me which I knew could not be deterred by any other desire or need or loyalty I might have. It took all the courage I could muster to hold such a dear, warm person in my arms, look into her deep, loving eyes and answer that silent devotion by telling her I might some day have to do what I felt called on by duty to do, even at the risk of hurting her. I continued to widen the circle of my right-wing acquaintances all over the country. I was serving my unavoidable apprenticeship for what I am now doing, although I didn't know it then, of course. I still cherished the hope that we could save ourselves by some easy

means, even though I am sure I knew deep in my subconsciousness that I would someday lead the fight to do it the only way it can be done, as, I am doing now.

As I reached the bottom of the bank account, with no prospect of any real success, I made one last, desperate attempt. I planned a new "Declaration of Independence" for the Fourth of July and invited congressmen, generals, admirals, important and influential friends and rich men to a big meeting in the Mayflower to set it up. Congressman Ralph Gwinn of New York was helpful, and I also had the help of Dom, of South Carolina, Wint Smith of Kansas and several others. Fred Maloof, a Lebanese millionaire, came and almost ruined the entire meeting. With all the congressmen, generals and other important people squirming in their seats, he 'came right out with it' and gave a violently anti-Jewish tirade! But I managed to quiet him and get out my presentation and my carefully worked out plans. Then I sat back and hoped these great personages would see the sense of 'getting together' and help to do the job with a will.

The result was absolutely nil - nothing. There were a good many compliments and pleasant remarks, but no real progress or offers to help build such an organization. Sam Jones, a faithful and understanding friend, took my depressed wife and me up to the lounge in the hotel lobby above and we discussed the defeat over drinks.

I really felt low. I knew my plans were excellent and everybody agreed they were. I knew I had the drive and ability to make them work and everybody agreed I did, I knew the situation for Our Nation was desperate, and everybody agreed that it was. But nobody would do anything. No matter how hard I tried, I ran into a solid, blank, silent wall.

Sam cheered us up and even got us dancing a bit. Then we went home and I lay awake a long time, trying to figure things out while my blessed wife stroked my head and mothered me like a spanked boy. I had failed with the American Federation of Conservative Organizations, The Conservative Times, and it seemed also with my political career.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER X.

The catastrophe of my big meeting in the Mayflower seemed complete. I had put all I had into that final effort, including money and thought, time and work. And it had been just another session of talk, like all the rest, like almost everything else going on in the right-wing. But I reckoned without the hand of an inscrutable destiny which I have come to know and to trust.

One of the men who had come to that last meeting in the Mayflower was Robert B. Snowden, an extremely wealthy plantation owner from Hughes, Arkansas. He had heard of me through my friend, Congressman Gwinn of New York and then had called me to say he was coming up from Memphis for the meeting. Part of my humiliation at the meeting had been Snowden's speech. He had used the occasion to tell the group of his own organization and his plan to do exactly what I was proposing, in a different way. He had, moreover, plenty of money of his own, plus many thousands of dollars at his disposal from other wealthy Americans. He had the active backing of many congressmen and influential people and his organization, unlike mine, was 'in business' and seemed to be a booming success. With all this, he very understandably preached that the support I was asking would be much better put into his organization which was called The Campaign for the 48 States. It made sense. In effect, he simply stole my meeting.

But the fact that his proposals made sense was no consolation to me the next morning as I surveyed the wreckage of my political career. With no more money, no organization, paper or business, it was hard to figure a next move. Then the telephone rang. It was Snowden.

"Can you come over to the Congressional Hotel?" he asked bluntly.

"Sure," I said, having nothing to lose by talking to a millionaire. "When?"

"Right now."

"Be right over."

I hung up the phone and scurried over to his suite in the hotel which was right next to the halls of Congress. He was in his BVD'S, drinking whiskey from a tumbler. He offered me some in his hearty, bluff manner and I accepted. I liked him. He was big, florid of face, outspoken, even blunt, and he obviously 'knew the score', as it is termed among the loose mess of people called 'the movement'.

There was no "die-hard" old lady about Snowden.

"I liked your pitch," he growled. "You've got the stuff we need. I want to put you on the payroll. How about it?"

I felt like a man in the electric chair being offered a reprieve. 'Would have probably agreed to go on the payroll of Nikita Khrushchev at that moment, with two hungry families waiting for me to bring home some bacon and one of them with a warrant and jail ready if I didn't bring home some bacon. But Snowden had seen me at my

best, in plush surroundings and knew my record of accomplishments, so I tried to keep cool.

"Doing what?" I asked. "And for how much?"

"Helping me organize the Campaign, raising funds and writing scripts for TV films."

"What's the payroll?" I repeated, trying to keep down my excitement at this offer of what appeared to be heaven plus a salary. Writing TV film-scripts sounded like the answer to my prayers!

"Eight thousand."

We gulped his bourbon and dickered. Several people came and went and he held court for them in his BVD'S. We liked each other. The job, of course, was my heart's desire, although I hid my wild elation over it for a decent period of time. We settled the details and it was agreed that I would stay right in my home in Virginia and write five half-hour TV shows to be filmed in promoting the five amendments to the Constitution which comprised the 'trick' of the Campaign for the 48 States in sneaking the government back from the usurpers.

Snowden got dressed and we adjourned to the bar below, where we met a friend of mine, Bill Evans, who had been kicked out of the Navy, despite his being a senior lieutenant and a graduate of Annapolis, because he pointed out the gross treason going on in the Korean War when he was aboard a destroyer. Evans knew more about the 'movement' and the people -- which ones were phonies, etc. -- than anybody I knew at the time, and I thought he might be able to help in the Campaign. Snowden didn't think Evans would be of any help, but felt so expansive and generous that he loaned Evans \$800 on the spot to get his wife and children back from overseas, where they had been stranded, now that Evans was down in his luck after his bout with the pinko bureaucrats of Washington. Snowden's impulsive generosity I found attractive, but I was soon to learn another side of the man.

I used my last funds to get set up properly in my home in Vienna to write and organize the TV films for him, as ordered. I was to send him the scripts and layouts as they were completed.

But before I could get started, I received a hurry-up call to report to a big meeting in New York, where I was to help Snowden and Gwinn raise funds at a luncheon. Upon my arrival, I found the Campaign had been able to gather some of the greatest names in U.S. industry at this sumptuous private dinner. Snowden and Gwinn both made little talks asking for \$495 from each of the assembled capitalists -- the largest non-reportable contribution. The results of the plush atmosphere and the smooth pitch were excellent and I was very pleased to be part of the outfit -- for a few minutes.

Then, as we parted for the day, Snowden suddenly informed me that he had hired a firm, which I later found was dominated by Jewish interests, to write the TV films and I was to move to Memphis to work in the office with him! This was an awful blow -- creatively, financially and family-wise. I would not write the films I was working so happily on. I would have to sustain the severe financial strain of giving up our pretty little Virginia home and moving over 1000 miles into the South. I would have to rip up my family's growing roots and inform my wife of the new hegira, and my wife was getting understandably sick, and tired of hegiras. We had already moved four times in two years. But I was on the payroll, and working in politics, which was my chosen career, so there was nothing to be said or done except to move.

Thora and I, Ricky, Grampaw and Jeannie, the baby, piled into our Plymouth station wagon and we drove the

long road to Memphis. On the way, I thought many hours about what might lie ahead and resolved to take out 'insurance' against any more of this total uprooting of my family. I tensed, with Snowden's sudden switch, the possibility that my political career, even on 'salary', might not be too secure. I resolved not to buy or rent a house or, apartment, but to get a big trailer. If there were to be any more sudden moves, I would be ready to hitch up and go.

Snowden ran a miniature dictatorship in his Memphis office, ruling like a tyrant over his other assistant, Fred Rosenberg (German) and his secretary. It had been "Bob" and "Linc" before, but when I walked into the office, I was ordered summarily to address the boss as "Mr Snowden". This did not bother me too much. I do not mind the boss exercising his authority or dignity. In fact, I insist on this myself, but his next orders did bother me.

Having come all the way down to Memphis, I found myself required to make out, by hand, little receipts for the \$3.65 contributions which poured in from all over the U.S.A., thanks to the organization's slogan: "A Penny a Day." These receipts could have been printed and stamped, as they had been in my offices in two businesses. It seemed silly to pay a man \$8,000 and have a thousand miles with his family in order to write out receipts eight hours a day. When he left for lunch, I asked my new associates about the foolish business.

"He's just like that," they said. "He's showing you who's boss."

It did no good for me to emphasize that I was happy to acknowledge him boss, call him "Sir" and obey his orders without cavil. Day after day I reported to work with my sandwiches and sat for hours scribbling out those eternal little receipts. While I thus 'occupied' my talents, I watched Mr Snowden swashbuckling around the office, commanding the other two in his imperious manner. I tried very gentle and extremely diplomatic gambits in offering helpful suggestions, particularly as to methods of cutting out a great deal of inefficient and useless paperwork, such as the endless little receipts. This only made him angry, so I gave it up.

Then one day he got the first scripts from his expensive New York deal. He read them with growing consternation. He did not let me look at them, but he showed them to Rosenberg, complaining bitterly about the deadness and stupidity of them. He wrote the firm, with whom he had an iron-bound contract, a nasty letter and received more lousy scripts.

I had already carried out my resolution to buy a trailer and I went home to this rather palatial, if compact, home and sat up all night writing the script as I thought it should have been written. The next morning I silently handed my effort to Mr Snowden, who accepted it with equal silence and read it. He said nothing and went out to lunch.

When he came back, he gruffly told me to get busy and write the scripts, so I put away my receipt book and returned to the work I could have been doing back home in Virginia, the work I was doing before he paid the other outfit to do it, only to discover, as he should have known, that only a dedicated, informed and creative right-winger could write those scripts. It annoyed him, however, to have me sitting there above his immediate commands, so he told me to go home and write them -- a most welcome order.

I pitched in and wrote the shows which, I understand were finally used although I never saw them, but not without his 'help'. His blue pencil had to insert itself into carefully-written bits of propaganda, like a wrecking bar, to sledge-hammer it around to his own tastes.

In the middle of this, I was ordered by the Navy to take a couple of reserve squadrons from Anacostia, D.C. to

Grosse Isle, Michigan, for a summer 'cruise' of two weeks' intensive flight training. I Was commanding officer of Fasron 661 at Anacostia, flying a weekend every month in Washington, and now I was appointed task force commander of the training group. Thus I had to leave Memphis, my family and Mr Snowden for two weeks to serve in the Navy. During this period of my absence, Mr Snowden offered to take my wife and children for a visit to his sumptuous plantation at Hughes, Arkansas, where he had a lake for swimming.

It was on this cruise at Grosse Isle that I learned at last the full extent of the 'Jew-democratic' rot which has emasculated our fighting forces. My orders as task force commander were to take my own Fasron 661 and a scouting squadron attached to Grosse Isle Naval Air Station for two weeks of intensive drill and training to insure the combat-readiness of the officers and men. We were all drawing full duty pay and enjoying all the benefits of active service in the Navy, so it seemed to me that we owed the taxpayers of America everything we could do to insure the genuine battle-readiness of the squadrons, the officers and the men.

One of the most elementary necessities in combat-readiness is discipline, and discipline, in turn, requires instant obedience and respect. This is the reason for most of the saluting, the honors, ceremonies, dignities and services accorded seniors by juniors in all effective military organizations. I made the terrible 'mistake' of trying to include this most necessary element in the training program. I ordered all juniors to salute all seniors once a day, and all commanding officers to be saluted every time they appeared, except under active working conditions or when flying, and so forth. This is no more than standard procedure aboard ship where decent discipline prevails.

The result was that some of the officers and men complained to Anacostia, and I got chewed out thoroughly, almost receiving an unsatisfactory fitness report. I got a lecture on the new 'democracy' and the need to make 'pals' out of the troops, etc. It was hard to believe it was the same Navy I had been in when I was a catapult pilot on the old Omaha, sixteen years before.

In those days, the Navy still maintained its aristocratic fighting traditions, even though some of the troops might have had their 'democratic' feelings hurt by not being 'pals' with their officers. In fact, every effort was made to create a gap between juniors and seniors. There was a greater gap then, between ensigns and junior lieutenants, than there is now, between ensigns and captains! Before we got 'democracy', even a junior naval officer was assigned his private mess boy, as the privilege of a gentleman whose profession was war. This was before the Jews had managed to spread the idea that every admiral and general should wash his dishes and his dog and that it is beneath the 'dignity' of a Negro to do these tasks for a man whose responsibilities may include the fate of nations.

Rank really meant something in those days, and the other ensigns and I never thought of referring to a lieutenant, junior grade, as anything but "sir". There was even a 'head' or washroom for lieutenants and above, and once, when I was already one of the jg's, I got caught by a lieutenant using his sacred chamber between flights to save a long run up and down two ladders to my quarters in the 'black hold of Calcutta'. This dignitary of a higher world was not as popularity crazy as are today's officers, and very properly chewed me out in the saltiest tradition for thus intruding on the privacy of my betters. Even as few years back as 1941, American fighting men of all ranks could understand the simple fact that nobody can preserve the dignity of command and maintain the respect of large numbers of men when commanders and commanded all stand together in the most undignified of tasks in the most undignified of places, as they sometimes do now in the military establishments.

An enlisted man or a junior officer with the right attitude and spirit does not feel himself degraded and humbled by saluting, honoring and granting privilege to a good officer. But many of today's officers have become obsessed with a desire to be popular, rather than good officers.

Back in '41, I saluted my commanding officer every time I saw him and was damned proud to salute this fine, tough officer. I did not have the democratic 'privilege' of wee-weeing together with him, but I did have the privilege of following his leadership and of feeling real, solid, eighteen carat respect for an officer and a gentleman who would have unhesitatingly had me clapped in irons for any willful and flagrant failure to show such respect.

Sure, we had tyrants and bullies when commanding officers had the real power they used to have, but sometimes we learned that the tyrants had a purpose in their roughness and it paid off in combat. More often than not, our commanding officers were outstanding leaders. Today, a C.O.' is sort of a businessman executive and school-teacher who is expected, above all things, to be 'popular' in the cheapest sort of way, and then to be a technical expert and paper-shuffler. If he tries to establish the proper conditions of dignity and respect for effective leadership, which always involve the elements of privilege and fear, in addition to popularity, he is promptly accused of not being 'democratic'.

To add to this sour experience, my return from the two-week Navy cruise was the occasion for a new battle with Snowden, this time of a serious nature. He later settled the matter out of court and I agreed not to divulge the details of the affair, and thus cannot do so here.

After that encounter, things in the office were worse than difficult. In the interest of the cause and my job, I tried to be extremely, even formally respectful and helpful, but my boss redoubled his arbitrary tyranny. I tried to tell him I had established good contacts with Russell Maguire at Mercury magazine, and other contacts which could get us good publicity, but Snowden scorned these offers and hired a man he admitted knowing was a pinko to do the publicity, one of the jobs for which I was hired.

One morning I walked into the office to find Snowden there early. He asked me to look at a bill or something at his desk and, as I did, I could not help seeing a note reading "Fire Rockwell." I asked him what it was and he tried to hide it, but it was too late. We had it out, and I stamped out of the office, with him ordering me back to hear more, all the way to the elevator.

Thankful that I had the foresight to get the trailer, I hurried home with the awful news for my wife, who was beginning to feel like a badminton bird. We bought an old '49 Cadillac and I hitched up that 44 foot giant -- bigger than a truck -- and piled the family inside the dwarfed car.

Few combat flying experiences have been so 'hairy' as that first trip, hauling such a gigantic trailer, with a car full of wife and children. The thing swayed dangerously going down hills and there was one time when I saw a huge Greyhound bus roaring down a hill opposite as I roared down another hill toward the point at the bottom where the road narrowed to a tiny bridge over a creek! It was obvious that we would meet in the middle and the bridge was barely wide enough for both of us -- less than a foot to spare! I waved my arm frantically to the bus driver to stop, since I couldn't stop, but he kept on with the usual elephantine speed of a bus. My fingers gripping the steering wheel in a clutch of deathly, cold fear, we shwooshed past each other on that bridge in a hair-breadth escape that literally exhausted my wife and me. The kids thought it was fun, of course! We also had a fearful time getting around tight corners in towns and my wife often had to jump out of the car to guide me around, while flagging other cars down.

On the way, our trailer hitch broke and we almost had a catastrophe as the trailer dropped with a horrible thud, but we managed to battle and struggle our way up to Washington, D.C., and finally pulled into the lovely park

at Haine's Point, on an island in the middle of the Potomac -- with a gigantic sigh of relief!

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER XI.

I had already sold Russell Maguire, the publisher of Mercury Magazine, an article about U.S. follies in Iceland, so I now planned to propose further work for him. I called and arranged an appointment in his lavish Park Lane apartment in New York.

I had never met him and was happy and relieved to find him the opposite of my recent employer in Memphis. He was small, intelligent, unassuming and seemed utterly dedicated to the cause of America and the White Race. We talked over the 'movement', as patriotic leaders inevitably do upon meeting and agreed that what was needed was what he called a "hard-core". I told him I thought eventually we would need a Nazi Party, and he agreed, but said it would have to be done with extreme secrecy. At the time, I didn't know enough about it to argue him out of that idea, as I do now, so I went along with that, too.

Then he offered to put me on the payroll in his Fifth Avenue offices as his assistant, to help promote Mercury Magazine, his beloved project, and to begin quietly setting up the 'hard-core' he wanted. Even if this had not been what I dreamed of, I would have taken it at the handsome salary. Here was the opportunity praised for by many a young American I knew: getting paid for fighting treason! I reported for work almost immediately and had the trailer hauled by a moving company to a trailer park in Moonachie, New Jersey, just across the river from Manhattan.

For awhile, it seemed too good to be true. I 'broke my neck' for Maguire, and he seemed to appreciate it. He was willing to listen to suggestions and accepted them. It was heaven after the office in Memphis!

But then I began to get into the office intrigues, which go on in every office in the world and my position, which had no title, became difficult. Sometimes "R.M.", as the staff called this tiny multimillionaire, would send me over to pounce on all the mail at his Mercury office on 50th Street and search through it in order to see if the staff over there -- including his own daughter who was the boss at Mercury -- were filching from or messing up the mail accounts! This did not endear me to that staff, nor did I gain any popularity when I discovered left-wing sympathies in some of the editors and presented the evidence as was my duty, to the boss. Part of my job was also to filter the thousands of requests for financing which plague every wealthy man and throw out the scoundrels, the fakes, the boobs and quite a few decent people with whom R.M. simply did not want to be bothered.

Meanwhile, I was busily searching out and rounding up the talent for Maguire's 'hard-core'. In the process, I came across a man named DeWest Hooker. When I met Hooker, once again, my life changed permanently. Hooker already knew Maguire and Hooker had been the nearest thing to a Nazi since the Bund. He was a graduate of Cornell, exactly my age, with the same temperament, same ideas, and infinitely more experience. He was handsome, so handsome that he made money as a professional model, whom I still see in cigarette ads. His rugged, aristocratic face was framed by perfectly groomed hair, greying at the temples. His build was athletic and tall, and he walked with a bounce and spring in his step which is rarely seen among our beat people. He was a descendant of the Hooker who had signed the Declaration of Independence, with millionaire parents and a millionaire wife.

But, most important of all, Hooker was a Nazi! He was not a 'patriot' or a 'right-winger' or a 'conservative', but a fighting, tough, all-out-Nazi. He had gone into the streets of New York City and rounded up gangs of tough kids and potential juvenile delinquents, and converted them to fanatical loyalty to the United States, the White Race and Adolf Hitler. He called this gang of little hoods the Nationalist Youth League, and I was deeply impressed when I saw what leadership and guts will do to make decent, dedicated Americans out of little lost baby gangsters. Hooker had those kids worshiping him! He was an obvious aristocrat from a mansion in Greenwich, Connecticut, who wore a Homburg and a Chesterfield with supreme dignity, and he led those little New York gutter kids out of despondency to form picket lines against Jewish Communism, right in its filthy stronghold: New York City!

My first meeting with Hooker was on a Thanksgiving Day, when he was due at a family dinner, but we got so totally absorbed in our discussion that he kept his wife waiting hours, until she was very angry at him. As we talked, he told me one amazing thing after the other.

Wes explained the Jews to me more clearly than I had ever figured out before. He described, with dramatic gestures, how they operate like a snake with different skins, which they crawl out of or into as the strategic need may arise.

When Jewish Communism begins to get too 'hot', as it has here in the U.S., because of the millions who saw the parade of Jew Communist spies, they slide out of that skin and become Zionists. And when this also gets too hot, then they molt and become 'anti-communists' or something else. In the excitement, nobody ever seems to notice that it is always the same snake.

Even more enlightening, he gave me a sparkling clear picture of the mess I had come to know on my own as the 'movement' -- the cowards, the loud-mouths, the hobbyists, the ADL agents, the 'prostitutes' who make money out of it -- the whole depressing lot of them.

This energetic young genius then told me the astonishing and accurate inside story of Joe McCarthy, completely winning me with his way of fathoming and presenting the vital information about enemy operations which had so far baffled me. Every step of the way, he showed me documents, newspaper clippings and photostats to back up the story about how Joe McCarthy got started, rose, and was finally ruined.

He told me that Bernard Baruch had started it all, when too many Jew spies were becoming prominent. Baruch called Joe up to his New York apartment -- here, Hooker showed me a clipping from The New York Times -- and told him that there was need of an anti-communist crusade, but that there was an unfortunate idea getting around that Communism was Jewish, because of so many Jew spies. Would Joe conduct a good, exciting Red hunt, being a little 'fairer' by digging up some non-Jewish spies? If Joe would do this, Bernie would see that there was good publicity and advancement in it for Joe. McCarthy could smell the aroma of this deal, but, like many a shabbez goy before him, he imagined he could out-fox the Jew. When the time came, he would use the publicity and backing to drag out ALL the Communists, Jew and Gentile alike.

So Joe agreed to conduct the great hunt and began in Wheeling, West Virginia. He promised to identify the "master Red agent" in America, and made a lot of charges about Communism in the State Department.

Then he was approached by his 'good' Jew ' friend, George Sokolsky, the columnist, who warned him of the danger of being accused of an 'anti-Semite', because of the 'fortuitous' presence of so many Jews in the Communist apparatus.

"Why not guard against this by taking a 'good' Jew on as head of your staff?" wheedled George. "Then they couldn't say you were anti-Semitic!"

Joe thought this advice was pretty good and George just 'happened' to have in mind the right Jew -- Roy Cohn. The matter was soon arranged and Cohn the Jew became the organizer of 'McCarthyism'.

Then Cohn approached fighting Joe and suggested that, since they needed contributions and more help, and wanted to be doubly sure they would not be accused of 'anti-Semitism', it might be wise to hire a wonderful, rich young Jew friend of his, Dave Schine, for the staff. Again, McCarthy went along with this brilliant stroke.

When all was in readiness, McCarthy duly brought out his 'big red fish', as promised, which turned out to be a college professor named Owen Lattimore -- a Gentile! Nobody had heard much of him, before or since, but in the middle of the trials of more than twenty Jewish Soviet spies, Lattimore was dragged back and forth in the press as the real red herring, a Gentile herring, with suitable screaming back and forth by both 'sides'. Bernie had done a fine job.

McCarthy, through all of this, figured he was smarter than his manipulators and, when a Republican got into power, he would then go after ALL the reds, Jew and Gentile, and let the chips fall where they might. However, for the moment, he rested on his laurels as the man the Jew papers and the Communist Daily Worker were screaming about, the man who had been set up by a Jew, advised by a Jew and staffed by two Jews.

The loyal and hard-working staff now set about displaying 'McCarthyism' to the world. Cohn and Schine, the two Jews, made a whirlwind tour of Europe, visiting libraries of the U.S. Information Service which are, as a matter of fact loaded with red and pink propaganda. But they did not do a responsible job exposing and stopping this rotten use of U.S. 'taxpayers' money to spread Marxism. Instead, they threw tantrums for the press, threw books on the floor and acted like two idiots. Nobody noticed that they were two Jews, but everybody came to equate 'McCarthyism' with insanity, thanks to the wide press coverage these two received!

The presidential election was now in full swing and McCarthy went to bat for Ike, dreaming sneakily of the day he would not have Truman to stop him -- the day he could really dig out Communists, no matter how many of them were Jews! Sure enough, Ike was elected and McCarthy pulled the plug, floored the accelerator, touched off the boosters and let go with all he had.

He went to Fort Monmouth, to our most secret radar laboratories and discovered 41 people with atrocious security records and red backgrounds. Of these 41, 39 were Jews! Then he found a Jew dentist named Irving Peress, who had been caught red-handed committing perjury in denying his red record. McCarthy asked the Defense Department to look into it and report the circumstances. Instead of doing this, the Anna Rosenberg-dominated Army promoted Peress and mustered him out, beyond reach of court-martial -- in one day!

McCarthy, righteously lusting for blood, went after Irving and demanded to know who promoted this Communist. He would have eventually found his way to Anna, the writer of articles for The New Masses and a member of a Communist John Reed Club. Perhaps the trail would have led him up to Secretary Marshall, who boasted that he personally disarmed the Nationalist Chinese with a stroke of his pen, thus turning China over to Communism.

So McCarthy's two Jew 'assistants', Cohn and Schine, went into action again. Schine was drafted into the Army

and Cohn, in McCarthy's name, called and tried to obtain favors for him by influence. This corrupt action was a perfect red herring to take the heat off those who promoted a Communist Jew dentist, guilty of perjury, and who mustered him out before he could be court-martialed.

Once more, the two Jews who had created 'McCarthyism' and given it a bad reputation -- not Joe McCarthy -- were the source of dirty dealing which caused the downfall of a truly brave and great-hearted man.

When Hooker had finished this utterly devastating and unanswerable display of the manipulative genius of the Jews, and his own genius at figuring it out, I was staggered by the enormity of it all!

I discovered Hooker hated Maguire, for whom I was working. Maguire, he said, was rabid only on one thing, the Mercury, his pet project -- and the hell with the cause itself. He told me that Maguire was utterly ruthless financially and would weasel out of any deal he could, if it cost him money. He even claimed that Maguire had tried to hire him, Bill Evans (for whom I had obtained the loan from Snowden) and another man to kill key Jews at \$10,000 a head, but that he became so difficult to pin down on the money question, they felt he would never pay. In fact, some of the boys wanted to shoot Maguire instead. Hooker said Maguire would talk forever about his 'hard-core', but would never do anything.

Meanwhile, in our trailer in Moonachie, my wife and I were very happy, considering the restricted living-space. She was once more pregnant, but we had money in the bank and our family grew daily more loving and united. With the pay coming in steadily and Maguire promising me raises for a job I wanted very much to do, the future seemed ideal.

I spent a good deal of time with Wes at his place in Greenwich and in New York. He had been driven out of business and political activity by the Anti-Defamation League and Jacob Javitz who was at that time New York Attorney General. The Jews had even obtained a permanent injunction against him in New York, as they are trying now to do in my case. He had to move from Larchmont, New York, to Greenwich, Connecticut.

Hooker was convinced that the 'movement' would never succeed in the U.S. because, he said, "The 'fat-cats' are too selfish and greedy ever to support a movement the way the Jews support their boys." He was disgusted, and I couldn't blame him, after I heard the series of experiences he had had with the 'fat-cats', as he called them -- experiences which I have since 'enjoyed' myself.

These creatures would pay any amount for some little pet project they had in mind, but they would not pay any money to the human talent necessary to get a fighting, efficient organization together, as the Jews do.

I still felt then that they could be persuaded to back a responsible plan and responsible people, and talked West into holding off on his plans to quit the movement and go back into business to make money, as he had previously done in TV, for instance, where he had made \$40,000 a year. I told West I was working for Maguire with specific instructions to organize such a group. He scoffed and said Maguire would welch. I felt differently and stuck up for Maguire all the way. I felt sure I could bring these two good men together eventually, in spite of the wild talk and charges.

Hooker has the genius which is desperately needed by the dead right-wing, and I felt sure I could get Maguire to back him eventually as a leader. I had to run back and forth between them, as you would between two pouting school girls who had turned their backs to one another. But little by little, I got them closer together. Finally, Maguire agreed to a secret meeting between Hooker, himself, Fred Willis (Maguire's oldest and best friend),

and myself at Maguire's Park Lane apartment.

Hooker put his full faith into the effort and came up with complete list of all the people and 'leaders' in the movement, their records, their potentials and their drawbacks. He also had an accurate list of the spies and agents of the Anti-Defamation League which had Maguire itchy-fingered. Although it irritated him and went against his nature, I even got Hooker worked up to the point where he called Maguire "Sir", as I did.

We presented a complete plan for a slow, secret Nazi build-up under Hooker throughout the U.S.A." using the personnel and leaders already so well known to Hooker, a front group with an 'almost' Nazi flavor and -- financing by Maguire. Eventually, we felt that most of the other rich men would help, if they could see something first. Maguire seemed entranced with everything we presented. Hooker wanted to give him the complete list of ADL and other Jewish agents, plus the evaluations of all right-wing leaders, but I had suggested holding off until we got some kind of commitment. This tactic got results.

"All right!" said Maguire, with the air of a man suddenly decided on an immense step. "I'll back it! The country doesn't have five years left! We've simply got to do it! I'll put in a thousand dollars for the first year! "

Hooker looked at me with his mouth open. I looked at Hooker, then we both looked at Maguire's old friend, Willis. Here was a multimillionaire with over \$80 million, sitting in an apartment which was costing him at least \$1500 a month, to say nothing of his fabulous palace on the waterfront in Connecticut -- and he was telling us that he was going to 'back' a national political movement of gigantic proportions to save America, with \$1000 a year! And he was going to do this great thing because "we only have five years left!"

Hooker and Willis were all for giving Maguire hell right there and then. Willis was worse than disgusted and said so, but Hooker kept quiet at my request.

I tried again. I knew Maguire spent hundreds of thousands of dollars per year printing Mercury and reprints from the magazine, plus all kinds of material for his four or five offices. I reasoned that if he were too stingy to contribute, perhaps we could get him at least to trade with us as printers, and thus finance the movement. We had dozens of young men who would learn the printing trade overnight and work like horses for nothing -- which would make all the printing profits pure gravy for the fight. Scrambling wildly in my mind to put this deal together while keeping peace at the meeting I made the pitch to Maguire and he accepted it. He agreed to give us the printing and the 'fabulous' thousand dollars a year!

We parted at the canopied door on Park Avenue. Willis seemed too disgusted to talk any further. After hearing Maguire moan and groan year after year about the utterly desperate situation of America and the White Race, after hearing him admit that the only way to save ourselves from the Jews was with a tough, hard core, it must have been galling in the extreme to see him sitting on his money bags and offer to toss us a few-coppers for going out into the streets to have our heads bashed in by tyrants.

Hooker and I went to his club (Cornell), right around the corner and sat in the library trying to calm down and get our bearings for further action. In spite of the setback, it seemed to me at the time that I had rescued things with the printing deal. I wanted to plunge full speed ahead with arrangements. Hooker was understandably sour and predicted that Maguire would simply welch again, but I wheedled him into going along on the deal. He admitted that I had had more success than anybody so far with Maguire, just by getting on the payroll and arranging the meeting. Maguire, he pointed out, usually refused to see more than one person at a time, to avoid witnesses. So, West had a flicker of faith in my own enthusiasm and we went to work setting up a printing

plant.

We got a press, a little store, started the boys frantically reading manuals on printing, held meetings, planned financing, raised money and generally did all the things necessary to be ready to handle our end of the business deal. Then I went to Maguire and said we were ready to start with some small printing orders, perhaps office forms.

It is probably an insult to the reader's intelligence to state bluntly what happened. Men do not suddenly change their habits -- Maguire welched. There was no printing to be had at any of his offices. Not only did he welch, but I now became a source of great discomfort for him. My presence was a silent, unspoken, even unconscious rebuke to him for his faithlessness. It was hard for him to go through the "we've only got five years left" bit with all his visitors, as he did every day, with me at his elbow.

Maguire had hired a fine young Catholic boy named Gridley Wright for Mercury. Wright was 100% pure in heart, and over at Mercury, he discovered the same incompetence and left-wing sympathies, as I had. He told me about some of the amazing and horrifying things that were going on over there. Three or four of Maguire's supposedly hand-picked staff were not only violently anti-Hitler, but were actually sneaky liberals. They would sneak an anti-Maguire article into his own magazine almost every issue. Once, we caught a pro-Negro article by a Black who was married to a White girl, and then an article by a Jew, promoting the red idea of universal equality in mental capacity. I duly brought these items to Maguire's attention, along with other evidence of disloyalty to him in his own offices. His reaction appeared to be favorable, but blood is thicker than water. Maguire's daughter was the boss at Mercury, and it was not long before I discovered an indefinable blockage to everything I tried to do in the office. I thought at first it was his daughter, Natasha, but found out that the old man himself was behind a few louse-ups. One day he called me from his office and told me to meet him two floors below. He didn't want us to be seen conferring. We met in the men's room and he told me that his wife was giving him a hard time about me. She was a White Russian, he assured me, and on 'our' side, but didn't want to jeopardize the luxurious life she had attained with her husband, nor risk the security of her children. It was the old story, but I never expected to hear it from a multimillionaire. Maguire told me his wife was so upset that he was taking her on a Caribbean cruise, a pattern I have since learned that he follows whenever things get too hot, as they did recently when the New York papers blasted him at the instigation of the ADL for being "anit-Semitic", which the sly little fox denied!

He told me his wife had heard of my efforts to organize a 'hard-core' for him, and was "terrified". He whispered on and on so disgustingly about the pressure on him, and kept referring to the possibility of "cutting the thread", meaning my employment, that I naturally offered to resign. He accepted before I managed to get the words out, assured me that he would secretly support me with cash, instead of the salary, to keep up my work, and "soon" would give us the printing business to launch the movement. Needless to say, none of this materialized.

He did, however, buy two of the articles I did when the Marine Corps was under attack by the reds for its eliteness and aristocratic, tough traditions. The Corps gave me free access to everything at Parris Island, where I spent a week learning how the little Brooklyn reds were coming down and raising all the stink about "brutality" and the mean old D.I.'s who were actually standing like iron to save the last bastion of our fighting manhood, the U.S. Marine Corps. But that was about the last I ever saw of Russell Maguire or his money. He is probably still telling people we have only five years before it is all over, so we must hurry and subscribe to Mercury! We are, I suppose, to beat the Jews to death with baled copies of this non-anti-Semitic journal. Since this was written, he has sold out altogether and run.

Many right-wingers are sincerely concerned, I know, about my battles with men such as Maguire, Snowden, et

al. and my revelations of what they really are. "They are doing good," I am told, "why not let them go about their business their own way. They are helping. Don't hurt them."

I maintain that they are only giving the appearance of helping. They are the ones who are actually hurting. Before a mass of people will rise up and do anything effective and forceful about a tyrannical situation, there must be built up a certain emotional pressure. A firecracker has not the force of a rifle bullet because it explodes harmlessly in all directions. But the gas from a rifle bullet cannot escape, except by forcing the bullet out at terrific speed, because it is confined and directed into useful channels.

As long as Maguire and all the rest of his ilk, rich and poor, can give themselves the illusion of fighting the Jews by exploding the pressure inside of them verbally and harmlessly -- in all directions -- without hurting a single Jew traitor, they keep the all-important pressure from building up sufficiently so that we will get mad enough to fight. The Jews know this and so permit these hundreds and hundreds of harmless little right-wing organizations to spout incessantly and unheeded, behind the Jewish 'paper curtain' of silence. These organizations don't reach any significant number of people outside their own group and when they do, their approach is so feeble and wrong-headed that they recruit only a few odd-balls. They never, never get out into the public, into the streets, in order to reach the masses with an inspiring and driving, masculine movement, which alone can win their hearts!

If just one tenth of the cold cash which has been pouring for decades into such 'firecracker' movements were to be contained, directed, and channeled behind an ideological bullet in the form of fighting men with a fighting message, the Jews would stop at nothing to crush and destroy that deadly 'bullet'. Even without the large amounts of this figurative 'gunpowder, but with force and direction, the bullets we have been firing have earned the all-out attack of the Jews -- the only sure sign that we are firing something far more effective than the usual right-wing 'gas' at them. The Jews know that our brand of sniping will eventually destroy their illegal, tyrannical power.

I do not mean that we must work ourselves up into a 'pitchfork and barricade' mentality or engage in violent revolution. This old-fashioned attack won't work, as our side learned at the Feldherrnhalle in Munich, but we must stiffen the backbones of enough people so that they prefer to lose their jobs, as we do; so that they prefer to be unjustly jailed and fined, as we are; be railroaded to the insane asylum, as we are; or even to be beaten, as we are -- before they will permit Jew tyrants to advance one more fraction of an inch into our last bastions of racial pride and national freedom.

As long as the hordes of tricky little 'patriot' societies all over America allow our oppressed and harassed people to blow off the pressure caused by this filthy tyranny once a week in harmless 'wind' and 'gas', there will never appear in America that holy and awesome power of aroused masses, the raging fires of social upheaval, which alone have always toppled the greatest tyrants, and for which there is no substitute. There are plenty of people already awake in America, They are afraid and they are frustrated by their inability to do anything about the terrible evil which they see growing.

Mercury Magazine does indeed 'inform' a lot of people. But we don't need any more informed people who won't stand up and fight to oppose tyranny. Such things as Mercury also keep the 'steam pressure' of emotions down in millions of Americans who are already informed and who feel that as long as Mercury is published, 'something' is being done. Such Americans are also fooled by the constant advice to 'write your congressman', as if we can somehow petition or talk our way out of tyranny. But worst of all, Mercury, and a thousand other little projects like it, are financial leaks which keep the right-wing bled to death. There simply is no money for the battle, no money for the bullets and powder, because it has all been spent on firecrackers, uniforms, the

band, pictures of the enemy, exciting rallies and bed-time stories for the troops.

It is impossible to get these myriad stamp-licking and squawking societies together, as I found out, and as every experienced 'patriot' knows. And even if you could succeed in uniting them, they would be worse hitched up together than they are squabbling separately. As Hitler puts it so masterfully, "eight lame men walking arm-in-arm do not make one gladiator."

The false right-wing, leaders who, for forty or fifty years have been preaching a million different tricks to avoid the desperate, dangerous fight, which is always the price of any victory, are approaching the end of the road. They cannot much longer pretend that we can save ourselves with their sugary nostrums and, when the patient feels the death rattle in his chest, as White America can feel it now, our people will become disgusted with the quack physicians and their sugar syrups and pill and will flock to us with our rough and tough, but powerful, medicine.

It is for political reasons, not personal animosity, that I consciously and calculatingly expose these political frauds. The doctor cannot cure as long as the patient is chasing after quacks and imagines himself 'getting better'. The patient, our White Race, is dying! The situation is desperate, and it is viciously criminal to be a millionaire and then take the dimes and dollars of sincere little people in exchange for sugar syrup!

The right-wing cannot be wheedled together, but it can be driven together. This is our naked purpose. We intend to make it impossible for the fakes to keep up their medicine show, no matter how they pound their drums next to our office. Sooner or later, our mastery of the right-wing is assured. We have faced and beaten the worst the Jews have. We will have little trouble conquering and organizing the feeble right-wing. Exposing the simple truth about such men as Russell Maguire is part of that cruel but utterly necessary conquest. No matter how we are cursed and hated by the short-sighted, we will win all sincere Americans and White Men, when they see that we have done what they have so long prayed for: united the right-wing and driven steel into its backbone. The process is never easy or pleasant, but we mean to save Our Country and Our Race. The hurt feelings of a few millionaires, hobbyists and incompetent leaders will not deter us from our holy mission.

In addition to trifling with a deadly danger, as these people do, the phony and feeble leaders and tightwad millionaire 'patriots' also have a fearful effect on the real leaders who might otherwise lend their talents to the effort to save ourselves. DeWest Hooker is now working in Italy with a bottling company. He is disgusted and discouraged. His experiences with Maguire and the others, the same experiences which have made life so miserable for me and my family, have driven him back to the arms of the Jews and their money. We can't afford this, Americans! Every day I am told breathlessly what an indispensable leader I am, and how the movement needs me, and how terrible it would be if anything happened to me. This is indeed true. To the devil with phony modesty! Without me, there would still be only babbling and whispering and sneaking and publishing and hoping in America, while the Jews counted their money, pushed the Blacks into your schools and homes and made token gestures of attack from time to time as such feeble 'anti-Semites'.

Three years ago, I wrote the prediction that a spearhead 'Nazi' attack would revive the whole right-wing, by giving it courage -- and it has! The Jews are revealing that we have given them the 'heebie-jeebies' by spewing forth more anti-Nazi lies and hoaxes than ever before!

But Hooker is one of the men who could have led fighting young men, as I am, in a fight to save America! The 'nice' people who back such 'wake up America' 'patriots' as Maguire drove a great White leader into the arms of the Jew money-masters! How many more Hookers there are is a tragic, unanswerable question.

No, America, it. is not wicked to expose and attack Maguire and his ilk. Such phonies have been wrecking the movement they are supposed to be creating for many, many years. Until these 'patriots' pitch in with their money, their brains, their guts and their blood, they are frauds, and I intend to drive them out of our way.

Our motto here is: White Man, stand and fight for survival with us, or stand out of our way!

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER XII.

As I sat in our trailer across from Manhattan and contemplated another debacle in my political career, I realized that the chances of supporting two families, as I had been doing, while also working in politics were less than slim. I would have to find some source of business income immediately. At the same time, I had no intention whatsoever of abandoning my entire purpose in life. I wanted some job by which I could make the money necessary for the two families with extra exertions, and over short bursts of time, leaving me free to work toward my political goals.

While in Washington, I had met a Nazi sympathizer named Ed Strohecker who was in the management engineering business, and he had often invited me to join him. He described it as exactly the kind of thing I needed now, a business wherein I could earn substantial money without getting tied down to an office desk and support my two families by extra hard work over shorter periods of time. When Ed heard of my situation, he got in touch with me and offered me a job working under him for a New York firm of management engineers. I accepted.

The idea of the business is that most firms can save money and do better business by modern management engineering techniques which are not usually available or known to smaller businesses. For healthy fees, the company provides these techniques. My job was to walk into offices 'cold', ask for the president of the firm and then sell this dignity on the idea of having a survey of the business done for \$100. For this fee they would receive some suggestions, but the 'survey' was mostly a sales pitch for the expensive engineers to follow.

The reward to the management engineering firm, for almost no investment at all, is relatively astronomical. Consequently, competition among management engineering firms is terrific and the salesmen, therefore, operate more like wolves than businessmen. A lot of small firms are understandably cool to the idea, especially if they have had a 'survey' or two at a hundred dollars a clip. I was once thrown bodily down a stairwell by an outraged president when he discovered the true nature of my call. Thus did the management engineering salesman have to be far more aggressive and 'inventive' than any other kind of salesman, who is pretty aggressive as it is. Not only is the 'product' an intangible and often invisible, but the prospective client usually has been driven mad by hundreds of other such salesmen who have been at him almost daily, year after year, with the same pitch. Just getting to see the president, who is the only man you are allowed to have sign the sale, is usually a matter of master strategy and colossal impudence.

It will not be hard to understand that New York City and the surrounding area would be a bit tough for this kind of business. Most of the businessmen are Jews and the ones who are not Jews have fought their way up through the Jewish jungle. They have battled their competitors and the helpless public like a pack of ravenous and bloodied rats, so they are anything but 'softies'.

Strohecker and his company were happy to find a man willing to tackle this area, in which they had nobody. I went forth with blood in my eye and ten hungry mouths yawning in two homes, waiting for me to feed them. I forced, argued, sneaked and fought my way in to see those tough Jews. And I got in! I was able to see about two thirds of the men I went after.

And when I got in, I was able to sell! I discovered, as I had in door-to-door selling of vacuum cleaners as a kid, that such selling is not so much convincing as it is a battle of the wills of the opposing parties. You must make a convincing pitch, of course, but even then, in the closing, your prospective client wills not to buy and you will that he buys. The sale or loss of it depends on whose will is the stronger, not on your arguments. In a business like that, as well as in door-to-door work, you have to be prepared to be tough, mean, obnoxious, and literally impossible without the victim succumbing, so that he gives up meekly and signs, even if just to get rid of you.

I knew the psychology of Jews. They are mostly bullies and they are impressed and sold by a bigger and tougher bully. So I sold Jews! My first week, I went out and sold three of them! One sale of this 'product' is considered par and a living, but I sold three and earned \$300. The salesman in this case receives the entire \$100 for the survey contract, which is strictly the entree for the second salesman, the surveyor.

I discovered the deep respect these Jews have for forcefulness and for a salesman's willingness to do anything to get the sale, so I pushed them around arrogantly and unmercifully. They loved it, even while they groaned.

One greasy character ran a plastics factory in New Jersey, and he kept putting the contract form away in his desk drawer, telling me he would think it over. I kept opening the drawer in front of his fat belly and putting it on the desk in front of him again, with the pen ready. Finally, talking a mile a minute, he put the contract in a side drawer, locked it with a key and put the key in his middle drawer. I opened this drawer, got the key, opened the other drawer, slammed the contract down in front of him again and told him he was only putting off what he had to do. He looked at me in astonishment and said, "Son, I wish I had just one salesman like you!" He signed, saying that he wanted no part of the 'survey', but went along out of utter admiration for such unheard-of sales technique.

With things thus apparently going well, I devoted every spare minute in the day, including evenings and week ends, working on my political plans and writings. It was a wretched life for my wife. My mind was a million miles away from immediate affairs, and living in a trailer with three children running in and out of the inevitable mud, plus a baby, while I sat hunched over a typewriter the seven or eight hours a day I was home, and all day on week ends, was pretty discouraging for a thoroughly sociable young girl like my wife, but Thora was loving and encouraging. She even listened dutifully to my political lectures and the readings of my political treatises; She understood little of them, but always reassured me and showed respect for my opinions. She and I agreed that a good wife should not be a political battler. It was best if a wife was not a rabid politician. She believed in my politics because I believed in it. No man ever had a more understanding, long-suffering or loving wife.

I already had all the facts of the political situation I needed to think my way through to an organized plan of action. I knew most of the people in the 'right-wing' and through Hooker, I had a complete and revealing report of those I did not know. I knew the general scheme of the enemy's operation and most of the facts about his subversion, treason and secret tyranny. I knew the pettiness, the meanness, the weakness, the small-minded fanaticism, the bigotry, the stinginess and downright madness of many of the right-wing 'patriots' -- and their worse-than-useless 'tactics'.

I knew that all the talk in the world meant absolutely nothing, that all the fine plans and schemes were empty words without power, without the necessary force to realize the plans and ideas. I therefore devoted every minute of thought toward the attainment of political power, the power vested in the legal government, which was being manipulated cleverly and secretly by the Jewish money-masters, the usurpers.

I saw with an icy clarity that the entire right-wing was proceeding on the fallacy that if enough people could become aware of what was going on in our national life and in our government, the evils would somehow stop. At the same time, I heard right-wingers whining that they were unable to reach the masses because they were being given 'the silent treatment' by the Jewish dominated media of public information. No matter what they did or said, there was no report of it in the press, radio or television -- while the sly operations of the Jews and their 'liberal' tools were broadcast endlessly and brilliantly to brainwash the public.

I realized that the only reason the Jewish 'paper curtain' or 'silent treatment' was effective was because the victims never fought, never went forth into the streets with handbills, picket signs or speeches because they might be beaten, arrested or killed! The right-wing confined itself to 'safe' efforts in private, talking to each other endlessly -- never forcing the Jews to notice or report their activities, because they were never sufficiently newsworthy to make it obvious to the public that the Jews were censoring the press, by not reporting some generally acknowledged activity.

I also noticed the pitiful financial situation of even the richest right-wing organization. The Jews have budgets of many millions of dollars for their 'Anti-Defamation League', American Jewish Congress and American Jewish Committee. Even the richest 'champion' of our side, Gerald L..K. Smith, had no more than a half a million a year. And, were we to have five times the funds, they would never be sufficient to compete in a brainwashing battle with the multi-billion dollar propaganda network of the Jews. Using TV alone, the Jews could put on Edward R. Murrow, for instance, and forcefully, emotionally drive home a subtle idea to many millions of people in a single dramatic hour! Under such circumstances, it is madness to imagine we can distribute enough handbills, make enough personal public speeches or do anything else, ever, to influence public opinion significantly, with our own tiny facilities.

Only by forcing the Jews to spread our message with their facilities could we have any hope of success in counteracting their left-wing, race-mixing propaganda!

To do this, we would need two things: (1) A smashing, dramatic approach which could not be ignored, without exposing the most blatant press censorship, and (2) a super-tough, hard-core of young fighting men to enable such a dramatic presentation to the public, in spite of the inevitable Jewish violence.

I examined the tactics of the Jews in dealing with all previous approaches to the problem, and found they had a sliding scale of increasingly vicious attacks on those who tried to expose and oppose them publicly.

The first and instinctive weapon of the Jew is economic. If you are an 'anti-Semite', then you and your family must starve, if it is in the power of Jewry to accomplish this -- which it almost always is, since they supply, control or patronize all businesses. The whole weight of Jewish business is brought to bear on anyone who dares to oppose these lovers of free speech. Usually this is enough to terrify and reduce any man, especially one with a family, to humiliating and disgusting submission to Jewry.

But if that doesn't work, they go after his reputation and social life. He is smeared and blasted and lied about in the Jew-controlled media of entertainment and information. He is called a 'bigot', a 'hate-monger', a 'failure' and finally, when all else fails, he is damned as a 'Nazi'.

If there is still life in the would-be exposé of Jewish treason, they then reverse the field, for fear of giving him publicity, and give him instead the 'silent treatment'. His meetings, speeches, distributions and resolutions are simply ignored, no matter what he does. This is a particularly frustrating experience and usually discourages

even the toughest battlers, with the mere passage of time.

If the rising 'anti-Semite' survives all this, they next try their jail bit. The police are pressured until they crack and are willing to harass and persecute the 'offender' for all sorts of 'violations'. And if the Jew-fighter persists regardless of the fines and other penalties incurred for not having a properly licensed dog, for distributing literature in a disorderly manner, etc., they prepare a 'frame' for him, as they did to Emory Burke in Atlanta. The patriot is found with dope in his possession, or it is 'discovered' that he has been giving 'kick-backs' to his employees, or his tax returns are not in order, etc.

Failing this tactic, the Jews hit their man with their newest masterpiece: 'mental health'. The patriot must be 'sick', so he is locked up 'for his own good' in the bughouse.

If this also should fail to stop such a 'mad anti-Semite', then the Jews resort to the eternal weapon of all tyrants: naked violence. The would-be opponent of Jewish treason and tyranny is beaten up by hoods, his place is attacked by fire and missiles, and he discovers that his life is in danger, unless he stops doing whatever it is that offends the Jews.

During all their direct attacks against the staunch patriot, the Jewish 'lovers of sweet reason' employ two equally dirty indirect plays: They build up sincere, but harmless anti-communist outfits, like the John Birch Society, by showering them with publicity to draw off the growing hordes of maddened Americans from any real and therefore dangerous activity and, secondly, they open up a heavy media bombardment of lies about Hitler and National Socialism, in order to destroy by discrediting 'Nazis' like ourselves, without giving us any publicity.

There is no question that a man who has survived all these attacks will be killed, if possible, by the Jews or their agents. The Jews have no choice. They are too guilty to permit anybody to expose them and organize any effective resistance against them. Traitors cannot survive such an exposure. With such as the Jews, it is kill or be killed.

That I could develop the organization and strength to take care of most of these tactics, I had no doubt. It had been done before, but the problem of the dramatic approach which would force the spreading of our propaganda by their media was something else. I was determined, of course, to set up a program which was essentially National Socialist -- Nazi -- but for a long time I toyed with the idea of 'disguising' it, as do most other right-wingers, by using some other name and a slightly different symbol. At that time, an openly 'Nazi' party seemed too fantastic even to think about.

But then I began to reflect that the ultimate smear of the Jews was always, "You're a Nazi!" And I wondered what it would be like to answer, "You're damned right we're Nazis, and we shall shortly stuff you Jew-traitors into the gas chamber! "

At once I had the answer! By being an open, arrogant, all-out Nazi, not a sneaky Nazi, but a Nazi with the Swastika, storm-troopers and open declarations of our intentions to gas the Jew-traitors (after investigations, trials and convictions), I would not only make an end of the filthy 'silent treatment' -- for they could never ignore Nazis with Swastika armbands and talk of gas chambers -- but I would also force the Jews to publish my propaganda in their press! Every time they would howl that I advocated 'gas chambers', people would be shocked, but they would also lose a tiny bit of their 'fear of the Jews' as the Bible calls the filthy terror inspired by these 'apostles of tolerance'.

If millions of people kept reading in the Jew press about a man who was not only an 'anti-Semite', but an open Hitlerite, a Nazi -- and survived as such -- the myth of Jewish invincibility would be smashed. The timid little people all over the country who have been silently and fearfully reading all this material designed to 'wake them up' all these years would begin to creep out of their closets. While the Jews were desperately busy combating me, the little fellows would become bolder and would begin to act more like their American forefathers.

By being a Nazi, with the Swastika, I would also gather the only kind of people I wanted around me: the tough, dedicated idealists ready to fight for those ideals and give their lives, if necessary. And even more important, I would automatically scare off the millions of blabber-mouths, cowards, fools and crackpots which infest the rest of the 'movement'. The Swastika would probably not bring me many supporters, but those who came would be men.

The Swastika would bring me still another bonus: For years the American judicial system, including the Supreme Court, has been pushed, shoved and twisted for the benefit of the Jew-Communist subversives and traitors. One decision after another has been rendered, making it safer to preach treason and subversion. The American Civil Liberties Union has worked tirelessly and effectively to break down the resistance of our government and officials against the inroads of Communist arrogance, while the public has been taught to 'turn the other cheek' and be so tolerant that the vilest traitors must be accorded every 'right', including the right of spitting in the eye of Congress with their 'Fifth Amendment' impudence.

Thanks to the efforts of the Jews themselves, it is impossible simply to grab Nazis and throw them into jail without some kind of proceedings, otherwise they would expose their tyranny for all to see. The self-same court rulings which enable the Jew-Communists to drive their daggers closer to the beating heart of America enable us to preach and to organize the gassing of the traitors, according to law. Freedom of speech for Jew-Communist traitors means freedom of speech for 'Nazis'!

In addition to these overwhelming arguments in favor of open Nazism, there is the effect the Swastika has upon the Jews themselves. I had long ago come to the conclusion that most Jews are 'sick'. The standard symptoms of paranoia are delusions of grandeur and delusions of persecution, and here was an entire race which made a religion of these classic symptoms of paranoia! They claim to be 'God's Chosen People', which Gentiles tend to take as a joke, but which Jews really believe in their hearts, even when they are not religious. In addition to this widely-held belief among the Jews are their wailings and outcries that "everybody hates them". These two beliefs the Jews have carried with them down through the centuries of recorded history.

It is notable that people once hated the Irish, the Scottish, the Slavs, the Italians, the Greeks, Chinese, Japanese and other minority groups as they arrived in America, but they all rolled up their sleeves, pitched in and managed to make their way in this country without making a fetish out of being 'hated'. It is only the Jews who are forever telling us that they are being made into 'scapegoats', when they are in reality holy and innocent little lambs. Everybody, they say, is 'discriminating' against them, persecuting and hating them unjustly! In an individual, such personality traits would be a one-way ticket to the nearest madhouse. Think about it! But the Jews have made their paranoia the fundamental, if disguised, tenet of our so-called 'Americanism', and of our Christian religion. If you do not share the Jews' madness and deny that they are 'chosen', then you are a heretic. If you should go beyond this point and deny that the Jews are unjustly persecuted and expose their sins as you would the sins of any other group, you are then labeled as 'un-American', a 'hate-monger' and a 'Nazi'. In short, the Jews are nuts!

They display the usual brilliance and apparent rationality of the paranoiac. They are the world's champions at 'explaining' their madness as the most fundamental reality and the very proof of sanity. If you don't love the

Jews, then you are nuts! But it is the Jews themselves who are flying in the face of reality, and the effort costs them more mental illness per person than any other race or group! They are simply mad, and the Swastika therefore has a special side-effect which is worth the whole effort of using this dangerous symbol.

For fifty years, the Jews have been planning their attacks on our America, our freedoms, our traditions, our culture and our people. They are ruthless, subtle, daring and brilliant in the fulfillment of their plans. They always count on the good-natured docility, the sheep-like tendency to follow, the ingenuous credulity and the liking for the underdog which are so characteristic of the typical American. Not until he has been goaded far beyond endurance will the average American 'look for trouble' or fight for his rights. Americans simply wish to be let alone in their enjoyment of the ordinary things of life. So long as they are not too seriously disturbed in their 'grazing' in the pastures of life, they do not overly concern themselves with the wolf which is sneaking toward them.

The Jewish wolf has seen his stealth rewarded. Not only has he left the sheep undisturbed while he stalks them, but he has been able to devour the shepherd and build a big fence around the sheep so they cannot escape his fangs when he attacks. He can do just as he pleases, so long as he is not too obvious about it.

The sheep continue to graze happily on their beautiful lawns, two cars, fine homes, hi-fi's, TV's, etc. The only thing which would cause them to raise their empty heads would be some kind of loud noise -- the frightening sound of battle!

Under these conditions, the Jews have been able to derive a formula for success which has been so far infallible. Because they have the initiative, being the attackers, they are able to select targets and time their attacks for maximum advantage to themselves. Moreover, they have their opponents' tactics down pat, because -they know in advance what we are going to do. Why is this? Because our side has been doing the same thing for fifty years, every time the Jews attack! Thus the Jews simply add to their plans an element designed to destroy their opposition in advance. As long as our opposition to the Jews is exactly what they have calculated, we are doomed to worse than failure. We are doomed to looking ridiculous.

As I have set forth, the Jews are brilliant and clever in their attacks, but they are fundamentally irrational in their paranoia. Knowing this, I reasoned that an attack upon them which was unexpected, unreasonable and terrifying to them, because of their treason, would produce reactions from them which would be involuntary. With the Swastika, we could seize the initiative for the first time and wreck their clever plans! Instead of them planning their attacks to include our stupid reactions, we would be planning our attacks -- and taking into account their insane reactions! Even the grazing sheep would notice the wolf frothing, raving and baring his fangs.

Finally, of course, the Swastika is the Symbol of the White Man, and has been for thousands of years. It is also the symbol of the sun and of dynamic force -- the force which has been stolen from our modern, Jewized Americans.

All these arguments occurred to me in deciding what course to take in launching my movement to oppose the downfall of Western Man. These are tactical reasons, but there is a far deeper reason for the use of the Swastika. Men cannot survive the cataclysms of history, the mighty ideological and sociological upheavals which move all men, without some kind of Polar Star, some sacred symbol, which becomes 'holy' and greater than any man. Religion formerly supplied these 'holy' things, but the day of general belief in miracles and supernaturalism is over. Millions of human beings on this earth today have no religion whatsoever, which is part of the cause of the current unparalleled chaos. Men are 'milling around' in the dark, without direction, without hope, without

understanding. Only if I could succeed in restoring to our people some kind of rational 'Polar Star' could our people be saved. Only when I could make them see that the individual is not as important as the race -- as Nature intended -- could I succeed in terms of history and humanity, rather than immediate politics.

Therefore, even if all the tactical reasons for the use of the Swastika did not exist, I should still have decided to stand forth with that deadly insignia emblazoned on my shield as I hurled my challenge at the Destroyers of Mankind. I am, and must be, above all things, the Apostle of Adolf Hitler, who was the greatest world savior in two thousand years. I must, like Saint Paul before me, now spread what I once misunderstood, hated and fought. I must, like the early Christians, drive out the 'evil spirits' of materialism, greed, selfishness, short-sightedness and cowardice, and stand defiant, even in the midst of the 'lions of the Colosseum', if that be my fate, to give the world once more that 'Polar Star' of direction, purpose, hope, loyalty and love which can no longer be supplied by the infiltrated religions.

Adolf Hitler carried the baton as far as he could. Now it was my task, since no other would do it, to seize it up and carry it, in my turn, as far as was in my power.

I believe in my deepest being that it is not without significance that the Swastika has already proved itself the key to unlock the Jewish 'paper curtain' and thus give me the prestige and notoriety to enable the publishing of this book. That symbol has been baptized in the only 'holy water' of any potency in this world: blood. It is the only symbol which can destroy its opposite, the symbol of death and disintegration: the Hammer and Sickle.

With these thoughts, I began the writing of a book called Battle Call, a new book of Hitlerism, adapted for America and today's world.

My work with the management engineering firm demanded fairly long trips all over Pennsylvania, New York State and New Jersey. I now took along my typewriter, and after topping at some state park or camping ground for the night, setting up my jungle hammock and lantern, I would resume my writing, working far into the night. During the day, I would fight the Jews for money and at night, I fought them silently for survival and liberty. In those parks and camping grounds, I wrote the words and laid out the plans which were to burst forth upon America two years later in Arlington, Virginia, where the Swastika first flew in America after fifteen years of being trampled in the mud and slime of Jewish lies.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER XIII.

Although I sold well in the New York area, my income failed to rise according to my expectations. I was not earning enough to support my two families. The hundred dollar advances which I was earning were supposed, to be only the beginning. The major income was from the percentage received by the salesman from the engineering work sold to the client by the surveyors, which often ran into five or six figures. The \$100 was to be deducted from these commissions, but there was a disparity between my selling and the follow-ups. I was selling too hard and it was difficult for the men who came in later to keep the client. The head of the company showed me that I had established sales records in New York, but that I had also set the record for no goes.

Out of twenty sales I had made in the area, the follow-up men or surveyors' had not been able to get a single 'go-ahead' from the client agreeing to the expensive engineering work, which meant that there were not only no commissions for me, but that I was a heavy expense for the company. This discouraging information kindled my desire to go back to commercial art and advertising, but my employer felt so strongly that it was only a question of the law of averages before my salesmanship paid off that he offered me the unheard-of inducement, in the management engineering business, of a \$100 a week salary, sales or no! He showed me that they got 'go-aheads' on one out of three sales by even the poorest salesman and, with the jobs I had been able to sell, just one of these would pay both the company and me handsomely.

I mention all this here because of the recurrent smears of the Jews that I and my fellow 'hate-mongers' are 'failures' who turn to 'hate' as a racket when they prove themselves incompetent at everything else. When the smear of 'mental illness' becomes untenable, the Jew 'apostles of truth' switch to the 'failure' angle. My performance in the management engineering business, as well as my experience as a commercial artist and businessman are all a matter of record. The records of the Cleworth Company in the Empire State Building, New York City, will bear me out in all I have said here.

Bill Brown, head of the company, suggested Pennsylvania as the opposite of New York. The 'hay-seeds' there should be easier for the 'surveyors' to get 'go-aheads', he believed.

In the meantime, my wife had had our fourth child, Evelyn Bentina, in the free clinic of the Hackensack Hospital in New Jersey. We were too poor to pay what with the other family to support, so my wife gave birth in a ward full of Negroes. Now, once again, I had to tell her we were moving, this time to Pennsylvania -- with a brand new baby!

We hitched the trailer up to the old '49 Cadillac and pulled it over to Lincoln, Pennsylvania, in the Pennsylvania Dutch country between Lancaster and Reading. There we found a pleasant little trailer park and put Ricky, the oldest boy, in school for his first year. Then I hit the road, looking for the backwoods rubes'.

I learned another vital political and economic fact, almost immediately: The owners of the hat factories, plastics plants, paper factories, etc., far out here in the sticks, were the same Jews I had met in New York! There were a few Gentiles, to be sure, but everywhere, I found the same people moving in on our names, the names of hard-working Gentile founders and producers, but they were now in the hands of Jews who were foully exploiting the great names of the founders for all they were worth.

I worked as hard as I could on these 'gentlemen', but it was discouraging to know that, even when you did make the sale, there would most probably be no income from the follow-up. However, there were three or four 'go-aheads' from this area, which was a vast improvement over the twenty sales in New York which produced not one follow-up. I thus began to pick up hope, which was certainly needed, now that our financial situation was so desperate. For the first time, I missed some alimony payments to my first wife, and lived in dread of sheriffs and jail for non-support.

About this time, DeWest Hooker called me from New York and said he had been invited to speak at a meeting in Knoxville, Tennessee. He asked me if I would go in his stead, now that he was definitely going to Italy, having gained Nelson Rockefeller as a 'partner', to set up the bottling business there. West did not want to become involved just yet in a movement which would require millions of dollars, until he had become a millionaire in his own right. I agreed to go, as I was anxious to meet the Southern contingent of 'Nazis', who would be there, as Hooker assured me. However, I am ashamed to admit that I was so worried about the outcome of this meeting that I actually used the name "George Lincoln"!

It was at this meeting, in the summer of 1956, that I met Wallace Allen, Emory Burke and Ed Fields. Burke had launched an almost successful organization called The Columbians in Atlanta right after the war, but had his office infiltrated by agents of the Anti-Nazi League, dynamite planted in his garage, and had been then railroaded into a chain gang! Ed Fields was a young chiropractor and 100%, according to Hooker.

Wallace Allen was an amazing human being. He had been crippled in both legs by polio, but had such a superhuman will that he abandoned his crutches one night in Philadelphia, when some unspeakable louse stole them, no less. From then on, Allen walked without them, in the most unbelievable fashion. His mind, I discovered, was so keen that he could perceive what you were getting at almost before you had the words out. This was a refreshing experience for me, as I was used to the terrible struggle of making people see what should be obvious. A meeting with such a man is like being a racehorse which has been forced to work for years in harness with plugs, and then is suddenly freed to run on a track with racehorses. With Allen, I could let my mind and ideas soar freely, without the usual misery of back-tracking every so often to recapture the lost attention of the listener. Wallace Allen has the sharpest mind of any man I ever met and will one day show the Jews what it is like to feel the steel jaws of that spring-trap mind snap shut on them.

Since I had already formed the opinion that it was necessary to be an open Nazi, I tried to get the southern group to go along with this, and succeeded mostly in scaring them to death. There was no question of their sentiments, but they all felt that it was suicide to be open about it. They even tried to keep me from speaking the next day, but I forced the issue into the audience to some extent by speaking on a sissy presentation of part of our present Nazi program, which I then called "The Lincoln Plan" -- the plan to transfer the Negroes back to Africa, as advocated by President Lincoln and most of our early presidents and statesmen.

I pointed out clearly to this audience of mostly Southern racists that, by themselves, as a Southern minority, they could accomplish nothing, no matter how blazing and heroic might be their Confederate spirit or how their rebel yells heated the blood. In fact, the more they appeared to the rest of the nation as being a fanatical and utterly different minority which lacked the mores of the majority, the more they would isolate themselves from the nationwide mass support which the White Man must have to throw off the shackles of the Jews and the inevitable race-mixing which is the result of Jew control. The Civil War is lost.

Most of the rest of our nation does not know the Negro as the South knows him -- intimately, closely. The North, Northwest and West see the Negro as something of a rarity, often a 'doctor', 'lawyer' or 'teacher' when viewed close up. Their contact with the 'natives' of the 'colored section' of town is virtually nil.

Intellectually, the rest of the Nation pretends to love and cherish the blacks and they can kid themselves into this attitude only because the Blacks have not come close, as they have in the South. Whenever a Negro moves in on these non-Southern Whites, they become racists quickly enough, but until they have had a good dose of 'brotherhood' at real close range, the White Majority will persist in imagining that the only difference between Blacks and Whites is skin color, although they know better, deep down in their subconscious minds, where their instincts tell them the truth.

These millions of Whites and blacks -- these voters -- will have to be won if we are ever to escape from our present rotten situation of being frustrated and beaten babblers, with no power. To achieve power, we must win over the soft heads and liberals -- plus the Negroes themselves -- by proposing a constructive solution to the Negro problem. Such a solution, regardless of how it is smeared and laughed at today, is voluntary repatriation for the Blacks. For far less money than we now waste on foreign aid, much of which goes to Communist countries which hate us, we can actually pay our Negroes a generous cash bonus, buy all their holdings in the United States, build them a real industrialized area in the best part of Africa -- where the ignorant Africans clamor for their skills and educated abilities -- give them first class transportation to the new and far better living conditions over there, compared to their present slums here, and then help them get set up decently in business and agriculture. To those who say that it is impossible thus to move fifteen million people, I reply that we moved far more under much more difficult conditions, and under arms, during World War II alone. It is only impossible to solve the Negro problem this way so long as people insist on not thinking about it and keep dismissing the subject from their minds. Repatriation is the only workable solution. Segregation has never worked in, all of history. As long as there is sex and as long as blacks and Whites are mingled in the same geographical area, no matter how stringent the rules for segregation, lust will have its way, and the society will wind up mongrelized, as did Rome, Egypt, Greece and a dozen other once great civilizations.

Once we have convinced the 'progressive', 'liberal' 'nigger-lovers' that this solution is fair and that it will work, we shall win not only the 'nigger-haters' in the South and elsewhere, but the soft-headed 'liberals' who are ashamed not to like Negroes and try to do it, but who would be far happier if some way were found for the Negroes to 'disappear', leaving them with clear consciences, satisfied that we had done right by the blacks.

For \$50 billion, spread over ten years and pumped into our national economy with healthy effects, we can one day find not a single Negro in our major cities and, at the same time, know that we have fairly and squarely made up for the original crime of bringing them over here as slaves and selling them.

This was the gist of my speech and the audience received it with enthusiasm, which fooled me into believing there would be a lot of support for the plan to sell the Blacks on the idea of voluntary repatriation to Africa. I also imagined that I would soon be receiving the contributions they all promised, which would enable me to begin work on the program and thus get back into politics.

Ed Fields, the organizer of this meeting, used the occasion to establish The United White Party, forerunner of his present National States' Rights Party. I was unsuccessful in getting him to see that this could only be a stop-gap, at best, as it was strictly southern in orientation and reeked with compromise and weakness which would sooner or later destroy it, as such organizations have always been destroyed.

I left Knoxville, happy to have met Allen and Burke who were openly impressed with me. I was confident that I had sold my back-to-Africa 'Lincoln Plan', but as the weeks went by, I discovered that I had misjudged the 'hard-core' people at Knoxville, just as I had misjudged the 'patriots' and 'conservatives'. There was no reaction

whatsoever, no support, no help. There was not so much as a word from these enthusiastic talkers, although I had been working hard at the printing of material, flyers, letterheads and so on.

The only encouraging thing was a call from Wallace Allen in Atlanta. I had let him and Emory Burke have the first proof sheets of *Battle Call* and the two Georgians were on fire! They raved and swore by the book, and Allen begged me to come down there, saying that Atlanta was the place to fight the Jews. There was damned little money in Pennsylvania, so I agreed to give Atlanta a try, but I did not want to move my family again, especially with my boy in school, so I went down there alone for a month or so to see how it would work out.

In Atlanta, I put in a few hours a day making phone calls, selling advertising in various booklets for Allen, and was staggered by the results! The first week, working less than I ever had before, I earned over \$200! The next week was good, too, although sales fell off a bit as Christmas approached. But it was still just what I was looking for. I was staying in Allen's lovely home and working in my spare time on political plans. After four weeks of this, I flew back to Lincoln for Christmas and happily told my wife how things had gone.

It will not be hard to imagine her feelings at the prospect of moving again, but she was as loving and understanding as ever. I had the old Cadillac's valves ground. We hitched up and once again started off across the country, pulling that gigantic trailer -- this time with four little children. We arrived in Atlanta on the coldest January day they ever had! It was bitter, stinging cold and, when we pulled into the trailer park where I had made reservations, we found it wasn't ready. We had to go back outside of town to a 'park' which would have been more aptly called a 'dump'. There was garbage all around and, with the bitter weather, the pipes in the entire camp were frozen, along with the sewers, so we had no water connection, no toilet facilities and no heat that first day! This was quite a situation for a mother with four kids, one a new baby, but Thora pitched in as usual and cheerfully did the best that could be done for all.

We lived on hopes at that time which were apparently well-founded on my pre-Christmas experience, so we suffered out the first freezing, miserable week with every expectation that things would get better. How little did we know that from then on our fortunes would go from bad to worse to impossible, to that awful day in Arlington, Virginia, when Arrowsmith the millionaire suddenly and without warning sent sheriffs and police to our home with a writ of replevin, and my wife and I actually had to defend our home physically as the sheriffs tried to push their way in!

I resumed work on the advertising sales, but suddenly discovered a great difference. We didn't know it, but we had hit the middle of the 'recession'. Allen's business was mostly with the big unions and auto plants around Atlanta and, when the 'recession' hit, the plants closed down or slowed down. Workmen couldn't pay their accounts to the tradesmen and the tradesmen cut out their advertising. I began to have to work very hard all day long to sell enough ads to make a living. Then it got worse. No matter how I plugged on that phone, the old customers just wouldn't buy. Their business was just too low.

At first, Allen couldn't believe that I was really trying to sell ads. Then he tried it himself and found that it was true. The 'gold-rush' was over. There was even a scrap with one of the union heads and relations all around became severely strained. Allen and I quarreled. I was desperate again, with a hungry family, far away from my usual haunts and business, and Allen couldn't help feeling somewhat responsible. He had a beautiful home, two cars, including a Cadillac and money in the bank, all of which he had beaten out of a very cruel world by his own guts and brains.

But at the same time, Allen felt that I was trying to pressure him out of some hard-earned wealth. However, he did what he could to give me a good deal on sales, letting me keep almost all the income of what I sold, so I

drove to make sales with everything I had, but it was still no use. Even when I beat a man into agreeing to buy an ad on the phone, the collector would often find that he had changed his mind and would not take out the ad or pay.

While all this was going on, I had been corresponding with a man named William Stephenson in Newport News, Virginia. He was the publisher and editor of a handsome, well-gotten up little racist magazine called *The Virginian*, much on the style of *Time* magazine. I had written him a letter and found that he had heard of me. We compared mental notes and ideas and he seemed impressed. I sent him a suggestion for a series of cartoons called "Odd Birds" which made fun of 'liberals' and, in a sneaky way, Jews, by comparing them to birds. He liked the idea and we agreed to produce them.

When Stephenson heard of our predicament in Atlanta, he called and gave us some very wonderful cheering up. His call yanked me out of a very deep despondency which came from seeing the truly frightful living conditions suffered by my dear wife and babies. Stephenson invited us to come to Newport News, where he had a press and photo-offset equipment. I agreed to work with him, not on a salary, but on a sharing basis as we published the "Odd Birds" and other material. I was also to help him promote the magazine and so on.

We hocked my typewriter and camera equipment to put a few dollars into our purse and hitched up for the long, long haul back up north. You are not allowed to drive a trailer at night and we could not drive this huge vehicle on the roads at all without special permission, so we had to find some sort of legal stopping place, hopefully a good one, before dark every evening.

Late one afternoon, as we were nearing Cheraw, North Carolina, I felt the trailer give a disconcerting heave and then yank me over to one side. We wiggled and braked to a stop, and I went back to see what the trouble could be. One side was drooping way down with a blow-out! I had to jack up the multi-ton trailer with a small car jack, working in spurts and lifts, and finally set the axle on some chunks of wood which I found. Meanwhile, it was getting dark. The kids were hungry, tired and irritable and they were crying and fussing. My wife did what she could in these trying circumstances.

I realized that I would have to unhitch in order to drive into town and get the tire fixed some place, but I didn't know what to do about the trailer which was now illegally out on the road. At first, I thought of leaving my wife and kids with the trailer, but decided against that, far out in the lonely countryside, so I took them into town with me.

In Cheraw, we suffered another blow. There were no secondhand tires available in the little town and the only thing we could get was a truck tire which cost \$50, more than we had altogether for the trip! I tried to hock various items with the service station attendant, including a ruby ring of my wife's, and even that would not work. Meanwhile, the state police were threatening to arrest me for leaving the trailer on the highway and I had to assure them that I was getting a tire and would be right back to move it.

In utter desperation, my wife called her cousin in Washington, the wife of the first secretary of the Icelandic Embassy, and asked her to wire \$50, which she did. But the humiliation, the upset and the whole mess were too much for Thora. She cried almost steadily as we struggled through the rest of that nightmare -- an almost unbelievable series of heartbreaks and misfortunes. We bought the expensive tire with the telegraphed money and started back to the trailer in the darkness, but with the weight of the trailer off the rear end of the car, the 'helper' springs which were inserted between the suspension springs and the axle of the car popped out as we drove past a swamp! Without the helper springs, we couldn't pull the trailer at all.

I had to stop and try to find them in the dark swamp. First, I had to crawl under the car to make sure they were both gone and then I started an inch by inch search in the filthy muck for those little coils! For hours, I hunted up and down, with my boy helping as much as he could, while my unhappy wife sat in the car, crying with the kids.

I was almost in despair myself. Then I felt my back pocket to make sure my wallet was still there. It wasn't. It was gone! Now we had no springs and no wallet. There was no money for gas, no way to move another inch! I discovered that the wallet had fallen out of a huge hole in my dungarees, probably when I was under the car, feeling around for the springs. I started to back-track along the edge of the swamp with the car, using the headlights to probe the darkness for both the wallet and the springs. It began to seem utterly useless, and I was tempted to sit beside my wife and cry along with her.

But then came one of those inexplicable events which convince me, even though I do not believe in a personal god, that there is some inscrutable destiny at work. A man and a boy in a farm truck drove up beside us and asked me what my name was. The blunt question annoyed me because I was certainly in no mood to play games. I asked the man who wanted to know, and he repeated the question. In addition to my exasperation, I now began to feel a little worried. Here I was, flat broke and far out in the country, desperately looking for my wallet and springs in a darkened swamp, with a car full of crying family, and this guy insisted on making me identify myself!

Finally, I burst out: "I'm Lincoln Rockwell. Now, what do you want?"

"Is this your wallet?" he asked, holding up this most welcome object!

I thanked him through tears of gratitude. He said he had seen the wallet in his headlights up the road, picked it up, and then started looking for the man who lost it!

This bit of good fortune revived my spirits and I dove into the swamp with renewed determination. Soon, I found the springs at the bottom of a slimy ditch and we returned to the trailer. I got the springs back on, the wheel on and headed for a parking area before we finally got arrested for driving after dark. At last, I pulled into a little park. After making the necessary payment to the landlady who had to get out of bed to wait on me. Sleepily, she directed me to the parking area, and I started over in that direction, only to bog down suddenly in a large patch of gooey mud. The wheels of both car and trailer sank in up to the hubs. Stuck where we were, there was no way to connect the utilities to take care of the kids for the night or anything else. I just had to get out of that mud.

For over an hour I struggled, moving the car forward, backward and every which way, rocking the wheels, pushing and heaving. My poor wife was out in the muck, pushing with all her heart, and I guess she was about ready to drown herself and the children, who were now -- thank God -- asleep.

Once again, the impossible happened. From a nearby cabin, a man appeared with a big chain. It was two or three o'clock in the morning, and nobody could be expected to get out of bed to help people who were stuck in the mud, but this man did! He hitched his chain to the trailer and then to his heavy car, which was on dry ground. I pushed the trailer with my car, he pulled with his and my wife pushed with her bare hands. The whole parade broke loose of the goo, and we moved onto dry ground. I hooked up the lights and water with the utmost gratitude to the man who had helped us and threw myself into bed, feeling like an empty, hollow shell. After depositing the limp, sleeping kids in their beds, my blessed wife collapsed beside me. For a long time, we were

actually too tired to sleep and lay there, discussing our fortune. My political career had led us into these bitter times, but we finally fell asleep, trying to believe that things would improve when we got to Newport News.

Two days later, we crossed the bridge leading into this peninsular city and were met at the end of the span by Bill Stephenson, Lacy Jeffries and Mrs. Stephenson. They were wonderful to us. Mrs. Stephenson comforted my tired, nervous wife. Bill cheered me up immensely and Lacy gave us \$20. We were flat broke, without a dime left. They helped us find a trailer park, Bill and Lacy paying the first week's rent for us. They also gave us a package of weenies.

I couldn't believe such goodness and finally asked Bill, "Why do you do all this?"

His answer I have never forgotten. It is a phrase which will soon be ringing all over this earth as the gospel spreads: "Because we are National Socialists," he said, quietly, a special, holy look in his eyes.

As long as there is a spirit like that in even a few men, our people will not perish. As long as the unholy, but burning faith of the Communists and Jews is opposed by an equally burning, holy and true faith in the hearts of National Socialists, the White Man will again dominate the earth and maintain Western civilization.

We settled down in a rather poor location in the park -- it was flooded -- and we had to walk on stepping stones to get to the trailer, but we were so grateful to be stopped and safe among good people that we hardly noticed this inconvenience. I resolved to dig in and help these good people, and to make the cause grow and flourish, right here. It seemed, at the moment, that this was it.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER XIV.

"Remove your feet!" I was commanded, in the imperious tones of a Roman emperor. William Stephenson does not like people to put their feet on chairs, even when the chair was worthless and broken, like the one I had my feet on. It is part of his character. He does not ask people to do things, he commands them. He is exceptionally brilliant, possibly a genius, and he expects this fact to be properly recognized and respected.

He also dislikes abnormally loud sounds, which includes my voice, so I was directed imperiously to lower my voice to a soft, gentle purr. In fact, although Bill liked me, admired my abilities and wanted me to work with him, I was banished to the garage out back as soon as I arrived, where my voice, my feet on chairs and other peculiarities would not disturb his creativity.

He is dramatic beyond all words. The first evening, he pulled a .38 pistol out of a drawer and told me that his life was in deadly danger. He then invited me out for coffee, ostentatiously tucking the weapon under his belt. However, nobody tried to kill him.

When we returned, he sat me down and kept me waiting in silence for minutes as he sat scowling behind his great desk. Suddenly, he leaned over and handed down an official pronunciamiento: "I have a temper!" he snapped, in clipped, precise tones, like a Scotland Yard inspector. "I do not like petty annoyances! I want you to understand, no hard feelings, but I lose control. I am wild when I am in a temper!" He leaned closer to me and bored his eyes further into mine, scowling fearsomely. Then he snarled: "I kill!"

I accepted all this and more like it with good grace. Bill was only twenty or so and already making a mark in the world with an excellent publication. At the moment, I had not managed to do half as much politically. At heart, Bill was a first class guy, but didn't know. He was pampered and spoiled to death by his mother and Lacy Jeffries, his well-to-do and very meek, very silent partner. His slightest wish was tenderly and instantly catered to, and he seemed to have grown to expect everyone around to attend his every whim. In many ways he did deserve such homage. For such a mere boy to have matured so greatly and to have accomplished so much in so little time is close to genius. I was silently amused by the 'Roman emperor act', and I liked and respected Bill so much that it did not bother me.

We went ahead with the publication of the "Odd Birds" in high hopes that sales of the portfolio of drawings and commentaries, beautifully done, would bring in the income we so desperately needed. Bill advertised them in The Virginian and sent out a special mailing. Then we waited for results.

The results were miserable, wretched, heartbreaking. People loved them, but not enough to pay the dollar. Often the only thing we had to eat in the trailer was what Lacy or Bill would give us -- a can or two, some weenies, etc. Bills piled up, as usual, and the family was almost at the end of its possibilities.

I went down to the Virginia employment office to see about getting any kind of temporary work: digging, construction, anything for pay. But they insisted on trying to get me a job according to my qualifications, and such lofty jobs were simply not available in the area.

I did manage to sell some free-lance art work and some writing, but the money situation was urgent. No payments had been made to my first wife for several months and I was unhappy when I imagined the situation with little Bonnie, Nancy and Phoebe Jean -- to say nothing of my other four children. My wife's family wanted her to come to Iceland, but she didn't want to go, and. I certainly didn't want her to go either. We decided to stick it out.

Meanwhile, The Virginian itself was coming upon hard days. Subscriptions and income dwindled. The publication's bills, like mine, piled up. One morning, Lacy Jeffries told me that it was going to be impossible to get out another issue.

They owed too much to the printer. I pointed out that it seemed foolish to pay a printer as much money as they were, when they had an excellent Press, an artist and a printer on the spot. I offered to help, but Lacy told me that it would probably irritate Bill to suggest such a plan. Stephenson was a perfectionist and would not believe that we could turn out a decent magazine on our press.

Shortly after this talk, I was approached by Bill Anderson, who worked for Stephenson as a combination bodyguard and clerk. He was a young boxer, a dedicated National Socialist and the kind of fighting patriot our race so desperately needs. He and his family had moved to Newport News from their home in Chicago on promises of pay, much as I had taken my family down to Memphis on a similar offer. Bill had been told that his pay would have to be reduced severely, although he had been on a pittance in the first place. He was also informed that he might have to be dropped altogether, and he was angry! Knowing his predicament from my own experience, I couldn't blame him.

I told him I believed we could save the situation and that we could put out the magazine by our own hard work, but Anderson said Stephenson would never let me do it. He was too worried that I would supplant him as 'Fuehrer'! This word I have grown to hate, when used in the American context. There was only one Fuehrer, and the use of this word in such situations affects me as it would affect a Christian to hear that some minister insisted on being called "Christ".

I agreed with Bill that Stephenson's high-handed methods were tough to take, and that the deal they were giving him was rotten, but I insisted that the situation was largely the result of Stephenson's fear. I have found something my brother once told me to be extremely valuable to remember in situations like this: People are not usually bad. When they do 'bad' things, it is usually because they are afraid. They lash out wildly and foolishly like terrified cats, scratching and biting everybody in sight.

I assured Anderson that if I could diplomatically and successfully help Stephenson get the business back on its feet, Harold Arrowsmith, Jr. -- the financial angel of this venture -- would calm down and all could still be well. But Stephenson, as Anderson had predicted, imagined that I was trying to usurp his position and refused to so much as discuss the matter with me.

Shortly thereafter, word arrived that Arrowsmith was coming for a visit. Stephenson called me in and told me that the millionaire was very nervous and touchy, and that it would be better if I stayed out in the garage all the time he was present. If I had to come in at all, I was to use the back door.

Several days later, I went into the kitchen -- via the back door, of course -- and encountered Arrowsmith sitting at the kitchen table with Stephenson, sipping cocoa. I was introduced in the briefest possible fashion and left. A day or so afterwards, as I was in my trailer typing out more of Battle Call, there was a knock at the door. I

opened it and found Bill Anderson and Arrowsmith balancing on the stepping stones which stood in the pond surrounding our trailer.

Bill explained bluntly that Arrowsmith was disgusted with the way Stephenson had handled the many thousands of dollars he had put into the operation, and that he was planning to close it up and sell the equipment. Bill said that he had prevailed upon Arrowsmith to come and see me, after convincing him that I had the talents and know-how to do something worthwhile with the enormous investment already in the venture. At least I would be able to put the printing equipment to some good use in order to salvage something out of the mess.

I immediately proposed that we all go over to Stephenson together and have it out -- in the open -- in the interest of the cause. I have always hated intrigue and believe that the only way to succeed in the long run with any human undertaking is by the most open and honest way possible, even if sneaking might gain some temporary advantage. But Anderson and Arrowsmith rose excitedly when I suggested this and insisted they would have no part of such a deal whatsoever.

Arrowsmith said he had made his decision. He was going to close up Stephenson no matter what, and all he came to see me for was to decide if he might put the equipment at my disposal, instead of selling it for almost nothing.

Anderson was so angry at the two young publishers, Stephenson and Jeffries, for getting him to come all the way from Chicago with his wife and babies that he thought Stephenson should get his just deserts for his imperious, inexperienced foolishness which had wrecked such a wonderful opportunity for the Cause. Bill had grown up in the slums of Chicago. He had been knifed, beaten and shot, and was schooled in the dog-eat-dog tactics of the gutter. Although Anderson was a pure Nordic of unimpeachable natural inclinations, his schooling had taught him to be ruthless. He insisted that the only way anything could be done was to pounce on Stephenson, whisk out the equipment before he could recover, and that would be that.

Arrowsmith, who looked something like the actor, Sidney Greenstreet, and who always gave one the impression of being frightened and cornered, agreed that it had to be done this way, and that I was not to tell Stephenson a word.

Nevertheless, in view of Stephenson's great help and decency to me only a few months before, I went to Lacy and told him that Arrowsmith was very disgusted and that unless they could come up with some definite and salable plan to win him back, it was all over. I did not tell him outright what Arrowsmith and Anderson had said, but I asked him, in the name of the movement, to try to talk some sense into 'His Divine Majesty', William Stephenson.

Lacy Jeffries, always gentle, meek, self-effacing and easy-going, agreed to see what he could do. I thought it best not to irritate 'The Great Khan' by going personally into his chambers, because of the possibility of an emotional blow-up which, upon reflection, he would wish he had not permitted himself.

But it was no use. When Stephenson heard the message, he came raving at me, ordered me "Out! Out!" in those exact words, and made it clear that he thought I had conspired to ruin him and 'swipe' Arrowsmith. I tried my best to explain, without betraying the other two, that I had no part of such a plan and was only trying to keep things together, not destroy what already existed. But words meant nothing to Stephenson. He was hurt and scared and play-acting like a little boy. Had I been his father, I would have grabbed him, given him a convincing 'argument' on both ears and settled down to cleaning up the messy situation. Once again, I learned

the weakness and silliness of even the best of my fellow human beings.

Arrowsmith and Anderson reappeared at my trailer and berated me for having 'squealed'. It had all gotten back, somehow, and I caught it now from both sides, but Arrowsmith still wanted me to do what I could to use the printing equipment and confirmed his determination to cut Stephenson off immediately. If I could not come up with a plan to use it, he told me that he would sell it, then and there!

I could see no more use in trying to save Stephenson, especially after he and his wife came over and dumped some of my things at the trailer, including a lovely cashmere sweater my wife had gone to a great deal of trouble to get from England for his wife. There was no use letting the equipment be lost to the cause, so I agreed to think it over and talk to them both the next day.

I let Arrowsmith borrow my Battle Call proofs and he was very enthusiastic, except for the "Socialist" part of "National Socialist". He, as a multi-millionaire super-capitalist whose mother, as Bill had told me, was one of the owners of Dunn & Bradstreet, was understandably much against any doctrine stipulating that everybody in society had to produce something, by invention, management, labor or genuine risk -- but not by speculation which is so hedged about by usury as to make it no risk at all. We, of course, as National Socialists, are against the speculative part of capitalism. But Arrowsmith, so far as I have been able to learn, never worked a day in his life, and has come to like this arrangement.

But the rest of the National Socialist program, especially the part about gassing the Jew traitors, he thought was wonderful. Arrowsmith objected to exempting any Jews, saying that none of them were human, but were sub-animals. I asked him if he could personally kill little children because they were Jews and he answered, "Of course!" and I almost, but not quite, believe him. He is too squeamish to eat meat, so it is a little hard to picture him in the bloody role of baby slaughterer.

The next day he came over in his rented car and drove me down to a deserted beach, where we parked and discussed the situation for many hours. He wanted to know what I thought should be done. I told him that the only place in the world where a strong movement could succeed was in Arlington, Virginia, right across from the Nation's Capitol. In every other place the Jews could put so much pressure on the authorities that any strong anti-Jewish effort would be ruthlessly and illegally crushed. But in Washington, the show place of America and the 'free world', while they could hurt us badly, the usual Jewish-inspired gross violations of all justice and rights to silence exposure of Jewish treason would be too obvious, and thus impossible. Too many people would see and hear about it, no matter how they tried to cover it up, use the 'silent treatment' and smear us out of existence. Also, Virginia is still in the hands of decent White Men. Senator Byrd is no Adolf Hitler, to be sure, but he is also no Wayne Morse or Jacob Javitz. The courts, largely set up by Byrd, were honest, I believed then, and have since proved that they are. Virginia is one of the last, if not the last state in the Union which is still governed somewhat in the manner intended by the framers of the Constitution. Virginia's officials, while afraid of the Jews at their worst would nevertheless not crawl disgustingly at the feet of the Jews, as do the officials of most other states and of the federal government.

Arrowsmith wanted to establish a center where we could print his thousands of revelations of the unbelievable, nightmarish confessions of the Jews themselves as to their treachery and treason. He was entranced by the idea of such a center right near Congress, which he loves to visit, and I had little trouble selling him on the idea of setting up in Arlington. He wanted me to work on an all-out anti-Jewish campaign in the open, publicly, which would lead to the eventual destruction of Jewry, while we also flooded Congress and official Washington with the incriminating anti-Jewish documents he had gathered in such abundance.

I told him that if he wanted me to work out in the open, as he insisted, I would have to have a safe home and living for my wife and babies. He agreed and said he would provide that, if I had the guts to come out openly and strongly with the whole story, to "spill the beans," as he put it.

He agreed that I would have a secure home with a print shop installed, using the equipment now in Stephenson's place, that I would be accorded the privilege of buying the house out of printing profits as I worked the equipment, and that I was to go all out against the Jews, printing documents as he required them.

He wanted to use the name "National Committee to Free America from Jewish Domination", and I agreed to that. I must confess that in spite of my convictions of the rightness of open Nazism, at that time I shared the illusion, still common in the 'movement', that any Swastika-displaying Nazis would be quickly jailed or murdered. The Jews just seemed too powerful, and I planned a gradual slide over to open Nazism from the "National Committee".

In our discussion of the matter of an office, I actually imagined that if I set up such an office, I would need bodyguards at all times just to go in and out of the place! Today, I go alone to our post office box, which is in the name of the American Nazi Party, and I realize how ridiculous such fear of the Jews is. But even three years ago, before I had found out the actual strength of the Jews and the loose nature of their conspiracy, I, like millions of other Americans, imagined that the power of these sneaks was total, that open defiance of them was somehow 'sure death'! Now, the very fact that I have learned the weaknesses of the Jews and can debunk their myth of invincible terror makes me too dangerous for the Jews to permit my continued activity, if there is any way under heaven -- or in hell -- they can stop me.

Once Arrowsmith was ready to go, he couldn't wait. He was actually fidgety, like a little fat boy waiting for a parade, and he insisted that we start instantly.

Stephenson had announced that he was a terror, of course, and that he would battle to the death to hold the equipment. He told Anderson, not realizing that he was involved with Arrowsmith, that he would sabotage the press and other equipment before it went out. But Arrowsmith got a justice of the peace and was told how to get a writ, etc., and when Stephenson heard this, he capitulated. Arrowsmith went to get the stuff with a truck and Bill confined his 'fight to the death' to calling a policeman to have his former benefactor thrown off the premises.

Once again, I realize that there will be howls of agony from many in the right-wing at my revelations of all this foolishness and squabbling. "Why hurt these people now?" is the cry. 'It's all over! What good can it do?'

The answer, again, is that even as I write this with two black eyes, a torn mouth and a broken nose from a Jewish-organized beating, The Canadian Intelligence Service, headed by Ron Gostick, a good patriot in Canada, has just published a whole pamphlet and spread it all over the world, explaining in great detail, and with devilish, but perverted logic that I am a spy working for the Jews!

The petty jealousies, the selfishness, the ignorance, the meanness and stupidity of the right-wing has got to stop, and I mean to stop it, not by begging these people in the name of our dying race -- I've tried that without success for five years -- but by making it impossible for these fearfully small minds to keep wrecking the movement. Within a short time, it will be out of the question for sneaky, sissy 'Nazis' to set up in business and start the usual round of petty squabbling, spy-stories and sabotage of Our Holy Cause.

There is nothing like light to dispel darkness, and light is what we are going to spread all over the right-wing, where darkness, ignorance and fear lie, like a stifling black blanket over everything and everybody. As the story progresses, the reader will see the full villainy, cowardice and treachery, not only of the Jews, but of our own people. No talk, no logic, no sweet pleas on bended knee, no letters or prayers have been able to stop the tragic, heart-rending squabbling, bickering and sabotage by the peanut-souls of the right-wing. Just as we cannot beat the Jews and their subversion by talk, and must build the force and power to depose them, so must we use all legal forms of force to bring order and direction to the right-wing. When chaos prevails, as it does now in the right-wing, it is inevitable that people get hurt when you apply that force to establish order, but the hurt to one or two people who claim to believe in Our Holy Cause will mean nothing later, when we have demonstrated, as we are doing, our ability to help even those we might now 'hurt' to win, beside which even a severe 'hurt' is nothing.

If we cannot win the most desperate battle for survival in the history of humanity, it will not make me proud to have been a 'good guy' and to have failed to bring order and victory to the pitiful right-wing. Even those who may be personally angered at the exposures here will know that they are true, and those with which they are not familiar are equally true. I have already made peace with more than one of the people already mentioned, and will one day make peace gratefully with all of them as soon as they give up their childish squabbling and buckle down to fighting, either on our side or by themselves, but not against the Cause.

Arrowsmith was almost frantic to start immediately. He wanted me to try to find some place to set up in Arlington by telephoning friends, even before we went up there to find a permanent place. I managed to find a temporary place in a friend's basement. Then we looked for a permanent place, and I got to know my new 'fat cat'.

Arrowsmith, was nocturnal, I learned -- just the opposite of myself. I love the morning and like to go to bed seasonably, at night, but he would insist that I sit up into the early hours of the morning talking to him about the "eskimos", as he called the enemy. He also made it impossible for me to do anything else to earn any money, and then welched on his promises to pay me enough to eat while I worked for him. I had a very bad tooth and my face swelled up like a grapefruit, but I could not afford a dentist, and this multi-millionaire made me beg, night after night, sitting in my car outside of his hotel in Alexandria, for the small sum of money he had promised me to get set up. I was flat broke, the wife and kids had nothing to eat, and he treated my respectful requests for even a small portion of what he had promised as if I were trying to swindle him.

With my head throbbing and swollen with grinding pain, I had to sit for hours listening to this chubby mama's boy telling me of all the delightful projects he had in mind. I would beg him to get out of the car and go to bed, and let me get some rest and some aspirin, and he would just look hurt and say, "Yes, but the point is ..." and then launch into more lecture. One night, around five A.M., in spite of everything, in spite of my impossible financial situation, in spite of my wife and children, in spite of alimony jail and my other wife and children, in spite of all reason and sanity; in spite of my very instinct for survival -- I had had all I could take. I jumped out of the car, ran around to his side, opened the door and told him to get out.

He wouldn't do it. He sat there looking as if he were about to cry, and pouted. He said I was cutting off my nose to spite my face and told me there was no point in being stupid, etc. I cooled off, somehow, and we went back to negotiating."

We found a lovely suburban home which seemed made to order. It was in the Williamsburg section of Arlington and was, amazingly, zoned 'commercial', which permitted us to use the house for the political headquarters and offices. We met with the real estate people and settled arrangements after a long conference.

Arrowsmith was to make the down payment of \$15,000, plus settlement, and we were to make the mortgage payments with the principal accruing to us. We were also to pay Arrowsmith on the down payment loan from our printing profits.

There was to be a contract drawn up to this effect with the additional stipulations that I would have the use of the printing equipment to gain a livelihood for my family, so our security would include not only a home, but a business. On his behalf, I was to print his materials, including assisting him in the preparation of a book he was working on, and I was to make an all-out attack on Jewish Communism-Zionism with our National Committee to Free America from Jewish Domination. The contract between Arrowsmith and myself would insure that neither of us would find ourselves left 'holding the bag' in such a risky, if not dangerous operation.

Arrowsmith was in a terrible rush to get to New York for something and left a check with a friend for \$15,300 that afternoon, then disappeared. I had the contract drawn up by a lawyer who was also one of the officers of my squadron at Anacostia, but I could not find Arrowsmith to get the papers signed. I had arranged, through a friend in the White House, to get Arrowsmith introduced to some key political persons in New York in order to track down some information about Trotsky (Bronstein), who had got into serious trouble here in 1917, but who received all sorts of immigration 'favours' and finally left New York with \$20 million in Jewish money to finance the Bolshevik takeover of Russia. But nobody could find the elusive millionaire, so the introduction was not made and the papers remained unsigned.

I could not stop to hunt him up myself, for I was involved in a mad scramble to 'keep all the balls in the air'. I had to sell our trailer, get the press going in the new place, move, find business, print sample propaganda material, get this out to our right-wing 'customers' and generally start things rolling. After a few weeks I was having some success in these tasks.

Arrowsmith suddenly reappeared one afternoon and said it was time for "action". He had set up the operation, he felt, and he wanted to see some results. To this effect he asked me what could be done to shock and wake up the world. To sum up my years of thinking and planning, I told him the only answer was public activity -- in the streets -- not any more pamphlets and paper-exchanging among people who already knew what the Jews were up to.

At the time, the Jewish line in all our newspapers was, paradoxically, that Egypt's Nasser was both another Hitler and a Communist. As a matter of sober fact, Nasser had outlawed the Communist Party and thrown his reds in jail, while 'our' Supreme Court was letting U.S. reds, even the spies, out. The only Communist party in the Middle East was, and is, in Israel, where these criminals constitute over one fourth of the citizens and members of government. There was a pro-Jewish puppet government in Lebanon. The enraged Lebanese Arabs, who had suffered and had witnessed over a million of their fellow-Arabs driven into starvation and misery in the desert so that the Jews could "take back a homeland" occupied by the Arabs for over 2,000 years threatened to take over their traitorous government and go after the international criminals who had butchered and banished their Arab brothers.

The U.S. Jews used their usual tactics -- press distortion and secret pressure -- to force 'our' government to send the Marines to 'defend' the Lebanese puppet regime against its own people. The Jewish liars told us our intervention was to stop Nasser's "communism", when the truth was that we were saving Israel.

I appeared to have a home, security for my family and a perfect chance to do what all of us had for so long just talked about: attack and expose the Jewish treachery in public! I suggested that we organize picketing and

literature distributions in several cities, as well as in front of the White House, to expose this vicious use of American fighting men on behalf of Jewish international aggression in Lebanon. Arrowsmith was as delighted as a chubby kid who was being taken to a circus. He clapped his pudgy hands and asked how we could do it.

My years of apprenticeship in the movement had established contacts with other men all over the country. Out of these, there were some who I thought would cooperate. I had not been in Arlington long enough to build up any contacts with young fighting men and therefore had only 'conservative' whisperers and 'silent workers', so I told Arrowsmith that, to picket the White House, we would have to send for my boys -- Hooker's boys -- in New York. The total cost for signs, literature and transportation would be over \$1000. Arrowsmith said to go ahead. He couldn't wait. I told him these arrangements would involve sizable telephone bills which I could just not afford, and he said that he "would take care of it.

I arranged with New York for a chartered busload of the boys, designed and silk-screened huge oil-cloth signs in fluorescent red and black, wrote, designed and printed tens of thousands of two-color leaflets, prepared detailed instructions for the pickets, telephoned all over the country and managed to get Ed Fields in Louisville and Wallace Allen in Atlanta to agree to picket simultaneously with us. In addition to these efforts, I made the thousands of other arrangements necessary to realize such a relatively large-scaled operation. Arrowsmith hovered over all this like a happy little boy, even helping silk-screen the signs in the cellar.

My wife took all the excitement and disruption of her home in excellent spirits, losing her temper only once. Arrowsmith got purple with fury one afternoon as he and I were discussing plans and the kids were laughing and playing in the next room. He had burst out: "Oh, dear! Can't you do something about those damned kids? Gas them or something!" My wife had flared up and scolded him for the remark, and he had turned away, pouting. I had managed to patch it up with both of them.

During these preparations, whenever I asked Arrowsmith about signing the contract, he would get angry and complain that I was trying to hold up the operation -- he would sign it after the picketing, when he had the chance to catch his breath and look the contract over. I was thus about to learn my next-to-last lesson about human nature and how far it can be trusted.

The night before the great event, the busload of boys from New York arrived, and it was great to see some of them again. But they had with them a wild and woolly slob by the name of George Legget, whose first remark, as he drove up and observed that we lived next to a suburban bank was, "Oh boy! Let's knock over the bank!" I warned him again and again that our survival and eventual success depended on our being legal, super-legal. We not only had to obey laws they had, but laws they might have or pretend to have, just to get rid of us, but it was no use.

George went out with one crew to distribute our for-that-time bold anti-Jewish literature announcing the picketing, and I soon learned that he was crazy. He pasted stickers on cars, windows -- and was about to stick one on an unobservant policeman, when the boys caught him and brought him back to me. I threw him out, but he wouldn't leave. We finally convinced this fat nut that the New York police were wise to his leaving New York. He was on parole, or something, so we got him on a bus back up there.

Meanwhile, I was learning my first lessons in the ways of the Jewish conspiracy. I still imagined, at that time, that the power of the Jews was total, that the police were 100% in cahoots with the conspirators, and that I must therefore sneak out our papers, or expect wholesale arrests.

When our first crew was arrested, their literature seized, and the boys told "to get out of Arlington", I sneaked them back, instead of going openly to the police and demanding our constitutional rights first, as I always do now. But at that time, we ducked and hid and scurried down back streets trying to avoid policemen, who, I have since learned, hate what is going on as much as we do, and merely do their best to be fair, neutral, and to obey orders.

Many in the 'movement' cannot understand how I 'get away' with what we do, unless we are 'spies', as they foolishly and cruelly charge. Until our arrival on the right-wing scene, it was believed that the police, the FBI and all other authorities are 'against' us and that we must 'fight' them. I have proved to my associates, over and over, that this is not true. To be sure, the money-power is in the hands of the Jews, and so is much of our administration. Some of our officials are either Jews or openly work for Jews, but the great bulk of our law enforcement officials are White Men and simply enforce the law, the best they know how. If anything, most of them, being by nature men of force, tend to see things as we do, and not as do the criminal Blacks and Jews. Although policemen and other law enforcement officials do their duty, as they see it, they have almost all been uniformly courteous and fair to me and to our open, brutally-frank anti-Jewish agitation.

I have found that police are as prone to follow the jungle instinct of pursuit as are any creatures: when you run, they chase you. But when you go to them first, explain your plans, your knowledge of your rights, and respectfully make clear your steely determination to exercise those rights, they respect you and often go to bat for you. When they see the outrageous pressure from the Jews to stop you illegally, unfairly, brutally and even criminally, you don't have to give them a lecture about Jewish methods for the police to be on fire with a sense of outraged justice. This is how we have won the hearts of entire police departments.

No matter what the Jews do on the upper levels, the policemen, FBI agents and honest officials who deal with us know we break our backs bending over to be fair and square -- and legal -- while the Jews resort to such vile and disgustingly obvious tactics to shut us up that the officials can't help but admire our calm and determined courage as we stand up to this kind of tyranny and terror, day after day, week after week, year after year.

I have had high-ranking officials and judges tell me privately that our public demonstration of Jewish tyranny and the pressure they themselves have experienced from the Jews has 'awakened' them to a situation that not all the patriotic literature in a million years could have made them see. Most of the right-wing's complaints of political persecution by Gentile officials is the result of their own mistaken strategy and tactics. I survive and will continue to survive because millions of people are beginning to see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears what they will never, never read -- another reason why the 'paper-patriots' have been failing so many years with their 'wake up America' campaign. But on those hot July days in 1958, I had not yet learned these tremendous truths, and wasted a lot of time and effort in 'hiding' and running.

Despite our self-imposed 'sneakiness', we got out a large number of pamphlets and prepared to picket the following day, Sunday. It is almost impossible for me to imagine it now, but we were all scared to death. My New York boys, tough as tigers, were restless and worried, and their 'leader', Luke Dommer, proved to be a complete coward. He told them they would all be killed by "three or four hundred niggers". After convincing the boys that they should all quit on me, Dommer shoved off for New York on a bus and left me with a mutiny.

I mustered the lads around me in the back yard and told them that I was going down there alone, if necessary, and that I never wanted to see any of the men who would desert me, again. I would especially never tolerate them calling themselves 'Nazis' after such cowardice. They listened to me in silence and after I stalked off and went back to work tacking signs onto sticks, I thought I would indeed be alone.

Then a Greek kid came up, started helping me with the signs and said he'd go, and the hell with the others. Another lad came over and silently began to push in tacks. Then another. Finally, they all came over. I thanked them with an overflowing heart.

When it came time to go, I left one lad to watch my family and held my wife, looking into her eyes a long time. I really didn't know if I would ever be back, as silly as it sounds today. Our signs, using words like "kike" and showing vile pictures of their hook-noses, were something never seen in public before, and we had received plenty of threats and warnings of arrests, beatings or killings. I was really very scared, as scared as I ever was during two wars. As usual, Thora was brave and inspiring, and I left determined to succeed or die that day.

We got out of our cars several blocks down the street from the White House and, with pounding hearts, marched toward the scene of action. As we approached the White House, we were approached by a solid phalanx of eight or nine policemen, a bulldog-faced, gold-braided captain marching in front. I was positive this was 'it'. We would all be arrested and I would be martyred before I started my fight.

But the rough-looking old captain was a man I have come to know as one of the finest old-line cops, and great-hearted human beings I ever met. He was Captain Mahanney of the Special Investigations Unit of the D.C. Police, and he growled at me that there were certain rules to be obeyed in picketing the White House. Then he showed me where we were to march.

I would have been relieved under ordinary circumstances, but there were still those "three hundred niggers" we had been warned of, to say nothing of the Jews and Communists! I looked around for them. There weren't many yet, but they were there and they eyed us with relish, like meat.

I stepped off, carrying the most outrageous sign: "SAVE IKE FROM THE KIKES! " This sign displayed a gigantic caricature of an ugly Jew holding a gun at Ike's head, and with this I marched to my fate. The boys stepped along behind me, and we soon had a line moving briskly back and forth between the two trees where thousands of pickets have marched on behalf of every imaginable cause, including Communism.

The ADL photographers were there and the Jews and their hoods began to gather at both ends of our line and across the street. We kept picketing and began to settle down a bit. So far, we were still alive. There were no huge mobs, such as I have since learned to expect and control, and the "300 niggers" had still not appeared to send us to the morgue in the meat-wagons.

As soon as things appeared somewhat stable, I began to distribute orange juice to the thirsty pickets. As I was doing this, a man walked past me and whispered "somebody wants to see you over behind the statue." He jerked his thumb in the direction of a monument in the park across the street. I knew who it was, of course. I could see his cherubic little face peeking out from behind the stones and he beckoned to me as I looked in his direction. I made several trips over there for 'instructions' from the 'general'.

Bill Stephenson also came by, wearing dark glasses. He completed the 'disguise' by pulling his collar way up, over his chin. In his usual dark and dramatic fashion, he muttered "hello," and moved on without giving further signs of recognition.

I was happy! I had dared the 'impossible' and had made it!

When we were finished picketing, the captain observed that there might be some pursuit by the howling crowd which had gathered. I had planned to drive to the police station if the mob had become too large and murderous, but we got a police escort to Haine's Point, where the boys were staying and the chartered bus was parked. We sent out for beer so the boys could celebrate and Arrowsmith appeared with an Arab he claimed was head of Nasser's intelligence.

I had warned Arrowsmith to have nothing to do with Arabs, since we were picketing on the Lebanon situation and I wanted no charges of being a foreign agent. He had nevertheless brought this intelligence officer into the house, where my wife and another lady met him, and he now gave him all our oil-cloth signs. He later told me that they were displayed to Nasser in Cairo.

I went home to my wife, wreathed in what I thought was glory. I had accomplished exactly what I had set out to do and what Arrowsmith wanted me to do. It all seemed too good to be true. And it was too good to be true!

In reality, I was on my way to a desperate battle for survival, as well as a struggle to hold on to my very sanity in the face of crushing poverty, desertion and attack by everybody -- circumstances so discouraging as to be beyond description. For years I had been saying to my wife, when things got bad in my political career: "This is not the worst. Ahead lie far more difficult days!" She would never believe me, understandably, but now she was to see the stark truth of my prediction. I thank God that I didn't know what lay ahead. I am not that brave.

In a few days, we got the news that there had been trouble in the other cities where we had picketed. Ed Fields' group had picketed successfully, but had had people arrested for distributing literature. In Atlanta, our silent, orderly pickets were arrested in three minutes. There had been no crowd in Atlanta early on Sunday when they began and no disorder. But a police officer testified that he got a call from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith demanding the arrest of the pickets and threatening violence if the police did not arrest them. So, in a pattern we have learned to know all too well, the police did not seize these threateners of violence and kidnaping, but arrested our pickets and charged them with disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct!

The methods used in Atlanta were cruder than anything we have ever experienced in Washington. The pickets were held in close confinement, threatened and pressured to plead guilty. In one place in the transcript of their trial it shows clearly that one of the pickets was told by police that if they did not accept their punishment, or if they appealed, they would "be tied in with any bombing"! Those were the exact words of a police official, a few weeks before the bombing of the Atlanta Synagogue!

Our pickets refused to bow to such pressure and did appeal. After I called him, Russell Maguire, to his credit, sent \$500 to Arrowsmith to help in the Atlanta fight.

Wallace Allen flew up for a meeting with Arrowsmith and me in his room in the Congressional Hotel in Washington, and he told us some unbelievable stories of what was going on in Atlanta. That city has become a stronghold of Jewry; worse than New York, in some ways, because people do not realize the Jewish domination as they do in New York, so Atlanta Jewry is able to get away with more raw methods.

Allen told us they had discovered a spy in their little group down there, a sneaky character named L.E. Rogers. He described to Arrowsmith and me how this Rogers had seized the confidential picketing instructions which I had packed with the signs, when they arrived in Atlanta, and had scooted off to his home with them. Allen and the boys had to go get them back. Later, when John Kasper was released from the Atlanta Penitentiary, and they wanted somebody to greet him, but didn't want the smears and publicity attendant thereon, they had cagily sent

Rogers to do the public greeting, and he had not been able to get out of it. Allen thought this was pretty funny at the time.

He also told us that Rogers was forever suggesting dynamiting at the meetings they held in Atlanta. I have learned from this: Whenever anybody in our meetings even vaguely suggests bombings or anything the least bit illegal, we call the police or the FBI immediately. But the boys in Atlanta, while wanting no part of such illegal activity, hesitated to judge, convict and turn in a supposed 'fellow patriot' on such slim evidence. Everybody hates to be a 'squealer', so Rogers got away with his provocation, which I have since learned is one of the most easily recognized marks of the Jewish-paid provocateur. But I thought little of the story of Rogers at the time, except to laugh at Wallace's cleverness in sending him to welcome Kasper! The Jews were about to teach us a healthy lesson.

A few weeks later, on October 12, 1958, headlines all over the world the bombing of the Atlanta Synagogue! It made little impression on me, at first. My wife and I were lying in bed one morning, watching the early morning news on TV, when suddenly we saw Wallace Allen being arrested in the home we knew so well, with his wife and kids saying goodbye to him as he was dragged off to jail! They had tied our pickets in with a bombing, exactly as threatened. All of them were accused of bombing the Atlanta Synagogue! That early morning explosion had blown my whole life apart, forever.

Now, under Jewish pressure, the Atlanta police really displayed an illegal ferocity which was unbelievable! Our pickets were arrested without warrants, charged with vagrancy, held incommunicado, unmercifully driven and hounded to confess to a crime, about which they knew nothing. Spies and liars were placed in their cell, in hopes they would reveal something incriminating. They were charged under a special law which could, result in the electric chair if they were convicted! The whole right-wing was 'investigated by FBI agents seeking national tie-ins with the 'bombers'.

Meanwhile, sure that I had no connection with all this, except to help Allen and the, boys all I could, I had to push .hard to keep my head above water in Arlington. No matter how I begged and pleaded, I could not get Arrowsmith to pay the huge phone bill he said he would, 'take care of' and this, plus all the other bills, including money, for food, were urgent. Then Arrowsmith disappeared again! I heard. rumors that he was in New York and had contacted my boys up there, but I paid little attention. My mind was riveted on Atlanta and the deadly drama going on down there, as the Jews literally attempted to murder our people in the electric chair as a lesson not to oppose them.

But then the rumors from New York became more disturbing. Some of the boys called and told me loyally that Arrowsmith was up there, trying to buy the leadership of the best and fightingest bunch of men in America with his money. In addition to his offers of money, he also threw in the press and equipment he had pledged to me and my family for launching this desperate battle. He wanted to snatch the equipment from me, as he had from Stephenson, and ship it to New York. But I felt that I had him sufficiently committed before witnesses so that, even without the contract which he would never sign, he could not do such an unjust and immoral thing to my family and me. But I reckoned without the nature of the spoiled little rich boy, Harold Arrowsmith, Jr. He was used to getting anything he wanted, when he wanted it -- with his money. You can always hire lawyers and buy people -- almost all people.

I was down in the cellar, printing for a lawyer in Annapolis, when my wife came running down the stairs, wiping her hands on her apron. She said to me in Icelandic: "There's a man here with a truck and some papers to pick up the press and the other stuff!"

I shut off the press and went up to see about this. Sure enough, there was a truck out front from Baltimore, and a man with a 'Bill of Sale' at the door. He insisted he had "bought" the equipment and was going to remove it on the spot.

I called the police and they said I had the right to forbid the man to come onto my premises, and this is what I did, but not before I called Arrowsmith and tried to find out what it was all about. He pretended not to be in and had his mother say that he was out of Baltimore, but I had heard him and called back in a few minutes, using the name of the man with the truck from Baltimore. This time the sneak answered. For an hour and a half, on my long distance bill, he whined at me that it was my duty to turn over the equipment and move out of the house.

I told him that I would not move out in less than a year, since that was the minimum time specified, even in our verbal contract, and that I would not release the equipment he had pledged to me and the family. I did my best to make him see what a horrible injustice it would be to throw my wife and kids quite literally out into the streets, without a livelihood, even if I had done something wrong. When I asked the reason for his dissatisfaction with me, he couldn't come up with anything I had done which was wrong or unfair to him. The best he could work up was that I was a poor printer! I finally had to hang up on him to stop the phone bill. He kept saying over and over that I was to turn over the equipment and move out.

A few days later, the press and then the FBI called on me, within hours of each other. I was told of a letter I had written to Wallace Allen which I had signed off with a "Sieg Heil!" and was asked if it were mine. I truthfully answered that it was. They had discovered it when they seized Allen and searched his house. They asked me all about my operation and Arrowsmith's part in it, and I again told them the truth. We were all under suspicion of complicity in the Atlanta bombing and lying would only get us into serious trouble -- conceivably to share the electric chair with the unfortunate pickets of Atlanta. Of course, there was no point in trying to conceal Arrowsmith's ownership of the house. It was on file in the county offices.

Within hours the country's newspapers emblazoned across entire front pages the headlines that there was a national underground bombing ring under investigation by the FBI, and that Arrowsmith and I were the Moneybags and mastermind, respectively! Arrowsmith scurried to the FBI offices, demanding protection.

My home became the target for unbelievable abuse! Cherry bombs were thrown from speeding cars, my kids were stoned, our phone rang constantly, and some of the callers had my wife in tears with the viciousness of their threats and abuse. A car swerved into a parking lot driveway in the dark, when I was walking home with a bag of groceries from the supermarket across the street, and nearly hit me. I escaped only by leaping out of the way so quickly that I sprawled, face down, upon the pavement.

My boy in school was the constant target of insults and hatred. A cherry bomb came into an open window and exploded in the bed of my sleeping little four-year-old angel, Jeannie. I doubt that she will ever forget the terror of that experience as she came, screaming into our arms. I will never forget it, or forgive the bigots, the stupid half-wits and the bullies who did that! One morning, we found a homemade bomb on the lawn, a huge piece of pipe, capped at both ends and loaded with explosives! If that had gone off, we would have all been killed.

And now, Arrowsmith really went into action! While we were trying to cope with this wild life, earn a living and keep the family going, my wife again came down to the cellar and informed me that there were two sheriffs and policemen at the door with a writ of replevin. Arrowsmith meant business!

I was determined not to give up without a fight, and checked with a lawyer friend in my squadron who had told

me that they could not force their way in without a search warrant. But the sheriff told me they didn't need a warrant, and tried to force his way in a couple of times. I held him out. Then he sent for more men, more police, and the top-ranking Sheriff of Arlington County. I tried to call my lawyer or any lawyer, but they were all off on a legal picnic! While I was on the phone, my wife was trying to hold these pushing minions of the law at the door, and I heard her squeal in pain, "You're hurting me!" I went wild. I ran for my .38, ready to defend my beloved wife now, not just the house, but she knew what I was doing and screamed so piteously for me not to do it that I stopped. How I thank God for the presence of mind and heroism of that brave woman!

I later learned that the sheriff did have every right to knock us aside and force his way in. If I had used that gun, my career and probably my life would have been all over. I also owe a great debt to the sheriff who exercised most commendable forbearance when he recognized our desperation, my ignorance of the law -- and the cowardly, miserable actions of Arrowsmith. The latter 'heroically' hid all this time over the top of a hill as he sent the paid officers to do his dirty work in the name of the law!

Our battle paid off, and when I finally let the sheriff in, he determined that it was too late to pick up the equipment, and that I had until the morning to get a bond posted and file counterclaims against Arrowsmith's blitzkrieg.

But it was a hollow victory. It was obvious now that I not only had little prospect of earning any money in any job, but that it was quite likely that we would have no place to live and no equipment with which to earn a living. In addition, the constant attacks, the threats, the painful notoriety for a sensitive, gentle lady, and the impossible life for the innocent little kids made it clear that I could no longer subject my dear family to any more of such conditions.

My wife's family in Iceland are very well-to-do. Mr. Hallgrimmson, her father, is the chief owner and director of Shell Oil, one of the biggest corporations in the country. They were eager for her to come up there, where she would be comfortable, economically secure and physically safe.

Few men have loved their family more than I worshiped my wonderful wife and our beautiful children, but because of that very love, it was clearly my duty to forego trying to be with my family, when they could enjoy a decent life in Iceland, while I fought my way out of the wreckage after the Atlanta bombing and Arrowsmith's treachery. My loyal wife did not want to go. Her folks came over from Iceland to help her and to see what could be done. My own heart was breaking at the thought of being alone in all that danger and mess, without the sweetest and dearest human being I had ever known, and my precious kids. But I realized she simply had to go, and I had to stay and fight.

I knew what could happen in a year's separation, even to people as much in love as we were, and warned my wife that she might get too comfortable and safe up there, and might not want to come back. But she seemed to have the faith of an angel, and I had to fight with her to get her to agree to go. Over and over she scolded me for mentioning the possibility that she would grow away from me up there, and that nothing on earth could ever spoil our marriage no matter how long I had to fight. Even when I told her I felt sure I would go to prison, she would not lose her faith. So I made arrangements for my family to go up to Iceland.

Her folks generously paid for packing and shipping her belongings as well as the tickets for Thora and the children, and they promised to send her back again, after no more than a year, by which time I should have been able to fight my way out of the present mess.

I drove the family up to Idlewild International Airport in New York. It was a terrible moment in our lives as I held that dear person close, looked into her tear-filled eyes and sent her out of my life for the worst year each of us was ever to face. I hugged all my little ones; Ricky, too excited by the airplanes to notice the tragedy much, fat little "Grampaw" who was fighting with his pixy-like little sister Jeannie; and tiny baby Evelyn. Then I drove away into the lonely, empty battle.

I had no money, no job, no possibility of getting employment; my house was to be seized by court order and I faced the most gigantic and vindictive power on earth. I expected to spend most of the year in jail, after the Atlanta bombing. It is almost needless to say that most of my 'friends' -- the 'die-hards' -- had deserted me. I truly felt alone.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER XV.

As I walked around the silent and empty house, my footsteps echoing in emphasis of the utter loneliness, I was tempted to assure myself that this was certainly as low as we could get in life. The sight of a little baby dress left behind, a one-armed doll in the kids' room, my wife's last half-consumed cup of coffee -- these reminders of my loss very nearly overcame my self-control, and pushed me to the brink of sobbing, out of self-pity.

In my innermost being, however, I knew there were yet more agonies before I could safely imagine the worst to be over. One does not win a whole new world with ordinary sorrows and agonies, but only after enduring and surmounting the utmost of tragedies and agonies of truly olympian dimensions.

I spent Thanksgiving and Christmas alone and ostracized by the 'die-hards' and most of the 'conservatives' who called to explain that they would have liked to invite me to dinner, etc., but that I would 'understand' that it was 'too dangerous'. The utility companies grew discouraged about not being paid and the phone and lights were cut off. I was in court day after day, without an attorney, fighting desperately to keep the 'home' which Arrowsmith had guaranteed' us.

In spite of my notoriety and the fear inspired by my name, I was able to get some odd jobs here and there. Little by little, I paid enough on the bills to put the lights back on and even got my phone back. I boned up on the law fiercely, until I was one day able to face Arrowsmith's highly-paid attorney before the circuit court judge -- and win an agreement to settle. The day I won the agreement should have made me happy. Victory in such an uneven and bitter battle should have been sweet. But when I went 'home' to that cold and empty house which had been so filled with noisy children and a warm, loving wife, my 'victory' seemed almost worse than defeat. For the first time I discovered the brutal joke of fate in granting happiness which cannot be shared with somebody you love. Since then, I have won goal after goal, and have earned and received the applause of thousands of fine people all over the earth, but all their praise, all the victories -- even walking into the White House -- can never equal in human satisfaction the tender, blessed smile of my wife at even the smallest advance we shared together.

I, the supposed master of 'hate' in the world, since the demise of Adolf Hitler, am blessed or cursed with a soft, loving and love-craving nature. Since I have been without my wife, I have learned the full, horrible and indescribable bitterness of victory unshared, of triumph unloved. Sunday afternoons, this past summer, after I have come back from major successes against the howling mobs of Jews and won over the crowds with two hours of sustained oratory, which left me drenched and exhausted, but victorious -- I have tasted the unutterable bitterness of coming back to the congratulations of my Party comrades, admiring women and friends -- and my empty room. No physical blows I have received or will receive, no jails, no courts, no insane asylums and no smears can hurt me inside as much as the enforced lack of my beloved wife and family to share the successes I am increasingly able to wring from a brutal world. But seen objectively, my political battle was far from lost.

Behind me I had almost five years of rough, tough apprenticeship, during which I had made my mistakes and learned my lessons. I would not repeat these errors, and thus was approaching that state of technical virtuosity in the art of manipulating people and events which is the mark of the professional revolutionary. I had progressed from artistry with paints, paper and words to achieve at least the minimum professional ability in the highest form of art: politics. In all the other arts, one manipulates a limited number of materials and ideas to

achieve a very limited aim. In politics alone does the art encompass the whole earth and all that is in it. In the battle of real politics, not the disgusting sham 'Politics' of 'Democrats' and 'Republicans' -- which are nothing more than struggles to shove the next hog from his place at the slop-trough -- in constructive and therefore revolutionary politics, one's canvas is humanity itself, one's paints are the whole range of ideas, words, graphic arts, bluff and the minutest facets of human existence -- while one's brushes are not only vocal chords, pamphlets, television and all the rest of the media of public expression, but one's fists, one's very life itself! It is not by accident that many of the world's great revolutionaries and politicians have been artists.

Unlike the millions of my 'fellow right-wingers', I had become a hardened and determined revolutionary, destined either to achieve the objectives about which they only talked, or die. As I sat alone in that empty house or lay alone in that even emptier bed in the silent, empty darkness, the full realization of what I was about bore in upon me with fearful urgency. I realized there was no turning back. As long as I lived, I was marked with the stigma of anti-Jewishness.

It was not an empty boast when ADL Chairman Meier Steinbrink, a New York State Supreme Court justice, snarled to his fellow Anti-Defamation League members: "We must never forgive them! [patriots] We must drive them into the sewers. We must fill our jails and lunatic asylums with 'anti-semitic' gangsters!" I could never again hope to earn a 'normal' living. The Jews could not survive unless they made an example of me the rest of my life, otherwise too many others might be tempted to follow my example. My 'Rubicon' had been crossed and it was fight and win -- or die.

With these thoughts in mind, I went to the post office one morning and found a big carton waiting for me. It was from James K. Warner, one of our first supporters. Inside I found, carefully and lovingly folded, a huge Nazi flag, eighteen feet long. It was one of the strokes of destiny I have come to expect.

There was no doubt in my mind. I went home, drew the livingroom blinds closed and hung the beautiful banner completely across the wall. In the center I mounted a plaque of Adolf Hitler. Then I placed a small bookcase under it and set three lighted candles in front. I stood before my holy altar to Adolf Hitler, alone in the silent house, without a single soul knowing what I was doing -- or caring. Then, for the first time since I had lost my Christian religion, I experienced the soul-thrilling upsurge of emotion which is denied our modern, sterile, atheist 'intellectuals', but nevertheless remains the force which has moved the human race for countless centuries: religious experience. As I looked at the stern face of the greatest mind in twenty centuries, I felt the unbelievable flood of 'religious' power pouring into me which would be easily understood by any savage Indian standing on a mountain top at sunrise and communing with the Great Spirit before battle. the very power which the so-called intellectuals have denied themselves because of their conceit that they can 'know' everything.

I recalled the words of the Leader: "When human hearts break and human souls despair, the great vanquishers of distress and care, of shame and misery, of intellectual unfreedom and physical duress look down upon them from the twilight of the past, and hold out their eternal hands to faint-hearted mortals. Woe to the people that is ashamed to grasp them!"

I was moved beyond the power of words to describe. Goose-pimples rose all over me, my hair stood on end, my eyes filled with tears of love and gratitude for this greatest of all conquerors of human misery and shame, and my breath came in little gasps. If I had not known that the Leader would have scorned such adulation, I might have fallen to my knees in unashamed worship, but instead, I drew myself to attention, raised my arm in the eternal salute of the ancient Roman legions and repeated the holy words, "Heil Hitler!" -- meaning every syllable with all my heart, mind and soul.

No longer was Adolf Hitler only a great mind to me. Now I realized the inscrutable power of the human soul. Now I knew why the power of that human soul for ten thousand years, again and again, has conquered the mightiest aggregates of physical force and tyranny, regardless of odds or possibilities! I had run the full circle from savage and childish animal instinct -- the primitive stage of most of humanity -- to conceited and sterile intellectualism -- the stage of our convinced Marxists and 'liberals' -- and finally, I had, with the help of the Great Leader, found my way back to the natural understanding of the world given free to every dog and worm, every ape and man, of which the intellect is only a sort of recent development or 'trick'. I had found my way to that unconscious understanding of eternal riddles which can only be called "wisdom" -- the same perception of the essence of things which has, in different guises, formed the basis of the teachings of all great leaders in all times.

As the emotional storm subsided within me, it left me filled with the holy sense of mission which is the fundamental weapon and armor of a revolutionary leader. Where before I had wanted to fight the forces of tyranny and regression, now I had to fight them. But even more, I felt within me the power to prevail -- strength beyond my own strength -- the ability to do the right thing, even when I was personally overwhelmed by events. And that strength has not failed me, nor will it fail. It is the power beyond the atom, the force called "religious" by the non-intellectual, "psychological self-hypnotism" by the 'brains' of today, and the "unknowable" by those who have learned true wisdom. I knew with calm certainty exactly what to do and I knew, in a hard-to-explain sense, what was ahead. It was something like looking at a road from the air, after seeing only the curve ahead from the ground.

The world was obviously building up to an unheard of, unprecedented clash between the dark forces of massed ignorance, greed, envy, hatred and stupidity -- mustered and led by the scheming Jew -- versus the waning forces of Nature's elite -- the White Man. The Jew, with his Marxist-Democratic idea of the supremacy of mere numbers threatens to overwhelm the White Man throughout the world by the sheer mass of the teeming colored, inferior races which outnumber the White builders of civilization by more than seven to one.

Adolf Hitler had shown the way to survival. It would be my task on this earth to, carry his ideas and his living example to total, world-wide victory. I knew I would not live to see the victory which I would make possible, but I would not die before I had made that victory certain. I had not long to wait before Destiny drew the curtain on the first act in my new role.

There was a knock on the door one evening as I sat, lonely and wondering, by the fire. I opened it and found a man named Eugene Collton standing there with two other men I had never seen before. Gene was a 27 year-old right-winger I had met only recently. He introduced one of the men, a bluff and very husky construction worker type, as J.V. Morgan and the other as Louis Yalacki -- a deceptively good-looking little guy who was almost 'pretty', but who was tough as nails underneath.

Collton was not too surprised by my big Nazi banner and the candles, but the other two staggered back in disbelief and horror. They had not been prepared for anything like this! They were indignant at what appeared to them to be treason, as both of them were service veterans, 100% loyal to America -- and were with Collton mostly because they hated niggers. Collton had told them he would take them to see a man who was really fighting the situation, but had not told them I was a Nazi or anything about his own Hitlerism. Morgan and Yalacki were undecided whether to fight or leave, or stay and listen, but finally Collton persuaded them to hear the story.

So they came in and, in the fire and candle light, I gave them an intense, fundamental little talk in earthy terms which they could understand. I explained that the Negro was too unambitious, unintelligent and good-natured to

be causing all the 'nigger trouble' by himself, and that common, ordinary, plain old 'niggers' were often pretty good fellows when they didn't push. The two agreed. It was only when they were agitated, irritated and organized by other than Black people that the good-natured, laughing, easy-going 'niggers' became the aggressive, nasty, repulsive 'colored people' typified by the NAACP. Again they agreed. Then I drove in hard the evidence that both the NAACP and CORE are financed and led, not by Negroes, but by communistic Jews. This was a novel idea for them, but when I showed them the pictures of ugly Arthur Springarn, head of the NAACP and Marvin Rich, head of CORE, they began to understand the idea. Then I went into the rest of the Jewish picture and saw their minds following me stumblingly, reluctantly -- but inevitably. The facts are simply too damning not to believe, once they are presented, even to uneducated Americans.

Then I told them how the Jews, using especially their money and domination of the news and entertainment media, were organizing the vast hordes of the earth's colored people, mostly with the help of Marxism, against the outnumbered and weak White Man, against whom they were using the weapon of 'democracy' in which there would be seven colored votes for every White vote. I told them that we could not survive by talk, but must fight for survival as did our forebears -- and that the only way to fight legally and thus successfully, was as Nazis -- tough, all-out White Men!

The result was that in the space of three or four hours, I had four Nazis, instead of just me. Morgan and Yalacki were all for total battle immediately, but Collton felt it had to be done more carefully and slowly. They began to come to little gatherings every evening, and I slowly educated the two new men as to the appalling facts of our historical situation, always using the earthy terms they understood.

Then I decided it was time to stand forth and make our fight, and that the way to do it was to open the doors and big windows to the heavily-traveled boulevard so that the public could see our Nazi flag and altar, our candles, red searchlights, etc. I even got an infrared light for the banner itself, for the psychological effect of the heat it threw out, in addition to the eerie, red glow it cast. We have made it safely now, of course, but at that time, such conduct seemed mad and suicidal. Gene Collton sincerely felt that such a course would be wrong until we had at least ten men, and detached himself from the effort, but Louis and J.V. were, by this time, hard to hold back. They wanted to fight as much as possible and right away, anything and anybody, to defend the White Man.

We got ourselves brown shirts, armbands and leather belts. J.V. brought his rifles, revolvers and holsters. Consciously and purposefully we swaggered around the house in the most dramatic and provocative fashion, knowing that this would be too much for the Jews to stomach.

At first it was just kids who came to stare and hoot and throw rocks, but we were not discouraged and knew that, sooner or later, the Jews would be unable to ignore this challenge.

One night, a big, expensive car stopped out front to allow its occupants to appreciate our dramatic display of banners, searchlights and storm troopers. We could see somebody taking notes inside. A few nights later, we found out who it had probably been, when Drew Pearson let go at us with a smashing national broadside about the dreadfulness of it all: Nazis only a few minutes from the Lincoln Memorial, etc. This reaction was right in line with my reasoning that a calm, calculating Jew is dangerous, but a wildly angry and fearful Jew, raving and frothing about 'Nazis', is raw meat for our teeth. And it worked!

Instead of the intelligent and obvious countermeasures they could have used, via their controlled press, they panicked. If they had smeared us then, all over the front pages, with plenty of pictures and incited the mobs sufficiently, we would have been quickly finished off before I could have gained strength, but they could not

bring themselves to 'give publicity' to a man they knew was openly announcing that he would force them to give it, so they put a tight blanket of silence about us in the papers. Night after night there were riots around our headquarters, with shooting through the windows, but the press was silent about it all. The whole area was alive with talk about us, but the press pretended we did not exist! I put out thousands of leaflets, door-to-door, pointing out to the citizens the power of the Jews to suppress such news, right before their eyes, and the effect was devastating. Even the soft-headed 'liberals' could see that if a minority could enforce censorship on the press on one issue, they could do it on another, on an issue about which the 'liberals' might not approve censorship!

Meanwhile, we had begun to gather recruits, exactly as I had foreseen, because of our fight. Best of all, these were not 'talking patriots', but tough workers, truck-drivers, etc. -- fighting men who had enough 'niggers' and Jew minority tyranny. Hundreds and hundreds of people came to our headquarters every day to talk to me and to see for themselves what kind of 'creature' I was.

Once again, the Jew lies caused their own downfall, for I convinced more than three out of five of the simpering, supercilious visitors that I was not a monster, nor a liar, nor a fake -- as the Jews insisted -- but a most sincere and truthful White American patriot, fighting the only possible way to save us from catastrophe.

We began to win most of the high school kids to our side and we became the major topic of discussion in all the schools for miles around. The Jews forced the teachers to spread the wildest lies about myself, our headquarters and ideas -- including the vicious story that my wife had left me, that I had tried to drown my kids, that I was insane and that we were a gang of criminals and traitors.

Our windows were all smashed out by large rocks thrown from speeding cars. Pies, catsup, paint and stinkbombs were regularly heaved in our direction, day and night, but our armed storm troopers stood guard out front and nobody dared attack us personally.

One day, several hundred people gathered down the street in a parking lot, and we knew we were going to have to face a pretty deadly mob. We were armed, but it would have been the end of the party to shoot or kill anybody. I had to figure out some way of stopping the mob, short of shooting. I decided to use psychology as our weapon.

I got my camera ready with an enormous electronic flashgun and, when the mob approached, I ran at them with the camera and started taking flash photos of the leaders. They got scared and turned their backs! That was all I needed. I jeered at them, letting everyone know just what cowards I thought they were. The mob dispersed and straggled away. The attack had been repulsed!

My personal life, meanwhile, was almost unbearable. I suffered an agonizing loneliness and heartache for my wife and children, and she suffered the same deprivation in Iceland. I got tear-stained letters and heart-breaking tapes from my wife, who was catching the very devil from her folks for having anything to do with me. Her sufferings were worse than mine, for I, at least, had an absorbing mission to keep my mind occupied. She had nothing but four squabbling little children to look after, no husband, nor social life and no money, except that which her father gave her, and for which she had to account for, penny by penny. But at least she was safe from the happenings in Arlington, and she would not starve, as I was doing. I was living on small parcels of food brought by faithful troopers and friends -- stale bread, dented cans, etc.

Floyd Fleming, the man who had stood so staunchly behind John Kasper, came over to see what was going on.

He was at first repelled by the Nazi flag, but little by little, I was able to make him see that it was the only way to force our way through the Jewish press blockade and to attract the young fighting men we so desperately needed.

Daily the number of visitors grew. Many of them were beginning to come from colleges and universities, and I won their minds and hearts, too. Most of them came out of curiosity, but there was a good percentage who came determined to wreck the place, once and for all. One such 'wrecking crew' was comprised of seventeen large fraternity men from the University of Maryland.

They all came in and I made them sit down in front of me, as was my practice, while I kept a loaded .45 on the table at my hand. I had two armed storm troopers, standing in, both corners of the room at all times, and another, at the front door. Several times as I talked, one of them got up and went over near the big Nazi banner on the wall. He was courteously, but firmly sent back to his seat by one of my men. We later learned that these men were armed and that they had planned to give us a good 'lesson', beat me up, tear down the flag, bum the place and put an end to the Party.' Instead, they went back to the university and for two days, flew a Nazi flag from their fraternity house, until the university took a hand in the matter.

I began to learn the science of argument as I never had before. I particularly practiced my growing abilities on the hundreds of foul-mouthed Jews who called on the phone. I learned their standard 'arguments', their canned and unreasonable slogans and catchwords: "You can't condemn a whole group because of a few individuals," etc. and, within a few weeks, all of us became masters of such Jewish sophisms. Many at the time criticized me for 'wasting my time' with these hateful Jews on the phone, but I used them as jousting-posts and taught my men to parry their feeble thrusts and then drive home our facts and arguments in the way which always sends the Jews scurrying for their poisoned pens and their hired hoods.

Many of the characters who were attracted to us were pretty sorry specimens of humanity. One man arrived late at night with a caged bird and some kind of "sacred book". He wanted to join the Party because "the bolsheviks were ruining his sex life" and were always keeping him from having a girlfriend. He claimed that he wanted to "fight them" -- he and the bird, that is.

A lady arrived in a cab. She was festooned in ostentatious fur pieces and a crazy hat with a berry at the end of a stalk, and she insisted on telling me about the "Jewish underground". I told her I knew about it and that we were fighting it.

"Yes," she said, "but we have got to dig them out! They're down there now, grinding up the bones and the flesh!" She explained to me that the Jews had underground passages running from their "sin-agogs" which honeycombed the earth. In these wicked resorts, she explained desperately and passionately, the devils were mashing up people they plucked from society into a poisonous slime which they then secretly put into the food of the rest of us, to ruin our minds!

This woman was the wife of a one-time U.S. ambassador, believe it or not. I sent her away with as much sympathy as I could muster.

The nights were difficult for me, not only because of the crushing loneliness, but because of the attacks. At that time, nobody was living with me, and the troops all had to leave at ten or eleven. Sometimes, especially on Friday or Saturday nights, carloads of hoods would appear at twelve or one A.M., and I would have to hold them off alone until I could get to the phone to call the cops.

Morgan and Yalacki did yeoman work cooling down the worst of the hot-heads. They would sit in their high-powered cars with the lights off and, when a carload would go by hurling missiles, they would light out after them like hornets -- even when the odds were five or six to one against them. I did not go on any of these wild, careening chases and cannot vouch personally for what happened, but I do know that the attacks slowed down and finally, almost stopped. We have gained such respect and mastery now, of course, that our present headquarters had only one broken window, and attacks are extremely rare. We have won most of the youth in our local area by our daring and dedication.

And, as we had planned, we put the Jews on the horns of an impossible dilemma: If they did nothing and continued the news blackout, they not only proved to the public that they were censoring the press, as we were preaching, but we continued to grow and gain thousands of young minds. On the other hand, if they pounced on us illegally and brutally, they would 'martyrize' us and give us the publicity we needed, the publicity which they were determined to deny us.

For awhile they compromised by attacking our employment. Yalacki worked at Capital Airlines and he had won a large circle of the workmen who were coming to the headquarters regularly and contributing. The Jews struck there first. Drew Pearson 'exposed' our progress at Capital, so Yalacki and the other men of the airline were told they would have to quit the Party or be fired. All but Yalacki quit. Louis, full of fight as a banty rooster, believed me when I told him it was necessary to prove that we could hold the jobs of our men, so he refused to quit the Party. He became more Nazi than ever, "Sieg Heiling" in the hangars and openly flaunting his Nazi beliefs. We were legal, honest, patriotic and for America, not against it. We were not totalitarians. There was no reason why we should be fired because of Jew pressure, and we wrote the airline management a letter to that effect and made it clear that if they fired Louis, we would give them all the legal trouble we could invent, from pickets to lawsuits.

Faced with the snarling Jews on one side and adamant, open Nazis on the other, the management decided to be fair. Louis did not lose his job! It was a major victory for us, and we knew the Jews could not tolerate such a situation.

They fell back on their old terror tactics -- threatening Louis' kids and his wife, making filthy phone calls and applying every form of rotten pressure imaginable. We absorbed it all and laughed at them.

Late one afternoon I was alone at headquarters, printing more programs down in the cellar. Suddenly, the door behind me burst open and five or six men rushed in. I recognized a deputy sheriff and some county officials. They shoved a paper at me and told me it was a raid. There were more officials to be let in upstairs at the front door, they said. I went upstairs and discovered the place surrounded by police cars with red lights flashing, a huge mob, reporters, cops, sheriffs, etc. I opened the front door and greeted Sheriff Taylor and another horde of officials. Behind them were the newspaper reporters, a whole pack of them. I ordered these out and bid the officials enter.

There were fourteen of them, including the Captain of Police, the County Prosecutor, top detectives, the County Sheriff and other dignitaries. They searched everywhere, confiscated everything Nazi or conceivably Nazi, "for evidence" and presented me with a summons on a criminal charge.

While all this was going on, as they were probing every closet, the cellar and the attic. I was taking flash photographs and had them developed and printed before the raiding party departed. One of these photos was on the Washington area TV less than 45 minutes after the raid -- along with a Jewish newspaper story that I was so

"hysterical" that I had run from "room to room" during the raid in fear and terror, screaming and shrieking! The Washington Evening Star paid me \$10 for the print they used, and I photostated the check, expecting something like this Jewish lie.

A meeting had been scheduled for the Party that evening and, as soon as I saw all the cops, and before I learned that they were not going to seize me personally, I called the others on the phone and warned them not to come. A few minutes later, I heard shouting and yelling outside and then knocks on the door. It was my troopers, heroically coming to face whatever was to be faced with me -- shouldering and fighting their way through the mob around the house! Morgan was asked for an interview by a particularly obnoxious little kike and roared at him: "Out of my way, you filthy Jew!" This tickled the crowd. As each man entered, he shouted "Sieg Heil!" at the top of his lungs, showing the caliber of our defiance of this latest Jewish pressure.

When the house was stripped, even of the magnetic tapes of music which I guess they suspected were secret codes of some kind, the raiders departed and I held a press conference with the reporters who had been straining at the leash outside.

Thus did we get a sudden flood of publicity, now that the Jews thought we were through. But we promptly got another Nazi flag, more lights, literature, etc., and opened for business again!

The Anti-Defamation League put out a whole article in their bulletin on us, however, and, with typical Jewish effrontery, analyzed and celebrated our 'demise'. They called this premature obituary "Fiasco for a Fuehrer"! How some of their contributors must want them to eat those words now!

Meanwhile, Negro groups throughout the country, and even in Africa, had been contacting us and thanking us for recognizing the sincerity and honesty of the vast majority of colored people. One leader of a group in Chicago, Mr S.A. Davis, wrote that his group felt that I was the fulfillment of Bible prophecy -- that the Black Man would serve 200 years in another land and then would return to Africa with gifts and justice at last. Once, when I called him, his wife was so emotionally overwhelmed with gratitude and religious fervor that she fainted and had to be carried to a bed shouting, "Hallelujah!"

I discovered, as we had suspected, that millions of Negroes wanted to return to Africa -- with fair treatment -- but were being silenced and prevented from doing so by the same gang of Jews who wanted their cheap labor, the hockshop and instalment plan customers, rent-payers and voters which the Blacks were swindled into furnishing them. At the same time, the Jews were agitating viciously against both Blacks and Whites to mix and destroy our White America.

Most amazing of all, we discovered that four million Negroes, believe it or not, had signed a petition to go back to Africa, even without the decent program we propose, and this fact was suppressed and the leader of the movement, Marcus Garvey, thrown in jail!

I began to go to Negro hang-outs to learn at firsthand, on the Negroes' home ground, how they feel. I openly told them they were inferior biologically, that we were ready to fight to the death to stop all race-mixing, but that we owed them a fair shake. Indeed, I proved to them the sincerity of our desire to help them out of the mess of phony 'tolerance' and 'brotherhood' which was and is leading only to chaos and bloody violence between our races. Since this was written, we have established contact with Elijah Muhammad's Black Muslims, who will inevitably win American Negroes with their inspiring and much misrepresented movement.

With no funds for a lawyer, and no lawyer who would defend me if we did have the funds, I went to court, time after time, alone and fought the case against me inch by inch. I studied the law every spare minute and got invaluable training in the courtroom, facing the hot-tempered Irish prosecutor, William Hassan. I learned to disarm his impassioned oratory to the judge with humble, sincere and quiet statements. Observing the prosecutor's red-hot nature, which once led him to whack a lawyer in the teeth, right in the courtroom, I gently needled him with remarks which blew him into a puffing dragon. In particular, I continually apologized to the judge for the prosecutor's miserable case and arguments, and explained that I understood that he was forced into this sorry pass by all the "pressure" from a certain group. At the word "pressure", the prosecutor would leap up, bang the table, holler, turn red, bellow, roar and threaten to attack me. I would draw back in 'surprise' and 'terror' at this display, and the judge would hide his face behind his hand for a smile he couldn't restrain.

As I won point after point, I also won the respect of the court, the judges and the officials of the county. I learned this for sure when the sheriff, the same man my wife and I had fought at our door, and who had raided me, called me into his office to help me all he legally could before my trial. I had proved what I had felt sure of, and that will win the battle for us eventually. Human courage, pluck -- yes, heroism -- is irresistible. A gang of sneaks and creeps such as now grinds our people under their heels cannot prevail against open and heroic determination and win. Even with all their money, power, media-control and brainwashing subversion, the Jews will fall before the pure, white heat of our idealism and devotion, no matter how tiny the flame seems to be now.

As all this was going on, the period of occupancy in the house I had won from Arrowsmith was drawing to a close, and my lads could not believe he would throw us out into the streets after the victories we had won, and with the promising future we obviously had ahead of us. They tried again and again to get Arrowsmith to agree to some kind of deal, any kind of deal, to keep fighting, but our 'fat-cat' hated me so much for defying and overcoming his peevish spoiled little boy's wishes that he appeared determined to ruin and smash me if he could. On June 15, the agreement ran out -- and the Jews were jubilant. Drew Pearson gloated from coast to coast that we would soon be "driven from the banks of the Potomac." It looked like the end of us, to be sure. I was still facing the criminal charges in court; we had no money; all the printing and other equipment was gone, and now we were faced with no place to stay. To top all these losses, I received another lesson in human psychology.

With the increasing, arrogant attacks by the Jews on their employment and the apparently hopeless situation in regard to maintaining the headquarters, all but three of my troopers quit. No amount of shaming or pleading could get them to stand by their oaths and promises to go through hell itself with us to victory. It was hard for me to believe, and very bitter medicine.

Morgan, Yalacki and a non-member named Cary Hansel were my only faithful helpers in those impossible days, during which I had to borrow a truck and move out. We were unable to find any place to move into except a tiny shack far out in the back-woods of Fairfax County, so we took that. It had no lights, water, toilet facilities or anything else, but it did accommodate our boxes and piles of stuff, and it did have a bed of sorts. I spent the months of June and July out there alone, broke, roasting alive in the heat, without seeing another human being for three or four days at a stretch. The Jews discovered the place by following one of my visitors, so I had the added humiliation of small airplanes which would glide silently over the tree-tops, their occupants leaning out the windows with press cameras, hoping to get undignified pictures of me.

Letters from my wife were coming to be less and less frequent, and less filled with the fanatical devotion I loved so much in her. I needed all the sustaining love I could get, and kept heckling her for more mail. Finally, I wrote a relatively sharp letter asking why she couldn't write more often.

I got back a magnetic tape, but couldn't play it because there was no electricity, so I lugged the tape recorder to a nearby church which was empty, sneaked into the basement, plugged in the machine and listened to my wife's voice. What I heard chilled my blood. For the first time in our lives, she sounded really distant and even a little nasty.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER XVI.

Now began the months which were to be the most soul-crushing in my life. My wife began to complain that her parents were begging her to divorce me, and called it their "campaign". I told her the best thing to do was to come home immediately, before anything could happen to our marriage. We could go someplace and work quietly together the best way we could to repair our fortunes. There was no answer to this, but then came a demand to get out of politics for good and all. I wrote long, long letters out there in the hot fields on a little portable typewriter and mailed almost none of them. I knew philosophy and political arguments were the last things to write to a wife in Thora's embattled position, but it was almost impossible to write anything else which made sense.

During the time in the Fairfax shack, Morgan, Yalacki and Hansel had decided to make an all-out effort to get me closer to town where they could get together and help more. They scrounged around and managed to rent a little basement for me in a home in Arlington. Then we borrowed the truck again and moved the ton or so of books, furniture and other paraphernalia to the new haven. These possessions completely filled up the tiny cellar rooms.

Meanwhile, the neighbors had somehow discovered who was to be the new roomer and were going around with a petition. Some of them explained that it was nothing personal -- they were just afraid of riots, etc. in the neighborhood, which was understandable. The landlord tried to throw me out immediately but I refused to move that very instant, of course. It was impossible, and I asked for ten days. At first he demanded instant removal, but a reminder of my reputation as a fighter in court cooled him down and got me the ten days. The Jews further stirred up everybody on the matter, and soon the Arlington zoning officials appeared to evict me immediately as - - a health menace!

While battling this harassment, I searched for another place to light and Carey Hansel agreed to let me stay in his apartment in Falls Church while his wife and children were away for the summer. Once again, we gathered up the roomfuls of stuff and put it into the borrowed truck. This time, to avoid further breakage and loss, we decided to put the things in a rented garage, rather than keep on moving them.

I was existing on a tiny trickle of funds from two or three people who were extremely loyal and a few, odd jobs I could get here and there from sympathizers. I tried to work in a sign incognito, but inevitably, somebody recognized me and the would-be friendly employer had to ask me to leave.

The mail from my wife began to be heartbreaking. More and more she complained of the "campaign" of her parents, who said they would disown her if she came back to me when I was still in politics, and so forth.

I could see that my marriage was at stake I decided to drop politics long enough to repair my financial situation and save my dear family. I went out after work with all I had, managing to get several odd art jobs, some work making signs and other small bits of income. A lot of Arlington businessmen were sympathetic to me and did what they could to give me work, but were usually away before I could settle down to anything substantial. Nevertheless, I succeeded in gathering together various heterogeneous 'accounts' all over the area -- people who paid me to exert my talents at promotion in various forms. I also managed to get the old Cadillac fixed up a bit and was starting up a silk-screen business. I had even saved some money for the family.

Then one day I got another bombshell from Iceland: a letter stating that my wife's parents had laid down the condition that I must earn \$150 per month for a period of at least three months, have a better car, and make other arrangements for the payment of debts, etc., all of which would require me to be earning five or six thousand dollars before my wife returned and our family could be reunited. If she came back without these conditions being fulfilled, Thora said, they would disown and disinherit her.

Under the circumstances, these conditions were impossible. Nowhere in America could I earn any such money as that, at least, not for a long time. I could not understand my wife making such a demand. Her best friend and cousin was the wife of the first secretary of the Icelandic Embassy, so I went to this very charming girl and laid the whole thing before her. She was wonderfully sympathetic and assured me that her letters from my wife indicated nothing but an aching desire to reunite our family, and that it was probably only pressure from the parents which was causing the difficulty.

Since they insisted on my being out of politics and since they had so much influence upon my helpless wife, whom they were supporting -- and since I could not fulfill the conditions they and she demanded, here in America, I asked her friend what she thought of the possibility of my going to her, of my working in Iceland for the family, where there were only two Jews, and where I knew my talents and abilities could provide a good living, pay her father back the money he had spent supporting my family and give me time to repair the heartbreaking breach in our family. My wife's friend thought this a wonderful idea, and so did her husband, the Icelandic First Secretary, when he heard it. I wrote this plan to my wife and told her I was willing to come up there, but she decided to give up the impossible conditions and come down here instead, providing I had a house, a job and other possibilities of supporting the family.

I was overjoyed by this news and spared no effort to gain a minimum foothold for my family's security, even in the difficult circumstances. I pushed the little silk-screen business, doing signs for real estate and trucking firms. By putting an ad in the paper I got several small promotional accounts. My situation was far from good, but I was managing to make enough money to survive and even save some for the family. Carey Hansel's family had returned to his apartment and I moved into a room at Louis Yalacki's house. I rented a house for my supposedly returning family and began to make plans for the joyous home-coming. Daily I wrote my wife long letters, recounting my small victories in squeezing jobs and money out, in spite of the Jewish pressure and employers' fears.

Suddenly, there was a strange silence from Iceland. Then one day came a letter from my wife to the effect that her father had suddenly and unexpectedly been called to America "on business", and that he would come and look over my arrangements for the family within a day or so! I knew the super-methodical, ruthless business methods of my wife's father and how far in advance he planned every move. Now, suddenly, he was called to America "on business", exactly two weeks before my wife and children were scheduled to return.

I called Shell's New York office, where I had already met the managers who dealt with Iceland and Mr Hallgrímsson, and they didn't know he was coming. A little further checking, and I knew for sure what I had suspected: the "business" of the trip was to see what the situation was before my wife returned, and possibly was intended to prevent her returning at all.

This kind of horsing around while my marriage hung in the balance was extremely aggravating, with all the struggle I was having, and I talked it over with my little circle of faithful supporters. Nevertheless, I made a wrong decision.

Since my wife's father, and maybe she too, were playing games, I would do the same, I decided. I had a promise from one man to buy us a house, which has subsequently been fulfilled, but I decided to claim that I had already bought it in order to convey a better impression of security. When the old gentleman arrived, I took him to see the rented house and told him it was being purchased. I showed him the bank deposit slips for the small sum I had in the bank and the contract for work which I had with the trucking firm. He seemed impressed by all this, but I should have known and remembered him better than to think that I had so easily fooled such an experienced and successful old business wolf. The next day, we met in his hotel room and he started asking me penetrating questions about the mortgage payments, etc. In other words, I made a real ass of myself. The only course seemed to be to tell her to go back to Iceland and ask my wife to wait until I had things under better control, and this is what I did.

Then, as he was on his way back to New York and hence, Iceland, I began to realize how dangerous such a course would be for our marriage. I called my wife long distance and asked her if she loved me and wanted to come home. Her answer was burning and passionate: "Yes! Yes! Yes!" She said she would take a plane back by October 21, and I collapsed exhausted, but happy beyond words.

I redoubled my efforts to have things ready for the family's arrival, only to receive an odd letter a few days later saying she was coming alone to look things over, and that she would not be staying with me, but her cousin!

The astonishment, shame and hurt of that was more than I could take. I went out and got a gallon of wine, and drank almost all of it. I don't remember what I did, although I know that I dropped all the work I was supposed to do. My mind was whirling and deadened, all at once. I hurt too much to think. I am convinced, as I look back on that day and the nightmarish days and nights which followed, that I was, for that time, the psychotic which the Jews would like to believe me to be. I drank and brooded and tried to fight my way to an understanding of what to do, but could see nothing, only stark tragedy. I knew I could not earn a penny if my wife subjected me to the mortal hurt of staying publicly with a friend in order to avoid sleeping with the husband who worshiped and waited for her faithfully for one whole year. I decided to do the only thing left: go at once to my wife, no matter what.

Recklessly, crazily, I sold everything I had, for practically nothing -- raised all the money I could everywhere, and made all the arrangements to go to Iceland to keep my family together. I had to battle to get a visa at the Icelandic Embassy, because of the influence of my wife's father, and the knowledge of all concerned of the personal circumstances of my request to go to Iceland. But I did it all, somehow, even arranging to have my art, photography and other professional items shipped to Iceland so I could earn a living. I dropped everything, right where it was, in the United States.

On the day that Khrushchev arrived in the country, the honest Virginia courts threw out the case against me. It had been too ridiculous to sustain, including such hysterical charges as "arm-folding" and "heel-clicking"! I was exonerated completely, after six months of battling alone. I announced to the press that I was going to Iceland to be with my family and would return after the Nation 'cooked' a little more -- after they had had a chance to see the results of more 'brotherhood', deficit spending, etc.

There was no doubt whatsoever in my mind that the deep, abiding love between my wife and me, coupled with my utter determination to do anything necessary to keep our family together would soon melt the ice which was causing the impasse, and that we would be once again the happy parents and lovers we had been before, even in the harsh circumstances we had faced.

Only three faithful friends stood by me through this awful mess: Floyd Fleming, Louis Yalacki and J.V. Morgan.

I told them I would have to go to Iceland and stay there an undetermined time while I worked to repair the damage and earned the money to repay my father-in-law in order to free my wife of the gnawing sense of dependency and obligation she now suffered. Moreover, I wanted to make my family, once again, the happiest and most united of all families I have ever known. I promised them that I would return someday, with my united family, ready to do battle as never before. These loyal friends never faltered, despite the fact that they had no idea, nor did I, of when I would return. Certainly I had no idea of how soon my return would be as I took off from New York International Airport for Iceland -- literally aching and hurting from impatience to see and hold my beloved Thora.

I had cabled my wife, advising her of my arrival time, and looked for her at the gray and depressing little airport in Reykjavik. There was no one there. I got a ride with a U.S. Army major who was there to meet his wife, and drove over to the address of the apartment I had never seen, where I knew my wife and children lived. I was laden with baggage, including a toy steam shovel and a huge doll with which I struggled up the stairs.

I knocked on that magic door, on the other side of which I could hear the little voices of my children -- voices I had ached to hear for a whole year! Then the door opened, and there stood my wife holding little Evelyn Bentina in her arms. She was wearing treader pants, and apparently had no idea that I would show up -- why, I still don't know. She stepped back in horror as I stood there, ready to hug her to pieces, and said: "What! You! What are YOU doing here!"

My little kids came out, hesitantly, to look at the toys and they seemed to recognize me. I was too stunned to move or say anything at first. Then I tried to kiss my wife and got pushed back in anger. All she could say was, "What do you mean by coming here?" -- over and over again.

I sat down on the stairs, outside her apartment, dying, shriveling and screaming with agonies inside. I will spare the reader the agonizing description of the unbelievable days and nights which followed. I was ordered out of the house. I refused and decided to fight physically, because I could not believe my wife's actions, and the lawyers and police were used to force me to leave.

I am absolutely sure I was out of my mind for several days. The grief, the hurt, the shock and horror were more than I could absorb. I drank what whiskey I could get hold of and wandered in the cold, gray, drizzly streets. Along with everything else, I had a horrible tooth-ache. I wanted to die.

In the daytime, Thora let me come back to see my children and they remembered me and loved me. They broke my heart with their endearments. Ricky, the eldest, apparently understood and told his mother that he didn't want us "to divorce". My wife talked calmly and icily to me and stayed as far as possible from me, even trying to sit in the front seat of a taxi to avoid riding with me.

Somehow, I managed to gather the strength of will to overcome the humiliation of being thrown out, and worked up a new determination to fight to keep my family together. I applied for and got a tentative O.K. on a good job at the U.S. airbase, thirty miles away at Keflavik, and was preparing to go out there to 'Siberia' to support and help the family, even without the privilege of being with them or having my wife's love. But, just as I was getting on the bus which would take me to this horrible, isolated exile in Keflavik, Thora said "I'm not sure it will be any use!" I asked her what she meant, and she said she wasn't sure she would keep our marriage, no matter what I did.

In Iceland, marriage laws are almost nonexistent. To get rid of a wife or a husband, no matter how faultless they

may be, one has only to go to the local preacher, who is also a government official, and announce one's intentions of being finished with the marriage. Automatically, and without any cause, such a person is granted a separation for one year -- and then a divorce!

My beloved wife took me along, as if we were out on a 'date', to the same preacher who had married us and asked for the machinery to be started up for a divorce. I believed it was supposed to be a 'reconciliation hearing', as it was advertised, so I begged, pleaded, cajoled and argued. I even got down on my knees before my wife and implored her to save our family, but this only made her angry and she got down on her knees and said, "See, I can get on my knees, too!" After a bit more of this farcical 'reconciliation hearing', the preacher sent me down to the local city hall to sign some kind of paper the lawyers said I had to sign, and that was it! I remembered what day it was -- October 28 -- my little girl's birthday.

In an emotional hell which I am sure is the limit of human endurance, I begged my wife to get her father to use his influence to get me out of Iceland that night on a plane, which she did. Her father loaned me the fare and got the tickets, and I took off that terrible night.

As I waited for the plane to leave Orn, the brother of my wife's ex-husband drove up in his little car and I saw my wife beside him. He had been sympathetic and helpful before, and once again, lent his assistance. He got out of the car and told me to get in. Thora had come to say goodbye! She was pouring tears. I took her in my arms, sobbing too, and begged her to tell me why -- but all she would say was that she wished it could be otherwise, more than I did!

In saner moments I might have paused to consider the madness of it all, but I can barely remember those terrible minutes. I couldn't stand it any more and jumped out of the car, entirely beyond control. They drove away into the blackness of the Icelandic night, and I stood there with the icy wind freezing the tears which poured down my face and dripped onto the black runway.

Everything in the United States was wrecked and gone when I got back. The business accounts which I had worked so desperately to obtain were gone, of course. My furniture, tools, and other possessions had all been hastily liquidated to pay for the trip to Iceland, and my political organization was mostly a memory. My friends were amazed when I returned, exactly one week from the day I left. But worse than these material losses, I felt that what religious people call a soul had gone out of my body. My will, my hope and my reason were all temporarily gone.

I went back to Yalacki's house and began to drink wine. I sold and hocked what little I had left in the world and became a disgusting bum. How anybody could have put up with me or stood by me, I will never understand. But my three faithful friends, Morgan, Yalacki and Fleming indulged me and seemed, somehow, to trust me. For hours and hours on end, I lay in the hard little bed at Louis' house and tried to understand how such a thing could have happened. When I hurt too badly inside to stand it anymore, I would bring out the wine bottle again and finally fall into a wretched slumber full of nightmarish re-enactments of the scenes in Iceland. But as the days wore on, I began to accept reality a bit, and started a conscious effort to jerk myself out of this suicidal mood.

I reflected that there was an unfortunate pattern to my life. For the second time I had lost a family, under similar circumstances. In business and creative effort, I had many times struggled and succeeded in producing something 'impossible', only to have it snatched away by non-creative, but tougher individuals -- people who were not credulous, sensitive, gentle and overly-honest -- as I had always been. I began to analyze how this had happened to me, every case I discovered it was the result of believing people and believing in them, so that I failed to take action at the first sign of disloyalty or hostility.

One of the horrifying things which happened to me in Iceland was my wife's answer when I asked her what I had done to violate our marriage vows, and if she did not also feel bound by her vows and oaths, as well as her letters in which she wrote of "everlasting love", etc. She replied coldly that these were "just words" and that "everybody breaks them." It was a cruel and brutal lesson, but one I needed desperately, for it is true. If such an unparalleled human being as my wife, such a loyal, faithful, long-suffering, good, kind and noble person could cast aside the most sacred vows and a family of six people after reaching a certain point of suffering, then indeed, all vows are just words.

People keep vows only so long as their happiness or what they believe to be their happiness depends on keeping them. I was forced to come around to foul, but unfortunately true belief of the Jews that you can't trust anybody. Cash on the barrelhead, force, power, punishment, reward and possessions alone are dependable in this world. My losses of my creations in every case had been the result of attempting to believe in promises, friendship, loyalty, love, etc.

Now an implacable destiny had graduated me from the hardest school in the world, and my diploma was inscribed in deep scars on my heart. Never again would I believe anybody just because they 'loved' me, 'promised' or because they were 'friends'. I had learned the maxim of all leaders: All men are cowards -- only the breaking points are different.

But there was still another dividend from the emotional and spiritual disaster I had suffered in Iceland. Had I managed to fight my way back to, a united family up there, after the brutal and heartbreaking battle I had experienced, the warm love of my wife and children might have overcome my sense of duty to the Cause. I might have postponed for too long the all-out battle we have fought and won here, as a shell-shocked man eschews the trenches when he can. Who would leave a warm featherbed to jump into the icy torrents in which he will most probably be drowned?

Irrational or not, I have now come to the conclusion that my beloved wife acted her essential part in a drama neither of us understood, which is the only explanation for the crazy goodbye at the airport. She booted me brutally back into the fight which was the whole purpose of my life, as I had told her, almost the first day I met her. In hurting me more terribly than I believed possible for a human being to be hurt and survive, she gave me the one last weapon I needed in order to fight and retain my victory: the most impenetrable armor on earth!

From Guadalcanal to Guam, I learned in combat that the guys who try the hardest not to get hit usually get it, and often in the tail as they sneak over a coconut log. The guys who don't give a damn, who leap up and charge shouting, "Come on you sons of bitches -- do you want to live forever!" -- the immortal Marine battle-cry of World War I -- often seem impossible for the enemy to hit!

They seem to bear a charmed life in combat. Rommel used to say, in the midst of battle, "Stand next to me. I'm bullet-proof!" And he was!

As I began to recover from my spiritual collapse, I found myself steeled and hardened, almost somnambulistic in my assured attitude. For the first time in my life, I just didn't care what happened. I became a willing tool of the titanic forces which had shaped my life. My wife had given me the priceless armor of fearlessness, and the realization began to dawn upon me that this wonderful woman had given me what I needed at just the right time.

Just about the time I regained 'consciousness', James Warner, the young man who had sent the Nazi flag, was

discharged from the Air Force for his Nazi sympathies, and he appeared at Louis' house, ready to do what he could to advance National Socialism. The fact that this young kid was ready to devote his life to our cause and to my leadership was the shock I needed to snap out of my depression.

At the same time, two brothers in Baltimore, Bernie and George Hariss, had become interested in the Cause and got in touch with us. They invited me to have Thanksgiving dinner with them.

With Louis Yalacki, J.V. Morgan, the Harisses, Warner and myself, we had the makings of a Party again. I heartily heaved the wine bottles and the depression into the ash-can and have not touched beer nor liquor for a year now. As I had done once before in Iceland, in a similar situation, I drowned my sorrows in work and asceticism.

Warner and I had to find a place to live, since two of us were too many for Yalacki. We finally got a little cabin in the woods, almost 40 miles south of Washington -- using Warner's name -- and I set to work to rebuild the Party and to plan the drive which will take us from the bottom of nothingness to world power in 1972.

With little or no money, I had to invent some of fighting which would bring us maximum returns per penny. From the outset, it was clear that what we lacked in money we would have to make up for in personal courage and drive and I decided on public distributions on the main streets of Washington of the strongest possible literature concerning the most critical question possible. The Negro situation in the Nation's Capital was the tailor-made issue I needed.

At the present rate, the Capital will be all black in a very few years. Even now, the Whites are in headlong retreat, losing their property, their lives and their liberty at the hands of rampaging hordes of agitated Negroes. Even the 'liberals' are getting lessons they can't miss in Washington, and often it is the wives of the race-mixers who get raped.

By pointing out the facts -- that it was the Communist Jews, not the Negro who were causing this impossible situation -- and by being the only pro-White voice in this black wilderness, we would force the hand of the racial agitators, liars and newspaper censors. At first there had been four of us in Washington, but Louis and I had a falling out and he left the Party. Thus it was an 'army' of three Nazis who descended on Washington in the weeks before Christmas with our carefully prepared, but pitifully few handbills. Alone, we stood forth on the street corners with our red-emblazoned handbills, waving the sheets so that a passersby could see the huge letters: "WHITE MAN! ARE YOU GOING TO BE RUN OUT OF YOUR NATION'S CAPITAL WITHOUT A FIGHT?" On the back, each sheet documented the Jewish-Communist background of the trouble and the race-mixing. We minced no words, but openly declared our purpose to be the gassing of the Jew traitors -- in accordance with the U.S. Constitution.

Results were not long in coming. We had little difficulty with the blacks, who pretty much ignored us, but the Jews went wild! They screamed at us spit at us, tore up the leaflets and threw them at us. They did everything possible to scare us and to have us locked up. The Corporation Counsel of the District of Columbia studied our leaflet and ruled that it was legal. That was before the full pressure of militant Jewry struck his department.

We persisted, braving the mobs of howling, screaming Jews -- just the three of us. Sometimes one of us couldn't make it, and so there would only be two. We defied them!

Finally, the Jews resorted to their usual 'argument' when they are beaten by the facts: violence. A huge and

wealthy Jew named Berman suddenly appeared with five other big Jews, grabbed my stack of leaflets, and started to scuffle until Berman was grabbed by Morgan. There would have been an all-out battle except for the instantaneous action of the police, who seized both the Jew and Morgan. The papers could no longer cover up such riotous action, as they had been ignoring the presence of Nazis with what the Jews called "gas-chamber pamphlets" heretofore. They simply had to report it!

In the meantime, the Jewish groups had been steadily pressing the Navy to throw me out, and the Navy had been as steadily resisting. I was doing nothing wrong or illegal and everybody knew it. But now, with publicity, they won their way, as cabinet officers and President felt the Jewish lash. The Navy called before a hearing board, and, although I demonstrated the absolute propriety of all my actions as a Commander in the Reserve, and had an almost perfect record they hastily gave me an Honorable Discharge.

* * * * *

Statement Of

COMMANDER GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL

United States Naval Reserve (1315 -- 106684)

Presented at a Hearing Before a Board of Officers of the Navy Department Feb. 1960 at the Pentagon, Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

Before I present my defense against the charges which have caused the Navy Department to institute proceedings against my commission as a Commander in the Naval Reserve, I should like to express my deep appreciation for this fair opportunity to defend myself, and to assure the Board that I shall not abuse the privilege nor take any longer than may be absolutely necessary.

It may seem odd that an officer should express gratitude at the opportunity to defend himself against charges, but I am unhappily aware of other Reserve Officers in other services who have held far less radical political opinions than myself but who have nevertheless been summarily dismissed with no opportunity to present their defense at all, as I shall demonstrate later.

Newspapermen and members of the group I have opposed have assumed and in some cases even boasted that this hearing is an empty and meaningless formality, and the decision has been made before I received my first word of the proceedings in the newspapers and on the radio and TV. But, on the other hand the highest officials in the Navy Department have personally assured me that this hearing is NOT an empty formality, that it is NOT rigged, and I believe them, Gentlemen. I have loved the Navy and served it, and my Country loyally whenever called upon for almost twenty years, and I have never seen or known anything so dishonorable as would be such a procedure. I believe and trust in the assurance I have been given that, should the facts and evidence I give here so indicate, the Board will find that my private political activities have not and do not militate against my mobilization potential, and that the Board will recommend that I NOT be dismissed or discharged, in spite of the fearful pressure which all hands have told me has been brought to bear. And, should the Board recommend my retention, I have further been assured by the official concerned that the Board's recommendations will be respected and considered as they properly should.

With the deepest gratitude for a fair hearing, therefore, I have done my utmost to prepare a statement and gather evidence which, in the short time is reasonable, will, I hope, convince the members of this Board that it would not only NOT be in the best interest of the Navy and the Country to dismiss me from the service, but that my retention in the face of the organized pressure on the Navy Department will be a great and historic service to our American republic and our beleaguered people.

Now it is improbable that any of you gentlemen know me personally. Most of you have had no opportunity to form any judgment of me or my ideas and activities except through extreme, partial and distorted reports in a press which depends for its economic existence on the very group which I have opposed. I can imagine the thoughts which must have bounced around in your head as you prepared for this meeting -- as you tried to picture the "lunatic"-the "odd-ball" -- or the villain -- you could not help but imagine this guy Rockwell to be. I am not hurt by such epithets. I am used to them. Every day hundreds of people come to see this "nutty monkey" in his "madhouse," which is as I would have it, because I am thus enabled to TALK to these people and win many of them. But I am concerned here lest this preconceived notion of my "madness" -- or this PREJUDICE, might so color and influence the Board, quite understandably, that it would not be able to accept the hard facts and the evidence I have to present to it, except as the frenetic frothings of a "lunatic."

To help establish what I hope is the fact that I am a sane, reasonably intelligent and competent American, and that my facts and evidence are worthy of the most careful consideration, I should like to respectfully show the members a few copies of a magazine with which you may be familiar, U.S. LADY. This is a magazine for the wives of officers and men of the armed forces. Perhaps your wives read and enjoy it. It was I who started and organized and drove that magazine into business in spite of the statements of the best informed professional opinion that it was "insane" to try to launch an international magazine on less than a million or so. My total capital was three hundred dollars, and, without meaning to boast, Gentlemen, I was able to succeed with the "insane" project, where even such luminaries as Mrs. George Catlett Marshall and dozens of others with more funds and influence had failed. U.S. LADY is published all over the world and reprinted often in Reader's Digest. Again, this is not to boast, but to demonstrate that a man able to accomplish this specific task is not a "lunatic."

I should also like to submit to the Board a few copies of the American Mercury, for which I wrote articles, including the two here on the Marine Corps, defending it against the disloyal and vicious attacks which were then being made on this great arm of the Navy. In the process, incidentally, I learned another fact in the chain of evidence which drives me to my present political battle, of which more later.

I earnestly hope these two examples of my sanity and ability will assist the Board in examining my facts and evidence in the light of their probity or their cogency alone, and without regard to the supposed "hate-crazed" "lunatic" who presents them.

The official letter from the Navy Department which instituted these proceedings charges me with the following:

1. That I have been an active participant and leader of various organizations styled along Nazi lines.
2. That I have publicly and openly espoused race and religious hatred.
3. That I have used, or permitted to be used, my rank and status in the Naval Reserve in printed matter distributed to the public fostering racial and religious hatred.

4. That I have departed the U.S. without the Navy Department's permission.

5. That my status as an officer commanding men made up, at least in part, of members of the races and religions at which my propaganda is aimed is jeopardized.

First, let me say that I am guilty by oversight of the charge of leaving the U.S. without Naval permission. I was forced to send my family to Iceland where my wife's family lives, to avoid the persecution of ignorant or vicious persons who insulted, attacked, bombed and threatened my wife and little children. I went to visit them for only six days, and in the emotional stress of the occasion, forgot the rule about getting permission of the Navy. It would seem, however, unduly harsh to dismiss or discharge an officer from the Naval Service after almost twenty years and two wars for such an oversight, and I can assure the Board that it will not happen again.

The other four charges boil down to three things: (1) I have advocated racial and religious HATE, (2) I have used my rank and status in the Naval Reserve in an improper manner, and (3) my ability to serve the Navy and my Country again in positions of Command is so reduced by my private political ideas and activities as a civilian that I would be no use to the Navy in the event of mobilization.

I shall accordingly confine my defense before this Board to proving that:

1. I have never promoted or advocated hate EXCEPT of traitors or subverters and others deserving of the hate of all decent moral people, WITHOUT regard to their race or religion.

2. I have not used my rank or position in the Navy in any other manner or with any more impropriety than have all the other men such as senators and congressmen who have conducted a political campaign for election to office, as I am doing.

3. My mobilization potential is no lower than that of any other officer who commands men where there is a hostile racial situation, such as exists right now in thousands of cases.

Finally, I will do my best to show the board that it is not just sitting in judgment of one "odd-ball" officer, but that it is standing at a cross-roads in American history, as many a military tribunal before it has done, and that it has the hard but glorious decision before it of bowing to the pressure on the Navy Department, and continuing America on the downward path of despicable confusion, weakness and eventually slavery -- or of standing tall and straight like their fathers and grandfathers, and putting the steel back in the American backbone which once made us so proud of "iron men in wooden ships."

* * * * *

All of you gentlemen are Naval Officers with experience, I presume, at sea. I feel sure that some of that experience has been in wartime. Let me ask you how YOU would handle a very special situation.

Suppose you are a very junior officer aboard a cruiser, let us say. You are on a screen duty with a Fast Carrier Task Force. You are cruising blacked out on a zig-zag course in the inky darkness. You can't sleep in the heat below, so go up into the warm dark wind on deck. You are lounging up against a barbette while your eyes get used to the blackness of the night. You begin to make out the looming guns above you and the dark hulks of the carriers, destroyers and the other cruisers in the formation. Then you see what appears to be a tiny blinking light

to seaward of the formation -- but ON YOUR OWN SHIP! For a moment you are stunned, but you are sure it is blinking a code. You rush over to where it seems to be coming from and find the Exec lounging there! You ask him about it, flustered, and he scoffs at the very idea. Within two hours, all hands are piped to GQ, and there is a vicious submarine attack and a cruiser is blown in two.

You turn over and over in your mind what you saw, but it is all too mixed up and incredible. But you begin to watch the exec in a new way. Two nights later, you find him again on deck, and blinking a tiny light. This time you study it, and read it. It is the zig-zag plan for the watch. and GUNNERY OFFICER is with him! You are too appalled to think. But you are sure now. You must stop the treacherous officers before it is too late. So you go to the Captain. He is reading a detective story in his bunk, and scolds you severely for even suggesting such a wild and ridiculous idea, and disturbing him at such an inconsiderate time. A short time later there is another attack, and more ships go down. You get desperate, and go back to the Captain. He is furious, and the whole thing is exploded as preposterous. But from then on, things are different. The Exec and the Gunnery Officer see to it that your life is MISERABLE. You are discredited and given every menial or unpleasant task. The other officers, utterly unable to believe such treachery, make your life a very hell. No matter how hard you try to alert them or the Captain, the result is only more confirmation of your madness and vicious imagination.

I am sure it is unnecessary to continue the analogy, Gentlemen. Perhaps we are indeed wrong and mistaken in our beliefs as to the treason and treachery and subversion going on in our precious American ship of state, but if we are, then why is it utterly IMPOSSIBLE to get any hearing whatsoever for our charges of treason going on, and why are we damned and silenced eternally with nasty names, but with no investigation whatsoever of the FACTS we charge?

Let me ask you -- would you not HATE the brother officer caught betraying your ship and shipmates to the enemy? Of course you would -- if you were not queer! Is there anything WRONG with hatred of treason, treachery, cowardice and bullying? Can a man claim to be a good and moral man and NOT hate treason and treachery? Does the color of the traitor's eyes or hair or skin have anything whatever to do with the matter? Does it mean you hate a man's RELIGION because you discover him committing treason? Certainly not.

Over and over again, in all my publications and speeches I have repeated, "We hate or oppose NO man solely because of his race, which he can't control, and we do not oppose any religion or creed which does not first attack US!" Let me quote from several of the pamphlets we have issued. (Quote from front of "Who's a Hate Monger?," "We Challenge the Jews!," "White Man, etc., etc.,"). Those passages which we mean with every fiber of our being, should certainly dispel and disprove the charge that I or my associates have advocated hatred of ANY person solely because of his race or color, and that we have positively pressed for understanding and genuine help for the oppressed and innocent Negro people.

And we are positively NOT against any religion, insofar as it does not ATTACK us, our people or the institutions we treasure. We are not concerned with any man's way of worshipping God, unless it involves making human sacrifices of us, for instance, or is otherwise inimical to our welfare. Let me read again briefly from this little pamphlet, "Who's a Hate Monger?"...(First paragraphs on Creed)...

At the risk of overdoing this argument, please allow me to make this business of "hate" crystal clear; we do not advocate and have not promoted hate of ANY INNOCENT INDIVIDUAL or GROUP, BUT HAVE ONLY EXPOSED AND OPPOSED TRAITORS OR CREEDS WHICH ARE WORKING FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF AMERICA, OUR PEOPLE AND OUR IDEALS.

If you will check over our official printed program, you will note that it is scrupulously careful, again and again

to set up safeguards to see that NO HUMAN BEING is persecuted or injured regardless of his race, color or creed, providing he has not tried to hurt US or commit treason. As a final example, let me submit the application form to join our Party, and point out the words of the oath signed by every member. (Read oath regarding expulsion from Party for persecution or harming of innocent people, regardless of race, color or religion, etc.)

Now, if exposing treason, even when it is committed wholesale by a small minority race of people, is "hate," then every district attorney in the country is a hate monger for prosecuting the excessively large number of Sicilian Italians who are found to be gangsters. Fifteen Americans have been exposed and convicted of selling out our atomic secrets to the Soviets, and of these fifteen, fourteen have been RACIALLY -- not religiously -- Jews. Seventeen out of twenty-one of the TOP U.S. Communists who were caught by the FBI, tried, convicted, imprisoned and then released by the U.S. 'Supreme Court were all Jews again. Not religious Jews, notice, because they are Communists and Communists are atheists but you have only to look at their faces to see that they are "Jewish looking," however distasteful that idea may be to tolerant Americans, and most of them make no secret of their RACE. The head of Soviet propaganda, Ilya Ehrenburg, is a RACIAL Jew. This is neither the right time nor place, gentlemen, to present the pounds of unimpeachable documents we have to prove to any normally intelligent person that Communism has been Jewish from its codification by the Jew Karl Marx to Lenin (real name Tsederbaum, see British Encyclopedia, 1920, Russian Revolution), Trotsky (real name Bronstein -- see Trotsky's book "Stalin"), Litvinoff (real name Finklestein), etc., etc., etc., -- almost to infinity -- clear up to Khrushchev, who was brought up in a Yiddish household, speaks Yiddish, and who boasted to Eleanor Roosevelt that even the wives of half the members of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet were Jewish right NOW (Washington Evening Star) -- but that is the FACT. Communism is simply Jewish, and there is no escaping that FACT. Any member of this board who believes that that statement is a fabrication is invited to inspect the files of documents we have to satisfy himself that we are NOT crazy or preaching "hate" because we recognize a vital fact in the defense of -- our Country and People.

It is getting more and more difficult for the filthy manipulators of public opinion to pretend that those of us who have discovered this GROUP treason by MOST of a small minority group are "hate mongers." Remember we do not say that ALL Communists are Jews, nor that all Jews are Communists -- we simply state the bald fact that the leadership and driving force of Communism all over the world comes from racial Jews, and that far too high a proportion of racial Jews are the promoters of Communism, and that instead of deploring this fact and admitting it, ALL Jewish organizations, without exception, deny it hysterically and resort to the most fiendish means of pressure to drive to distraction any American who tries to expose the problem and deal with it decently and intelligently. But more and more Americans of unimpeachable records and honesty are beginning to see the problem every day, and to stand up to the barrage of smear and filth and oppression they meet for publicly exposing the situation. Admiral John Crommelin, General Stratemeyer, General Del Valle of the Marine Corps, and many, many other military leaders are inevitably getting educated to the deadly problem and combatting it with all their strength, in spite of the smear bund.

And it is not only the top leaders, gentlemen, who are discovering what is really going on. I have already briefly showed you the copies of American Mercury with my articles appearing therein. In order to gather first hand material for these, the Marine Corps was kind enough to give me every assistance at Parris Island to study the "brutality" situation at the beleaguered training base.

The forces bent on weakening and softening America for alien domination hate the Navy and Marine Corps especially for maintaining their aristocratic and authoritarian traditions, which are the foundation of high morale and discipline in a military organization, as any experienced commander knows. The outbreak of "brutality" charges, like the recent rash of "swastika" publicity were precisely planned by the termites eating at our foundations, and the episodes leading to the charges of Marine "brutality" had one amazing -- and suppressed -- aspect, which woke up a lot of Marines to what is going on. Most of the spoiled brats who complained so bitterly

of the beatings and "brutality" of the D.I.'s were from the New York area, and I will give you only one guess as to what they were. I've talked to suffering G.I.'s in battalion after battalion, and got the same sorry story about the wise-guy little Yids from New York who infiltrated the training base apparently with the specific purpose of provoking the incidents so they could be exploited by their brother termites in the nation's press and information media. The D.I.'s knew it, the officers knew it, and I knew it -- but I couldn't WRITE it, gentlemen, because of what the Bible calls "The Fear of the Jews."

Most of you here today could, I am sure, tell harrowing tales of what you probably believe is simply "SNAFU" -- situation normal, all fouled up. But what you may not know, unfortunately, is that many of these "SNAFU" situations should be called by the more unpronounceable name of "SNPFU" -- situation normal, PURPOSELY fouled up! There are civilians in top places over the military, gentlemen, who are PURPOSELY, I am sorry to say, doing all they can to create confusion, injustice, exhaustion and despair in our officers and men.

Again, gentlemen, I am aware that that seems too incredible to believe, so I have brought evidence and a witness of unimpeachable veracity to PROVE to you just one case, at the HIGHEST POSSIBLE LEVEL.

First, let me show you two photographs or photostats of a magazine, which I took myself at three o'clock yesterday afternoon in the Library of Congress. Here is the front cover of "New Masses" magazine, which I am sure you all know is the official Communist magazine. The date is December 8, 1942. Remember, this is not a "front" or a semi-Communist rag--this is IT, the REAL THING! On the front cover, listed as the contributor of an article, is Anna M. Rosenberg -- and please note the middle initial, gentlemen. In this other photograph I have shown two inside pages of this filthy sheet of treason, and here is the DRAWING of Anna M. Rosenberg. Notice that the Anna M. Rosenberg who wrote this Communist article is listed as the N.Y. State Regional Director of the War Manpower Commission, an office held by the "mistaken identity." Ann appointed to the second highest office in our defense establishment.

Now this evidence is EASY to get, even for me, all alone in the Library of Congress. For the FBI it is less than a cinch.

Can there be any doubt in YOUR minds as to the identity of this Anna M. Rosenberg, or that she wrote a Communist article for the official Communist magazine, "New Masses"?

Nevertheless, my brother officers and fellow Americans, this Hungarian Jewish woman, who was identified under oath twice as a Communist, and who wrote for a Communist magazine, WAS RECOMMENDED BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER AND GEORGE MARSHALL AND INSTALLED RIGHT HERE IN THE PENTAGON AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE FOR MANPOWER by Harry Truman, where she was master of all the hiring and manpower in our fighting forces!!!!

Perhaps this all sounds entirely TOO much to believe, so I have done my best to provide evidence you CANNOT discredit. I have asked one of America's greatest patriots to come down here and tell you how this Jewish Communist woman from Budapest was passed by your U.S. Senate to be master of our manpower, in spite of this horrible evidence of her disloyalty to this Country. Mr. Benjamin Freedman of New York, who is of the same race as Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg -- the race called "Jewish" -- and thus cannot be accused of race or religious prejudice, is one of the men who has sacrificed almost everything good and pleasant in life, as I have, to try to save a Country and people to whom he is LOYAL.

Although the terms are somewhat confusing because of semantic meddling, Mr. Freedman is what the man in the

street would call a "Jew" -- and we are Proud to say we will gladly protect Mr. Freedman and loyal Jews like him with our very lives. He has, like us, given up reputation, money, social position and almost everything else to expose and oppose TREASON -- in our land. He has been willing to come down here from New York at his own expense to try to explain to you, his fellow Americans, just ONE example of the kind of TREASON which is taking place in this blessed Country. I am mighty proud, gentlemen, to present to you Mr. Benjamin Freedman, of New York City, who will tell you of his experiences during the hearings by the Senate into the fitness of Anna M. Rosenberg to be Assistant Secretary of Defense.

Thank you, Mr. Freedman.

As the last item in my case against Anna Rosenberg, let me point out to the board that I am well aware that I am under oath, that the penalty for open and flagrant perjury is severe, and that there are stern laws against criminal libel. Knowing all this, gentlemen, and conscious of the import of every word, I hereby state for the record that Anna M. Rosenberg is a Jewish Communist traitor to this Country. If this be a lie, let the forces which have precipitated this hearing to throw me out of the Navy use my open statement here to imprison me for both perjury and criminal libel. There will be no prosecution, you can be sure, because I can prove every word I have said in open court, and that is the LAST thing the conspirators and traitors want or could face.

And that, gentlemen, I hope, will serve to refute the first charge against me, and that I have been promoting or advocating racial or religious hatred. I have tried to show you, and I fervently hope you believe me, that I have preached ONLY HATRED OF TREASON AND SUBVERSION, particularly by Communism, and that I have given you a practical demonstration that I am NOT wholesale against "all Jews" by showing you what is unfortunately a rare animal, a GENUINELY anti-Communist Jew.

I am next accused of using my position as a Commander in the Naval Reserve improperly by mentioning it in our propaganda. I respectfully submit to the board that I have mentioned the subject in only two pieces of literature, and only in an incidental fashion. In spite of some urging by associates, and though I believed it would not be improper, I have never printed pictures of me in uniform or with combat aircraft, etc. Here are the two pieces of literature. (Read quotes.) Now the propriety or impropriety of mentioning my service record and connections depends, it would seem, on the propriety, in turn of the literature on which the mentions appear. I am an honorable American who seeks a political career by being elected to office like any other American, in spite of the unorthodoxy of my views, and I believe I have the right to point with pride, as the saying goes, to my military record and honors the same as any other American seeking political office. Unless it can be shown that my literature is somehow immoral or wicked -- which it CANNOT on the basis of facts, not nasty names -- then I respectfully submit that the Navy has no more cause to dismiss me for mentioning my Naval record and position to further my political career than it has to dismiss the many other reserve officers who are senators or representatives and use this kind of material.

I further submit to this board that I have mentioned my service record and connection primarily because of the scurrilous and smearing attacks on my loyalty to this country, which I submit is beyond reproach. It seems only fair that a man who is unceasingly attacked in the press and by loose talk as "disloyal" should be allowed to mention his willingness to fight for his country, his record of having done so with honor, and his present position in his service.

The third charge, and the one easiest for me to understand, is that it might be difficult or impossible for me to command Jewish or Negro troops or officers in view of my ideas and activities, and that my mobilization potential might therefore be reduced beyond the point of any value to the Navy Department.

For two reasons, I do not believe that charge will hold water.

First on the RECORD, I have held and worked for the same ideas I now espouse a bit more dramatically for over ten years. While I was a salaried worker for the Campaign for the Forty-Eight States in Memphis, Tennessee, I was C.O. of Fasron 661 over at Anacostia, in the reserve Navy. I had Jewish and Negro officers and men, and never once allowed my private beliefs or opinions to violate my duty to Naval Regulations or policies. In fact, I discovered that two black mechanics in my squadron refused to try for advancement in rating, and that the reason was their fear of persecution and harassment by officers and non-coms who used sneaky methods to oppose Naval regulations and policies, and keep the Negroes "down" by invisible but very real pressure. I rose, as my officers can testify, at a meeting of Commanding Officers in the Ward-room, and adjured all hands to abide by the policy and rules and give the Negroes every chance they had coming to them, and to work to smooth the policy as much as possible. That is the TRUTH, and a check with my Jewish officer, for instance, Lt. Roth, will, I am sure, bear me out.

The second reason I am sure my mobilization potential has not been totally destroyed is that there are so many "hard-shell" southern White Men NOW serving in inferior capacities under Negro officers and non-coms, and there is no movement afoot to divest the Negroes of their commissions or positions, or to dismiss or discharge them as worthless. It would seem reasonable that if a young man from the back-woods of Mississippi can successfully serve under the orders and command of Colored Men, then the Colored Men and or Jews can also be asked, within reason, to serve under an all-out White Supremacist (in private opinion). In short, I respectfully submit, that all my fitness reports will show that I commanded by the BOOK, and my last Commanding Officer in Iceland especially noted, if I remember, that I was a fanatic on the subject of obeying regulations and policy, and can be counted on to do so if mobilized, regardless of the color or race of my men.

I believe I have shown this board so far that:

1. I have not promoted unfounded "hate" against ANY innocent person or group.
2. I have not used my Naval rank with an impropriety.
3. My value to the Navy and my Country in time of emergency is not reduced by my devotion to the fight to preserve my Country and my people in a private political organization.

Finally, gentlemen, I want to bring out an aspect of this presentation which is especially difficult, because it is hard to mention it without seeming impudent, or even arrogant. And I surely do not want to give this board any impression of arrogance or conceit. None is felt or meant. But I do feel, with all my heart, that this is much more than a simple hearing concerning the fate of one officer and his commission which he treasures. I believe that if I try hard enough and do well enough in my plea to you as brother Naval officers and as fellow Americans, you might see with me that this is one of those rare historic opportunities when men of decision stand at a cross-roads. How many officers have wondered what THEY would have done at the court-martial of Billy Mitchell, for instance?

Would they have rolled along with the crowd and the "right" opinion, or would they have had the vision and above all the COURAGE to stand against the colossal pressures of "right-thinking" people to vindicate the truth? History shows that usually they do not. From the days when all the "decent" "right-thinking" people nibbled grapes in the Colosseum and wondered at the lunatics" and "fanatics" who were fed to the lions as "Christians" -- followers of the most HATED man of his time and for years thereafter -- right up until today when a golf-

playing Nero sits helplessly and unconcernedly in the White House while his people grow daily weaker and more confused before the subversion and treason of International Communism and Zionism, the human race has steadfastly persisted in lionizing its boobs and crucifying its saviors.

Here is where I tread the dangerous ground of apparent conceit, gentlemen, but I assure you I speak humbly and only out of the DEEPEST concern for our Nation and our people. I have given up my family, my income, my earning capacity, my social status, my comfort, my safety and often my liberty, and I may be called upon to give up my life -- for something I believe in more strongly than the urge to preserve my own existence. It is only in THAT light that I say to you, my judges here, you stand at a great cross-road in American history, as did Washington at Valley Forge.

I BEG this Board to see our nation as it is "co-existing" TODAY, and to ask themselves if John Paul Jones would have begged the Captain of the Serapis if he would please not shoot but sail along beside the Bon Homme Richard because Captain Jones was afraid his crew might be decimated by the British big guns -- or if Stefan Decatur would have invited the Barbary pirates to luncheon in his cabin and begged his crew not to stir up the brutes for fear they might be offended and want to fight!!!

Five of our top Generals and Admirals in the Korean War testified before Congress that they could have WON the Korean War, the first lost war in our history, but that they were ORDERED not to win by enigmatical forces in Washington's bureaucracy. General Clark, I believe it was, even testified that he got FORGED ORDERS demanding withdrawals, and that he was unable to get any investigation of this monstrous TREASON. In view of the evidence presented here against Anna M. Rosenberg, do you gentlemen have any doubt as to WHO ordered us to lose that war -- and all our courageous men -- or WHY?

At this VERY MOMENT, the Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army is a man named Lemnitzer -- and he is the man who testified before the Congress that it was he who prevented the arming of South Korea as provided by Congress, and thus precipitated the tragic Korean War. Our honest military planners realized that defenseless South Korea would inevitably attract a Communist invasion -- as it DID, and appropriated millions of dollars to arm and train South Korea. Lemnitzer was the man put in charge, and he nonchalantly testified that he prevented delivery of ALL arms and ammunition, and delivered ONLY exactly \$27.00 worth of barbed wire!! Yet he has been picked as top military officer.

There are only a very few officers here, gentlemen. But so were there a few at Thermopolae, or Horatio's Bridge - or Valley Forge. But they realized their task and stood up to it manfully and successfully. I realize the pressure that has already been brought on the whole Department for over a year, to oust me. Here is one clipping which flagrantly shows not only who is bringing the pressure, but how they lie and misrepresent. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith headlines in THEIR paper (while suppressing all word of our activities in other papers) that we are "threatening American Jews with the gas chamber" -- when the truth is, as we have pointed out over and over again, that we threaten ONLY traitors, Jews or non-Jews alike. They also admit that they have pressured the Navy Department to oust me, and I am aware of the pressures that may be exerted on the members of this board should they conclude that it would be utterly wrong and cowardly to oust me in the face of this dishonest pressure.

But that will be small sacrifice if we can at last show the manipulators and subverters, the traitors and the liars that the blood of our fighting forefathers still flows in our veins, and we will NO LONGER BOW BEFORE THREATS AND PRESSURE.

It is impossible for me to change twenty, thirty or forty years of opinion-forming based on information

WHOLLY on one side-in a matter of minutes here today. The most I can hope to have done is demonstrate beyond question in only one or two of the thousands of cases available, that you are being cheated, lied to, and wrecked as military forces by a criminal gang of traitors such as Anna M. Rosenberg, that the million and one vexations which you lay up to Pentagon "red-tape" are often as not the result of PLANNED and SPREAD confusion and disruption, as demonstrated at Parris Island -- that your blessed nation and its long-suffering, tolerant, easy-going people are in deadly danger from RIGHT HERE IN THIS PENTAGON and HERE IN AMERICA, -- far more than from overseas.

On my honor as an officer, by all that I hold dear and sacred, my brother officers, I swear to you that there are TRAITORS crouched in the darkness at the life-lines of America, signalling their treachery and treason to their cohorts abroad and leading you in tolerance and "brotherhood" to your destruction! And I HATE them, gentlemen!! They boast they will "bury" you, and they are DOING it, by stealth and by guile. They DESERVE our hate.

Our flag-ship of state is utterly surrounded by wolf-packs of submarines, and I and my suffering, persecuted brother patriots have CAUGHT THEM RED-HANDED signaling to the enemy. We have tried to alert our "ship-mates" -- and we are hounded and driven and damned for our pains. The turn-coats have won the favor of the Captain; they control the writing of the ship's log; they control the stores and the quartermaster at the wheel so that we are running in circles.

I am all alone in my warning, and, as has happened a thousand times in history, nobody wants to hear or believe my ugly news about men who appear to be loyal shipmates. Nobody will investigate my FACTS, and there are almost none to stand before the howling mobs who have been trained to shout "hate monger" at anyone discovering these FACTS.

I humbly and most earnestly BEG you, gentlemen, to come on deck with me and SEE for yourself the treacherous signalling going on in the dark. Before you dismiss a loyal officer from an organization he has served for twenty years at the behest of a pressure group, look for YOURSELF at the traitors blinking to the enemy fleets out there in the night. Stand with me, if only for a moment, at the life-lines of America, and you will understand WHY, after two bloody wars in which millions and millions of Christian White Men have been killing each other, -- we are in worse shape than EVER BEFORE.

I am not ashamed, gentlemen, to IMPLORE you -- show the traitors and subverters that there are still MEN in the United States Navy who will NOT bow before the promoted pressure of hysterical public opinion, nor before the direct pressure of a gang of professional manipulators and secret terrorists. The question here is not one officer and his fate, but: Can mature and alerted American military men CONTINUE TO BE STAMPEDED by an organized minority bent on treason and subversion of our nation and people?

They are up there at the life-lines NOW, flashing their treachery to the enemy, poised and ready! Come top-side and, for the sake of your Country and your God, SEE what they are doing!

Then square your jaw as your forefathers did, steel your will, and tell these sneaks that America has TURNED AT LAST! Tell them that there are STILL iron men in the United States Navy who cannot be bullied and frightened into dismissing a loyal and hard pressed brother officer for standing up to traitors!

In the best traditions of the Naval Service, Gentlemen, tell the bastards to go to hell!

Lincoln Rockwell, Commander United States Naval Reserve

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER XVII.

This was such a gross violation of all civil rights and justice -- to throw a man out of the service after almost twenty years of honorable service in two wars -- that I considered how best to dramatize the outrage. I decided to use the American Civil Liberties Union -- an organization supposedly dedicated to protecting ANYBODY'S civil rights -- but which often seems to fight mostly for Communists. By publicly asking their help, I put them in a tight spot, and insured publicity.

They also had an interest in helping me. They considered me, at the time, a mere gad-fly, a nasty little mosquito on the body politic -- and had something to gain by defending me and then pointing to the fact as evidence of their absolute dedication to the principles of civil rights, regardless of their hatred of the individual or his ideas.

It was while I was discussing the Navy situation with the ACLU that the struggle in the street occurred. So, on the next occasion, the matter naturally came up. The Jewish head of the Washington office, Lawrence Speiser, asked if I wanted counsel. When I said "Yes," he assigned me a particularly Jewy looking Jew, by the name of Shapiro.

The hanging jaws of the other Jews as we marched into the crowded Prosecutor's offices that morning with Shapiro leading the way for his Nazi clients were worth the whole fight -- just to see. And old Shapiro went to bat for us with a will and typical Jewish cleverness. He succeeded in having the charges against both parties dropped. Meanwhile, out in the corridor, I was explaining to the newspapers that it might be necessary later to gas Shapiro too, as he was suspiciously active with the Communists.

The whole thing was too much for the papers to suppress. Out it came, as we had calculated, and the Party had once again achieved a major victory without funds and with nothing but guts and brains.

Little by little, the publicity began to bring us more men, and we put these to work on the streets, too.

I had managed to promote a job in a little print shop under an assumed name, and worked like a madman for almost nothing, just to survive. But it didn't last long. I had brought my own photo and art gear to the shop, and one night hoods broke in and ripped and smashed it all. Somebody had found out I was in there. The next day fifty special policemen were assigned to watch the place. Needless to say I had to leave.

I worked for awhile in a sign shop, but again somebody learned of it and all hell broke loose.

However, our fighting exposures of Jewish treason were beginning to bring in a trickle of support again, and we redoubled our distributions and activities.

Finally, in December, Floyd Fleming, the most faithful of all American patriots, was inspired by our successes to make a down-payment for us on a new headquarters -- even closer to the White House than before -- in Arlington. We were BACK "on the banks of the Potomac."

Warner was doing a good job of organizing our mailing list and getting material to the sympathizers. The funds began to come in in a steady but small amount.

On official party stationery, which is extremely impressive, I now requested a permit from the Department of the Interior to speak on the grounds of the Washington Monument on April 3 -- the earliest the weather would be warm enough.

They denied this, but did give me the information that I could speak without a permit on a ground almost as good on the Mall, between the U.S. Capitol and the Washington Monument -- right beside the Smithsonian Institute. Millions of tourists pass by this spot, and we got the Interior Department to set a roped-off area for us. We built a speaking stand, got a PA system on credit, -- and organized our men in a defense force.

The first attempt at speaking in the wide open as NAZIS was pretty terrifying. We kidded each other endlessly as to who would run first, etc., but prepared for April the third with iron determination.

When the great day arrived, we had Nazis from as far away as Detroit and Florida.

And then it rained!

I think our reaction is the proof that we will win our goal of power. Human ingenuity and will is, as we have stated before, the mightiest force on earth.

I knew the "silent-treatment" which had been prepared for our speeches on the Mall by the Jewish dominated press. The Jews endlessly reminded each other in their private sheets-which we got -- that we were like all the other little rabble rousers and would dry up and disappear if denied publicity. So they were not to mention it if we set fire to the White House or ran through the streets.

But they couldn't resist reporting our "failures." I remembered "Fiasco for a Fuhrer."

So I arranged a "failure" for them.

We went down in the rain without any of our shiny paraphernalia, stood in the downpour like drowned birds, and I gave a sad little talk to our tiny audience of troopers.

The Washington Evening Star took the bait hook, line and sinker,

They printed a three-column cut of my soaked speech and wet Nazis, and ran supercilious little story on the big Nazi "flop." They even wrote up an editorial showing the good citizens what failures we Nazis were.

So the next week, when the sun shone, we went down there and showed what Nazis really are. I had never made a real oration before, and was lousy at first, mostly because of nervousness. It is bad enough to have to have to make one's first speech, but when it must be made in fear of one's life and fear of arrest or other catastrophe -- it becomes quite a problem to stay cool and in command of the situation.

We played the Star Spangled Banner and the Horst Wessel song, then I launched into my speech. For two hours,

I exposed the full villainy of the Jewish conspiracy, and documented fact after fact which have been hidden from our brainwashed people. At first the crowd was sullen and hostile, but as I drove home point after point, there was more interest, and I could feel the hostility melting in the warmth of wonder and amazement at the astounding facts which once amazed me too.

Our first rally was a huge success, even though we had less than a thousand people, and we went back to the headquarters to sing the Party song until our lungs fairly burst, and celebrate our entry into the speech-making business.

But in spite of the success and the fact that uniformed Nazis and storm troopers were making speeches in the Nation's Capital, the Jews clamped on their hooded censorship, and we remained unknown, except for the isolated rantings of Drew Pearson.

We had to FORCE the jews to take notice of us, and on a national basis.

I had to come up with another publicity miracle somehow or other, since we were still relatively unknown outside of the East Coast. I applied the tested and excellent formula again, and decided to make the boldest possible move.

Union Square in New York City is the traditional stamping grounds of the Communists and jew traitors. Hundreds of them scream filthy threats at our people and our government there every day, year in and year out. It is the pulsing heart of Marxism in the U.S.A.

So I demanded a permit from New York City to speak there too.

That was all that it took.

At first there was little reaction. The word went out as the Jews always try first, "Ignore Rockwell and his provocations!".

But Jews being Jews, and, as I have demonstrated, psychopathic paranoids, they are constitutionally incapable of ignoring anybody who brazenly defies them and their repulsive claims to be God's chosen people with the sole right to insult and wreck everybody else while they themselves are sacred and holy. And when one announces coldly that he intends to try those suspected of treason, and then kill them in the gas chamber when they are convicted -- their psychotic personalities get the better of them and they become the ancient, hate-filled, vengeful jews of the Old Testament -- the same gang of "Pharisees" who got the Romans to crucify Jesus Christ.

The Communist Worker launched a protest when they heard the Commissioner of Parks planned to give me a permit, in accordance with my plain rights.

Then the Jewish New York Post let go with a blast. The Jewish papers began to howl, and finally the dignified and disguised Jewish press, including the New York Times, began to mutter darkly about the matter. And all this time, Communists were openly preaching destruction of this Country in that same Union Square, without a peep of protest -- just as we knew would happen.

Within a few days, the full Hebrew chorus let loose, and New York made its Jewish character plain for all the

world to see, as they went WILD. Jews ran to all the Jew judges and demanded everything from injunctions to electrocutions. The papers raged and argued. The Civil Liberties Union, caught in an impossible position had to stand for my rights to preach the trial and execution of such of their own members as might be convicted of treason. This enraged the Jews beyond all bounds, and they ranted and screamed at each other in a most satisfying and ludicrous manner. For the first time in history -- exposing each other!

Finally a gang of these lovers of free speech and tolerance got a temporary injunction against my appearance in Union Square and there was to be a hearing on the matter in New York Supreme Court.

I decided to go up there and use my newly found legal abilities to fight for my rights.

When I arrived at the Court House, it was surrounded by herds of jews, acres of them, howling and screaming and waving picket signs. They didn't recognize me as I walked past all of them and into the court room, where I sat down quietly.

When the clerk announced the case, pandemonium broke loose. In all the courtrooms I have ever been in, I NEVER saw anything like that! At least FIFTY lawyers all ran up to the bench to demand I be run out of New York. They still didn't know I was there. But somehow, the TV people found out, and asked me to give an interview after court. I agreed, and then stepped up to the bench among the pack of snarling Jewish lawyers. When the judge asked if anybody else wanted to be heard, after all the jews had yelped their pieces, I spoke up -- and the hot hate which then turned on me was something you could feel -- and SMELL.

Immediately one of them demanded I be committed to the insane asylum. The judge pushed that outrage aside, and I got a chance to speak my piece. Then they lit into me. Who were my associates? Backers? Their addresses? How many troopers? Where? They were making up their black lists. They read off selected excerpts from our "gas chamber" literature. They told sob stories of concentration camps, showers, tatoos, and scars. The judge tried his best to keep order but it was almost impossible with that wild mob at the bench.

A rabbi in the audience fell on his back with his arms and legs sticking up like a dog playing dead -- and actually FROTHED at the mouth! He was carried out.

Finally the judge called a short recess and the TV people asked me to step into the great marble rotunda of the courthouse for an interview. As I emerged out there, I was blinded by the huge lights they had set up, and discovered I was solidly surrounded by Jews and jews and more jews.

The interviewer asked me if I intended to gas the Jews, and I told him that was ridiculous, we intended only to gas TRAITORS, Jews and anybody else who was convicted of treason under a Constitutional provision. Then he asked how many Jews I thought that might be, and I truthfully told him I could only GUESS from the number of Jew spies, etc.but I thought it would probably be about eighty percent of the adult Jews we would have to gas.

That did it!

They began to scream, "Kill him! Kill him!" -- a shout reminiscent of certain passages in the New Testament -- and they closed in on me with insane rage. They got hold of me and knocked over the TV cameras and men, and I struggled to stay on my feet in the wild melee. Two husky New York City detectives forced their way through the mob and began to work me toward a dead-end hallway. We made it, and barricaded it off as we battled the bloodthirsty mob. They hustled me and Roger Foss, the trooper who had come with me, into a back room as

more police and the riot squad arrived.

Finally sufficient order was restored to start the court hearing again, and I was guarded by squads of officers as we finished up. Then they asked me what I wanted to do, and if I planned to go to City Hall. The police were thoroughly respectful of my rights, courteous and courageous in the face of that murderous mob. They offered to enforce my rights anywhere in New York I wanted to go and for as long as I wanted to stay -- even offering a police guard if I took a hotel room.

But I knew the Jews and I was proved right in a very few days. They would use ANY pretext to lock me up for good and to hell with my rights, etc. My best bet was to get out of New York, and that's what I told them I wanted to do. They gave me a heavy escort out of the building, but even so it seemed impossible we could get through. I expected to have to battle -- but the cops held back the mob except for one Jew who managed to spit into the car as we drove off.

We got on a plane at LaGuardia Airport -- and the first great political battle was over. The Jewish-dominated press, of course, headlined that I was given the "bum's rush" by the cops -- an outright lie!

We had won millions and millions of dollars of priceless publicity; we had demonstrated that it is possible to defy the Jews and survive; we had pointed up the glaring inconsistency of the Jewish hysteria about us in Union Square compared to their silence about the Communists; we had gotten the Jews fighting desperately among themselves as to how to handle us, and we had made the American Nazi Party the most dynamic, powerful name in the right wing in only a few months.

But I knew that we would have to pay the cost of the victory. We had yanked the tail of the tiger, and he would soon bare his yellow fangs at us. I warned my lads not to get overconfident and cocky, over and over again. We had learned to hold them at bay on the mall.

I had gained more and more skill as a speaker and had even learned to hold them with the power of voice and will alone. When they would scream and heckle and threaten to attack, I would point them out to the watching gentiles and embarrass even those brassy Jews so much they would subside. Once I had one of the boys put on a big plastic nose and eyeglasses, and come down and pretend to be a heckling Jew -- which drove the long-nosed genuine variety almost out of their minds with helpless rage. They can't stand to be laughed at -- and the nose bit is too much for them. They claim they are only a religion, so, of course, they can't take official offense at the phony beaks, without giving the game away.

After New York, however, I knew they HAD to get us, one way or the other. Sure enough, on the 3rd of July, they arrived in huge force, over two hundred and fifty of them -- and the story of that riot is on the first pages of this book. I never got to say a single word, before they began their filthy howling and shrieking. And where the police had once been fair and square, they now retired, to allow these monsters full play. Even so it took them over an hour and a half to get up their courage to attack the nine of us!

All nine of us were arrested, along with a token sprinkling of three or four Jews, and offered the chance to forfeit ten dollars collateral. We demanded trial, and were released on posting our ten dollars each.

We went immediately out to Glenn Echo Amusement Park, where the Jews and Negroes were picketing for admission into the all-white park, and picketed NAACP and CORE troops. We were all torn, bruised, bleeding and bandaged -- from the afternoon's battle -- and our exhibition of courage and will won us a huge group of

young men who came and saw and understood what it is to be WHITE MEN and FIGHT for survival.

The next day, our usual Sunday, the Jews, I am sure, were relaxing in the certain belief that we would not try to speak again. But to make doubly sure, the head of the Department of Parks called me and advised me not to go down, lest we all be killed this time. He said they couldn't guarantee our safety -- a travesty after the Park Police exhibition of the day before. I told him we were coming anyway. So then he told me there would be no speaking stand. I said OK. Then he said there would also be no ropes. No cops either, I presumed. He was dumbfounded when I said I would speak even if alone on the bare ground! The Jews are so sure anti-Semites are the craven cowards they always depict on their TV propaganda shows they couldn't imagine a man who would go down after a riot, beating and jailing, with no protection or police, and try it again! I told them I would be there at the usual time.

At two o'clock on the button we appeared with a red oil bucket for me to stand on. We set it up against a tree so they could attack from only three sides. Ten or twelve of our men gathered around me and I had just started to speak -- when a delegation of police arrived with a paper still wet from a photocopy machine. They handed it to me and I read it while the mob watched. It was a brand new order closing the park to speaking, I asked the officer what other areas were available for speaking, and they told me of a park near the municipal court. I told him we would proceed there and speak. He tried to dissuade me because of the "high feeling" but I started to the new place.

When we arrived, it was already jammed and crammed with the same mob of murderous, screeching Jews! HOW they let us know this would be IT -- we would get it for sure today!

The authorities showed me where I was to speak, and I stood up to begin with the circle of troopers around me. The Jews began the old tactic of howling "Sick! Sick! Sick!" and other endearments to drown me out, and began to move in closer and closer. The day before, there had been the claim that we had provoked these villains, so I determined that this time we would force them to be so obvious in their terrorism, if they dared, that no policeman could stomach it. I resolved to put the obedience and courage of my men to the acid test.

I ordered them to TURN AROUND with their backs to the same raging mob of thugs and hoods which had attacked and injured them just the day before.

Every man obeyed, although there were many wondering glances up at me as I stood there on my bucket with my arms folded. I lit a cigar to dramatize the fact that I was not even TRYING to speak or provoke the Jews, and we stood thus for what seemed hours while the Jews howled and threatened and raved.

It worked!

The police moved in between the worst of the Jew attackers and our boys, and the Jews began to feel the full emotional wave of disgust everybody else there felt for their savage antics. Little by little they lost cohesion as a mob. Some Jews began to yell "Let him speak," as they realized THEY WERE DEMONSTRATING BY THEIR ACTIONS WHAT I WAS TRYING TO PROVE, BETTER THAN IF I HAD SAID IT! They began to quarrel among themselves like a pack of rats.

After an hour of this, I ordered my men to face forward once more. Silence spread as I took command of that mob with the force of will, even without saying a word.

I began to speak. There were sporadic outbreaks of hysterical yelling, but it I beg was mostly by women and hangers-on. The brutal terrorists themselves were beaten and they knew it.

I made my speech successfully -- with TV and movie cameras grinding away -- and we marched out of that park victorious.

Our friends who were seeded in the jew crowd told us afterward of the bitterness with which these lovers of free speech approached each other for their cowardice in not attacking us as planned!

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER XVIII.

On July sixth we went to have our "day in court" on the riot of July 3rd.

The imposing Municipal Courtroom 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.

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, I got one of the heaviest shocks of my life, although, as our friends will know, I had 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 the D.C. General Hospital for a period of thirty days for observation"!!!!

The murmur of joy from the horde of Jews and the ADL, who had filled up the courtroom, was audible. I realized immediately that, with no knowledge of the rules 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, 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.

Meanwhile we were getting hundreds of telephone calls from ugly-sounding Jews threatening us with death and destruction if we re-appear again.

Since the police had ruled that the jews could yell and heckle to their heart's content, and I had been attacked because we voluntarily agreed to the police request to remove our precautionary troops from the crowd (where they kept things broken up) -- I decided to give the jews a dose of their own medicine. I things organized our rapidly growing troops into four squads in two ranks, and we practiced a new tactic out behind the headquarters on the drill field. On command, any ordered number of squads would march out and surround would-be "hecklers" who were working themselves up to attack (keeping their arms folded so as not to be accused of hitting anybody) and roar back at the jews. We had already found that individual jews were not so red-hot for combat when our men stayed out in the crowd right where fisticuffs might result in broken Jewish noses, and I knew that the would-be meeting-wreckers would not last long surrounded by MY men exercising their right to heckle the hecklers.

So, as we began to get the usual Jewish welcome the next Sunday, I ordered out the first two squads of men, One of my men, a monstrous individual named Al Wiengin, couldn't resist adding his own little fillip to my orders to keep his arms folded, and brought his folded arms up heavily under the chin of a big Jew as he came up to him.

Immediately, the police arrested all of us even the man holding the flag, and packed us all off to jail. Incidentally, for those who are not familiar with such affairs, the jail is not half bad, compared to the police wagon on a hot day!

Ventilation is almost nil; the wagon is, of course, black; and, if you have ever gotten into your car after it has been in the hot sun, you know one-half of what it is like inside that wagon. And when you are in there an hour or so, packed IN together like sardines, sweating like pigs in a dark oven, the cool jail seems like heaven itself.

While we waited to get bailed out (most of the day) we roared the party song, squirted water at each other, and had such a ball in that jail, that several slow-witted Negroes asked who we were. When we told them they wanted to join and said it looked like fun.

But, as a result, before we had had a chance to find a psychiatrist who would testify, I found myself once again facing judge Neilson. I could have forfeited ten dollars "collateral" and avoided it, but as a matter of principle, we had to establish our right to speak without being "convicted" for disorder 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. The D.A. 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 the year before to write a psychology paper. He acted most ashamed as he had since learned how right we were, 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" (i.e. 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 driving 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 and genteel atmosphere of the courtroom 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 "marshals" slide in behind you, and, at the list 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 an 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 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, every time you go anyplace -- even the door to the place where they keep your toothbrush!

In all fairness, I must admit that some of the Negro guards were kind and understanding, and to these I am very grateful. I was entirely at the mercy of and in the power of Negro guards, attendants, doctors and nurses. 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 often appearing on TV, these sadists took especial delight in demonstrating their dictatorship over me.

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 Shultz and the ADL 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. 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 (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-full 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 the 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, being notoriously Jewish, is so steeped in its own involuted concepts that anybody 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 numbers

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 psychiatrists, 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 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.

But I was convinced that I would not only get out of that hellhole, 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.

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 perfect 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 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.

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 in 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 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 halfway 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 test 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 most 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 D.C. 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 at the 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 was a goner.

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 was, 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 they 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 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 psychiatrist 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 even the Jew the patients 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 nut, so they can honestly testify that you are a nut from their observations and the observations of the whole 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 selected 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 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 wreck 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 bloodstream. 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 -- but 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. 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.

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 doctors under Shultz and lady liberal psychiatrist, and these honest doctors had the courage to defy two top bosses and declare I was sane in ten days, in spite of the hysteria of the Chief of Psychiatry, who was still shouting "You're SICK! SICK! SICK!," even as I left the lock-up.

I went back out to the park immediately to make a speech, and this time there were no more screams of "SICK! SICK! SICK!" ! The Jews now were subdued and baffled. They had been told by their leaders that this was "it," that I would be locked up and out of the way for good -- as their good old Izzy Winchell had promised them.

It was a major victory -- a total victory over the worst threat of the Jews. If an open Nazi, preaching the gas-chamber and power was not "nuts," it would be impossible for the conspirators to throw any more little anti-Semites into their "mental-health" lock-up as madmen simply because they tried to expose Jewish machinations.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

Chapter XIX.

The rest of the summer and through the fall, we continued speaking on a regular schedule until the Jews, by their helpless silence as they stood around at our rallies looking heart broken, proved that we had utterly smashed their terrorism. With our mastery in our home area thus established beyond dispute, I bent all my efforts toward the organization and indoctrination of the troopers and supporters we had won with our dramatic tactics. Above all, I had to make sure that all of our people understood that Communism is not an economic plot and not even just part of the Jewish scheme for dominating the earth although it is both of these. Communism is a mutiny of the world's inferiors against the elite. Since man first fashioned a rude stone implement, he has fought a never-ending battle with the forces of nature which have overwhelmed him. Death in childbirth, death in earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, plagues, tidal waves, droughts, famines, and death at the claws and fangs of ferocious animals have been the lot of a great portion of humanity for tens of thousands of years. In order to have one or two surviving children, parents had to have ten or twelve born. Only the strongest, wildest and toughest survived human existence for unnumbered ages. This always seemed cruel and most unfortunate. But the very severity of this unequal battle with nature insured that only the smartest and strongest individuals rose to leadership; only the best organized and most excellent families rose to leadership of the group; and only the strongest, smartest and best organized of the groups rose to preeminence in a desperately struggling world. Weaklings and fools did not last long. Especially, they could not swindle the strong and wise men who had survived the awful struggle of existence into accepting fools, demagogues and weaklings as "great leaders." Thus, from the dawn of human history, with rare exceptions (caused by inheritance of power, which did not last, relatively speaking) only leaders who could lead attained real, permanent leadership, and only races (groups) which were truly superior could dominate. Under these conditions the group of humanity loosely called "Aryan white men" inevitably rose to complete domination of the civilized world, and civilized much of the savage world. And within this elite human group, or breed, Caesars, Pericles, Fredericks and Washingtons rose to personal leadership. The natural enemies of humanity, such as disease, wild beasts and brutal elements forced the naturally inferior groups to accept the domination and leadership of the superior white group. And the same cruel struggle within the white group forced the masses of inferiors to accept and even seek the leadership and domination of the naturally superior and elite minority. "People's Revolutions" were always relatively temporary, and power and leadership sooner or later was back in the hands of the biologically superior humans who had real capacity and force to lead. As a result, the world was benefited by the civilizing drive of the exceptional whites of England, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, etc. -- but most of all by Nordics. While the "subjects" of colonization might have chafed and complained under the yoke, millions of inferior savages who had lived for thousands of years in prehistoric squalor, ignorance and savagery were relatively suddenly taught the rudimentary technical methods of controlling natural forces so that many more of them could survive and become, in their own way, more powerful than their savage, uncolonized brothers. During all of these eons of history, it was highly advantageous to the subjects -- inferior races and even to the inferior individuals among the white race -- to seek and accept -- the leadership of the best races and best individuals even if this involved some tyranny. Nature herself was a still crueler tyrant and only with the leadership and organization supplied by the superior white race and the superior individuals within the white race could humanity hold its own or advance in the battle with nature. The weapon of the superior white man and the superior individual who led the white men was never physical strength alone, but always the power of organization -- which is the supreme form of the human will in action. In applying his intellect to the cruel forces of nature which tyrannized over him, the white man inevitably cast aside superstition, religious myths, old wives' tales and wishful thinking. He discovered what we now call the "scientific method" -- the power of organized, scrupulously logical thinking. With the full understanding and use of this intellectual tool man

suddenly gained terrific power to control many of the wild forces of nature which had been beating him for thousands of years. With this method there is almost no thing or action which cannot be somehow dominated, controlled and used by mankind. Man has penetrated outer space and the atom itself. He has controlled one natural killer and disease after another and even developed artificial human organs to replace those destroyed or decayed. He is, perhaps, on the verge of discovering the secrets of life itself. Utterly astounded at his own genius and accomplishment through the use of the scientific method, man then made what may yet be his fatal error. From the discovery that he could use natural laws he jumped to the conclusion that he could conquer nature and flaunt her iron laws. Bursting with conceit over his scientific and material accomplishments he forgot that he, too, is a part of nature, an animal. He proceeded to "conquer" evolution. He has now reversed it. That is the supreme danger of our chaotic times. Where nature had for countless centuries culled humanity until the best individuals and the best group (speaking of the average) dominated humanity, he now applies scientific method to everything else but his own breeding. He allowed anthropomorphism -- conceit -- to enter the picture and control him just as it did his most savage and stupid ancestors 10,000 years ago in the form of superstition. Science showed him the secrets of heredity and how to use these secrets to breed better cattle, dogs, horses and even bugs. But when it came to his own heredity man was loathe to admit the perhaps "unfair" but brutally true fact that there is no scientific reason why all individuals and groups of the same species Homo Sapiens should be equally valuable and have equal natural abilities any more than that all horses or dogs should be of the same quality whether by breeds or by individuals. As a matter of fact, during the 18th and 19th Centuries man fell in love with both the scientific method and his own intellect. With his medical knowledge he largely conquered the natural forces which had so long selected the best individuals and groups alone for survival, thus utterly reversing the process of evolution which produced the superior white man and the very brains of the geniuses among the white men who discovered these scientific wonders. With this sort of worship of the intellect went a concomitant degradation of physical force. Where once the white man had not only out-thought and out-maneuvered the savage races but also kept them in meek submission by naked force and even terror, when necessary, the white man now began to delude himself with the soothing "liberal" idea that force could be dispensed with and man could maintain and extend his accomplishments by sheer intellect alone. He laid down his knotty club, bent over his books and began to fancy himself as "above" the rest of the animal world which still had to copulate, defecate, urinate and fight to survive. And as he did this, there was one human group which had been schooled and especially selected in this super intellectualism for thousands of years: the Jews. Naturally weak, unaggressive and lacking in creative force, this human group had survived solely by its wits as a sort of parasite and had even developed a "religion" which codified and even glorified intellectual paranoiaism and physical cowardice as the "way of God." When the forceful, domineering and driving white man laid aside his club, forgot that he also was an animal, and allowed his scientific method and medical knowledge to reverse evolution, he set up humanity for domination by the Jew. Instinctively the Jew perceived the white man's growing unwillingness to fight, and realized that in a battle of words and mutual swindling his thousands of years of experience would be more than a match for the less subtle Aryan white man. The Jew thus became the leading and loudest exponent of intellectualism and the scientific method. At the same time he instinctively deprecated all ideas of heredity, breeding, race or individual leadership. It is the Jew who would be master in a mongrelized world. A wolf pack is led by the strongest and smartest wolf by a sort of mutual consent based on force. This arrangement benefits the entire pack because the wise and tough old wolf leader is the best guarantee for the rest of the pack that they will be led in an organized and successful manner toward food and safety, etc. Humanity until the seventeen and eighteen hundreds was much in the position of such a wolf pack, beset as it was with natural dangers and human enemies. But with the rise of intellectualism and pacifism the Jew was able to approach the members of the "wolf pack" of humanity and say, in effect, "Why should we be bossed around by the leader, 'the tyrant' when we outnumber him so greatly? Let us set up a democracy and we will vote him out of business." If the "Pack" can be sold on this swindle it will mutiny against its natural leader and the resulting "democracy" will actually be run by the smartest demagogue or smooth talker, usually a Jew, once the strong leader is eliminated by sheer numbers. This is what we saw in the French Revolution, Oliver Cromwell's uprising, and a hundred other similar "people's revolutions" against the naturally superior leaders of humanity, the so-called "aristocrats," who had lost their force and became decadent. About 1850 the Jew, Karl

Marx, organized and codified this mutiny of inferiors against their natural leaders in the name of intellectualism, science and democracy. Organized by the Jews in the form of Communism, this "mutiny" by the massed millions of the earth's inferiors against the naturally superior races and individuals threatens to overwhelm humanity. Today, in the name of "humanitarianism" and "progress," man has selfishly and stupidly stopped or even reversed every one of the mechanisms by which nature kept him vigorous and evolving as a species. Where he once had twelve or thirteen children, so that only the strongest and fittest survived, he now cruelly limits his offspring to one, two, three, or, at the most, four. Of these, he hamstringing the strong and vigorous with the frustrating doctrines of "pacifism" and brotherhood with human trash, while he mobilizes the entire forces of society and science to keep alive the sorriest kind of creatures from drooling idiots down to two-headed monsters. Daily grows the number of high-powered appeals for contributions to this or that foundation for the preservation of the lives and therefore the ability to procreate of the most miserable and unhappy little human mistakes, whom nature would mercifully put out of their suffering, were it not for the soft-headed "humanitarianism" of short-sighted men and women, of whom Eleanor Roosevelt is perhaps the most disgusting example. While the white race is thus emasculating and extinguishing itself by severely limiting its offspring and then keeping the most unfit individuals alive at the expense of the species, it is also actively helping and even forcing the numberless hordes of colored humanity to proliferate at such a staggering rate that the result is nothing less than a population explosion of the lowest kind of human mongrels. There are already seven colored people for every white person in the world, and the ratio is becoming more overwhelmingly black every day. If we really believe in "democracy," as our leaders would have us, then, with one vote per person, we are already only a tiny minority about to be washed away in a tidal wave of colored and black "equality." The United Nations is already giving even the most stupid whites an inkling of this development, as cannibals and the most improbable spear-toters from the Congo are treated as "statesmen" by our liberal toadies, even as these minstrel "statesmen" are picking morsels of their late political opponents from their pointed teeth. Even the diminishing number of high quality white human beings, if they are able to get born and then survive a world being increasingly rigged for the benefit of the unfit and lazy, are still not permitted to survive in our insane world. Twice in my own lifetime, the same vicious forces which promote the unlimited breeding of the poorest and darkest of humanity, in the name of "democracy," have promoted horrible mutual massacres called "World Wars," in which the BEST of the Whites on one side slaughter the BEST of the Whites on the other side although neither of these sides ever wins. Always it is the Jews, the colored races and the Marxists who "win" these nightmarish butcherings, while the cream of our people, the bravest, most idealistic, unselfish and self-sacrificing young men go off to murder each other as volunteers. The 4-Fs and the mercantile princes stay home to provide the band music, the bullets, the fine uniforms, and the rest of the machinery for inflaming "patriotic" youth to go and kill each other to "make the world safe for democracy," or to "put down tyranny," etc. -- although these same lads are cautioned not to get excited about RED tyranny, or BLACK tyranny -- which is really "democracy" at work. Every thirty years or so, it seems, the decreasing number of the white elite of the world are set at each other's throats, while they are taught to work and struggle to make the world a better place to breed Jews and Negroes. Our people never see this cruel and suicidal process, and, even now; the best of our people, the most patriotic, are whooping and war dancing to go and murder the Russians -- who are also White people -- instead of realizing that it is the Communists who are the enemies of humanity, not the miserable uneducated and helpless Russian white men and women who are prisoners of these world-fiends, just as, in a sense, we are here in America. And, in between these planet-wide butcheries of the biological cream of humanity, the Jews give the elite no respite. "Liberalism" castrated our intellectual youth, makes them actually love their destroyers and every process of their own disintegration. The resulting moral depravity finally produces the ultimate disgrace of civilization -- pansies, queers! The Jewish-dominated fields of medicine would have us look with compassion and tolerance on this abomination because the people are "sick." But then, so are mad killers in the street. The Jews say Hitler was "sick" too, but there were no recommendations to let him work his poor, frustrated little will. They say I am sick, but they do not seem anxious to permit me my little peccadillos. It is always and only for disintegrative moral depravity that they bring out the "let-him-alone-he's-just-sick" bit. Our great grandfathers would probably have risen in overpowering and natural wrath to slaughter, left and right, the unspeakable crawling, filthy things we excuse as "beats." Doped up with narcotics, physically

dirty, ostentatiously anti-social and repulsive, "crazy" with the orgiastic rhythms of Africa's lowest cannibals, full of the phoniest imaginable Jewish "intellectualism," (Ginsberg) and sleeping interchangeably with male and female Negroes -- these degraders' and pitiful creatures are the inevitable result of putting "democracy" and "liberalism" into working practice. In short, every force of "modern" society, scientific, cultural, moral and intellectual has shortsightedly forgotten the race, the group, in the wild "liberal" scramble to pamper the individual at the expense of the species. Every natural process of selection and breeding has been violently reversed, and humanity is breeding itself back to the jungles and caves out of which our ancestors once battled in thousands and thousands of years of bitter struggle with a merciless but healthy environment. The idiocy of despising their own hereditary genius and strength has been made the fashion among young college "intellectuals" all over the world and, unless the white man becomes aware that the intellectualism and scientific method he so much admires must be applied to himself and his breeding as an animal, humanity will be destroyed by social chaos and the reversal of biological evolution. In fact this process is already far along, and, like hypnotized birds before snakes, the white man and nations all over the world are cringing in abject cowardice before mutinous gangs of inferior people and black savages, inflamed and led by Jews. National Socialism is, above all things, the doctrine that it is not only for the good of humanity but absolutely essential for the survival of humanity that scientific method be applied not only to the breedings of animals and bugs but also to the breeding of human beings. National Socialism does not wish to destroy inferior races or individuals any more than a wolf leader wants to destroy the pack but only to organize them into a productive order which alone can enable them to survive and enjoy some degree of human felicity. National Socialism deplores the reversal of human evolution being accelerated by welfare-ism, brotherhood-ism, race-mixing and the unlimited breeding of the inferior races and individuals while the superior limit themselves to few offspring or none. To accomplish these utterly fundamental and vital aims, National Socialism declares its goal to be nothing less than the absolute domination of the white, civilized areas of the earth by the Aryan white man and the leadership of the Aryan white man by the strongest and wisest individuals of the race rather than the largest number of weaklings, mediocrities and selfish private interests. To achieve this goal National Socialism recognizes that power must be won legally, first in the strategic center of the world, the United States, and then in all the other white Aryan areas of the earth. National Socialism does not recognize the imaginary geographic boundaries of nations as being as important as the very real boundaries set by nature in RACE. We therefore declare our intention eventually to incorporate all Nordic and Aryan white peoples into a single political entity so that never again will white men fight and kill each other on behalf of such silly things as imaginary geographic boundaries or such vicious things as Jewish economic swindles -- either Communism or capitalism. We further declare that we do not seek to murder or destroy any race but only that we intend to establish separate areas within which each race will be at liberty to achieve its own destiny so long as it does not encroach upon or attack the areas or members of another race. Finally, we declare our intention of utterly destroying all individuals, OF WHATEVER RACE, who are guilty of organizing, planning, or carrying out the criminal Communist conspiracy and mutiny against humanity and the laws of nature. We recognize a great proportion of Jews have been, and are the leaders of this criminal Bolshevik mutiny and conspiracy against the race of humanity and will not shrink from the task of utterly destroying such poisonous human bacteria. But this is only the negative part of our ideals and aims. The goal of National Socialism develop and express his contributions to humanity to the maximum possible extent and, by the application of scientific method to human breeding itself, to insure that the world is peopled, not with more and more negroid degenerates, but with human beings who increasingly approximate the lordly ideal expressed in the ancient Nordic sagas by the gods and goddesses of Valhalla.

-INDEX-

THIS TIME THE WORLD

by George Lincoln Rockwell

CHAPTER XX.

NOTE: The foregoing chapters of the book were written in September and October of 1960 for delivery to a publisher in Chicago in November. A full year was lost as the publisher and others were intimidated into abandoning publication by threats, mostly from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and other Jewish organizations. Finally, publication of the book was undertaken by Parliament House in New York in September of 1961. But this firm was not able to get the book printed and produced anyplace except on our own little Davidson 221 office duplicator.

Even then, the efforts to stop publication did not cease. "Volunteer typists" came to help set the book on our IBM -- only to sabotage the work, as the typographical and spelling errors in the first chapters will show, in spite of all the diligence we could exercise. They actually set fire to the press room in the middle of the night and disaster was saved only by the alert duty officer. My printer and layout man were maneuvered into quitting at the crucial moment so that I wound up producing almost all of the book myself with unskilled help from loyal officers and troopers, except for IBM typing by a faithful woman member of the party.

I have consequently rewritten this last chapter in December of 1961 to bring the book up to date. The reader is again reminded that the book was written and produced under actual combat conditions, with bullets, Molotov cocktails, phosphorous bombs and rocks flying at the headquarters and printshop, along with the more subtle attacks by Jewish agents. As I write, two of my lads are in prison, one just got out, and I am under sentence to prison in New Orleans and Arlington, pending appeal. The Jews in the Justice Department are combing every facet of my life (including this book, copies of which were just picked up by the FBI yesterday, December 1, 1961) to find some grounds for a "prosecution " which would stick. Finally, our operating funds are so pitifully minute that we were printing and working in bone-chilling cold up until ten days ago because we couldn't pay the gas bill since last April.

For all these reasons, we hope the reader will forgive technical failings in production of this work, and remember that content is here, regardless of the form, which is a temporary matter. Later editions will equal and surpass the tons of Jewish productions which fill our book shops now. In their case, the form is certainly there!; they have the millions to pay Gentile craftsmen to produce masterpieces of the book-maker's art -- but the content is lacking as with most things in our "modern" lives today -- the age of plastic. We are already shifting from operation on sales of our production, and, with iron determination, we shall soon enough have the money to produce This Time the World in the style to which it is entitled.

With the victory in the Arlington courts and the smashing victory over the "mental-health" attack in Washington, we were well launched into the first Phase of our struggle to power. The world has read in the papers of our exploits since then.

That first phase was the fight to become known to the masses, at all costs, as the fanatical champions of the White Man and enemy of the Jewish traitors.

There are many who think as we do but who haughtily condemn our wild and wooly tactics as "undignified," etc. These know-it-alls cannot understand that being "dignified" or "refined" or "reasonable" has not helped any of the right-wing movements so far to success.

The left-wing is not dignified or reasonable, but it is succeeding. It has power! It is winning because it understands the fundamental source of all political power, which is in the common, ordinary masses of people.

Ultimate political power does not reside in "conservatives" or "liberals" or intellectuals or goon squads, but in the millions upon millions of plumbers, carpenters, laborers, taxi-drivers, bartenders, etc. And these millions are never won by argument, but always by the extremes of emotion. They love and they hate. They play like kids and they fight like animals. They despise weakness, especially in leaders, and love strength even when it tyrannizes over them. Roosevelt was a devilish example of that. They do not want to see an intellectual discussion between lofty political ideas, but the crushing victory of their side and the utter annihilation of the enemy, whomever he may be.

The Jewish promotion of the idea of democracy is a monstrous fraud to hide their own power over these masses, which consists of control of all media of mass communication and popular entertainment. An ordinary man cannot know personally the men and issues for which he is allowed to "vote." He gets to "know" these things, in a "free" democracy like America, only as they are shown to him on TV, in the newspapers, magazines, etc. The candidates and issues upon which Americans, and all citizens of democracies, vote are the images of men and issues painted with supreme cunning by the "hidden persuaders," the scientific mind-manipulators, who consciously and ruthlessly use emotional-engineering techniques to build "father images" and all the rest of the tools of their power. "The other side" is simply not permitted to exist, let alone express itself.

Who ever heard of an anti-Semitic national TV show? Or a crime show with black criminals? Or even a John Birch TV program revealing, for instance, Ike's red record?

The result is that poor, ingenuous, ordinary and decent little John Doe, American, truly believes much of the crap poured into his head twenty-four hours a day from his press, TV, etc. The images he develops in his mind of "Jews," "agrarian reformers," "deprived Negroes," "sick criminals" -- all the rest of the liberal images -- are not real, as anybody who has read a Jew paper or been mugged by a black criminal knows. But these synthetic images have, immense power to influence the masses emotionally so that they will vote for an insufferable spoiled popinjay like the millionaire Roosevelt, for instance, as a, "man-of-the-people"!

The problem of building a political organization with the ability to move these masses the other way, in spite of the enemy's utter mastery of all means of communicating with the masses, is, thus, first the problem of reaching the masses -- any way at all.

It does not matter how you reach them at first, so long as they come to know of you and the fact that you are at the opposite pole from those in power.

Our "Nazi" tactics force the Jews to blast us, in spite of their efforts at "silent treatment," as "monsters," "hate mongers," hoodlums, terrorists, etc., etc. In spite of themselves, the Jews must build, on their own TV, an image of us which is just as phony as the images they build of their own marionettes -- but an image of us nevertheless, and an image of emotional impact which reaches the masses.

Ask the man in the street about Rockwell and the American Nazi Party and he will probably tell you that this is the outfit that wants to "kill all the Jews and niggers."

That this is a foul Jewish-promoted lie does not matter. In fact, it is preferable that the image of us, at this stage,

is monstrous.

The masses think like an electronic calculator. They have no modulations, but only plus and minus, black and white, absolutely good, and absolutely bad. Pavlov proved with his dogs that fundamental behavior patterns are basically determined by physical conditioning -- and the Jews and Communists have proved with their "brainwashing," that human beings follow the same laws of mechanical psychology as Pavlov's dogs. With proper techniques, every living being, including humans, can be manipulated.

Only the hot-house intellectuals want their fiction to be "modulated" with "greys," as in real life. The common man wants heroes and villains, and no mistake about it. He cannot fathom or sympathize with a "nice" villain or a "bad" hero. An examination of the pulp magazines and comic books he prefers will quickly establish the truth of that statement. If "Superman" got drunk and made an ass of himself, or turned coward once in a while -- as real "heroes" do -- he would be out of business in a trice.

The Jews, therefore, do exactly what we want them to do when they keep their Nazi atrocity lies pouring out over America in such oceanic floods. Right now, and for yet a while longer, they are the shining "heroes," and we are the 100% rotten "villains." Never mind, we have reached the masses with an image as the all-out opponents of what is going on. As long as John Doe is reasonably satisfied with what is going on and his own lot, he will continue to accept that image.

But the Jews and all their poisonous lot of liberals, queers, race-mixers, etc., cannot keep poor little John Doe happy for much longer with what they are doing to him. No amount of the most masterful TV brotherhood shows can keep a man whose wife is brutally raped by a gang of rampaging blacks from being rudely awakened to the phoniness of the Jew-image of the "down-trodden" and "innocent" Negro. All the poetry of peace and co-existence cannot keep Mr. Doe blind to the fact that Communism is conquering the earth, with one third of the world's people already enslaved, and the rest softened up, while it now has a beach-head 90 miles off Florida!

At present, the "common man" is luxuriating in the products of a super-phony war scare and manipulated economy, and his ears are deaf to pleas that he examine the basis of this false "prosperity." But when the house-of-cards rally comes crashing down, as it inevitably will in eight or nine years, John Doe will suddenly wake up! And he will be mad!

With race riots all over America as hungry blacks and whites fight for non-existent jobs, all the pretty notions of brotherhood and sweet reasonableness will be gone in a few moments of agonized recognition that his "friends" have been his enemies all along and his enemies have therefore been his friends.

The liars are now convicting themselves before the jury of America, and the more they lie and swindle the jury, the more that jury will howl for the liars blood when they discover how they have been taken. We are content -- nay HAPPY -- to be advertised as the would-be murderers of all Jews, even though that is not true, since we thus (1) reach the masses with simple ideas, and (2) stand forth as the uncompromising enemies of what we know the masses are growing to hate, and will hate with a passion in a very few years.

We have almost completed the first phase of our struggle to power, now. Both our name and our fanatical opposition to Jewish Communism-Zionism and race-mixing are known all over the world, albeit with misunderstand and burning hatred by many. That was our first aim.

The next phase of the struggle is to begin to drive into the brainwashed minds of the masses a few simple ideas

of what we really are -- instead of what they say we are. This book is the first major step in that direction, although the masses won't read it. But it will inevitably win over some intellectual fighters who will help us in the battle of propaganda. Most important, the book will stand as a crushing refutation of the Jew lies about our true nature and ideas, which can be judged in itself, with fearful results for the liars. Even when I am railroaded to prison, to another round of the bug-house, which is more than likely in spite of our scrupulous adherence to the law, as the Jews in the Justice Department get more and more desperate, the book will be preaching the truth and salvation silently to thousands, and perhaps millions.

We are still too weak to force our right to hire a hall and start public meetings. We couldn't rent the loft of a whore house for a meeting today. But that will not be for long. As income from the book begins to put blood into our veins at last, instead of the trickle of water from the contributions of a few hardy pioneers, we will go into court and fight for our right to hire a hall like any other American -- as we fought for the right to have a public park in New York and won.

And when we can hire a respectable hall and hold a public meeting, we shall be well launched on the second phase of our struggle -- the phase of education by propaganda. We shall drill into the minds of the public a few simple unforgettable slogans and ideas which will replace the diabolically clever slogans of the Jews now being driven into the minds of the people: "brotherhood," "you can't judge by groups, only as individuals," "tolerance" (for everything left, but hate for the "hate mongers."). When these lovers of free speech howl about Nazi "slogans," etc., let the thoughtful American consider the nature of the campaign being waged by the Jews and "liberals." And do they not also use slogans and the most monstrous of emotional propaganda?

With these scientific and powerful methods, we shall slowly begin to make the masses understand what we really are. And, again, the lies of the Jews will backfire on them, just as they do already in a small way when people come to interview me and find me intelligent, literate, courteous, reasonable and many report, personally likable. The shock is apparent on their faces when they do not see the horns on my head nor smell fumes of the fire and brimstone. Over a period of five or seven years, we will convert thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and finally millions to our ideals and to belief in our masculine, straight-forward leadership toward the things Americans and White men really want.

In the meantime, we shall start running for every available political office and insist on our rights to buy TV time when we get on the ballot even for dog-catcher. The wild howls of the Jews as I appear before a swastika banner on TV and drive home the truths the people ache to hear will be music to my ears, and the death song of the sneaks and traitors. Sooner or later, we will start getting elected -- first to small offices, and then to large. As the Jews continue to drive and push and hound the honest people of Virginia with forced integration and subversion, pornography and communism, I will inevitably be able to win enough votes to be elected governor.

And that will mark the start of the third phase in the fight to win back our American heritage and enforce the Constitution for the benefit of the White Christian people who built the country. With the prestige of public office, in spite of all the lies and terrorism of the Jews, we shall demonstrate what honest, fearless government is like and organize the people we have won. We will build our trained, hardcore of present Nazis into a nationwide mass organization which will be inflamed with a holy zeal such as fired the American Revolutionists -- and which has been lacking in our people since the civil war. By this time the "conservatives," with their stale dishwater programs and their battle cries of "back to the good old horse and buggy days!", will be discredited and beaten by the Jews they now pretend not to notice. The enemies of America will be running wild over our liberties, our traditions, and, most of an, over our white race. Goldwater is almost sure to follow Kennedy -- when the latter has crammed four years more of insufferable betrayal down the throats of Americans.

And Goldwater will be the last straw for the good and patient people who have tried so hard to believe the Jews and their lies. When he, too, betrays the people there will be no place left for them to turn. The phony "contest" between the Republicrats and Democans has already disgusted millions, who now hope to get something done as "conservatives" against the "liberals." And when these poor innocents find that the foxy Jews have once more pulled off their old trick of leading 'em -- when they couldn't beat 'em (as they did -- when they put Ike in) -- they will be at the end of their sheep-like patience and ready for all-out, uncompromising fight with a deadly enemy they will finally see. Especially the rich "conservatives" will flock to our banners after Goldwater has slipped them the final dose of brilliant betrayal. Just as the industrialists of the Ruhr finally backed Hitler, once they realized that there is no half-way method of beating the Communists who were reaching into their wallets, so the rich American reactionaries will back us when they, too, learn that the Jews and Communists are about to seize their cash.

With growing funds, not only from the people, but from scared reactionaries, by 1968 we will be able to start the fourth phase -- the winning of power! We shall make the presidential race which will in turn, insure tremendous national TV coverage. We won't be able, to beat Goldwater or any other Jew -- or Jew stooge they put up, yet, but we will smash their machine if invincible terror at the top levels, even as we have done it down herein the gutter.

The key factor in our planned rise to power will be our solution to the Negro problem -- a problem which has already become completely intolerable to both white and black.

The common working people of America are fed up with what they call "niggers" and are only prevented from taking violent action in the matter by the by the most extreme measures of brainwashing and the use of armed force, including the U.S. Army, as at Little Rock. This is not a Southern problem; the situation is even more explosive in Northern cities like Detroit and New York.

At the same time, the blacks are understandably fed up, too. Every human being on this earth must find some way to consider himself "valuable" and worthy of his own self-respect. Otherwise, he is forced by iron laws of psychology to (1) go insane (2) commit suicide (3) evade the Problem by becoming a drunken, dazed bum.

Constantly being told he is "equal" by white hypocrites who pretend to love him (but who send their own kids to private schools so they won't have to mix with the blacks, etc.), the Negro in America is being increasingly frustrated in his search for the all-important feeling of worthwhileness.

A hundred years ago, when "equality" was unheard of, the situation of the blacks seemed less hopeful, but, in the respect being discussed, it was far, far better. The Negro lived and moved only in his own exclusive black circle. Sure he was looked down upon, almost as an animal, but his psychological existence was 100% within his own group. He never even considered the possibility of a white wife, for instance, or even of association with whites. He gained his feeling of worthwhileness solely by his status within his own group, and here, he could excel and become, perhaps, a "great man." The Negro who succeeded in being the best banjo player or story-teller, perhaps, among the other Negroes, was a very real success.

But with the rise of the modern hypocrisy of "equality," the Negro has constantly set before him the idea that he is not a success and is not worthwhile unless he succeeds in white circles. He is no longer satisfied with a Negro woman, but, as is shown by the fact that almost every Negro who gets enough money and prestige marries a White, he dreams of getting white women, getting white jobs, and being accepted 100% as the same thing as Whites which he can never be.

The "liberals" make light of the argument, of course, but it is the most fundamental part of the problem that even the most "liberal" whites are only talking with their mouths about equality, and only so long as it doesn't affect their personal lives. They have no intention whatsoever of mixing sexually for procreation with the Negro race and, so long as this is denied the Negro, how can he really believe the slop that he is the same as white people except for the color of his skin?

The honest Americans draw the color-line at their front door -- and the dishonest "liberals" draw that same color-line at their daughter's bedroom door. But the line is there, and always will be. And it hurts. You can be sure of that. Only a fishy-cold "liberal" prattling of "humanitarianism" could fail to realize the terrible hurt he is inflicting on the blacks by giving them the false idea that 100% equality is only a matter of time, sit-ins and sleep-ins.

The common working white people of America, on the other hand, cannot be blamed for beginning to hate the black man who is becoming increasingly obnoxious in his pushing, as he is inflamed by the Jews behind the "Negro" organizations. Even if there may be a few scummy liberals who actually are prepared to offer their own daughters on the altar of Negro "equality," as did Sir Stafford Cripps, the unspoiled, healthy white working man will go all-out for naked violence before he will permit wholesale violation of his sacred instincts and nature's laws.

The Jewish power of money is presently holding this army of irritated White men in check through loss of jobs as fire and police departments are integrated and monsters like Sammy Davis, Jr., are paraded with their white wives in all our press and magazines, etc. But when the money and jobs are gone, as they surely will be, as the phoney economy collapses when it can no longer be patched up by Berlin "crisis" and similar frauds, then there will be nothing to stop the enraged millions of White men.

The result is that all the makings of a nightmare of violence and bloodshed are in the works. The hypocrites and Jews keep telling the Negro he is equal and that he should push. And the Whites -- in the North as well as the South -- are kept from violence to stop the infernal pushing only by the fact that they lose their jobs and perhaps go to jail. Calling them "bigots" will not stop them forever.

Most Americans who can't figure this all out intellectually know it by instinct. Everybody can feel the terrible, deadly tension as the Negro pushing continues.

It is by intelligently solving this unspeakable situation that we shall win most of the votes to put us in office.

When economic catastrophe hits, race riots will be the inevitable result, all over the USA. The race problem, which is unanimously ignored, or aggravated, by all our politicians, from Stevenson to Goldwater, must be solved by intelligence, honesty and goodwill, or it will be solved by massacre and bloodshed.

The American Nazi Party recognizes that the Negro can never be happy in White Society because he can never gain that all important feeling of worthwhileness and self-respect as long as he is constantly reminded of the color-line, whether it is at the honest man's front door, or the bedroom door of the liberal's daughter.

Only on his own piece of geography, among his own people, can the Negro find the "status" he must have to exist as a contented human being.

Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and all of our early leaders recognized this fundamental truth, and helped set up Liberia in Africa for our Negroes whose capital was named Monrovia after our President Monroe.

Not too many years ago, Marcus Garvey, a Negro, led a Back-to-Africa movement which obtained four million Negro signatures on a petition seeking return to Africa. But this fact is not permitted to reach the public because the Jews want the Negroes here for three rotten purposes:

(1) They use the Negroes as a balance of power in politics. They have gotten the Whites almost evenly divided into two meaningless teams of Republicrats and Democans so that their votes neatly cancel each other out (the main reason for the huge Jew-led drives to "get out the vote," which keeps the suckers imagining they are participating in their government). only by winning the black vote, today, can a politician get elected and the Jews control the Black vote. The Negroes, being relatively ignorant and simple-hearted, are easily led by the sly and foxy Jews like Marvin Rich and Arthur Spingarn. And these Jews of the NAACP, CORE, etc., peddle the votes of their black herds to whomever offers the Jews and Negroes the most, and to hell with the country, the Constitution and the White Christian majority. It is an utterly vicious scheme!

(2) The Jews prey on the economically helpless Negroes financially. One has only to visit the Negro section of town and look at the names on the shops or see who collects the huge rents on the roach and rat-ridden black tenements, to see how the Jews milk their black cattle. See who is selling rot-gut wine and whiskey to the blacks. Or observe the municipal court records to see who is garnisheeing the Negroes' pitiful wages for easy-payment debts created in selling trash and plastic junk to the childish blacks.

The third reason the Jews keep the Blacks here is more subtle. They, the Jews, use the Negroes as a battering ram to smash down White Gentile society for the benefit of Jews, without making it obvious that it is a Jewish operation.

By preaching equality for Blacks and enlisting the soft-heads and fat-heads like Eleanor, who imagine they are intellectuals, but who won't think when they can feel, the Jews break down our society and our morale with Negro invasions, which are promptly exploited by the Jews who move in behind them.

In short, the Negro is as much the key to Jewish power in America as is the 100% Jewish-run TV and movie business.

That is the reason why any effort toward a real solution to the Negro problem is hounded and driven out of existence by the Jews -- as Marcus Garvey was thrown into jail and his movement broken up.

But, just as the Jewish outrages always produce a counter-force among the Whites, as they did in Germany, Italy, Spain, etc., and as they are doing in the USA now -- so they have at last produced a real leader among the Negro people, Elijah Muhammad, head of the "Black Muslims."

I am aware that Mr. Muhammad at one time preached massacre of the Whites. I can't say that I blame him. Were I a Negro, I would feel the same way. But Mr. Muhammad was, and is, faced with the same problems as we are -- total hostility by the Jews and all their satellites, including the government. The Jewish press does its' best to ignore him, while writing paeans of praise and adulation for the "black" organizations and activities led by Jews, such CORE and NAACP. Under the circumstances and remembering the simple hearts, ignorance, and sorely oppressed status of most of the Negro people, he may be forgiven any kind of preaching necessary to gain the

strength to do something constructive to solve the problem, just as we have to use some pretty powerful methods to outwit the Jew press liars ourselves.

But Elijah Muhammad has taken a million or more of the lowest kind of people on earth-lazy, drunken, dirty, filthy-mouthed, nasty-minded black bums and criminals, the repulsive creatures called "niggers" -- and turned them into disciplined, self-respecting, sober, hard-working, courteous, clean-talking and clean people. Let the White men who tax me with being a "nigger lover" for respecting Elijah Muhammad show me the White leader today who has demonstrated any such masterful ability to lead!

As Muhammad has grown in wisdom and stature, he has also become more moderate and statesman-like in his program and demands. He knows how the Jews are using and abusing his people and he does not fear to say so, like so many of the Southern Whites who damn me for praising Muhammad and then whisper in the most cowardly manner about the "shhhhhh! 'j-e-w-s'".

He used to demand American territory for his Negro nation. And I will say that, if there were no other way of solving the Negro problem and the alternative was the mongrelization of the White race, which is inevitable if the present mix-pressures are continued, I would even be willing to give the Negroes an area of their own in America (New York City, perhaps, where they could enjoy the company of their Jew "friends") before I would see our White race degraded to a nation of brown mongrels such as swarm in South America.

But that is not necessary.

When economic catastrophe hits, as it will in six to eight years when the phony war-scare economy runs out of Berlins and Laos, we will need no CCC camps of "PWA" to pump up or prime our economy. By ceasing our disgusting efforts to buy friendship and "neutrality" from our enemies with "foreign aid" and allocating that money and the money now wasted on civil rights and Negro crime to our own Negroes to build and construct a modern industrial nation in Africa, we can not only make the prospect of their own modern Nation so attractive that our Negroes will flock to migrate, but we will pump eight or ten billion dollars a year into our own free economy -- our contractors, technicians, service organizations, businessmen, banks, etc. And this will put millions more Americans to work on a constructive project to solve a problem, not add to it.

Many people object that it would be impossible to move fifteen million Negroes to Africa. These people forget that we moved many more people than that in World War II -- under combat conditions! With the proper will and spirit, it will be easy.

As for winning the Negroes, it is truly child's play, with modem methods of sales and public relations. The lot of most Negroes in America is incredibly rotten. The vision of glorious "equality" and a "little taste of honey" (ie. intercourse with a white girl) held out by the Jews to the Negroes, is rapidly disillusioning the blacks, and will do so with increasing rapidity as the pushing continues. Only the rare "professional" Negroes really hate anything, and they are in the overwhelming minority. The great mass of American Negroes are wretchedly poor, frustrated, exploited, given the bum's rush through our courts and prisons and generally have little to live for.

With any kind of funds for public relations work at all, we will sign up these down-trodden creatures by the millions for a genuine break at long, long last. A man will charge the massed bayonets of the enemy on behalf of a vision in which he really believes, as every war proves on both sides. Our Negroes now have no vision at all, except the hypocritical hope of "mixing," which bitterly frustrates them, especially the poor ones who can't afford a white prostitute, professional or amateur.

Savage Africa has almost no skilled workers and leaders so that our American Negroes would jump at once from the status of inferior -and oppressed second-class citizens here to pioneering heroes and much sought-after experts in the new land. Attractive window displays in the Negro sections of all American towns with literature and petitions inside, TV programs, public rallies, and all the rest of the tools of modern mass sales techniques will fire the imaginations and hearts of the frustrated millions of America's Blacks, as the hopeless dream of 100% equality can never do.

And Elijah Muhammad is the obvious and proven leader to organize and direct this mighty movement, which is almost exactly the parallel of the way America itself was civilized by people who were persecuted and hounded in other lands.

In spite of the stupid howls of "nigger lover" I must suffer, and the understandable fear of us in the heart of Mr. Muhammad, we have confidence that we will be able to reach a position of mutual trust and cooperation toward the great goal of a genuine solution to the Negro problem. His lieutenants have already made contact with us and assured us of any help they can give and we have given them a similar assurance.

As we grow in power and influence, we will be able to work in dignity and separately, but in mutual helpfulness, toward the day when our American Negroes will at last have the real self-respect and decent environment we owe them after three hundred years of slavery and exploitation and our White men will have the pure White Christian civilization won for them with the blood of their ancestors.

And even the soft-heads and liberals will one day vote for us when we have solved this monstrous problem to the satisfaction of all honest people, black and white, except the Jew plotters.

In 1972, with Nazi senators and representatives in every state and millions of Nazi voters, we will be able to sweep to power in the elections. And then will begin the fifth phase of the struggle -- the clean-up! With an iron broom (but always within the law and the Constitution) we shall sweep the hordes of traitors out of office and into the gas chambers -- not because they are of any particular race or "religion," but because they are proven in courts, before juries, to have been traitors to the most wonderful people and system of government ever devised by the mind of man.

In one term in the White House, we will be able to finish the great mass movement of Negroes to Africa or to reservations here so that our cities will be sparkling WHITE and relatively free of the rampaging criminals now making our own national capital a vicious jungle of murder and rapine. The people, who have been endlessly told what tyrants we are and how we wish to murder and rob people, will have seen what we can REALLY do with power and will know at first hand the pure white-fire of our idealism, just as courageous and honest Germans can tell you what a paradise Germany was in the "Great Days," even for honest Jews -- but especially for Germans. Americans will once again revel in their wonderful, blessed America, spotlessly clean of the queers, pornography, hot-house sex atmosphere, hypocrites, false Christian pink preachers, and -- most important of all-traitors and liars.

Then will begin the most dangerous of times for our movement and our people.

The Jews pulling the strings in Moscow and Jerusalem and in the banking houses of the world (including the Vatican, where the Rothschilds have now got Pope John deleting passages of Holy Scripture which do not please the Jews who had Christ crucified!) will once again work with devilish ingenuity to plunge the world into another bloodbath to save their rotten secret empire of blood and gold, just as they plunged us into World War II

to make the world safe for Marxism again, when Hitler had it on the run.

Hitler, never having traveled, was an incurable isolationist and chauvinist. He imagined he could create a spotless and clean little "bubble," disinfected of Jewish filth and phlegm, right in the middle of the filthy Jewish world empire. He managed the miracle for a time but his task was as impossible as trying to create a hospital-clean and antiseptic little area in a sewer being flooded with roaring torrents of excrement. He was overwhelmed by the flood of Jewish hate and poison which surrounded tiny Germany.

Had he started from the beginning, not with a GERMAN movement, but with a WHITE MAN'S movement encompassing all White men in the world, as the movement encompasses all Jews, without regard to nationality or even "religion," and as the Communist movement is international, he would have taken a lot longer to win -- but he would have been sure of winning. You can't beat an international movement with a national movement any more than you create a nice clean place in a sewer.

We have not made that mistake. From the beginning, I have worked just as hard to build international solidarity of ALL White men, regardless of religion or nationality, as I have to get the party set up in the U.S.A.

The method is incredibly hard -- I am banned from most countries and can contact our people in other areas of the earth only by mail -- but it is SURE. In England, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Canada, Argentina, Germany, Denmark -- even in Japan -- and dozens of other countries, we are working to set up the World Union of National Socialists as the fight-to-the-death counterpart of the world Marxist Comintern and Zionist organizations. Today, the Nazi parties in these countries operate with front names just as I direct our Nazis in many American cities to operate under other names until they are strong enough to survive the Jewish terror attacks. But they are growing strong and pure. Nothing can now stop them.

The Jews are now doing to the entire world what they did to Germany in the 1920's. The Jewish moguls have even decreed that women's fashions must look like those of the insane '20's, as a look at the fashion ads will show. They monopolize everything, and they are spreading their filth and decay into every nook and cranny of this staggering planet. Their red United Nations is planned as the final graveyard of all national liberty, and, as it becomes increasingly colored and black, the ultimate graveyard of the White Race.

As we grow and win power here in the U.S.A., there is the terrible danger that the Jews will decide on the ultimate insanity of another world war to stop us -- a threat they use now to drive the world crazy with their interminable alternating threats and handshakes, just as Pavlov's dogs were driven to such states of anxiety by mechanical alternations of torture and care that they became living zombies willing to do anything commanded by their manipulator, exactly as our people are beginning to do en masse. The Jews have no intention whatsoever of blowing themselves up in the hydrogen bomb war they keep depicting for us in frightening full-color articles and on TV, etc. The "cold war" is strictly to make money in the war-scare economy and keep the suckers busy watching with horror "over there," while the dirty work is being done over here -- and to keep us spending ourselves to death, as Lenin commanded.

If, however, it appeared that the Jews were on the verge of total exposure -- and the consequent punishment they have so diligently earned -- they would try at the last minute to pull everything down about everyone's ears, in the hopes of escaping retribution in the catastrophic confusion and misery.

This we have guarded against by the fundamental idea of our movement, which is the unity of the White Aryan Race -- regardless of the location on the globe of the members of that race. This unity includes the White Aryan

Russian people, who are as much victims of Jewish Communism as we are, even the Russians who go along with the thing, like our own fat-headed "liberals," not knowing the nature of the fiends who are using them.

At the same time we are working and growing here in the U.S.A., and our fellow Nazis are working in the other Western nations, we are doing what we legally can to prepare a Nazi movement in Russia, too. We have no desire to go and murder Russian White men, as we once went forth to murder our German brothers because we were told they were "enemies." We do have a burning desire to massacre the Bolshevik traitors to humanity who have turned the earth into a slaughter house in World War II for their own rotten and selfish ends and who now openly boast that they will "Bury us"! We are not ashamed to hate them whether they speak Russian, Yiddish, or English with a British accent like Mr. Acheson. And the way to see that they meet the fate they have earned is to help the Russian White men throw off the tyrants -- not hate the Russian people, as we are being taught. Sure they are ignorant and perhaps hateful to us now, but so are many sincere "liberals" right here in this country. They are like poisoned children who vomit on the living-room rug. Who can curse and hate them for being poisoned, knowing the cunning and infinitely devilish genius of the poisoners?

In the 1920's, the Jews thought they had everything going their way and they did. The Western world was burning itself up in a wild and immoral orgy of speculation, sex, jazz, crazy fashions, idiot pastimes, poisonous negroid "culture" and all the rest of the Jewish arsenal of destruction of the racial will to survive. Our intellectuals flocked to the red banners and our literature, for the time, is almost openly Communist. In Germany, the Jews were arrogantly and openly Communist with seven million red hoodlums marching and beating people up in the streets of Germany and figured they had it made. Germany was to be the hub of their world revolution, and they almost succeeded. But, as is happening in the U.S.A. now, their vicious attack forced the rise of a counter force from among the people itself -- Adolf Hitler. At the very last minute, the despised and persecuted Nazis rose up and smote the traitors down.

Today, the Jews are doing all over this earth exactly what they did in Germany -- the same wild orgy, the same mad speculation and spending, the same build-up of Communism, the same immorality and pornography, the same wild crime-waves, even the same fashions. We are rapidly approaching the point of total decadence and confusion which is the planned prelude to red revolution.

Perhaps most deadly of all, this time the Jews, with their Communism and "democracy," have inflamed almost the whole of Africa, South America, India and Asia with savage and mutinous rebellion by the colored swarms of the planet against the White man -- and therefore against civilization which is the product of White ideals and genius. If this frightful mutiny were eventually to succeed, as it is doing by leaps and bounds, the result would not be paradise for the colored races who would overwhelm and run riot over the Whites. The result would be the same regression to savagery and squalor which has taken place every time the White man has been driven out of negroid areas such as Haiti.

The reason that America is mecca for the world is not that it is richer in resources and wealth. South America is infinitely richer in natural wealth, but is nevertheless sunk in squalor and typical, unstable, tyrannical "Latin-American"-style revolutions and mustachioed musical-comedy type "leaders." Only as the population becomes WHITER, as in Argentina and Uruguay, does the civilization become more idealistic and orderly.

The soft-headed "liberals" who are so hell-bent to hand civilization on a platter to pygmies and cannibals fail to comprehend that the very ideals which motivate them and which they worship, depend for their existence in this world on the White Race, and that their efforts at equality will not only not help the inferior races, but will operate exactly like taking the parents away from helpless and innocent children. The results of withdrawing White domination in savage Africa are already apparent and will soon become catastrophic. As the colored

mutiny is spread by the Jewish "democrats" and Marxists, the White Man will not find the colored races raised up to his level of civilization and the ideals which can maintain civilization, but rather his own civilization and ideals will be pulled down toward the level of the savages and finally obliterated in a roaring black flood, as we are witnessing in bloody Africa -- and New York's Harlem -- today!

But, again, just as in Germany in the '20's, these villains have driven into existence a counter force. In the '20's it was local -- in Germany, Italy and Spain.

But today, as they again approach the same crucial moment of their seizure of world power -- they are not faced by only one little isolated nation which woke up. Like the sorcerer's apprentice, they have chopped the "broom" which they couldn't stop all to pieces -- and now the pieces are coming to life.

An almost imperceptible quiver here ... A little movement there ... A few swastikas smeared on a Jew wall ... A high school group in Kansas meeting by candlelight underneath the leaders picture! The Horst Wessel song in hoarse, choked voices in a tavern in Berlin! The British Spearhead fighters rushing the platform and smashing up a meeting of red traitors in London! The fighters of the Rikspartiet in Sweden and Norway attacking Jewish Communist traitors in Stockholm and Oslo! The prime minister of South Africa warning the Jews publicly that he will not tolerate anymore of their open and infamous revolutionary racial agitation!...A police official in a great city privately confiding that most of the department understands at last what we are trying to do, and is all for us!

Japanese Nazis fighting bloody battles with the arrogant, snake-dancing reds set up with the encouragement of our own State Department! ... A "swastika flag flying from a fraternity house in Maryland! ... The sound of Nazi drums and marching boots in Cologne, before the brave ones and their swastika banners are thrown into the Jew dungeons ... The holy light reflected in the candle's gleam from the shining eyes of a boy from Texas as he is sworn in at Headquarters as a new storm-trooper for the White Race! ... The little swastika pennants fluttering from the taxicabs in Mexico City! ... The reverent, secret meeting of the faithful in Argentina! ... The sacred "Blutfahne" ("Blood flag") of Adolf Hitler, lovingly folded in a safe deposit box in Chile, awaiting the Great Day!...The young Icelandic Nazis, marching in the grey and drizzling streets of Reykjavik to the graves of Nazi pilots with their swastika banners flying bravely! ... The roaring, defiant voices of forty young American Nazis marching under the Swastika to speak in Washington, D.C.!... "We march and fight, to death or on to victory! Our might is right! No traitor shall prevail"... the glorious red-white-and-black banner of the White Man whipping and snapping in the wind beside the Stars and Strips as we march in defiance of the screaming hate-contorted Jew terrorists!

From all over this planet the little movements are gathering, the courageous little bands of persecuted heroes are joining up! The defiant ones of the Hitler jugend lift their bloodied heads again and again under the blows of the Jews and their toadies. A Nazi will not die! Die Fahne Hoch! Die Reihen Fest Geschlossen!

The sound of their brave singing is heard! We are coming, brave comrades!

Your White Aryan brothers in England, Sweden, Nigeria, Iceland, America, South Africa, Italy, France, Denmark, Argentina -- EVERYWHERE -- hear you! We are COMING! MARCHING! FIGHTING! The Great Day of JUSTICE DRAWS NIGH!

THIS TIME the traitors will not be able to find any group of White Men anywhere who will listen to their lies and go and murder the Jews' enemies for them. There will be no place to hide...no place to start their eternal

game of friendly subversion of their unsuspecting hosts...no place to generate their infernal hates and fratricidal wars ... no place to set up their anvil of capitalist exploitation and their hammer of Communist revolution and slaughter.

THIS TIME the traitors will have only one place left in which they can at last find respite from the insane hate-monster which has been eating out their diseased hearts for six thousand years! ... And we shall provide that final solace. With deadly, incredible irony, fate is now repeating what happened in Germany -- on a world -- wide scale!

THIS TIME we shall not be soft-hearted and gentle like the Great Man who refused to use his tanks to slaughter the helpless British at Dunkirk because he believed even Churchill had some honor and loyalty to Britain and the White Race left.

THIS TIME we shall not be content with "minding our own business" here while the Jews stir up another, world war to wash us away in oceans of irreplaceable White blood!

THIS TIME we shall not permit traitors to "escape" so that they can move in and betray them as the German Communist Jews did to America. None shall pass or escape retribution, not one!

THIS TIME we shall not put our faith in anything or anybody but ourselves, and our unshakable will, impelled onward by an inscrutable destiny which has already demonstrated its determination to resurrect the good whenever it is crucified by evil, as it is now all over the wretched planet.

THIS TIME we shall not rest nor lower our arm until the very last human rat and red snake is beaten to death, no matter how they squirm and crawl from pole to pole or from mountain top to jungle swamp!

THE LAST TIME our leader showed the way to victory in one single area of the earth. "Today Germany!" he predicted **"TOMORROW THE WORLD!!!"**

Now it is TOMORROW! Now is the time, White Men!

THIS TIME THE WORLD!!!

HEIL HITLER!!!

[-INDEX-](#)