

CREDO

National Socialism is the social conscience of Socialism without class hatred and outmoded economic dogma.

It is the productive efficiency of Capitalism without the cruelty and exploitation of unrestrained greed.

It is the reverence for tradition and history of Conservatism without inflexibility or petrification.

It is the rationality of Liberalism without its emasculated rootlessness and its blindness to deeper modes of perception.

It is a patriotism which transcends narrow nationalism and embraces the Race.

It is a profound love and reverence for Nature without shallow sentimentality.

It is a religion without superstition—without magic and magicians, without the supernatural, without a sick and treasonable hankering after Other Worlds.

It accepts the inevitable quantum of pain in Existence with joyous fortitude—not with poisons and anesthetics and comforting delusions.

It is an affirmation and a yea-saying. It knows that for the brave, for the strong and for the healthy, life is always joyous.

It knows that the ugly of spirit create only Ugliness; the beautiful of spirit, only Beauty.

It knows that there are Aristocratic Races and Rabble Races and that its highest values must always be incomprehensible to Rabble Races—thus the object of their hatred, fear and mockery.

It is unimpressed by noblemen but it respects above all the Noble Man.

It knows that the most despicable of all sins is treason—treason to the Comrade, treason to the Race, treason to Life, treason to the Earth.

It calls to the Highest Men and to that which is highest even in the Lesser. But to fat and greasy souls, to the soft, to the cowardly, to the lovers of despicable ease, to the greedy, to the skraelings, it is a thunder-cloud and a hurricane.

One should ask first not, "Is National Socialism worthy?", but, "Am I worthy to be a National Socialist?"

Let the bugles of National Socialism summon the great ingathering of the Folk.

Beyond this age of Fenris-Wolf and Midgard-Serpent, the skies are red with a new dawn. After the Fimbul-Winter comes anew the great spring-time of our Race.

With our eyes upon the farthest galaxies—O divine hunger—and our feet upon the necks of the sub-men—O divine contempt—who durst say what we cannot yet do?

O Ye Great-of-Heart and Splendid-of-Soul, where else is your lost Homeland but in our serried phalanxes?

CALL US, O WAR-FATHER, TO THE RAVEN'S FIELD AND TO RAGNAROK. WE SHALL NOT COME HALTINGLY ON LAME FEET TO VICTORY OR TO VALHALLA!

HAIL VICTORY!

By Wayland Smith. Reprinted with the author's permission.

24 June 07. Hail Michael! Many thanks for your 2 letters & enclosures, the latest being mailed on 18 June 07. This month has passed pretty fast, but you have made great progress on behalf of Truth, Freedom & Justice, as well as ORION! I'm happy to see. I enclose the one-side only exhibits for your PRP, according to your request. As usual, your appeals & observations make good reading, which others will find of great interest, not only in the Jewnited States, to quote Louis Farrakhan, who is Black, & therefore is 'politically-correct.' Your report on ZOG's 'shoe-sadism' reminded me of the testimony of Sabina Citron, nee Winter, who heads The Canadian (sic) Holocaust Remembrance Association. Her experience was to be in Auschwitz where she was issued "ugly shoes." When she was told to work, she refused. In contradiction to her sworn testimony, all, meaning everyone, who refused any order was "SHOT!" to use her emphasis. She was transferred, along with other family members, to an ammo factory in Germany. Her story is 'miraculous', along with at least 6 million other 'jewish miracles'. It's pretty easy to survive, even in wartime, if no one is trying to kill you. I can say with equal veracity that "I survived the war! My 'miracle' was that I spent all of WW II in California, only to be gassed, I tell you, gassed! after the war, in daily smog attacks. It was a real holocaust, I'm tellink zhoo. Is my 'suffering' more credible if I fake a jewish accent? Beware of those who cry as they lie. If you were a jew, all the things which ZOG has done to you would put "The Diary of Anne Frank" into obscurity. Obviously, ZOG deems some suffering 'more equal' than others. Thanks for citing The Law of the Contrary in so many manifestations of your struggle against genocide, on behalf of Our Nation. People need to know what goes on behind the walls & razor wire of our ZOG-gulags. Perhaps some may not want to fight & die for this Evil Empire with such knowledge. You do far more for us from inside than most of us do on the outside. The blightwing says that we are influenced, if not ruled, by "Insiders," so I can say I know 'one! Congratulations! Your servants should treat you with more respect. I'd suggest they try leaving you alone, so ZOG won't continue to make anti-American propaganda. The Chinese must be laughing at ZOG's blatant hypocrisy on 'human rights.' Those of us on the receiving end do not find it so funny.

Thanks for the column by Black writer Pitts on the Mau Mau-style murder of the young White couple, which he made fun of. Apparently, the reaction over the Internet has put him in a most unwelcome spotlight, allegedly by "White Supremacists." Should we "cry him a river," as he suggests?

Shades of Mexican justice! So money counts in U.S. prisons as well, meaning one gets only the 'justice' he can pay for. Those who are broke obtain no justice under ZOG, which is 'the best government money can buy.' It really pays to see things in their true context: We live in a banana republic which must import its bananas, as I suddenly learned in 1969. Nothing has changed since my return, except for the worse. Such a deal!

"Cedeño" is derived from the verb, "ceder," meaning to hand over, give up, cede. Thus, his name translates as "that which is ceded," being a person, place or thing. When el presidente Bush realizes his North American Union, Mexican reconquest of their lost territories will be achieved. Spanish will become our official language, as it already is de facto in WAZOGLAND, where official government documents must be in Spanish, as well as English. At such time, Sr. Cedeño would properly change his name to Sr. Logreño, meaning "one who has achieved." Gringos should then adopt the name, Cedeño, since we would be the ones who ceded, yielded, & lost our living space, according to the will of ZOG. There can be much in a name, even if there is little in one's brain. Let's hear the Goy cheer, loud & clear: "DUH!"

As you say, life is fatal, so the best anyone can expect is death with honor. Even if one's Folk is oblivious to one's passage, he will go, knowing if he did his racial duty, to the best of his ability. Our ancestors would say: "To Victory or to Valhalla!" The blightwing translation is: "To Vegas or to Victorville!" Yes, much can be lost in translation. My old friend, Luftwaffe Col. Rudel, used to say: "He only loses if he, himself, gives up." As the Frontschau films would sign off: "The Struggle continues."

All the best, as always. DCWZ! & ORION!

P.S.: Just got page 9 revision in time to include with this letter. Many thanks for the news clippings we 'seem to miss' in Brownest Yakima!

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