

the NEW ORDER

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Spread the Word !

World history is made by minorities, when the majority of will and decisiveness is embodied in this minority of number.

Adolf Hitler, Mein Kampf

Comrades!

It is not enough to simply “know” or “believe”. The truth (alone) will NOT “make us free“...unless we FIGHT for it!

YOUR effort is needed.

Each and every National Socialist must spread the word. *Effectively!*

I personally carried out many “illegal” NS propaganda actions in both West and “East” (actually *central*) Germany - despite the risk of prison – in the 1970's without ever being “caught in the act” or even identified.

First, I gave some serious thought about how I, as a “lone wolf” activist, could have the maximum impact despite my modest resources.

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**NSDAP/AO : Box 6414
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www.nsdap.info

Lexicon

Part One

This *Lexicon* is translated from the *Lexikon der Neuen Front*, written in the mid-1980's, by Michael Kühnen. Kühnen was the leader of the legal arm of the NSDAP/AO from the late 1970's until his death in 1991.

Instead of a Foreword – My Affirmation

Ten years of struggle lie behind our troops. – Ten years in which we've come a considerable piece closer to our first major intermediate objective, the re-founding of the NSDAP.

From the beginning, our community would gather all the National Socialists who recognize our leadership and with that, are ready for a disciplined struggle for the re-establishment of the party.

The requirement was and still is, simply a commitment to National Socialism.

Ideological differences of opinion and tendencies; should on the other hand; take second place, as only a newly formed National

Socialist party has the right and power to develop and enforce a binding interpretation of our idea and program.

The stronger our community became, the clearer it developed more and more into a precursor of the upcoming party. All the more, it had to take a position on specific policy issues and develop a comprehensive and closed conception of the political struggle. It also had to begin to make programmatic and ideological statements.

Now - after ten years, for the first time, the general political line is of our disposition. The New Front, in the form of a fixed political lexicon will now bind all of our comrades more closely. This is an important step on that long road to the re-founding of our party.

The Political Lexicon contains 150 fundamental concepts of politics and ideology, with each one briefly describing the attitudes and opinions of our troops. "The aim of this work is that every comrade and above all every political leader, who is asked for our community's attitude, is also able to respond clearly to it. And that these answers turn out the same and consistently throughout.

From the political will of the individual, arises the bundled and collective will of a revolutionary troop, and with this, they become the political will carrier of the National Socialist movement.

Of course, this general political line still bears the stamp of temporariness: Only the party and its subsequent legitimate leadership can make final determinations. But this is already, a big step out of the ideological chaos of our early years.

Aristocracy

This corresponds to the form of government of the monarchy and generally the rule of the



Michael Kühnen

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Crusade !

German folk!

At this moment, an assembly takes place, which in expanse and extent is the greatest that the world has previously seen. In union with Finnish comrades, the warriors of the victor of Narvik stand on the Arctic Ocean. German divisions under the command of the conqueror of Norway, with the Finnish freedom heroes under their marshal, jointly protect Finnish soil. The formations of the German eastern front stretch from East Prussia to the Carpathians. On the banks of the Pruth, on the lower course of the Danube to the shores of the Black Sea, German and Romanian soldiers unite under chief of state Antonescu.

The task of this front is hence no longer the protection of individual lands, rather Europe's security and hence the salvation all.

I have hence decided today to again put the fate and the future of the German Reich and of our folk into the hands of our soldiers.

May the Lord help us precisely in this struggle!

Berlin, June 22, 1941
Adolf Hitler

* * * * *

When Germany waged a holy crusade against communism on June 22, 1941, the "democratic", "capitalist", and "Christian" U.S. government fought AGAINST Germany and SAVED the Soviet Union!

The result was the communist conquest and subjugation of half of Europe, a "cold war" that brought the world to the edge of an all-out nuclear war that would have killed hundreds of millions of people, the spread of communism to China, where it still reigns, the Korean War (which was the first war the United States did not win), the Vietnam War (which was the first war the United States lost), and the consolidation of Jewish power in the United States,



Adolf Hitler
Hero of Western Civilization

which has led to escalating Wall Street parasitism and genocidal anti-White policies both in the United States and throughout the Western world.

Why did this happen? Simple: Jewish influence in the United States!

Winston Churchill admitted the real reason for World War Two was fact that National Socialist Germany made itself independent from the international banks.

The parasites were kicked out of Germany. They responded by using their influence in the

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Spread the Word!

I decided on small scale, but TARGETED, swastika sticker actions. So I went on “scouting missions”. Then I proceeded to my first “target”.

When the coast was clear, I walked past that target and around the corner to make sure nobody was coming. Then I walked back, took one final “360 degree” look, pulled out the sticker and affixed it. After doing this, I turned around with my back to the sticker, thereby blocking sight of it with my own body, and did another visual sweep before nonchalantly walking away.

In those days, we used “gummed” stickers that had to be licked. Today you can print off pressure sensitive ones. The layouts are available at www.nsdap.info as well as on our #702 Propaganda CD.

Sometimes I walked around the block and took a peek to see if there was any commotion. If I had a camera, I would walk up, pretend to be surprised at the sight of this “Nazi” propaganda, photograph it, and leave. Some of those photographs later appeared in our own publications.

I remember putting up a sticker at the entrance to the Hamburg train station and then walking across the street to a bus stop, sitting down, and watching for a reaction. An older man stopped and stared at the sticker. Then he took pen and paper from his pocket and presumably wrote down the address. Sure enough, a couple weeks later a letter arrived in Lincoln. The writer explained that he had obtained our

address from a sticker he saw at the Hamburg train station.

On the train from Hanover to East Berlin, I noted that it stopped for a few minutes just before Magdeburg. This stop lasted just long enough to visit the wash closet, hang a large poster out the window, go to the next car, and stick my head out the window for a look.

When I saw security at the Soviet Embassy in East Berlin was too tight, I nonetheless put up stickers just a few blocks away. (Later I also “decorated” the “East” German consulate in Hamburg.)

When the train passed through the Magdeburg train station on my next trip, a 17 x 22 inch NSDAP/AO poster hanging out the wash closet window greeted the people on the platform.

By the way, those large posters – hung from overpasses – closed down a section of the Ruhr Autobahn for hours! I didn’t carry out that action myself. But I knew the comrades who did. In fact, I was visiting one when he received his first poster shipment from Lincoln. This success inspired me for a similar, albeit smaller, action in Kiel.

Of course, it is even better, if you have helpers to serve as lookouts. Hundreds of DIN-A4 posters in downtown (!) Hanover repeatedly resulted in front page newspaper coverage without any arrests. A lookout with a two-way radio on each end of the street and a pair of comrades - one holding the glue bucket and the other putting up the posters - on each side of the street was the secret to this success.

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Translated from original Third Reich books into English and other languages.

www.nsdap.info

“Community Relations”

This is a TRUE Story!

**December 26, 2014:
Small Town America**

A retired comrade living well beneath the poverty level walks to the post office. Standing in line, he hears the little old lady in front of him mention her daughter used to work in Australia. He pipes in that he has friends in Australia. They even sent him a box of yum-yums for Christmas.

The lady obviously knows the elderly man behind him. She expresses her condolences that his mother passed away recently. He comments that she was 94 years old and in poor health, so perhaps it was a blessing. Our comrade throws in a few words of comfort before leaving.

A block or so away, he hears Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony, the fifth movement, being played from the county courthouse speakers. He is now in front of a store, where the church organist works. He pops in and mentions this to the man.

A few blocks farther, he drops into the thrift store and asks to say hello to the kitty cats. They’re sleeping and he doesn’t to disturb them, so he just waves instead. He tells the shopkeeper that he is very pleased with his recent purchase of a used television.

The next stop is a sporting goods store. He notices an attractive young blonde holding a bow and arrow. So he walks up to the middle-aged couple who own the store and expresses his concern: “Ya’ know, when February 14th comes around, it’ll be kind a dangerous to let a gal hold a bow and arrow!” They laugh. Almost apologetically, he confesses his wife can’t stand to hear his same old stupid jokes decade after decade, so he has to bother other people with them.

All this takes place in less than one hour. It is not unlike his usual daily routine. Folks like

him. They don’t care about his politics. Even though many know he is a hardcore NATIONAL SOCIALIST!

Sometimes he inserts a carefully formulated political comment or two into his chats, but most of the time he doesn’t. He’s just the pleasant old guy folks see around town and wave to.

When he does “talk politics”, he designs his approach for the audience. The economy, sell-out politicians, and Wall Street parasitism are common starting points. Non-White immigration, Black crime, and foreign come up later after a certain rapport has been established and he has a better feel for his audience. Open National Socialist propaganda is usually reserved for later conversations. Even then, it starts off more “historical” than “political” in the sense of present-day problems and solutions.

Over time, more and more people are fully aware than he is actually a hardcore National Socialist. But they don’t seem to care that much. Even prominent citizens call him friend. Furthermore, they agree with a lot of what he says. They see him as somebody who is on the *same side* as they are. And the government as the shared *enemy*.

In short: There are times and places to smack people in the face with the sacred swastika and a defiant “White Power!” salute. And there are times and places to prepare the soil first. This old veteran has used both approaches over the decades, including participation as a uniformed Storm Trooper in demonstrations. It is simply a question of tactics. Not dogma.

YOU can do this, too! How far you take it is up to you. You can simply prepare the soil and plant a seed...or continue to water the seedlings and eventually harvest the crop.

Lexicon

biologically best. - The Aristocracy!

The European decadence has destroyed all the basic traditional rudiments of order; and created today's minus world which no longer represents the conservation of the species through the reign of blood, national and racial aristocracy, but instead, a hostile negative selection.

The old European aristocracy and with that, the Aryan race, overall has mostly disintegrated. The decadence of the inferior above all, proved in Germany, his high treason during World War Two.

Given the prevailing negative world, National Socialism cannot be built on the ruins of the old, but must create new foundations.

The struggle of the National Socialist party brings new militant nationalist and racially aware elite. It produces and ensures this through the rule of the "Führer Principal," at first in the party, and after the revolution, the state.

Continued in the next issue

Spread the Word!

However, excitement – and risk – are not indispensable for effective propaganda actions.

Another very successful and very easy tactic is to insert a DRY sticker or leaflet into a library book on a relevant subject. We have recruited some very good people this way. This tactic even resulted in publicity in Helsinki.

YOU can do these things, too! Simply plan and be alert. And remember: It takes a lion 30 stalks for one "kill"!

Gerhard Lauck

Crusade!

United States and Britain to start a war against Germany.

If "democracy" and "freedom" had been the real reasons, then America's massive war machine could have easily crushed the exhausted and bled-dry Soviet Union in 1945. (Even without America's monopoly on the nuclear bomb back then!)

Even if viewed from a non-ideological, "geopolitical" perspective, the domination of Europe and Asia by Germany and Japan is preferable (for American interests) to their domination by Russian and China. Conquering an empire is one thing. Holding it is another. Especially for small countries like Germany and Japan. Less so for large countries like Russia and China.

Furthermore, Germany and Japan were nationalist. They did not espouse an international doctrine calling for global conquest. Unlike the Soviet Union. Or even present day America, which has its military forces stationed in over 150 countries! Not to "defend the free world against communist aggression". Rather to serve Wall Street's global empire.

These are historical facts. Ideological preferences and ethnic loyalties do not change them. Their significance for analysis and solution of today's problems is obvious. Therefore, they offer "fuel" for our own one-on-one verbal propaganda.

Of course, the "starting point" is postwar – especially current - U.S. foreign policy. This topic is both "safe" and "easy" for anybody and in just about any environment. After all, what *sane* person would dispute *that* insanity?!?

YOU can help !
Donate time or money !

Book Review

#584 *Courier Adolf Hitler: 1914-1918* is translated from the rare German original, *Meldegänger Adolf Hitler: 1914-1918*, published in 1931. It was written by one of Adolf Hitler's closest war comrades, Balthaler Brandmayer, who served in the same courier squad from 1915 to 1918. This first-hand account by a man who fought at Adolf Hitler's side on the bloody western front – published before Hitler came to power – is certainly of historic interest to any student of the most influential man of the twentieth century or, for that matter, of the First World War. This softcover book has 46 pages and costs \$10.00 plus shipping/handling. Here is an excerpt:

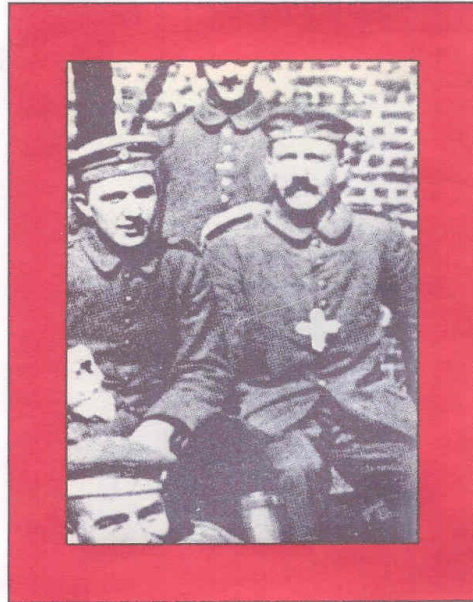
Late Autumn 1914

Traveler, if you go to Germany, tell them that we bled, that we died like loyal heroes, as its law commanded!

Since the August days of 1914 my little village did not settle down. Most of the capable men and reservists left Götting. Young marital bliss was abruptly interrupted. And the woman looked after the departing husband with tears in her eyes. Perhaps she saw him for the last time in her life. Children cried for their fathers. Heart-rendering scenes again come to my mind. Father and mother gave their departing son the last accompaniment to the Bruckmühl train station. The train took him to the garrison town. Horses, too, were mustered and had to leave their old stalls forever. Women and girls competed in the production of wool clothing for us field-grey men. Countless packets of love travelled from the homeland to the field. All made the effort to unselfishly place themselves in the fatherland's service. For by Christmas, if our soldiers on the western front continued to advance so rapidly, we would be in Paris and the war would soon be over. But it turned out differently!

Courier Adolf Hitler: 1914 – 1918

By His War Comrade B. Brandmayer



The harvest was brought in. Autumn had been bountiful. Now the wind swept over the tired fields. Foggy November, so rich in melancholy, had come to the German lands. Nature prepared to let winter come. The last berries fell from the bushes.

One day – I myself still worked at a construction site – the mailman took more time than usual to deliver the mail. It was noon. I rushed, driven by hunger as usual, home. Entering the room, I found my mother and sisters in tears. A dark suspicion seized my soul. They were unable to answer my urgent question about the reason for their sobbing; the pain of the imminent separation and the uncertainty of my fu-

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Book Review

ture fate killed the words at their lips. The sight of their fearful, tearful faces made everything clear to me. Mutely, my mother's aged hand handed me the draft notice. "It must be, the fatherland calls!", I thought to myself as I took it. I must admit that inside I was glad; for I wanted to experience the war myself, before peace was made by Christmas 1914.

The bare essentials were hurriedly packed in a wooden suitcase, and a small bouquet of rosemary was stuck in my hat, as is custom here. Saying goodbye was hard enough for me; the hardest thing was when I looked into the tearful eyes of my good mother. The next day I reported to the district command in Rosenheim. Now I was inwardly happy that I had gotten this far. The medical examination declared me fit for duty. I was assigned to the replacement battalion of the 1st infantry regiment in Munich and provided with travelling money. On November 7, 1914 I arrived in order in the Marsfeld barracks. Here began the training each soldier knows. Day after we day we



The Last Hand Grenade

marched to the exercise grounds of Oberwiesfeld.

Amid the daily noise of the barracks, the shouting sergeants and the furious non-commissioned officers, I gradually got used to being away from my beloved mountain homeland. The deep homesickness that pained me at first and cost me the night's sleep became milder. The time flew by. My thoughts concentrated more and more on the day when I would hear the first thunder of guns. The last two weeks were devoted exclusively to field service exercises and marksmanship. On February 6, 1915 the whole battalion stood, well-equipped, on the barracks square for the march into the field.

Into the Field

We stood in rank and file and the command resounded, "By squads, turn right, march!" The band that had formed at the point of the battalion started playing at the same time. At rapid cadence we left behind us forever the red brick buildings of the Marsfeld barracks. My heart rejoiced to have finally escaped the endless drill. The bitter hours of barracks life should be forgotten forever. My gaze was fixed westward, where victory after victory was reported to the homeland.

Meanwhile, a huge crowd of people had pushed in from both sides of the street. Thousands accompanied the departing troops. The flood didn't want to end, and the crowd grew from minute to minute as we passed along the Nymphenburgerstrasse to the Dachauerstrasse toward the train station. The music started again. Doors and windows flew open along the rows of houses, everybody wanted to give us one more greeting. There was such shouting, waving and well-wishing! I have never again experienced such excitement. From the dainty hands of women and girls we received flowers and packets. Meanwhile, an immense wall of humanity had formed at the train station square and upon our arrival it spontaneously burst into the German National Anthem. It was deeply moving for me; I could have never imagined that people could be capable of such unprece-

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Book Review

dented enthusiasm. The waiting train was boarded while endless hurrahs echoed through the spacious train station. At 12:00 our military train departed the station on schedule.

At that moment I thought intensely about my loved ones at home. Would I ever see them again alive? A never before known yearning for them overcame me; had I not had the joy of at departure shaking hands with one of my family members like so many of my comrades. Life was harsh enough to seize me with a rough hand.

The train reached a high speed. Wintery landscapes appeared before us and disappeared just as swiftly from our amazed gaze. Augsburg was crossed slowly. The chimneys over glass-roofed factories puffed thick smoke clouds, which covered the busy textile-city oppressively. It was probably three hours before we reached Ulm. The train stopped. Mess was whistled. The compartment doors flew open and everybody rushed toward the rear, where a field kitchen had prepared a generous, warm noon meal. The same scene here as in Munich. The populace besieged the train station and we were again given packets, so that by God I didn't know where to put everything. After a one hour stay the transport train set into motion. Outside dusk wove dark curtains. Dark night set in. Each of us prepared his bed. Blankets and coats were unsnapped from rucksack and had to serve as substitute for bed. Heaving smoke, the train pushed through the cold winter night. Towns and villages laid in deep darkness. Only the stations rushed past us with low-lit lights. As the day broke, we stopped in Cologne. From here the path led through Lüttich, Brussels and then Lille, which we were happy to reach on the third day of our trip. In Comines our tired troops de-trained.

To reach Comines itself a three-hour march was necessary. Here we took up quarters. We were given two rest-days, which gave us time to get our things in order. Letters were written home. The men of our replacement battalion were assigned to various regiments. Fate sent me to the List-Regiment, 12th company. The 3rd battalion was just marching from the front lines to the rear.

I experienced a happy event the very next day in Comines: Ehrhard Anton, who had been a baker's journeyman years ago in my home village. Here I unexpectedly saw him again. We recalled memories of youth and told each other what was new. He had become a field-kitchen general in the field and as such he later often secretly gave me some barras with sausage.

The distant roll of cannon thunder was clearly discernible even near Lille. My heart pounded; I could hardly become master over the involuntary fear. The hours crept by with a fearful feeling. With much fantasy I imagined the terrible experience; later the monstrous image was far surpassed by the reality. Like a ghost, death danced in front of me. The thought: "Will I pass the first hours?" would not leave me alone. The question was later answered; heaven allowed me to return home. I got accustomed to life at the front and such thoughts no longer had any place in my head.

On February 17, 1915 I marched for the first time to the front line. The company marched in goosestep toward the trenches. Individual shells hit near us. It seemed to me that every shell would have to reach its goal. Mortally afraid, we newcomers threw ourselves to the ground, which always caused the old timers to burst into laughter. The trench was lined with wood and the dugouts were poorly built. The company commander Schmitt gave an orientation about the situation, the conditions and locations; then trench life began. I had the less than good luck to be the first one to take over an advanced listening post with an experienced front comrade. Unknown terrain lay in front of me. I listened intensively; individual bursts of English machine-guns terrified me. I thought I saw death and the devil until the man next to me brought me back to reason with scolding and cursing. Patrols and sentry duty alternated. Evenings enemy artillery became more active.

When we marched from the front line back to the rest area, we heard of the capture of 100,000 Russians on the eastern front. Jubilation and enthusiasm prevailed; it boosted our courage.

For a few days a conspicuous nervousness

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Book Review

befell our unit. Enemy artillery fire became heavier by the hour. Flemish farmsteads were levelled by far reaching English naval guns. They seemed to have especially set their sights on Messines. Peace was over, over there they acted crazy. The hail of shells ripped through the air with a howl. Laboriously constructed dugouts were buried and churned over again. Half the company had been wiped out, but then relief came. The night was pitch black. The 5th regiment took our place. I was happy to have escaped the shower of steel. The battalion marched toward Courcoing. After an eight-hour march it was reached. Our limbs became heavy as iron, each kept touch with the other and slept while walking. The weaving factory gallant took us in. It seemed like a palace to us. Then we forgot the world and the war; exhaustive fatigue and sleep demanded the next hours.

Dawn broke over a trembling, devastated land. Non-commissioned officers shouted to assembly. Exercises were necessary. Squabbling and cursing. Cursing, the group moved into the open air. "Damn, exercises even in the field!", was muttered among the throng of soldiers. One felt the unnecessary exercises were unprecedented; it was a burden to have to exercise behind the front. Upon our return we took the noon meal and our well-deserved rest. Hardly had a few hours passed when there was a sudden commotion. "Alarm! Alarm!" rang loudly through the factory halls. An hour later we sat in the military train; nobody knew whither. The regiment had been pulled back for quite a while as an army reserve. Some thought we would go to Russia and others to Lorraine, but nothing certain was to be learned.

Grey rain clouds crawled ominously over the blood-drenched battlefields of Flanders. The overloaded train slowly and contemplatively rolled into the falling night. We froze; hardly a word was uttered. A series of walls shyly emerged from the darkness. The dimmed light sparingly fell into the inside of the wagon. Lille was the recreation city in the rear. Far off came the incessant thundering of death-bringing batteries. Marquilles was the destination; English regiments had broken the German front. In Wicres we sought makeshift quarters. Hay and

straw were found in abundance in the abandoned farmsteads.

The battle raged around Neuve Chapelle. Flares transformed the night into day. The earth trembled. The rat-tat-tat of machine-guns was endless. Outside was the constant passing of artillery, wagons and troops. At 2:00 in the morning we were pulled out of the disquiet camp. We were ordered to march via Halpegarbe toward Neuve Chapelle. A few hours later we were surrounded by dead quiet. It was uncanny; the quiet before the storm. At exactly 6:00 AM hell broke loose. Steel rained down on the assault troops. We advanced through the forest of Biez. Trees cracked, were mowed down and crushed into a thousand splinters and pieces. The terrain was swamp and moor; the mud weighed heavily on the boots. We almost sank; one of my boots remained stuck in the mud. At the forest edge the company swarmed out and formed three lines. It was a stubborn advance. We advanced toward the enemy in leaps. Shrapnel hissed a hair's width over my head. Our artillery did not come down to bear. The air was saturated with smoke and picric acid. Seriously wounded, my squad leader, Ferdinand Huber, from Munich fell. He rolled in his blood, but we had to go on. Help was not possible. The assault lines had become mixed together. I ran toward the shot up hut in front of the trench. Schmitt stood there with a drawn pistol and shouted: "Advance! Or I will shoot you, shoot you!" Hours must have passed when shrapnel cut me down. Warm blood from my neck ran down my back. I laid in the terrain until darkness fell and merciful comrades dragged me back to the emergency bandaging station. The next hospital train took me back to Saint Amand.

Loving hands made me a human being again. The terror of this attack brought my first grey hairs. On March 14 the regiment was pulled out of the firing line; the English breakthrough had been pushed back. The shadow of death had fallen on 250 comrades in the regiment that day. It was March 12, 1915. One read in the newspaper: "A German attack at Neuve Chapelle threw back the enemy on the front in Flanders."



The Global National Socialist Press

The NSDAP/AO was founded in 1972 for the purpose of supplying the banned National Socialist underground movement in Germany with propaganda material. It soon gained recognition by friend and foe alike. Over the decades it has grown into a global operation with the motto:

Together We Are Strong !

Our oldest newspaper, the *NS KAMPFRUF* in German, was founded in 1973. *THE NEW ORDER* (originally *NS REPORT*, but renamed in 1977) in English was founded in 1975. Well over 300 issues of these two newspapers were printed in tabloid size (17 x 22 inch) on newsprint paper stock during the next three decades.

The *NS NEWS BULLETIN* was launched in the 1990's in many additional language editions.

Fight at Our Side! Work with Us! Donate!

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