



COMMANDER

GEORGE LINCOLN

ROCKWELL

3-9-18



8-25-67

GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL

National Socialist Comrades! Fellow White Americans! Today we take upon ourselves the sorrowful task of laying to rest the mortal remains of our beloved Commander, Lincoln Rockwell, martyred by the bullet of a cowardly assassin. To those of us who worked with him everyday, to those Party comrades all over America, and to dedicated National Socialists throughout the world the staggering loss imposed by his death will only be fully felt in the days and years of struggle which lie ahead of us all. His inspiration and his will, the depth of his wisdom and the heroism of his spirit--these are the things which gave us the motivation and the guidance we sorely needed to keep up the fight on so many dark days in years past.

The stunning suddenness of his departure and the ensuing turmoil of the last few days have kept us from yet assessing the magnitude of our loss. But even harder to bear than this perhaps, has been the utterly shabby--the despicably shameful--treatment of our fallen Commander by a government of the nation he served so faithfully throughout all the years of his manhood. George Lincoln Rockwell gave his life in the struggle against Bolshevism at a time when thousands of other American fighting men on the other side of the world are also falling victims to that same Bolshevism--and yet an American government has denied his request to be laid to rest in the place of his choice.

George Lincoln Rockwell served America for over twenty years and through two wars, risking his life again and again in defense of the land and the people he loved so well. He was no armchair soldier, but chose of his own will that soldierly profession demanding the very highest order of courage and skill: he was a fighter pilot. His dedication to duty, his daring, his proficiency led him from the rank of Seaman to that of Naval Commander, gave him the leadership of three fighter squadrons, and earned him nine decorations. And an American government does not hold him fit to be buried beside his fellow fighting men.

George Lincoln Rockwell has sacrificed more and fought harder for the things he held dear--his native land, his fellow countrymen, and, above all, his race--than any man now living. He saw his duty and unflinchingly did it, even when that duty led him into opposition to

nearly all those around him. He saw further than other men, and he fought harder. Indeed, in this latter regard he cherished the maxim of the great Leader whose philosophy moulded his own thoughts: "Those who want to live, let them fight; and those who do not want to fight in this world of eternal struggle do not deserve to live."

He fought, and he died. And yet Lincoln Rockwell is not really dead, for he built a movement and he spread an idea, and that movement was not destroyed nor that idea silenced by the bullet that struck him down. And so long as that movement remains and that idea continues to fill the hearts and minds of men, the spirit of Lincoln Rockwell lives on.

The ashes of the martyr lie here before us and we cannot help but be filled with a solemn sense of tragedy. Yet we are not really here to mourn him, but to honor him and to rededicate ourselves to the great Cause which he served. In the times ahead we must redouble our efforts, so that he will not have died in vain. We must let his great sacrifice serve to inspire us onward in our struggle toward victory--the victory of our people, of our great White race, over the disease which now afflicts it and the enemies who now oppress it. Indeed, at this moment we must bear in mind that old saying which the Commander paraphrased for us: "The stones and mortar of our movement are the bones and blood of its martyrs." It is this aspect of his death that he would now want us to keep uppermost in mind, forgetting our sorrow and filling ourselves with pride at the knowledge we followed such a leader.

For it was he, Lincoln Rockwell, who again picked up the torch which fell to earth twenty-two years ago. Adolf Hitler founded our great movement and will forever fill a unique position in the sagas of our race; but had it not been for Lincoln Rockwell, Adolf Hitler's mighty work might well have been in vain. It was Lincoln Rockwell who set us once again on the upward path when we had faltered and wanted to go back again. It was his example which inspired us to do what we knew we should do rather than that which was easiest to do. It was his hand which led us out of the maze of defeat and degeneration and despair, and pointed the way toward higher things; and his voice which reminded us over and over again that we must continue the struggle for the future of our race.

As we lay to rest the mortal remains of Lincoln Rockwell, it is appropriate to read once again that passage from the Leader's book which he loved best. I shall read from chapter 12 of the first volume of the Commander's personal copy of Mein Kampf:

**"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!"**

**Eulogy delivered by
Matt Koehl in Arlington,
30 August 1967**

