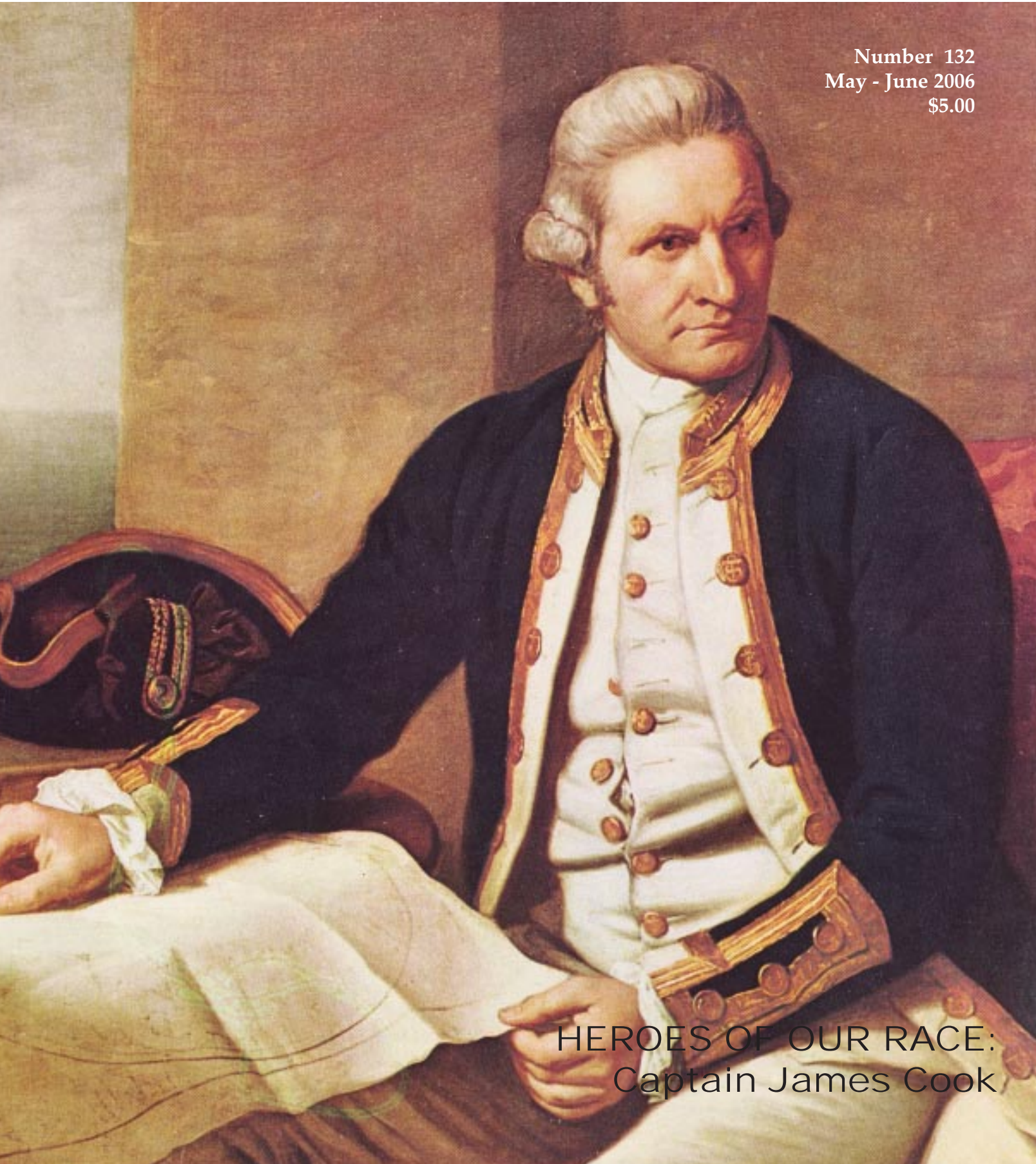


NATIONAL VANGUARD

Toward a New Consciousness; a New Order; a New People

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HEROES OF OUR RACE:
Captain James Cook

NATIONAL VANGUARD

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Note from the Editor

Our 36th Year

National Vanguard celebrates its 36th year of production this year. It is a special celebration, and not just because it was established by Dr. William Pierce in 1970, but rather because the year just gone past has seen the very first in all those years that the magazine has appeared every two months. It is a record and a first for both the publication and the National Alliance. None of it would have been possible, first without Dr. Pierce; and secondly, the readers and subscribers. It is our duty, our sacred honor to all the future generations of White children all over the world to carry on, no matter what the obstacles. Let us rededicate ourselves to the great legacy that Dr. Pierce has left us, and aim ever higher.

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The symbol which appears in the NATIONAL VANGUARD logotype is the Life Rune. It comes from an ancient alphabet, or futhark, used in northern Europe for many centuries before the general adoption of the Roman alphabet. The Life Rune signifies life, creation, birth, rebirth, and renewal. It expresses in a single symbol the *raison d'être* of NATIONAL VANGUARD and of the movement of Aryan renewal.

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Our cover: The official portrait of Captain James Cook, on display in the National Maritime Museum, London.



Heroes of Our Race Part 2:

Captain James Cook

*Soldier and World Renowned Adventurer
who epitomized the Aryan Explorer Spirit*

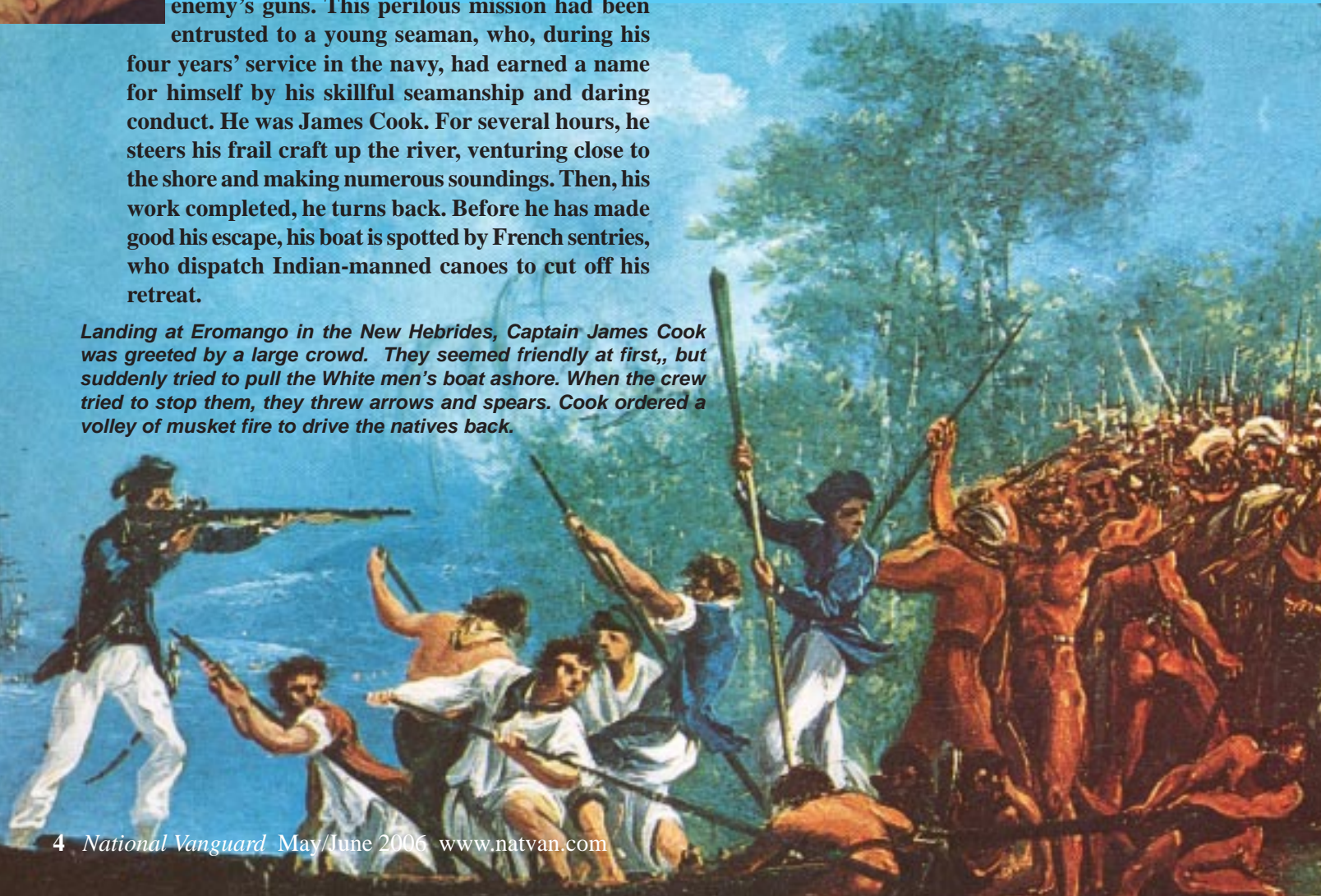
It is 1759. The French and British are at war, once again. The Seven Years War, also called the French and Indian Wars, is raging around the globe, in Europe, India, the Philippines, the Caribbean, coastal Africa, and in North America. In the latter theater of war, British forces under General James Wolfe face a real problem: how do they bring an end to the three month long siege of the French settlement of Quebec, a victory which was critical to bringing the North American conflict to an end. The British are encamped on one side of the St. Lawrence River, the French on the other. Where to attack? The British need to make a decision quickly. To decide on the best place to cross the river, they need to know the underwater topography of the river. But how? No maps exist.

One man volunteers. At night, his small flat-bottomed boat makes its way slowly across the river in the direction of the French-held shore. This little boat, with its handful of brave souls, had a difficult and dangerous mission to perform — difficult, because of the swift currents and the intense darkness; dangerous, because its work had to be carried out under the muzzles of the enemy's guns. This perilous mission had been entrusted to a young seaman, who, during his four years' service in the navy, had earned a name for himself by his skillful seamanship and daring conduct. He was James Cook. For several hours, he steers his frail craft up the river, venturing close to the shore and making numerous soundings. Then, his work completed, he turns back. Before he has made good his escape, his boat is spotted by French sentries, who dispatch Indian-manned canoes to cut off his retreat.

Cook takes in the situation at a glance. His only chance of escape is to make for the British held island, Île d'Orléans, and the crew starts rowing for dear life. The Indian canoes are, however, designed for speed, and they soon catch up. At the critical moment, British sentries open fire on the foremost Indians, and Cook takes advantage of the diversion to run his boat ashore. He

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Landing at Eromango in the New Hebrides, Captain James Cook was greeted by a large crowd. They seemed friendly at first, but suddenly tried to pull the White men's boat ashore. When the crew tried to stop them, they threw arrows and spears. Cook ordered a volley of musket fire to drive the natives back.



The browning of America is occurring at a phenomenal rate. Non-Whites are pouring into this country in ever-greater numbers. The entire continental United States is suffering as a result of the mestizo menace, but according to a recent CNN news story, California, Illinois, Iowa, Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina are being inundated with the largest numbers of these non-White invaders. Our borders remain porous and vulnerable while our elected leaders are busy promoting the Zionist-inspired Iraq War.

The Jews, The Mexicans and The Reactionaries

Kevin Jones explains why the Republican reactionaries are doomed to failure on the immigration invasion issue

These non-White invaders are darkening the complexion of our nation, destroying our unique Western culture and even threatening our entire race with extinction. We must get a handle on this situation, and we must do it quickly if our nation and our race are to survive. However, it is imperative for us to understand that non-White immigration is an essential component of, and directly related to the Jewish problem. Solving the non-White immigration problem will be impossible without first solving the Jewish problem.

I know that last statement may seem like so much rhetoric to some, but it is nevertheless a cold, hard fact. Still, I can understand why the reactionaries amongst us



may disagree. After all, they can see the results non-White immigration is having on our country and our culture, and they can see those results on an almost daily basis. They see the growing numbers of Mexican peons flooding into the United States, filling practically all of the

service industry, construction, and agricultural jobs. They see their own children's schools growing darker, less friendly and more violent. They are also witness to the resultant violence and crime that is turning their once safe homes, neighborhoods, and towns into Third World cesspools. This once great land now seems very alien and unsafe, and the future quite unsure.

These same reactionaries can't attach any real sense of urgency to the Jewish problem, but that's because they don't really understand how all of the pieces of the puzzle fit together. And believe me, reactionaries never tend to put a lot of thought into the really important things they can't see. Talk of alien domination and control of the mass media of news and entertainment will simply bore them. The patient may be closer to the coffin than to the bed, but the reactionary can only be motivated towards preserving the current, racially destructive status quo. Continued massive and unchecked non-White immigration, a mere symptom of the underlying disease, forces the reactionary towards simplistic, knee-jerk responses. The end results of the reactionary's responses are wasted time and energy, and completely unrealistic proposals for the long-term solution of the non-White immigration problem.

Yes, it is true that non-White immigration is a very real threat to our race, but I have always thought racially aware Whites understood the massive browning of this country was a foregone conclusion. Certainly the Jews in control of the mass media of news and entertainment understand what they are doing. They too can see the end results of their poisonous propaganda. The media masters haven't been the least bit shy about their pivotal role in the darkening of America either. Several years ago *Time* magazine proclaimed that Whites would be a minority in the U.S. by the middle of this century. The Discovery Channel has also confirmed the coming of the coffee colored "New American Race."

And while the opinion molders are busy selling their pro-immigration slant to the White masses, the Jews and their collaborators in the House, Senate, and Oval Office are sure to continue supporting massive non-White immigration. Of course, some will take a more moderate stance than others, but the real issues will continue being ignored and confused.

Symptom or Disease?

Webster's Dictionary defines "Symptom" as: "Subjective evidence of disease or physical disturbance; broadly: something that indicates the presence of bodily

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Seeing recently arrived Third World immigrants hailed as “Americans,” I am reminded of the remark made by the late, renowned scholar of the Classics, Dr. Revilo P. Oliver. He said you could take an adult White male and give him the almost identical appearance of an ancient Roman aristocrat. Dress him in a fine white toga with appropriate sandals or shoes, arrange his hair and beard in the fashion of the period, have him accompanied by eight or more slaves, and let him utter a few words of Latin or Greek. Here, at least, would be the facsimile of the early Roman patrician. But, the quintessential point was this: would he think like a Roman?

We have reason to believe the early aristocratic patricians — the descendants of the Italic invaders who came from beyond the Alps to occupy the plain of Latium — were of mixed Nordic and Alpine descent and differed racially from the plebeians, who were descended from earlier and later immigrations. However, according to the noted anthropologist, Carleton Coon, these patricians of the Roman Republic “were mostly Nordic in race.” Whatever the case, their biological and national origins could hardly be more conclusive of a definite historical, cultural and racial tradition. And the fruit of that tradition was 500 years of rule which bore the mark of the farmer-soldier - statesman, whose virtues were honesty and thrift, patience, practicality, courage, endurance, and, uppermost, a sense of duty that was held with an almost religious tenacity.

Then, sadly, by foolishly allowing masses of diverse origin into their country, which were soon to replace them, the Romans themselves committed race, or what modern scholars prefer to call, “ethnic,” suicide. So much so, in fact, that the majority of Roman citizens in 100 A.D. were not related at all to the Roman citizens in 100 B.C. As Dr. Oliver points out, “Decline in a civilization is always accompanied by a change in the composition, and deterioration in the quality of the population.”

If it is almost impossible to believe that in the space of 200 years nearly the entire population of Rome and the Italian peninsula underwent such a demographic transformation, the authenticity of this assertion is well established by the findings of America’s foremost 20th century scholar of ancient Rome, Professor Tenney Frank of Johns Hopkins University. In fact, it was Dr. Frank’s contention that the rapid growth of slavery and the importation of Near Eastern

Slavery and Immigration: *The Fall of the Roman Empire*

By John W. Altman

slaves into Rome and Italy were so great that the racial constitution of Italy was seriously altered, if not entirely destroyed.

He was also convinced that their freed descendants, along with the increasing horde of immigrants that found their way to Rome, became the urban rabble that contributed greatly to the decline of old Roman institutions and the Republic itself. In an article in *American Historical Review* (July, 1916) entitled “Race Mixture in Roman Empire,” he asks the question, “... Did Rome become a nation of ex-slaves and their offspring?” The facts and history of the matter tend only to the affirmative. In fact, Prof. Frank states his conviction that certain Roman writers, Juvenal and

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The vastness of the Roman Empire meant that all manner of races were able to immigrate and assimilate into Roman society. The extent of the Roman Empire is often underestimated by those with only a passing knowledge of Roman history: above, for example, are the silent ruins of the Roman city of Volubilis, situated in modern day Morocco. When the empire was at its height, huge regions in North Africa and the Middle East were included in its borders -- with the inevitable and racially disastrous results of masses of non-White immigration.

THE SACK OF WASHINGTON

By Richard Preston

Chapter Three from the Second American Revolution

Stanton leapt out of bed as his front door splintered. “This is it,” he thought. “I thought it might take longer for them to track me down.” He had practiced his moves for this event a hundred times.

Grabbing the overnight rucksack laying next to his bed, Stanton hit the activation switch discreetly hidden behind his bedside table, before diving through the open trapdoor into the cellar. He pulled it shut as he heard the SWAT team clumping down the passage. There’s a nasty surprise waiting for them, he thought, as he pulled open the second trapdoor in the corner of the cellar. Beneath it lay the crouch height tunnel – reinforced with simple storm water drain concrete molds — which led all the way away to the bushes in the open fields several hundred yards beyond the back of his property.

As Stanton ran down the tunnel, the noises of the SWAT team banging around in his house grew fainter. Very soon, he could not hear them at all. Although the passage was dark, he knew his way by instinct. There was no time for anything else. The tunnel exit was, however, covered in dirt, and although he had regularly come along and moved it around, the rain over the past few weeks had compacted against the inward opening door, and he knew he would have to dig his way out.

Sure enough, it took him a few minutes of hacking with the shovel left especially for that purpose next to the door, and when Stanton finally emerged in the dark night air, he could once again hear the SWAT choppers and clearly see the flashing lights of their vehicles.

Nestling down in the soft sand bank, Stanton watched carefully – this timing had to be just right. At last, through the flashing lights, which continually interspersed the darkness around his house, he managed to make out the senior officer in command of the SWAT team by the epaulettes he was wearing. “Pompous ass,” thought Stanton. “He acts the big deal, but the lower ranks have to do the house penetration, and he will only walk in afterwards.”

Within a few minutes, this was exactly what happened: the commanding officer, accompanied by what appeared to be the senior NCOs of the unit – funny how the elite units are almost all White, Stanton thought, a glimmer of regret flashing through his mind – went into the house as the team confirmed that they could not find anyone there.

Stanton counted to five, and then dialed the sole pre-programmed cell phone number on the cell phone in his rucksack. As the signal on the anonymous prepaid phone flashed through the cell relay towers, the receiving phone – adjusted to set off the detonator hidden within the Cyclotrimethylenetrinitramine, also known as RDX, charge packed into the ceiling boards, clicked into life. It was a trick Stanton had learned from the Iraqis during the war in

that country. The orange explosion blew the roof right off the house and three of the outside walls as well. The pompous commanding officer, his senior team members and two-thirds of the entire arrest team never knew what hit them, as they were instantly torn apart by the force of the detonation. Stanton turned away, and started walking slowly across the field with its dense corn. The SWAT team, or what was left of it, would be too busy with its own crisis now to worry about him.

As Stanton ambled up to the small barn he had earlier rented under another name, he considered the events. Things had moved really quickly since the night of the assassinations around Washington, DC. It had not taken the press – or the public, for that matter, and that was probably more important – to understand the message that had been sent.

Even the dimmest Backwoods Joe, whose knowledge of Jews was confined to an understanding that they were a people who just appeared in the Bible a lot and didn’t eat pork — suddenly knew that there were a hell of a lot of Jews in the Government – or at least there were – and that there was something peculiar about that.

The liberal establishment had, of course, been thrown into a complete frenzy, and the second wave attack team – of which Stanton was not part – which had gone in to neutralize the state security agencies – had met with spectacular failure when one of the main vehicles designed to penetrate the National Intelligence Agency compound, had inexplicably broken down outside the main gate, and almost the entire team had been arrested. It was a stunning setback, and all the White Liberation Army cells in the greater northern Virginia area had immediately scattered to their second safe house network, presuming, correctly as it turned out, that the arrested team members would be interrogated violently, and those who did not tell what they knew, would be tortured into doing so. The state had long since given up with the subterfuge it had initially used in the wake of the Iraqi War debacle, where it had shipped prisoners overseas to countries like Egypt or Israel to be tortured, out of the public’s gaze. The State Security and Patriot Amendment Act, had given the intelligence agencies the discretionary power to set up their own camps within the continental United States, over which civilian courts had no jurisdiction or access, and now the torturers operated with impunity in those camps. Stanton was on top of developments – the daily briefings passed through his hands at his job at the Canadian embassy, and when he saw the notification of the arrest of

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