

“What luck for the rulers that men do not think.”

“He alone, who owns the youth, gains the future.”

“It is always more difficult to fight against faith than against knowledge.”

“By educating the young generation along the right lines, the People’s State will have to see that a generation of mankind is formed which will be adequate to this supreme combat that will decide the destinies of the world.”

When Hitler attacked the Jews . . . I was not a Jew, therefore, I was not concerned. And when Hitler attacked the Catholics, I was not a Catholic, and therefore, I was not concerned. And when Hitler attacked the unions and the industrialists, I was not a member of the unions and I was not concerned. Then, Hitler attacked me and the Protestant Church – and there was nobody left to be concerned.

We are the joyous Hitler youth,
We do not need any Christian virtue
Our leader is our savior
The Pope and Rabbi shall be gone
We want to be pagans once again.

-Song sung by Hitler youth

“The most foolish mistake we could possibly make would be to allow the subject races to possess arms. History shows that all conquerors who have allowed their subject races to carry arms have prepared their own downfall by so doing. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the supply of arms to the underdogs is a sine qua non for the overthrow of any sovereignty. So let’s not have any native militia or native police. German troops alone will bear the sole responsibility for the maintenance of law and order throughout the occupied Russian territories, and a system of military strong-points must be evolved to cover the entire occupied country.” – Adolf Hitler, dinner talk on April 11, 1942, quoted in Hitler’s Table Talk 1941-44: His Private Conversations, Second Edition (1973), Pg. 425-426. Translated by Norman Cameron and R. H. Stevens. Introduced and with a new preface by H. R. Trevor-Roper. The original German papers were known as Bormann-Vermerke.

“And it came to pass that Moroni did arrive with his army at the land of Bountiful, in the latter end of the twenty and seventh year of the reign of the judges over the people of Nephi.

And Moroni commanded his men that they should fall upon them until they had given up their weapons of war.”

Alma 52:18 & 32

The great day had come. Through the night of June 5th, 1944 the mightiest fleet the world had known was on its way to the liberation of Europe. More than 4,000 ships were en route from England to the coast of France. Aboard were the vanguard of armies that were to swell to more than 4,000,000 men in the world’s greatest battles. Above them roared a mighty air armada of more than 3,000 warplanes.

This invincible armada was in direct reverse of the epoch making event that took place more than eight centuries before when William the conqueror came from the shores of France with 3,000 sailing vessels and landed his warriors on the coast of England. Although William’s successful invasion changed the course of the history of England, this invasion was to change the course of the world.

D-DAY OPERATION OVERLORD

B. JAY RECHER

I graduated from Snowflake High School in 1943. At the time the Church was not calling young men on missions because of the war. I got a surveying job that paid pretty good money, so I decided to stay with that until I was drafted.

I was with the first group of eighteen-year olds drafted from Arizona. Because of my surveying experience, the Army put me with the engineers. I went to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, and then Fort Belvoir, Virginia, for training. After eight months I was sent to a survey group in England – the 531st Amphibious Battalion. I had no idea what they were, but supposed we would help survey roads and lay out airports, and do all those things that have to be done to support the planes in the military.

After joining the 531st I learned that it had been handpicked by General Eisenhower to help crack the beachhead of Europe. Previously my unit had made the invasions of Africa, Sicily, and southern Italy and was the most experienced of any amphibious outfit in the world. We went to France on D-Day, 6 June 1944, with the 4th Infantry Division to Utah Beach. The area behind Utah Beach was wine and orchard country, and we didn’t have the hedgerows to contend with like those at Omaha Beach.

We were a specialized outfit. Our job was to ensure the success of the invasion by clearing the way onto the beaches. The planners expected seventy-five percent of the invasion force to be killed the first hour. Therefore, they told us, we are making this unit triple strength in the hope that someone will last long enough to get the job done. Those odds didn’t bother me much because I was eighteen-years old and felt I was immortal. If I had to do it now, it would terrify me.