

LIVING HISTORY

By André Loubser

First a brief background. I was most fortunate to have landed a job in 1962 in the export/sales department of the Porsche factory.

My office had a front entrance and also a rear entrance that opened on to the Auslieferungshalle (delivery hall) where cars for personal delivery were prepared, ie polishing and fitting of number plates. In charge of this department was Herr Erich Kempka who also arranged the collection of cars for European distribution and shipping on auto carriers.

Erich Kempka was a softly spoken, small man at the time 52 years of age. Directly opposite my office door he had a lean-to desk at 45 degrees to the wall. Every morning I would give him a list of my customers cars and we would do a belt and braces exercise to check if the builds were correct. At the time the painted and trimmed bodies would be brought to the assembly hall on flat back VW Transporters from the adjoining Reutter bodyworks and placed on three-wheel trolleys. At any time there were 18 cars in a horse shoe pattern on the floor and pushed by hand from one station to the other. Engines/gearboxes, suspension, fuel tanks, cables, etc, were fitted. Before I was let loose in export/sales I did a brief three months technical training course in all departments and worked my way around the 18 stations which means that I can claim to have effectively assembled a Porsche by myself!

The reason for the belts and braces check was each Porsche along the line was different. On one trolley you would have a red Super 90 for California with sliding sun



roof, chrome wheels, leather trim with a herring bone cloth pattern in the seats and the next one would be a blue Super 75 for Sweden, with ski rack, silver wheels, black vinyl trim, etc. Imagine controlling all that but never a mistake!

I had been working with Herr Kempka for about three months when one of my colleagues asked if I knew who he was. My reply was no, but a nice gentleman and a pleasure to work with (a preposition is a word you do not end a sentence with!). He said that he was Hitler's chauffeur during the war but I must on no account broach the subject

with him. Being me I didn't heed his advice and one day I asked Herr Kempka if I could ask him a personal question. He confirmed that he was indeed Hitler's chauffeur and when I asked him if we could talk about it he said sure. He did add that in 1948 two journalists from a London newspaper interviewed him and turned all answers around to suit their own agendas and from that time he trusted no one. However, as we were good colleagues he was happy to answer any of my questions. He also added that as the boss, as he still called Hitler, had a great respect for the Boers it was another reason for talking to me! Later in our talks he told me that Hitler got the idea of concentration camps from the British in the Boer War.

Over time Herr Kempka would turn to me and ask a question or make a statement. I knew chapter and verse of what happened in the bunker towards the end including the stresses, politics and intrigues and well as Hitler's delusional ramblings. This included a wish that in the dying days he could form a pact with Churchill to gun for the Russians! The scene on the day of the suicides on April 30, 1945, was quite macabre. Those present, about 40, lined up along a passage and Hitler and Eva Braun, whom he married the day before for some extraordinary reason, shook hands with everyone, went into an adjoining room where Hitler shot himself and Eva swallowed a cyanide pill. The day before Hitler's Alsatian, Blondi, was poisoned with cyanide to prove how quick and effective the drug was.

Martin Borman walked into the room in front of Erich Kempka and attempted to pick up Eva's body. Kempka, aware of how much Eva hated Borman because she felt that he had far too much influence over Hitler, pushed in front of Borman and said that he would take the body outside. Kempka told me that Eva Braun was the unhappiest woman in Germany and didn't know what she had let herself in for by becoming involved with the Führer.

Hitler's valet, Linge, told Kempka to find petrol with which to

incinerate the bodies. At that point Russian shells were raining down on the Potsdamer Platz around the corner from the bunker but Kempka was lucky to have found some abandoned jerry cans nearby. The bodies were doused and it was Kempka who lit a rag and threw it on what was left of his boss and his new wife.

With the dream of a 1000 year Reich in tatters Kempka fled the scene to nowhere. In front of him he saw a tank with Martin Borman and two high ranking officers in conversation. At that point the tank received a direct hit and Kempka was blown backwards by the blast but was not injured. When he picked himself up the two officers were dead and Borman missing. He said that he never discovered what happened to Borman and that he was either blown to bits or managed to escape.

One day Kempka asked me why Edward VIII had abdicated. I said that when I was a kid at school I had heard of Mrs Wallis Simpson who married the Duke. Ah, you are well informed said Kempka. That woman came into his life at a most convenient time. He said that the 'powers that be' in England simply didn't want him as king as he was close to Sir Oswald Mosley, head of the fascist British Brown Shirts, was too political for a future king and was involved with a rather kinky London set. It's also on record that Edward's father, king George V, didn't want him as king and didn't want him to produce offspring. The Duke was told that if he refused to abdicate there were enough medical men in England who would certify that he was unfit to be king so bugger off to your estate in the country and enjoy your annual allowance. I asked Kempka how he knew this. He said that in October 1937 he was asked to collect the couple from a small airfield about 30km from Berchtesgaden for a meeting with Hitler and that on the way the Duke told him. Kempka spoke no English but reminded me that the Duke spoke German fluently. From the Duke's mouth to Kempka's ears, from Kempka's



Lancia Auto SA®
Importers &
Exporters



Custodians of the
proud Lancia legacy of
TAK & Viglietti Motors.

Email: sales@lancia.co.za · Web: www.lancia.co.za
Tel.: 021 447 83 50 · 3 Plein street, Woodstock, Cape Town

Passion, Grace & Fire



Evil allies: Erich Kempka chauffeurs Hitler and Italian leader Benito Mussolini in 1937

mouth to my ears. If I've known this story since 1963 why has it never been revealed.

The far right wing Sir Oswald Mosley married his second wife, Diana Mitford, in December 1936 in Germany with Hitler and Goebbels as guests. They are of course the parents of Max, until recently Bernie Ecclestone's Formula One side kick.

One day Kempka said that the boss always carried a framed photo of someone with him wherever he went and could I guess who it was. I said absolutely no idea. HENRY FORD was the answer as Ford was Hitler's 'inspiration', the man who created a people's car that motivated the VW Beetle. Wonder how many people know that!

The reason that Erich Kempka landed a job at Porsche was that he met Professor Porsche at the launch of the VW Beetle in 1937. On December 15, 1945, motivated by Pierre Peugeot Professor Porsche was arrested for 'war crimes' and incarcerated in a freezing hellhole of a French prison. His son, Ferry, eventually bought his freedom but undaunted in 1948 the professor founded the Porsche car company in Stuttgart-Zuffenhausen and it was then that Kempka approached the Professor for a job. As a result of the French ordeal the professor suffered from poor health until his death in January 1951.

The plot thickens. One day in my flat in Stuttgart I was paging through a magazine and came across a photo of a shattered Cologne. The cathedral was intact and stood up like sore thumb but all around was utter devastation. But then in the far right corner of the pic

was an intact complex. Guess what, the Ford Motor Company of Germany.

About three years later, living in London, a repeat. I was paging through a magazine in my flat in St John's Wood and saw a photo of Dagenham. Again utter destruction but what remained intact was the Ford Motor Company of Great Britain's factory. Over the years I mentioned my findings to a few people but in recent years a report of exactly that situation appeared in one of the books by the controversial David Icke and I quote, ... *when Allied troops entered Germany they found that the I.G Farben factories, the very core of Hitler's war operation, had not been hit by mass bombing, and neither had Ford factories - another Illuminati supporter of Hitler.* Other factories had been demolished by bombing raids. No doubt some sinister dealings that we know nothing about!

So there we have it. Hitler awarded Henry Ford on his 75th birthday the Grand Cross of the Supreme Order of the German Eagle, Ford was known to be anti-Semitic, carried with him a photo of Henry Ford and the Ford factories weren't bombed during the war. We might be forgiven for asking what the hell went on!

A year after joining export/sales I was asked to head up Werksverkauf, the VIP sales department that delivered cars ex-works to members of royal families, the aristocracy, diplomats, sports and film stars, etc. Quite a job for an *ou* from Cape Town the son of a school teacher. The world has only ever known two miracles - the Virgin

Birth and my appointment to that position! My secretary was the pretty red head, Heidi Heft, and an added advantage was that she was good cook! I asked Herr Kempka to please polish the cars for my fancy pants customers with extra gloss. Only joking!

Another colleague was Jochen Peiper, the former Lieutenant-Colonel who brutally overran Belgium and on whose exploits the film *The Battle of the Bulge* was made. He was sentenced to death at Nuremberg but it was commuted to life. Then after serving a few years he was set free to become Porsche's PRO. He was a tall, good looking and charming man with an aura of *don't mess with me*. He was sophisticated, loved classical music and spoke English and French fluently. I used to sit opposite him in the canteen over breakfast and lunch and had great difficulty in imagining him in his tank commander's uniform.

My German experience left me with an absolute horror of war. Some 17 years after the end of WW2 I arrived in the country to

find the nicest, most intelligent, decent, successful and hard working people on planet earth. So what the hell was it all about, 60 million dead, the holocaust, the pain, the suffering, the destruction of historic buildings, cathedrals, etc, and what's more Anglo Saxon cousins at war! Sheer bloody madness! Oh, and another myth - Germans have no sense of humour. Bollocks! There were always jokes, laughter and leg-pulling around the factory.

If you want to know how cruel, disgusting, deceitful, dishonest, cunning, manipulative, selfish and uncaring some people can be I can forward you a link, JFK to 9/11. It'll tell you more about what I've outlined above and once you've watched it from beginning to end you'll see the world like you have never seen it before. It's long at 3 hours and 27 minutes and I broke it down to 20 minute segments in order to absorb the unbelievable tale.

Here endeth the history lesson. Hope that you've enjoyed my diatribe! 



Your no1 motor car interior specialist, we operate from our branches situated around SA, Maitland in Cape Town, Kempton Park Johannesburg and Durban.

We specialise in restorations, leather work , carpeting, door panels, roof linings, seat repairs, leather re-dying, plastic repairs, soft tops, and motorbike seats to name a few.

We have launched 2 new mobile "Paint Rim & Trim" vans that can do small area repairs such as scuffs and scratch marks to the exterior and rim scuffs, all on site.

**Call centre: 086 100 8746
or 021-510 3531**