

Dedicated to the Heroes of the Movement.

WITH HITLER ON THE ROAD TO POWER

BY OTTO DIETRICH

Personal Experiences with my Leader

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Introduction.

These pages shall comprise no biography of Adolf Hitler, no description of his political activity during the last years, but they shall recount decisive days of struggle and great moments, in a series of fragments from personal reminiscences, which the author has been privileged to experience with his leader during the last years until the attainment of power.

I shall describe the historical course of events as I have personally seen and felt them.

The reader may form for himself a conclusive picture of Adolf Hitler's personality from the individual scenes of this struggle, comparable to that of Faust, of this phantastically modern way of work of this truly heroic struggle for the triumphal advance of the National Revolution. Probably these scenes reveal to some readers not only the man Adolf Hitler, but also the secret of his success.

CHAPTER I

The Power of Personality.

If wonders occurred in the life of nations, then the German Nation would be justified in claiming the happy change of its Fate as a supernatural decree of Providence. The deep fundamental change of both the moral attitude and outward appearance of our nation, which the National Socialist Revolution has brought about by bold attack, is of immense, scarcely conceivable impressibility even for those who have fought in the thickest fray of this gigantic struggle. There has been such an impressive and astounding alteration of Germany's inner and outer appearance, that the impartial observer cannot yet regard it, even to-day, as a natural event. But the facts are stronger than man's inadequate power of conception, and Time cannot be delayed by the ideas of yesterday.

The "Dritte Reich" stands firm. It rests on its foundations, on the immortal values of the Nordic Race, and in the depth of Germany's soul. Naturally rooted in German spirit and character, built up and formed by the living powers of personality, it is the child and creation of the German people, incarnating their own will and spirit. Construction and completion is the future task of the generation which undertook this enterprise, and shall be the task of those generations chosen to achieve it.

If we to-day, standing in the midst of this work of construction—the greatest ever undertaken by a nation—look back upon the previously trodden path, and mark the stages of our struggle, then we need only a brief moment of recollection to draw, from the memory of the great time of our struggle, new strength and new confidence for our future work.

World events and Nations' fates are destined by ideas. But personality is their creator and constructor. Idea and personality, these are the two components, which have destined the creation of the New Germany. Scarcely ever before have they appeared so clearly and purely as compounding elements and as characteristic expression of a nation, as in the National Socialist movement, in their gigantic struggle for the reconstruction of the German Nation.

As all real grandeur is simple, so the National Socialist State-Idea is also one of those great, veracious, and monumentally simple ideas which make world history, because they re-introduce the very laws of life into the consciousness of nations, and thereby display their powers naturally. But in politics, ideas, which remain in the realm of thought, are only schemes and become idols, if they are not elevated by the living power of personality and formed to the benefit of the nation and its life.

In the beginning was the deed. At the cradle of the "Dritte Reich" stands the Power of Personality, embodied in Adolf Hitler. Its importance for the accomplishment of the mighty work is outstanding,

original, and unique. Certainly the present epoch is too closely related to the immense happening of its days, to see it in world historic perspective. We must leave the judgment of this question to history. But for the renaissance of the German Nation—as we know to-day—Adolf Hitler means everything.

His will was the law which created the foundation of the National Socialist Movement of 13 years ago, from the first seven, who entered the field to conquer the nation, up to the army of millions of to-day. His spirit, alone directing and responsible, has waged this immense struggle in every phase of the battle until the final victory. We call Adolf Hitler our "LEADER," because that is what he is. He united State and Nation in Germany.

This truly German National State does not rest on outward appearance or on bayonets, it is deeply rooted in German hearts. The creator's personality represents for the Nation the conception and the contents of the new "Reich." Hitler is Germany and Germany is Hitler. Germany is embodied in Adolf Hitler to-day, because she is re-echoed in his personality.

Only the eye-witness, who has experienced day by day, at the side of Adolf Hitler, the wave of love and enthusiasm which greets him from every class of German, can realise that such ovations, so rare in the life of statesmen, signify no artificial feeling, but genuine affection.

Adolf Hitler's journeys—although, at his express request, everything is done to keep them secret from the public—are one long triumphal procession. Throughout the country, wherever he goes, the news of his presence and passage spreads like wildfire, by 'phone or by word of mouth. Hundreds, thousands throng the streets and roads, and surge towards his car. Young and old, men and women, with faces full of joyful enthusiasm, delight in seeing their leader, in shaking his hand, in being allowed to tell and speak of him. Where has there ever been a ruler, a crowned head fêted by so many people, as Adolf Hitler?

Whoever has not witnessed these scenes simply cannot conceive them. There is no outward show, no accomplished work, no preparation, no suggestion. Impulsively they all follow their heart's desire, moved by an inner, irresistible power. The scenes, which we witness day by day, are touching and heart-rending. They are not isolated examples, but occur everywhere. Each time in different form, with greater or with less emotion, but quite equally significant in their result.

The people cling to their leader. They love him and trust him completely, infinitely. Adolf Hitler feels this unique, living bond with his people as the most glorious blessing of his life. He has frequently expressed this feeling to me, and from it he always draws fresh strength for the execution of his great work. Thus, an inexhaustible source of strength lies in this alternating effect of people and leader.

I have often considered where the deepest secret of his personal influence upon the people, upon the broad masses, lies. From a purely external point of view and as a psychological question, I am interested in this problem, which to-day occupies the minds of millions

of Germans, because it has never previously appeared so pronouncedly and in such a singular form.

It is difficult to find an explanation within the scope of the intellect. Who does not still remember the ridiculous arguments, maintained during the struggle for power, by our opponents, who wanted to convince their public that Adolf Hitler, the orator and demagogue, influences and fascinates the masses? In the meanwhile, they will have realised that Adolf Hitler does not persuade but convinces conclusively. Not as orator, but as "Man," Adolf Hitler exercises that immense impression upon all who come into contact with him.

I have questioned numerous personalities, closely attached to Adolf Hitler, and asked their opinion as to where they see the determinant feature of the effect of his personality—without receiving a satisfactory reply. Probably the explanation, given to me recently by the Reichsbank President, Schacht, as his personal opinion, is the nearest approach to the truth: "Hitler speaks out his soul in every word he utters! Hitler has faith in himself and in what he says! Hitler possesses that quality so rare to-day—he is true! The people feel that he is true, and that is why they cling so fast to him!"

The last word upon Adolf Hitler's personality shall ever remain a mystery to us, who marvel anew, each day, at his truly ingenious spirit. Whoever might believe that some prodigy or some decree of Providence directs the way of the German people, may see these supernatural powers prevalent in Adolf Hitler's personality. The God-favoured man goes his way, because he must. Here the phrase, that faith moves mountains, is proved. The faith of Adolf Hitler and the faith in Adolf Hitler.

Whatever may be the explanation of this mystery of Adolf Hitler's personality, and the faith in him, his tremendous popularity is a power of immense strength in Germany to-day. This is a power which is original and without example in the government of nations. Neither Emperor nor King, Despot nor Tyrant, rules over this new Germany of discipline and authority: The "Dritte Reich" is governed by the Power of Personality.

CHAPTER II

The Struggle of the Heroic World Idea.

The history of the National Socialist Movement shall be handed down to posterity as the epic of the resurrected German Nation. The German Nation's heroic world idea extirpated by the spirit of Liberalism and Intellectualism, devoured by the poison of Pacifism, crushed by the murderous frenzy of Marxism, has been restored to life by the heroic struggle of the N.S.D.A.P., more quickly and more valiantly, more eventfully and more phantastically than any myth could reflect it.

On 9th November, 1918, the old Empire fell. In the midst of the Nation's greatest struggle, after four years of unprecedented heroism and enormous accomplishment, Germany had once again risen to the occasion, not upon the acme of national, moral strength, but of actual physical power. Then its own brothers, misled by strange ideas and the Marxist rabble, stabbed it in the back. This national crime was called "Revolution."

Instead of a rudimentary, national rising, which could have reunited the Nation's entire strength for a fateful, national revolution of 70 million people, we experienced a shameful revolt of deserters. Treachery was the heroism, and national mockery was the grandeur, ennobled by this revolution. This day of disgrace, which brands the Nation with the stigma of treachery, has however, also provoked by the anomaly of its occurrence, the counter-forces to avenge the deeds of the past and to form a new Germany.

Ninth of November, 1918! How many heroic German soldiers, after fighting for 4½ years against all the powers of hell, in faith for a better Germany, may then have thought like the soldier Adolf Hitler,—twice seriously wounded—as he lay in the hospital of Pasewalk, burning with painful indignation at the outbreak of the revolution? In this hour of deepest shame, when thousands and thousands of German soldiers, like Adolf Hitler, swore the silent oath to avenge the shame one day, the German revolution was born—in irreconcilable hatred against the Marxist traitors—and the spiritual seed was sown, from which the "Dritte Reich" of Liberty and social justice has so brilliantly arisen.

Probably many swore this oath, but one man acted. The indomitable heroism of the Nibelungen Nation was revived in Adolf Hitler, the flame of heroism blazed forth once more. In the midst of the chaos of the German downfall he began, in faithful devotion to his call and only animated by glowing patriotism, the struggle for the soul of the German people.

One year of struggle, every man at his post and dependent upon himself. One year of search and discovery. Six men of the same spirit, and animated by the same desire as Adolf Hitler, took the field under his leadership at the end of 1919 to conquer the German Nation. What a bold idea! So men said at that time. What a prodigy, how

was such an enterprise possible? So men ask to-day. Adolf Hitler has never asked, but has followed the voice of his conscience.

With indomitable will and unprecedented perseverance, which no reverse can dishearten, this previously unknown man of the people, with a few faithful adherents, dared to pierce the lines of the Marxist terror. He relies upon the suggestive power which lies in self-confidence. He prefers a healthy man to an intellectual weakling. He knows; terror is not overcome by intellect, but by terror. He succeeds in gaining the social confidence of the masses and in establishing an aim for their national longing.

The "National Bavaria" allowed the young movement to develop in the delusive hope that it might make the movement serve the purpose of the blue and white reactionaries and separatists. The conquest of Red Coburg in October, 1922, the consecration of the first Standard of the S.A. in Munich on the first Party Day in January, 1923, the armed demonstration in Munich in May, 1923, and the amalgamation with the "Deutschen Kampfbund" in Nuremberg on 2nd September, 1923, are milestones of this development.

1923: a year of decision. By a bold beginning, Hitler hoped to incorporate the "Bavaria of the Minister Kahr" into the rise of Germany. But again it was treachery which crushed this heroic struggle. On 9th December, 1923, a generation of young German heroes stood fast to the oath of 9th November, 1918, with blood sacrifice. The N.S.D.A.P. was broken up. Everything seemed lost. But this was only appearance. Fate had determined this way. Adolf Hitler was alive, and with him lived the movement.

But the shots at the "Feldherrnhalle," in Munich, were the reveille for millions in the Reich, and these dead were the first martyrs of the revolution. For the first time, after five years of inertia, amidst hopelessness and despair, the nation hearkened, and felt the beat of the pulse of a new Germany, the growth of a new, natural will. The inner rise of the Nation had begun.

The Nation's heroic spirit, buried deeply beneath the debris of the downfall, was revived and began to stir powerfully. There were instances of faulty organisation committed by "national" epigones who had not consulted their leader during his confinement in Landsberg. He knew that National Socialism, without its creator and the unifying influence of his personality, would fail for want of ideas, of will and of organisation.

Scarcely had Adolf Hitler been liberated from confinement—a little before Christmas 1924—than he refounded his party out of a mere nothing. After years of brilliant ascent, and then sudden downfall, he recommenced from the very beginning. What heroism, what unprecedented faith in his mission? "If all are unfaithful, then we still remain faithful," Adolf Hitler has acted according to these words, as on 27th February, 1925, he proclaimed the rebirth of the movement in the "Bürgerbräukeller" in Munich, where he had announced the *coup d'état* of 1923. His indomitable will of struggle refortified the firm conviction of his old comrades. Heroic defiance, iron will, and blindly faithful followers, were the moral sources from which the resurrected movement gathered fresh strength, and from which the future struggle was born.

With its renaissance, the party had entered upon a new phase of its struggle. Adolf Hitler proved himself a far-seeing tactician. He drew the direct consequences from the Fate and experiences of the year 1923. The political situation had fundamentally changed. Although the consolidation of inner political conditions was only temporary, every illegal attempt seemed hopeless, and legal means alone seemed to promise success.

Adolf Hitler was fully convinced that the seed of the world idea must now be sown by laborious propaganda, lasting for years, in order to take root in the people and to mature in the Nation's soul. Naturally, this change to parliamentary tactics signified in no way an adoption of parliamentary principles. Those often misconstrued principles, which brought about the movement's later triumph so conclusively and completely, stood firmly in Adolf Hitler's mind. Thus resolute, he entered upon the fresh, unceasingly grim struggle of the following years—a struggle for his world idea—fought upon a different field, but no less heroic than heretofore. This meant overcoming democracy on its own ground and with its own weapon. The heroic struggle of character and dauntless profession of faith began.

Adolf Hitler was not permitted to speak in public. The party lacked the most essential means. Its existence during the following years—probably the most arduous of its life—was one long series of persecutions, muzzling and trickery. Whoever admitted National Socialism, was banished from civil life, from the decadent bourgeoisie and from the class-conscious workers. The mere suspicion of National Socialism meant loss of employment and bread, boycott and ruin of business interests, the inevitable acceptance of misery.

Hundreds, thousands were imprisoned by the November State Government. Throughout the streets raged bloodshed and scenes of Marxist terror. All the powers of hell were let loose against the advancing young movement. The struggle grew ever grimmer and more relentless. The sword of Marxism slew hundreds of the best men, but thousands of fresh fighters for liberty seized the standard and bore it to the furthest corner of the country. A roll of honour of the dead heroes is the National Socialist Movement's greatest force. It is a magnet which has attracted the German youth and millions of compatriots to join its ranks. They felt that such a movement, for which men can die like heroes, whose example all are prepared to follow incorporates the moral right to represent Germany.

Bloodshed and weeping, but also pride of battle, indomitable heroism and glorious unselfishness, show the way pursued by the movement during the years of its rise. In town and village, in the lodgings of the great cities, in houses and tenements, in meetings and in the streets, both husband and wife, parents and children all fought for the new world idea, and strove for the ideal of National Socialism. The church took up arms against the movement, and persecuted Germany's new fighters even to the grave, leaving them no spiritual peace. But the strugglers never wavered, nothing could stem the tide of the movement. The glorious Party Days of Weimar 1926, of Nuremberg 1927 and 1929, were the general roll-calls which inspired this advance.

The world does not yet know how the nation has fought with heart and soul for the movement during these years. Only sympathy and

personal experience of this heroic struggle, of this ever fateful game of chance—a game of highest peril and of highest moral, spiritual feeling—can convey a true understanding. This shall be the eternal secret and happy privilege of those who have fought through this hell. Only the man who can measure the victory of to-day by unprecedented, personal experience, may truly estimate the magnitude of the present achievements. National Socialism's dynamic will and its power as a world idea, bore away the laurels from this titanic struggle of character.

"Character forms Deed," it is this movement, if any, which has justified this phrase. In the struggle, the German Nation's character was reborn. In these cruel years of struggle, the National Socialist Movement has exemplified the community of the nation. Idealism of will and harmony of hearts united it into one great family, sharing each other's fate in misery and death; one for all, all for one. Although traitors were not inactive in this heroic struggle, nothing could shake the party's resolution. The song of faith and voluntary sacrifice swelled forth from the midst of the people.

These hellish years of struggle hardened the N.S.D.A.P., and forged its sword for the final battle. Despite the world of foes, Adolf Hitler had brought the movement to where it stood at the end of 1932.

CHAPTER III

Towards Decision.

On 14th September, 1930, Fortune favoured the N.S.D.A.P. with a great success for the first time in its unceasingly arduous struggle—compensation and encouragement. Was it Destiny or Providence's decree, that this mighty election-triumph, which fell upon the ear of the world, occurred during a political epoch, signified as the era of Brüning? To-day, if we give a retrospective reply to the question of the much discussed N.S.D.A.P.'s share in the government, then we know that Brüning too played a rôle in this game of the powers for Germany's national development. Although his motives were quite different, Brüning, from the very first, prevented the N.S.D.A.P.'s premature participation in the government—of which Adolf Hitler always sensibly disapproved.

Blinded by the idea of his political mission, Brüning, after 14th September, 1930, did not even ask the N.S.D.A.P. whether they would accept a corresponding share in the government, not to mention in the formation of the government. The German Nation has had to pay dearly for this political experiment of disregarding the People's definite will. But the Bourgeoisie, which lacked all instinct and thoughtlessly supported Brüning, desired nothing better. "Whoever the Gods wish to destroy, they first strike blind." Though previously heroic sacrifices had alone sufficed to rouse the politically narrow-minded Bourgeoisie from Stresemann's fatal vision of the dawn of a brighter era, they promptly fell as fresh victims to the "Legend of Brüning."

They, disliking and hating every heroic line of thought, did not base their judgment of each new German statesman on his accomplishments, but according to what extent he consented to their eternal, futile talk of reconstruction and selfish, universal patriotism. They saw in Brüning—the former secretary of the Christian Trades Unions, and incidentally the irreproachable Army-officer—the best representative of civic nationalism, the "CIVIC DICTATOR," who was to avert civic bankruptcy by Article 48, because he promised an entire reformation of Germany's intolerable conditions. He PROMISED, but that was all.

Despite the long-standing proof that a German future was inconceivable without the National Socialist Movement, the supporters of Brüning's system, in a kind of self-delusive frenzy, maintained to the Public the illusion that the mighty National Socialist Movement was only comparable with feverish fluctuations. Actually, the most petty party-feeling, due to inner-political fear of National Socialism, secured the position of the Chancellor of the Centre for two years, until further millions of Germans, cured of this mania, cast off the mantle of narrow-minded emptiness, and joined the ranks of Adolf Hitler—until the seed was mature for the harvest of the "Dritte Reich."

In the meanwhile, the leader pursued his course unswervingly. The National Socialist Policy remained immovable: whilst the Reichstag possessed no majority with the will to break radically away from the previous methods of National humiliation and the policy of slavery, the sole practical and promising policy was the work of the nation's renaissance to free the people from their moral decline, and finally to unite them once more in a unanimous, German-conscious state of mind. National Socialism's first practical aim, and the assumption for all further ambitions, was and has remained the triumph of the German spirit over that National poison, MARXISM, and over its train-bearers—civic, liberal, selfish cliques.

Thus, the accusation that the N.S.D.A.P. lacked the will to accomplish positive and responsible work, was entirely groundless and misleading. The party had already proved that it always possessed this will, provided that certain, indispensable circumstances were existent. After the attainment of the absolute majority, our representative, Schwede, was appointed Lord Mayor of Coburg. With the conquest of Coburg at the end of 1929, our leader had introduced his plan of a policy of demonstrations and gradual conquest, with the idea of gaining ground in the Municipalities and in the Provinces, and thus obtaining one stronghold after another, until the moment was ripe for the N.S.D.A.P.'s storming of the Reich. In the year 1930, Thüringen and Braunschweig followed Coburg's lead and elected Frick and Frantzen, who was later succeeded by Klagges. Prussia was the next great goal, but this was eclipsed by the development in the Reich.

At the end of the year 1931, the N.S.D.A.P. possessing firm leadership and discipline, and strengthened by struggle and hardships, represented the best political organisation in the world, with its 800,000 registered members and more than 10,000 local groups.

Despite all hostility, our leader had successfully increased the movement to these dimensions. He was ready, when the expiration of the Reich President's term of office, at the beginning of 1932, gave him his first real chance. After the past years of inaction, he was ready to go over the top for the frontal attack against the existing system. After twelve years of inconceivably laborious preparation, the N.S.D.A.P. felt strong enough to knock at the door of power in the Reich, and Adolf Hitler saw that at last the moment had come to dictate the line of action to his opponents.

No member of the movement doubted the difficulty of the struggle. The opponents knew what was at stake. It was only logical that they should throw their whole body and soul into their last desperate stand against the hated movement, before admitting defeat. Fully conscious of the impending crisis, Adolf Hitler began the year 1932. "Germany is on the brink of adopting National Socialism. The world is moving towards a decision, such as occurs only once in a thousand years," he wrote, with instinctive foresight, in his New Year's message.

CHAPTER IV

Master of the Diplomatic Field.

1932—the year of fate for National Socialism—opened with a favourable omen. On 5th January, shortly after the political holidays, the Government suddenly summoned Adolf Hitler to Berlin. By Brüning's order, a telegram from Groener, Minister for Interior Affairs, requested Adolf Hitler's presence in Berlin, for a political conference on 6th January. Hitler, the man persecuted and outlawed as the State's most deadly foe! Nevertheless, rather strange proceedings, and a startlingly sudden change of attitude, which counselled precaution.

The reason was quite evident. Brüning's unpopular emergency measures and this dictatorship previously based exclusively on the Reich President's authority, were now faced with the Nation's verdict. The national parties would only re-elect Hindenburg, if Brüning's system fell. Brüning was afraid to propose Marxist assistance to the Reich President. He felt the menace of this election.

As the danger approached, he realised that his game must be lost sooner or later, if he did not possess the trump-card—the N.S.D.A.P.

In this desperate situation, he saw only two ways of crushing the "Brown Danger," and reigning supreme: either, by an attempt to dupe Adolf Hitler, with parliamentary diplomacy, through trifling concessions, or—should Hitler see through his game—to blacken him ruthlessly in the public opinion by means of government propaganda. By Press and Radio, he felt strong enough to steal the N.S.D.A.P.'s election triumph. This was Brüning's plan of campaign to settle Hitler at any price. These tactics have always played an important part in the later phases of the struggle against the N.S.D.A.P.

Hitler saw through them at once. He travelled to Berlin without delay—not to fall into Brüning's trap, but to parry this dangerous thrust by a tactical counter-thrust, and last but not least, in the interests of General Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. Refusal, without the shield of public opinion, would have been equivalent to defeat.

Adolf Hitler entered the lists of diplomacy for the first time, and the leader and fighter of a thousand battles found his first opportunity to prove his mettle as a statesman.

He immediately rejected the proposals of Groener and Brüning—mere prolongation of the Reich President's term of office by decree of the Reichstag with a two-thirds majority, wherefore the N.S.D.A.P.'s consent was requested. Hitler pointed out that the debiting of the General Field-Marshal, by the suggested procedure, exceeded *his* legal powers, and thus could not be expected from him. Every attempt at persuasion and all ridiculous concessions, failed; Hitler opposed them all, declaring that the Reich President's prestige demanded the Nation's verdict.

Already during the discussions, the opponents' press, probably obeying orders, had begun to sow the seeds of disturbance. On

the other hand, the National Socialist Press—in exemplary obedience to its leader—was silent, rather than cast upon its leader the shadow of disloyalty and indiscretion of conduct towards the Reich President, involuntarily thrust into the limelight by Brüning's coup to save his own skin.

Adolf Hitler now openly attacked Brüning. His treatise, addressed to the Reich President, clearly exposed the legislative weaknesses and defects of Brüning's action, and was a political masterpiece. It plainly induced the Reich President himself to urge Brüning to cease his painfully unsuccessful endeavours. The hint was plain enough. Hitler had thwarted Brüning's plans to outwit the National Socialist Movement, and had forced his retreat. Hitler wrote two letters to Brüning. When these were published, the German people could review the situation in its true light.

Heavily defeated, Brüning now fled from the political battlefield. Adolf Hitler had dealt him a blow, from which the dictator of the Centre has never recovered, as his subsequent inglorious resignation has proved. "Hitler's shadow pursues Brüning," wrote the Press. In this seven-days political duel, the musketeer of the world-war had shown that he could also fight with the fine weapons of diplomacy.

It was a fundamentally false review of the situation, to think that the rapprochement Hitler-Brüning would cast great incertitude over the winter's political development. Adolf Hitler never had one moment's doubt that the German Nation's future demanded the crushing of the system exploited by Brüning. Only by struggle, and not by agreement could this be done, especially as, at this time, when Brüning was negotiating with Hitler, the Prussian government decreed the suppression of the "Angriff," the tenth suppression of this paper, and the N.S.D.A.P.'s Sportpalast demonstration was broken up by Grzesinski.

CHAPTER V

Industrial Magnates at the Cross-roads.

Politics decide Fate! In his speeches, our leader has most passionately defended the significance of this phrase, which is probably the briefest expression of the N.S.D.A.P.'s struggle for its world idea. Thus he has dethroned the November Democracy's idol of "Economic Primacy." Politics decide! But economy is the nation's breath of life. Adolf Hitler has no less recognised the importance and significance of this fact. The nation's political vitality lay in deadly danger. It therefore stands to reason that he could devote less attention to economic problems than to the truly vital struggle for the revival of the nation's political will, without which there can be no economic prosperity. This principle justifies the aim of his struggle. Unfortunately, economic circles did not recognise this striking fact—it did not serve their purpose.

How radically erroneous and unjust was the charge of an anti-economic attitude, so short-sightedly brought against our leader and his movement! For to-day, now that the hour has come for Adolf Hitler to tackle every economic defect with such energy and with such success, the injustice of this accusation is repentantly admitted everywhere. But at that time, in the fiercest hour of battle, the magnates of economy—save for some praiseworthy exceptions—refused to have faith in Hitler. From the lofty heights of their "realist policy," the economic magnates disdained him with pity as a dreaming idealist—a man of phantasy. Strengthened by the protecting shield of a powerful empire, they had taken over the helm of the ship of economy, but had thereby lost every responsible, political line of thought. They had forgotten that German economy had not conquered the world, but that the power of the State had sown the seed for economy's rich harvest. In the November Republic, they had committed the folly of basing economic life upon the idea of accomplishment, of the value of individuality, and thereby, in practice, upon personal authority. Politically, however, they recanted this personal authority which they replaced by the principle of "vox populi"—democracy. And this, whilst the nation fought for existence with flesh and blood.

Adolf Hitler, more than anybody else, had always considered the value of individuality as the main factor of his thought and deed. He soon realised that, besides striving to gain the support of the broad masses, he must make every possible appeal to economic magnates the firmest adherents to the old system. These magnates had individually accomplished much in past years. In the summer of 1931, in Munich, our leader suddenly decided to concentrate systematically upon convincing the influential economic magnates, who ruled the civic parties of the Centre. These prominent men formed the main resistance, and Hitler thus hoped, step by step, to break away from the existing system of government. Whoever had witnessed the

great power of conviction, which Adolf Hitler himself exerted upon the most resolute opponents, knew that this plan of undermining the old system must mature into valuable success. Immediate action followed this quick decision.

In the following months, our leader traversed Germany from end to end in his Mercedes, holding private interviews with prominent personalities. Any "Rendez-Vous" was chosen, either in Berlin or in the Provinces, in the Hotel Kaiserhof or in some lonely forest-glade.

Privacy was absolutely imperative, the Press must have no chance of doing mischief. Success was the consequence. The pillars of the government began to crumble. This seemed alarming, yet indiscernible—incomprehensible. The "Deutsche Volkspartei" was alienated from the government, the support of the "Wirtschaftspartei" could only be purchased by heavy sums of money. Adolf Hitler was satisfied. But strong elements of economic opposition were still prevalent, and these he attacked at the beginning of 1932.

The 27th January, 1932 will always remain a memorable day in the history of the N.S.D.A.P. On this day, our leader succeeded in piercing the armour of the West German industrial magnates. On this evening, Hitler achieved decisive success in the Industrial Club in Düsseldorf.

Even to-day, I can picture this meeting of prominent men. We came from Godesberg, and drove up to the Park Hotel, amidst the hooting of the Marxists. The room was overcrowded. Huddled together, sat the chief West German magnates. There were familiar and unfamiliar faces. Men in the public eye, and those quiet, but no less influential powers, who, moving behind the scenes, control the fate of economy by the soft sounds issuing from their private offices—men said to bear a ledger rather than a heart.

Joyful expectation brightened the faces of those already converted. But the vast majority bore an air of superiority and cool reserve—probably flattered that Hitler had approached them. Mere curiosity, and general interest lured them to the meeting. They wanted to hear Hitler speak. They had no intention of being converted; they came to criticise, seeking confirmation of their own infallible opinion.

Our leader received a chilly ovation; he spoke from a slightly raised, projecting balustrade, his hands resting lightly upon the iron railing. I sat, amongst the listeners, taking notes, and observing the effect of his speech which lasted for over two hours. From world political perspective and with cogent logic, our leader elucidated the relations between economy and politics, their reciprocal effect, and their results in Germany. He explained the cause of the situation, and proposed the only possible remedy.

The general impression upon this group of most impassive listeners was astounding. After an hour, their chilly reserve gave way to intense interest. Hitler spoke of the titanic struggle of his political warriors, needy and persecuted, but making every sacrifice, even that of life, for their nation. He contrasted the German youth's unselfish idealism, personified in National Socialism, and the noble character of working-class followers, with the lack of comprehension, the materialism,

and the heavy guilt of the purely economically established Bourgeoisie. He pricked their social conscience without causing offence.

They began to flush, fixed their gaze upon our Leader's lips, and it seemed as if their hearts were moved. He spoke to their very souls. Faint, then thundering applause greeted Hitler at the conclusion of his speech; he had won a battle.

Fritz Thyssen, for long an ardent National Socialist, sounded Brüning's death-knell, as he stated our creed of Liberations: only National Socialism and its Leader's spirit could save Germany from her doom. The Jewish and Marxist Press lied boldly next day that Hitler had feasted with the industrial magnates on champagne and lobsters. Actually, a few minutes later, the night saw us on the road again, bent on fresh work.

The effect upon the economists, as far as they deserved this name, was great, and evident during the next hard months of struggle.

Next day, Hitler addressed with equal success the Crefeld Silk magnates in Godesberg. Later the national club in Hamburg. Everywhere, the scene was the same. Our leader's power of conviction, and his indefatigable pioneer work successfully pierced the armour of economy. His plan had succeeded. Although the fickle withdrew after Brüning's next broadcasted speech, the ice had been broken. The seed of National Socialism had found fertile soil in important and influential circles of the old system. The clouds began to gather round Brüning.

CHAPTER VI

From Munich to Berlin.

No General has ever traversed a conquered land so frequently and so thoroughly as Adolf Hitler traversed Germany. He passed by every road in the Reich and this was the way to the people's hearts.

Thus did Hitler spend many a weary hour, many a sleepless night, en route year in and year out, in all parts of Germany. In between exhausting work, he never spared himself, travelling in stifling heat or bitter cold, amidst clouds of dust or deep snow, over good or bad roads.

How many times did Adolf Hitler have to travel from Munich to Berlin and back! Is it strange that this route has become dearest to his heart? We may signify the advent of the motor as the death of the "Romance of the road," compared with the time when the coachman used to blow his horn on his leisurely journey. In the time of National Socialism, the German road has learned to know a new romance! We all prick up our ears, when, on our motor journeys, Adolf Hitler tells of his campaign of the year 1923, when he had to travel from Munich to Berlin, via Red Saxony which lay in open uproar.

Those were daring journeys, fraught with danger, through the very strongholds of the Marxist potentates who were on the track of their hated, sworn foe.

But Adolf Hitler fought his way through. The number-plate of his car was smeared with oil and coated with dust—quite indiscernible. With sternest resolution and revolver in hand, he, with his comrades Graf and Weber, tore over the roads of the Soviet Centre of those days.

Red patrols stood at all cross-roads. Once the car was stopped. Discovery meant the end of everything. But they did not recognise Hitler. In this hour of greatest danger his principle—never to be photographed—was best justified.

Another time in Leipzig a sentinel, with levelled rifle, stood in the middle of the street. The order was given to stop! What was to be done? Surrender under no circumstances! Immediately, the chauffeur turned down a narrow street. Shots rang out behind us. We drove boldly through the old parts of the city. We got away, but did not breathe freely until we reached Hof over the Saxon border.

In the course of years, we had all become familiar with the customary stopping-places on this route. There were certain favourite spots, even special picnic places, where our leader would stop for relaxation—in the "Fränkische Jura," or in the "Fichtegelbirge," in some fir-wood outside Plauen or in some quiet forest inn on the outskirts of Wittenberg.

Our leader knew every bend, every tree and every house on the road from Munich to Berlin, which recalled a thousand reminiscences to him. The road runs through Ingolstadt and Nuremberg, where our leader liked to break his journey and continue through the magnificent Franconian Country. Adolf Hitler drank in the unending succession

of gentle slopes and valleys, of meadows and fields, the harmony of landscape and cultivation, like sweet music.

On every journey, our leader felt anew that the Franconian Country was the most German of all. Not without cause has he established the scene of our Reich Party Day at Nuremberg, former free city of the realm, home of the Mastersingers, and for long the intellectual centre of the first realm.

Adolf Hitler would stop near Hilpoltstein, between Nuremberg and Bayreuth; on our left, by a lonely hill, strewn with crumbling rocks and primeval driftblocks—an historic meeting place of the early Germanistic epoch. How often did our leader walk up this hill, to enjoy from the top the fine view of the old castle and of the whole Franconian Country.

If time permitted, he used to spend the night in a pretty vale, through which a little stream flows. Amidst the pleasant tranquillity of this pastoral scene on the border of the Fichtelgebirge, and the mild air of this quiet valley, our leader could sleep more soundly and more free from care than almost anywhere else.

The road continues through Hof and Plauen, the N.S.D.A.P.'s early centre in Saxony. On the way, there is a certain spot, which we used to keep secret like all our haunts, and which we always revisited. A lonely path branches off the road; here lay our resting place, invisible to everybody, though it lies close to the road.

We used to spread a cloth on the ground, and sit beneath the trees to eat out simple breakfast—a slice of bread, an egg and a little fruit, that is all our leader took. If it rained, we had our picnic in the car, and resumed our journey after a short rest.

We drove through Zwickau, a rather memorable city for National Socialism; for there, one of the first Hooked-Cross Flags was consecrated. Soon we came to Göbnitz, then Altenburg and finally to Leipzig.

Here lay a modest home of the "Luisenbund," which had already faithfully espoused the cause of National Socialism; if there was time we used to make a brief stop for coffee.

We would increase our speed on the excellent roads of Saxony and Brandenburg; soon we came to Potsdam, and shortly afterwards reached our destination—Berlin.

The countless journeys between these two cities, with which Hitler's activity was most closely connected, may be a happy symbol of the triumph over the unfortunate past memory of the Main Line. By Hitler's victory, an indissoluble link binds North and South.

If we have fixed in our minds the phrase, "Berlin is the head and Munich the heart of Germany," then Adolf Hitler has undoubtedly provided that the New Germany has its head and its heart in the right places.

CHAPTER VII

Adolf Hitler's Greatest Hour.

National Socialism has been signified as the expression of the Nation's organised will, as the plain incarnation of will. And this is right, for our movement was born from will-power, and has triumphed by strength of will.

We National Socialists know that no really great success can be achieved without diligence and perseverance. But will is the most rudimentary and most absolute element; will first awakens the struggle for the creation of new life; will is the flaring beacon which first kindles all energy of life, and sustains it. Will, which inflames the National Socialist Movement, springs from the source of personality. The movement was born from the will of one man, who moulded the instinctive will of the home-coming warriors. One man's will-power succeeded in arousing this same will-power in a million hearts.

It is will-power which created *our* leaders. Iron will gave them the strength to hold on to forlorn hope. This indomitable will is the inexhaustible source of energy, from which our movement drew the strength to fight for the "Dritte Reich" and the establishment of its future. Will-power, personified in Adolf Hitler as its centrifugal force, is the final secret of the success of the N.S.D.A.P.

In the course of the twelve election campaigns, during the year 1932, on which I was privileged to accompany our leader from the first day to the last, I have realised by unexampled personal experience, the significance of this will as an irresistibly supreme and dominating force, with all its capabilities. During these twelve campaigns, in which Adolf Hitler challenged the old system to a fight to the death, he relentlessly opposed the foe with the sword of the movement, and wore down the hostile front by his will, hard as steel, till he forced them to capitulate.

No personal ambition spurred Adolf Hitler to the decision of standing for the Reich Presidency at this stage of the struggle. The main factors were solely consideration, compelled by circumstances, with regard to the strategical position, psychological and inevitable obligations, commanding the intervention of the best man—the towering figure of the leader of the N.S.D.A.P.—into Brüning's game of chess as rival to the General Field-Marshal. Adolf Hitler would have liked to avoid rivalry against Hindenburg. He put off his acceptance of the candidature until the last moment, but Brüning's flank attack from the left allowed him no alternative.

The idea that Adolf Hitler had staked his all upon this, his first bid for the Presidency, was inconclusive and arose from ignorance of his far-seeing plans. Certainly our leader was desirous of victory, once he had entered the field against Hindenburg, but he himself did not expect it. "Beat Hitler!" was the slogan of the Social Democratic Partisans, now in favour of Hindenburg. "I desire nothing more than

to fight you !” our leader proudly admitted. “ You say: We hold on at any cost ! I tell you: We shall overthrow you at all events ! ” he cried, as he gave the signal for attack on 28th February in the Berlin Sportpalast.

“ The courageous and resolute fighter, willing to stake his all, can never be beaten. What others consider a defeat, is really a thousand times better than resistless resignation to Fate.” Thus, prior to the election, and without expecting victory at the first attack, Adolf Hitler characterised his ideas which gained immeasurable confidence in the Nation’s heart. Hereby he really sacrificed his person for the cause.

If the first Reich Presidential Election has been called the “ Kunnernsdorf ” of the National Socialist Movement, then this is surely right inasmuch as our leader’s attitude, after this battle—which the public considered as our defeat—alone determined the conclusion of the entire campaign, and thereby the final triumph of our movement. Adolf Hitler has never seemed greater to me than in that midnight hour of the 13th March, in his office in the “ Brown House ” in Munich, when, in face of defeat and the spirit of defeatism, he issued the battle order to counter-attack instantly and with concentrated strength.

After publication of the first figures declaring the final results, deep despondency seized those whose hopes were naturally fixed far too much upon their own desires during the heat of battle. Already, there were loud cries of abandoning the Reich Presidential Election Campaign as hopeless, and, instead of bleeding to death in a second election campaign cries of husbanding all strength for the later Prussian election, to concentrate upon this. Our leader had never worried, but stated with satisfaction the immense advance of the N.S.D.A.P. fighting a lone battle against the foe’s eleven united parties. He immediately realised the danger, which threatened to assume vast dimensions, in the event of a split in our own ranks over the continuation of the struggle.

At this moment, when the will of his followers threatened to waver beneath the prodigious burden of the struggle, Adolf Hitler proved an absolute leader, and his qualities of leadership increased to an unprecedented magnitude. In this uneven struggle, he did not think of himself, nor of his own personal defeat, but only of our movement, and of the Nation’s future; he simply felt the inner call of duty to immediate, decisive action.

It was midnight, and no time was to be lost. The extra editions lay there before going to press. At this very moment, with the publication of the figures of the election result, the public and our movement must be told that Adolf Hitler was not beaten, but rather that he was raising his fist with redoubled, iron will for a new blow against his foes.

Our leader rapidly dictated: “ We must resume attack immediately and most ruthlessly. The National Socialist, recognising his foe, does not relent till his victory is complete. I command you to begin this instant the fight for the second election ! I know that you, my comrades, have accomplished superhuman tasks during the past weeks. Only to-day, there can be no pause for reflection. Previous sacrifices only serve to prove further necessity for battle. The work shall and must be increased, if necessary redoubled. Already this evening, orders are being issued to our organisations for the continuation

and reinforcement of the struggle. The first election campaign is over, the second has begun to-day. I shall lead it ! ”

Whoever witnessed this midnight scene, in the presence of a plainly absolute, volcanic will, and beheld its dynamic effect upon us onlookers and upon our movement, recognised its cause and effect in one direct factor: in the power of personality, which thrust the principle of its will upon our movement, and thereby assured us of the success so vital for our further advance in the second Reich Presidential Election.

On that fateful night, 13th March, our leader surpassed even his own great qualities; that night, I beheld and recognised Adolf Hitler's greatest hour.

CHAPTER VIII

In Flight over Germany.

Nowhere, and at no epoch in world's history, has any man personally addressed so vast a number of his compatriots as Adolf Hitler. No figure in German history can boast of having come into direct, personal contact with so many Germans. No man can even compete with him. In this epoch of world records, this great achievement can claim registration in the book of history.

In these last years, millions and millions could behold our leader with their own eyes, and hear his voice with their own ears. Probably the only true judge of this remarkable fact's full importance in our victory, is the man who could recognise directly the immense value of our leader's personal contribution towards practical results.

During these last years, I have attended hundreds of these mass-meetings of our leader, and I have always witnessed and realised anew the power, the depth and the effect of his masterly oratory, which conquered even the most hardened hearts, opening their eyes, and finally setting them on the road to the Union of Germany.

All who have seen Adolf Hitler fight ONCE, become fighters! Much of the N.S.D.A.P.'s brilliant propaganda has been based upon recognition of this simple truth. It was our unwritten law that, whenever possible, our leader's occasional appearance ensured the greatest success for propaganda and for increased support. Naturally, the most modern means of communication and the latest technical achievements were just good enough for the vast schemes of propaganda, brilliantly effected by Dr. Goebbels.

The new methods of propaganda, employed by the N.S.D.A.P., after 13th March, were previously quite unknown in politics. Adolf Hitler, as always, took the helm and bore the main weight of the struggle. Our leader had recognised the most modern aeroplane as the means corresponding to his own indefatigable energy, and which offered the possibility of utilising the supreme power of his personality in a way never previously anticipated. Furthermore, the N.S.D.A.P. possessed—in the S.A. in the S.S. and in the N.S.K.K.—an unique organisation which spanned the whole of Germany, and which could alone guarantee the technical perfection of our communications for that political campaign, which was to maintain ceaseless activity during the following weeks and months.

The leadership of the party was unimpaired by this incessant call upon our leader's services, occasioned by this fast and furious campaign. This was due to Rudolf Hess, one of Hitler's most intimate and oldest comrades, a most reliable and skilful substitute for the leadership of the party. In these years of rapidly changing situations, he acted as a veritable pivot for our movement. He operated with extreme diligence from Munich, and could reach our leader at any time and at any place for conversation or for report. His activity during this struggle has been invaluable.

Already on 19th March, on the "Reichsführertagung" (Reich Leader Day) in Munich, we had received proof of the great psychological effects of our leader's courageous, resolute battle-cry. He had succeeded in kindling the flame within our movement for new passion for battle. But the foe had wasted no time. Brüning had decreed an "Easter Peace" and had limited the second campaign to a bare week. Severing muzzled the National Socialist Press with strictest suppression. Our leader parried this thrust by a mighty counter-thrust; he gave orders for his Press to increase their editions four-fold to ten-fold during the next ten days. The best pens in the National Socialist Press worked, to announce the most tremendous campaign ever fought.

As the clock struck twelve on 3rd April—expiration of the Easter Peace—the first day of flight began with four successive mass-meetings before 250,000 people in Saxony, and Germany lent ear to Adolf Hitler, who thus foiled every ruse of his foes; and all their attempts to deviate attention from him.

Hitler sweeping over Germany! Who has not beheld in this phrase, a phantastic, ineffaceable vision of superhuman activity, combined with the most up-to-date methods of campaign? What man or woman, child or grey-beard, in Germany, has not read of this campaign in the papers, and followed its course with tense interest?

And yet, this propaganda possessed surprisingly limited resources. The National Socialist Press, at that time still comparatively weak, fought a lone battle; automatically suppressed, and thereby most severely crippled, it struggled for bare life. Ruin faced many papers, editorial resources were exhausted. No great press organisations or agencies stood at our disposal. Within a few days, we made up for this by creating a centralised, telephonic system of information; our reports, controlled by the Party's Reich Press Institution, were coherent, gripping, and in fighting trim.

Special reporters accompanied our leader. They wrote down their reports in the plane or in the car, and handed them over—either on landing, or en route, or at the meeting—to our Press Offices, established in every district for immediate telephonic despatch. The National Socialist editors and printing works were ready to work day and night. Our rotary press poured forth editions by the million, whilst, outside our publishing offices, queues of National Socialist Agents stood ready to circulate them in every house and home.

Nobody could escape this tidal wave of propaganda. It appealed to sporting instincts, and satisfied the masses' desire for sensation, just as it stirred political minds. Germany listened to Hitler for a week. It was political propaganda which eclipsed even American methods. By 10th April, votes for Adolf Hitler had again increased from 11,300,000 to 13,400,000.

By altogether five flights, Adolf Hitler thus conquered the Reich in this critical year. He covered 50,000 kilometres by plane, and 25,000 kilometres by car. He addressed over ten million German compatriots in roughly two hundred meetings. If we include the numerous minor federal elections of this year and the remaining party addresses, about 15,000,000 Germans had been able to hear our leader in person during this critical year. A truly heroic achievement.

CHAPTER IX

The New Life.

Who has any doubt that the New Germany shall also develop a new German life? A life, in which the member of the "Dritte Reich" shall appear as quite a definite and strongly characterised type of man? A reformation of the general outer way of living must naturally ensue after a fundamental inner transmutation, compelled in every branch of life by the National Socialist Revolution. This reformation shall create a type of German National Socialist, whom the whole world shall regard as a man evidently distinct from the traditional, proverbial type of German. This new German shall be characteristic of the "Dritte Reich."

Adolf Hitler, as pioneer of a new epoch, represents the ideal form of this new type of man; he has shown to us this ideal, and exemplified it in its most elevated form, by the practical example of his conduct during our flights over Germany.

Adolf Hitler's mode of life corresponds to his conceptions of life. Seeing only his mission ahead, our leader is stern, unsparing towards himself, and subordinates every personal need to his great task.

A truly Spartan mode of life, demanded from us by the events of each day, and an entirely modern working plan, under exploitation of the latest technical resources, enabled us to sustain physical, intellectual, and moral efforts which any man would have deemed superhuman, in the absence of our leader's great, inspiring example. This measure of work allows only young men endowed with powers of stamina and resistance to surround Adolf Hitler.

Our leader abstains from alcohol, tobacco and meat, for no strange, theoretical reason, which he wants to enforce upon others, but simply because this abstinence increases his zeal for work, and promotes his ability.

Our leader's day is governed by his work, and by the tasks which he allots to himself. He enjoys no regular hours of sleep; always after midnight, often at early morning dawn, but invariably only for a very few hours, did he repose during his flights over Germany.

How was our day spent?

Each man had his precise task.

Schaub, whom Hitler had not let leave his side since their confinement in Landsberg, was responsible for our punctual awakening, and sometimes he had to intervene personally. If we were drowsy and failed to hear the first reveille, his strong, continual blows on the door soon brought us to our full senses.

Our leader was first out of bed. He made his appearance after a quarter of an hour. It was hard for us to dress, shave and get ready so quickly, but any retardation was at the expense of breakfast.

First of all, our leader arranged the exact day's programme, according to maps and city plans, with his adjutant and group-leader Brückner,

a proved comrade in any situation. Brückner had already accomplished good preliminary work. Starting and landing hours at the various aerodromes, the time of each meeting and the necessary measures of control, were once more arranged by 'phone with the respective party detachments in every city. Our leader never began his daily work without the assurance of the absolute execution of the day's programme.

Coffee for breakfast was strictly forbidden, because of its bad effect during flight. We lived like airmen. We covered the greatest distances from one city to another several times a day, and our bodies and diet had to correspond to this life. Even the most terrible storms could never affect our leader's physical condition, nor his capacities. We all endeavoured, as best we could, to follow his example. Experience made us wise, and we therefore preferred milk or porridge and a slice of bread in the morning.

Our luggage was the sore point. We all literally "sat on our luggage," for weeks, and carried bare necessities en route, only wearing uniform. Under Schaub's practical supervision, we had to pack every day, transfer and again transfer our trunks—from car to plane, from plane to car, from car to hotel. Hereby we also attained an astounding technical perfection.

Our cars, under Schreck's fine direction, were always waiting at our hotel. Further cars were already on the road to other aerodromes, which could not be reached by car in the course of one day and night.

We drove furiously to the aerodrome. Crowds cheered us through the streets and squares. On our arrival, the planes' engines were already hot. We passed into our cabins. Start, flight, landing, then we drove by car to our meeting, often covering hundreds of kilometres. We reached the hall and the orator's tribune through rows of raised hands, through tens of thousands of enthusiasts.

Our leader spoke; then, back to our cars through the vast throng, through the sea of hands raised in greeting, and back to the aerodrome for the next flight.

These events were repeated four or five times a day; we had no time for lunch, as we hurried from one meeting to another. Woe upon us, if the heaving multitude engulfed us behind our leader! Anyone of us pushed aside was lost! At times it was a dangerous business to fight our way back to the front and rejoin our leader.

The work of the press was also hard, and fraught with responsibility. Reports always had to be delivered up to time. We always worked under feverish pressure, because a delay of minutes could make a report valueless and out of date. Late at night, when others could at last think of rest, then work began once more for our press leader and his assistants, Berchtold, Krause, Seehofer and their comrades, whilst the morning papers waited for reports.

En route Hanfstaengl looked after the representatives of the world press, whose best men occasionally accompanied us in the plane and in the car from meeting to meeting.

In the meanwhile, Hoffmann, the party photographer, and his assistant, Kling, rushed after the latest photographs. He always espied the most effective subjects and situations, with eagle eye; he photographed the events like lightning and with astounding agility.

Finally, I must mention our advance plane which became quite indispensable to us. Just as in war and in manoeuvres, the **quarter-masters** precede the troops, so did our energetic and reliable **group leader**, Dietrich, and his S.S. leaders, fly swiftly to the **respective aerodromes**, several hours before our landing or start. This was to make due preparations for the arrival of our squadron, and to **assure protection** against surprises on the part of the **Municipality**, and to guarantee the unimpeded execution of the day's programme.

Our almost superhuman accomplishments, during the **flights** over Germany, could only be achieved by sternest concentration **on** our great task, by development and employment of a new working **activity** occasioned by these extraordinary circumstances.

CHAPTER X

A Daring Flight in a Storm.

A storm of inconceivable fury raged over Germany on 8th April, 1932. The hail hurtled down from black clouds. Torrents devastated fields and gardens. Muddy foam swept through the streets and railway tracks, and the hurricane uprooted even the greatest trees.

We drove by car to the Mannheim Aerodrome. Nobody would dare to risk a flight in this furious tempest. The "Deutsche Lufthansa" had suspended all air traffic.

The most intrepid of our followers stood huddled together in the streaming rain. They themselves wanted to witness the scene, they wanted to be there when our leader risked the flight in this storm.

Without any hesitation, our leader gave orders to start at once. Our daily programme had to be fulfilled, since hundreds of thousands were expecting us in Western Germany.

The machine was brought out. Only by extreme efforts could the strong muscled mounters and S.A. men hold the machine fast to prevent the wind from thrusting the wings upward and shattering them.

The great motor was started. Like an invisible organist, our pilot pulled the stops, and let the roar swell and then die away. The motors were now hot. Our winged steed vibrated impatiently in bridled power, until the way was free.

A brief struggle, and our wild steed swept over the green plain, a few bold leaps, a final brief contact with the ground, and we rode through the air into the bubbling witches' cauldron.

It was no longer a flight, but a whirl, upon which we can still look back to-day, as upon a distant dream. First, we passed over the squall, then we tore through the clouds, then an invisible whirlpool sucked us down, then we felt as if we were drawn steeply upwards by some lofty crane.

And again, what a feeling of security gripped us in this uproar of the elements. Our leader's absolute calmness was transmitted into our hearts. In every hour of danger, he was filled with the most steadfast faith in his world historical mission, and with the firmest conviction that Providence would preserve him from all harm for the fulfilment of his great task.

Now, too, he remained supreme, mastering the danger, for he rose above it in his heart. Disregarding the risk of this ruthless flight, our leader tensely followed the stern struggle of our master pilot, Baur, as he steered us through the tempest, now passing like lightning through the thick of the storm, now eluding some threatening bank of clouds, whilst the wireless operator eagerly took in the reports from the various aerodromes.

Meanwhile, below us, our cars pursued their toilsome route. Fallen trees blocked the roads. Dykes were washed away, thus compelling wearisome détours. But they succeeded too.

Snow and hail pattered upon the wings of our D1720, and against the cabin windows. Sometimes, we flew so low that our operator had to pull in his antenna to prevent it from catching in the treetops or in the telephone wires.

The motors ran at full speed, while our leader consulted map and watch alternately, fearing only that we might miss our direction and arrive late for our next meeting.

More than once, the Hitler pilot, Baur, had to fly blindly, when we tore through or above dark clouds which hid the earth from view. However, the well-known paper bags, attached to every seat, remained unused.

We breathed freely as, passing Frankfort o/M., the clouds broke, and, through a rainbow, we soon saw the Rhine lying before us in brilliant sunshine. Coblenz appeared, then Bonn and Cologne; soon we came to Düsseldorf, our destination.

We saw the lonely monument on the Golzheimer heath, where Leo Schlageter was treacherously shot, and the racing track in Düsseldorf, where great masses, packed closely together, were awaiting our leader.

We landed at the Düsseldorf Aerodrome, our daring flight was over. The howls of Communists raged around us as we drove to the meeting.

CHAPTER XI

Our First Night Flight.

Hitler's flights are now beyond number, starting from that original flight to Berlin to the Kapp-Riot, up to the Chancellor's weekly flights to Munich.

When Adolf Hitler first entered an aeroplane, Dietrich Eckart accompanied him. Baron von Graim, a war pilot, steered the old-fashioned plane, which actually carried only two passengers. But it had to be so, as our leader insisted on flying with Dietrich Eckart.

This memorable flight was really a bold venture. At this time, nobody would have thought of such a thing. As yet, there was no regular air traffic, and only a few, inadequately fitted landing places. Adolf Hitler, however—and this is significant—conceived the idea of chartering an aeroplane—he, who had never previously flown.

As he sat in the narrow, open seat, cramped between tins of petrol and oil, and tossed to and fro by the gale, one sole thought obsessed him: shall we reach Berlin in time? Shall not everything have been in vain, as he feared, as he foresaw?

Graim was then forced to land in Juterborg. As the result of the events in Berlin, the aerodromes were closely guarded by the bewildered Marxists. Scarcely had the plane landed, than Reds swarmed round it. Should they fire and escape with the machine, taking advantage of the confusion?

But it was not to be so. Dietrich Eckart pretended to be a paper-merchant, and the Marxists gave the plane free passage. As they arrived in Berlin, the curtain had just fallen upon the political adventure of the Kapp-Riot; in this hour, Trebitsch Linkolin, leader of the Press, was the last to leave the government building.

If anybody asked me my opinion as to the flight which our leader followed with the most tense interest, then—if I retrace in my memory the long succession of flights—I must recall our first night flight on 19th April, 1932.

The flight from Görlitz to Breslau, quite harmless in itself, lasted only a good half hour. But it is ineffaceably engraved in the memories of each one of us, since this day has been the origin of Adolf Hitler's great preference for night flights.

We had passed through one of the hardest days of our campaign. We had flown through clouds for $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, in wet and cold, from Munich to Gleiwitz, to hold meetings in Beuthen, Gleiwitz and Görlitz, before 250,000 people.

On this day's flight, we passed through Upper Silesia, and saw the smoking chimneys and belching furnaces of those works not yet closed; our brave plane, D 1720, passed by the fertile line of the Lausitz, with the gorgeous blaze of colour of its freshly cultivated fields and gardens. As far as eye could see, we saw land stolen from Germany, though cultivated by Silesian Industry and by German toil.

Our leader spoke within earshot of the Poles. Then he held our first meeting in Görlitz, where the attendance exceeded the hundred thousand figure. All the roads were crowded with masses of people on foot, on bicycles, and in lorries, all with the same destination. As evening fell, we landed in Görlitz.

Hitler spoke as the stars arose in the heavens, and amidst flaring torches. The broad field was weirdly illuminated. Scarcely had the cheers of enthusiasm died away, than our leader hastened back to the aerodrome, which lay close to the meeting place.

Our machine was to start with only five passengers, so that the heavy plane could rise quickly enough after its limited run in the darkness. After a glance, our leader briefly considered: Who shall come with me, and who shall follow by car? The five passengers were chosen. I was one of them, as the press must always be at hand.

The starting flag fell, the motors roared, and we rose from the ground into the night. Our pilot wheeled round, crossed the neighbouring sports place, and our plane curved over the smouldering mass of burning torches, and over the crowds who had been listening to Adolf Hitler's words a few moments previously.

Now we beheld a striking scene, never to be forgotten. The cabin was illuminated, and now the crowds recognised the luminous plane carrying our leader, who had just devoted his time to them. Cheers broke out from a hundred thousand throats, drowning even the thunder of our motors, whilst the crowds brandished flaming torches in greeting.

I shall never forget the impression of this unprecedented spectacle upon our leader. We sat in silence, charmed by the strange magic of this sight. After the long day's exertions, we were in a condition in which body only obeys will mechanically. An almost transcendental wakefulness, inspired by phantasy, seized us, and enhanced the picture to the character of a vision.

At this hour of the night, as we flew with our leader over German soil, we beheld the torches pass out from the stadium and move on up to the borders of the Reich. Should all German hearts at last bear the torch for Adolf Hitler's idea? In this vision, like a Fata Morgana, the victory of our cause appeared to us as joyfully certain.

The light in the cabin had long been extinguished. The pale, ghostly moonlight shone over forest and field, over cottage and town of this industrious land. And now the searchlights of the Breslau Aerodrome appeared before us.

CHAPTER XII

The Masurian Revelation.

We have experienced the following fact: In Germany, wherever economic and moral distress was greatest, wherever things seemed most intolerable, there, confidence in our leader was strongest, and gripped all the people.

Severed from the motherland, East Prussia had been cruelly maimed by criminal border settlement, and felt each day the menace of the Polish fist; there, where the ravages of the Russian invasion are remembered all too vividly, we realised, first and most clearly, this steadfast faith in Adolf Hitler.

On 19th April, 1932, during our second flight over Germany, coming from Silesia we flew over the corridor following the appointed route *via* Bütow. On our left rose the Danzig "Marienkirche" (St. Mary's Church,) the stone symbol of the indestructible Germanism of this ancient Hansa City; on our right, lay the Marienburg, pointing a finger of silent accusation over the Nogat towards the stolen land. The noblest castle of the German knighthood stood by the river bank. What an imposing sight, recalling the days of 600 years ago, when the Eastland was cleared by Germans and inhabited by German peasants.

We flew over the "Haff" and over the Baltic to Königsberg, where we changed into a smaller plane and flew on to Allenstein. Our fast car had remained on the other side of the corridor.

Our leader's triumphal drive through the Masurian land began in poor cars and on still worse roads. On former occasions, we had experienced enthusiastic ovations, but now we met with something previously unknown to us.

On our journeys through the Reich, despite all the sympathy and devotion to our cause, we had always been conscious of the inner opposition of compatriots incited against us, we had seen clenched fists and scowling faces amongst the many cheering hands. But here, in the Masurian border-districts, Adolf Hitler had the vast majority behind him, already at the time of the first Reich Presidential Election. But on this journey it seemed as if the whole land of Masuria was faithful to the Hooked Cross.

Here the Nation's poorest children were the most true of all. Hitler flags lined all the roads, pictures of Hitler decorated all the houses, and garlands draped the entrance to every village; hope and loyalty were prevalent everywhere!

Wherever our leader approached, every man and woman came out. Crowds lined all the streets. Aged grandmothers, on whose distressed faces the direst poverty was written, raised their arms in greeting. Wherever we stopped, the women stretched out their children towards our leader. There were tears of joy and emotion.

This unforgettable drive through Masuria, at a time when our movement was still fighting most grimly for its life, also served as

an immense strengthening of the moral power and spirit of resistance of these border folk. Here, in the hearts of the poverty-stricken people, who had never seen our leader before, the Idea of National Socialism was most deeply implanted.

We now realised that fact with especial joy. The faithful, infinite devotion of the people, touched every one of us! It induced us to visit the most remote spots. But the days were short, and the roads were long. Driving furiously, we covered kilometre after kilometre. We nearly choked with dust.

It is sacred soil, drenched with the blood of our fallen heroes. Remnants of trenches, and war-cemetries along the road, recall August, 1914, when the devastated land was freed from its foes.

Our leader made a brief stop at the Tannenberg Monument, and at the heroes' cemetery at Waplitz, where an entire regiment, which gave its blood for the success of the great strategical envelopment of the foe, lies in everlasting peace. He thought with gratitude of those dead men, who have sacrificed their lives for Germany's greatness, with faith in her resurrection. The last aim of his struggle is that they shall not have died in vain.

When we stopped in the former ruined city of Neidenburg, now however rebuilt, the crowds burst through the cordon. Our leader spoke from his car, which had stopped in the market place.

After driving for dear life, we came to Willenberg, then Ortelsburg, Johannesburg, and finally to Lyck. We arrived in this village at 11 p.m. An influx of people coming to our meeting, greatly outnumbered the inhabitants of this place.

Not all our cars could terminate this furious drive; one car after another lost connection. We alone kept on the heels of our leader's car.

Just before Lyck, our leader's car gave the signal to stop. We drove up, I jumped out, and heard our leader's question: "Where is the press?" He recognised its importance, and knew that he had to captivate, not only the 60,000 at this meeting, but also the millions in the Reich, who should share in this meeting through their newspapers next day. The leaders of the black and red system had reserved the wireless for themselves. I was able to explain with joy, "The press is here," and we drove on to Lyck for the night meeting.

Masuria and East Prussia did not put vain trust in Adolf Hitler. To-day, after a few months of our leader's Chancellorship, East Prussia has been the first part of Germany to be freed from unemployment.

Already in Masuria, by the unexampled attitude of these border people, we beheld our coming victory as a glorious certainty.

CHAPTER XIII

How We Conquered Mecklenburg.

The outstanding reminiscences of that eventful Mecklenburg election campaign are the brief screams of the powerful Mercedes compressor, flashing headlights on the road at night, dangerous drives through thick fog, and, in between, the welcome hours of rest in the great head-quarters at the lonely residence. We had gained the absolute majority in Oldenburg, and wanted to achieve the same success in Mecklenburg on 5th June.

The veil of mystery was woven round this election campaign.

Day after day, our black steeds were seen gliding over the roads, up towards the sea, from one end of the land to the other. Every evening, when the dusk fell, we would swoop down from our rural castle to conquer the land like modern robber-knights. But we caused no dread throughout the land. Wherever we appeared, we were greeted by joyful crowds, full of hope, who cheered us with delight.

Peasants in the fields left their ploughs for a moment, farm labourers and maids laid aside their scythes, and masons at their building site put down their trowels to run quickly to the roadside, when our furious cavalcade tore by.

And always at day-break, as the land lay asleep, we returned to our camp, from the ancient Hansa City, Wismar, from the capital, Schwerin, from Güstrow, or from some other town, where our leader had spoken.

The Estate of Severin, from whose gables Hooked Cross Flags fluttered, formed head-quarters of quite a special character. In the day time, our leader found relaxation from his work, accepting the hospitality of our comrade Granzow, and his thoughtful wife. He liked to take his simple meal in the open, or walk in the old park, meditating over his plans or discussing them.

There, the last Quitzow, the last rebel against the margraves of Brandenburg, lay buried in a small beech-grove. But how different was OUR conquest of the land. The people regarded us, not with fear, but with affection, wherever we came. They recognised in Adolf Hitler, not their oppressor, but their saviour from distress and despair.

But this election campaign did not absorb our leader's whole attention.

During our stay in Mecklenburg, in this apparently peaceful, aestival tranquillity of the Severin Estate, critical scenes were being enacted on the great political stage.

On the very first day, our leader was summoned to the Reich President. Brüning's Ministry had fallen, Papen succeeded him, and Schleicher, upon whom the eyes of the other political parties were fixed in a hypnotic stare, sought an interview with our leader. They met on a neighbouring estate.

Schleicher dreamed of fixed agreements, and written settlements. Hitler does not favour preliminary contracts, and judges according to

deeds, not according to words. The meeting lasted only a few moments and failed.

It was decided to dissolve the Reichstag. Still, from the Estate of Severin, our leader could give orders to prepare the propaganda for the next election campaign. Mecklenburg was won on 5th June. Granzow became Minister President.

Adolf Hitler loves the sea with its boundless expanse, just as he loves the German Alps. He always enjoyed a short trip to the sea, when he occasionally addressed a meeting near the coast. Our nightly hours, spent on the beach by the Baltic, during this Mecklenburg election campaign, are unforgettable for our leader and for us all.

By the North Sea, there is a lonely fishing village in the marshes, where Adolf Hitler has sometimes repaired for a brief stay. Close to the beach, stands a small cottage which gave him shelter. On this bracing coast, which strengthened him, and gave him composure, our leader felt happy amongst these simple people, who fight a perpetual struggle against the sea.

CHAPTER XIV

The Fall of Brüning.

Brüning's fall, on 30th May, came as a surprise to many people, but only because Brüning had succeeded—one could almost say with consummate skill—in suspending the most elementary laws of the natural course of logical, political development, until our civic contemporaries, quite devoid of all instinct, imagined in all seriousness that the laws were now replaced by Article 48.

These contemporaries received a rude awakening on 30th May. On that date, the dynamic forces of the Nation, which were active in the National Socialist Movement, found a conclusive breach in the structure of official Germany for the first time.

Brüning was not tripped up, nor was he ruined by intrigues, although these were rife in this storm of political forces, which burst over his head. Brüning had to yield to the pressure of the National Socialist Movement, and was simply swept away by this wave, which could no longer be stemmed.

His cup was full. On 13th April, his Minister, Groener—docilely giving way to the desire of the Prussian Reds—had dissolved the S.A., S.S., and Hitler Youth, amidst the approval of the Centre and the Bavarian People's Party. "Our outer front is broken, our inner unity can never be overcome," cried Staff-Leader Röhm, in fury to his comrades, and confident of settling this account. Our leader's reply to this latest desperate blow was no parry, but a thrust. The second flight over Germany began three days later.

On 24th April, Brüning paid the penalty in Prussia, Bavaria, Württemberg, Hamburg and Anhalt. The Centre Party, and the Social Democrats were heavily defeated everywhere. After the election, the N.S.D.A.P. were more powerful than the combined forces of the Centre and of the Social Democrats; the parties of three of Brüning's fellow-ministers failed to gain a single seat in the Prussian Parliament. In "Black Bavaria," the N.S.D.A.P. equalled the strength of the Bavarian People's Party, whose numerical superiority was hereby broken.

Even now, Brüning did not act as he should have done long before. His party used crafty manœuvres to cheat the Prussian people of their right to a National Socialist Government. It was the same in Bavaria and elsewhere. Minister Frick rightly declared it to be a crime against Germany, that the N.S.D.A.P. was still kept out of power.

Our leader had immediately proclaimed a fight to the finish against the foe. "We recognise our own verdict and no other, with regard to our claims to government," he declared, before the first assembly of the new Prussian faction, before he left for his Oldenburg election campaign.

On 9th May, Brüning, who, in the meanwhile, after bargaining, had sought refuge under the wings of a bare majority, faced the Reichstag. After Göring's speech, referring to the suppression of the S.A., Gröner's defence merely sealed his own fate. "A more helpless speech has

never been heard." Despite the truncheon attack, delivered against the N.S.D.A.P. on 12th May in the Reichstag, and personally commanded by the Jewish Berlin Vice-President of Police, Weiss, from behind the Chancellor's chair, Gröner's fate was sealed. The first gap yawned in Brüning's cabinet. "A hundred yards to his goal," but the goal of destruction.

Blow after blow rained down: on 23rd May, in the State of Anhalt, the first National Socialist Minister President in Germany, Party Member Freyberg, was elected. Two days later, Party Member Kerrl took the President's Chair in the Prussian Diet, from which our faction threw out the agitating Communists on the same day. On 29th May, National Socialism gained the absolute majority in the State of Oldenburg, and smote the Centre Party, thought to be quite invincible, with the severe blow of a 10 per cent. loss of votes. On the same day, the public learned that the Supreme Court of the Reich had rejected the charge of high treason brought against the N.S.D.A.P. as groundless. This indignant accusation, with which Brüning's government had charged our Party before the Reich President, had brought about the suppression of the S.A.

This knocked the bottom out of the cask. Facts condemned Brüning's interpretation as lies. The Centre Party vessel had run aground. Brüning, who had understood for years how to take advantage of his party's parliamentary predominance to the detriment of the Nation, had to justify his actions before the Reich President on the following day. "What do Dr. Brüning and his Cabinet intend to say to the Reich President to-morrow at noon?" asked the Reich Press Office of the N.S.D.A.P., on the evening of 29th May. The reply came quickly; "The legend of Brüning" was over.

The curtain had fallen upon the last Chancellor of the Centre.

CHAPTER XV

A Memorable Night.

One night is outstanding from the long series of great events, rapidly succeeding each other, during our third flight over Germany. We were then forced to undertake that night flight—fraught with difficulties—which began in Cottbus and was to end in Warnemünde, and during which we finally drifted to an emergency landing place in Mecklenburg.

Not only are the adventures of this night of 19th—20th July vividly engraved in our memories, but also the great moral qualities which our leader showed during this time of danger, and with which he overcame all difficulties.

After a tempestuous flight from East Prussia over the Corridor, during which we had to battle against powerful winds, we arrived in Cottbus in the afternoon, late for our meeting. Meanwhile Goebbels, Göring and Röhm had just flown from Berlin to Cottbus, to inform our leader of the course of events in the capital. I still remember exactly their conference at the aerodrome.

We made a belated start, as dusk fell. National Socialist aeroplanes accompanied us for a time. Below us, gleamed the dark waters of the Spreewald.

At the same time, tens of thousands were gathering in the open air at Stralsund. We wanted to land in Warnemünde before dark, and proceed thence by car to Stralsund for our meeting arranged for 8 p.m.

Our plane made its way to the sea through fog and thick clouds. A violent north wind slowed down our speed, and night sprang an untimely surprise upon us.

At this moment, our pilot, Baur, announced that he could no longer land in Warnemünde, where even the most necessary devices for night landing were unavailable. We sat in silence, our gaze fixed upon our leader. He asked his adjutant for the map.

Our leader knew that we had fuel for only a few hours. Anybody else would immediately have thought only of landing safely on this dark, stormy night. This commonplace idea did not even dawn on Adolf Hitler. His thoughts already centred on his faithful followers in Stralsund, whom he did not want to keep waiting in vain. His only question was: "How can we still get to Stralsund for the meeting?"

In the midst of the night, at an altitude of 2,000 metres, our leader consulted the map. He decided upon an emergency landing place, and announced our landing by wireless. He furthermore instructed by wireless the neighbouring party groups to stop our cars, which were en route to the Warnemünde Aerodrome, and to direct them to this emergency landing place.

After all preparations for this new route, we were informed by radio that no night landing was possible here.

What now? We flew through the pitch-dark night at 200 kilometres an hour, with no fixed destination. At this moment, nobody had the slightest idea where this flight would end.

With quick decision, our leader ordered; "Back to Berlin! We shall see what to do when we get to Tempelhof."

The wind was with us and drove us on. Soon the light signals of the Königsberg night route showed us the way. We landed at 9.30 p.m. The last difficulty was overcome after a few minutes of enquiry by 'phone. We were able to land! The preparations were made with crude means.

We re-started after 10 p.m., and soared above the lights in Berlin. No beacon showed us the way through rain and storm, no star in the sky directed us. Our leader, and all of us, looked out into the night. Our pilot lit the light signals beneath the wings to make the plane visible. We flew through the black night like phantoms. At last, at last, we sighted the faint light of the emergency landing place.

Our pilot made a cautious descent. The magnesium torches gleamed at the end of the wings, and the plane touched the ground between two rows of lanterns which gave a scanty outline to the landing track.

After this fortunate success, further difficulty already loomed up. Our cars had not arrived. We quickly secured others, and continued our way. How glad we were, as, after a quarter of an hour, the powerful headlights of our own cars flashed upon us. Our wireless message had reached them somewhere between Stettin and Warnemünde; we quickly changed cars on the dark road, and drove furiously away.

Now everything seemed to run smoothly, and we raced ahead. But in the meantime, it had become late. There—just before Stralsund, there was one more, final delay. Anxious adherents stopped us in a small village, and warned us that danger lay ahead. A forest close by, through which we had to pass, was occupied by armed Communists in ambush, and ready to waylay us.

Our leader paid no need to this danger, and simply drove on. As we came to the forest, we saw police scouring the countryside, with loaded rifles. They had already pounced upon the Communists.

After a drive of two and a half hours, we finally came to Stralsund at 2.30 a.m. We had already abandoned hope of the people waiting so long in the wet and cold. But our leader's perseverance was richly rewarded.

An imposing scene met our eyes. We stood amidst the mighty assembly, as the red streaks of morning appeared in the sky. In the open air, and in pouring rain, we met the crowds drenched to the skin, weary and hungry, just as they had gathered over night, and patiently waited for our leader.

The night had been long and the way to Stralsund far, but now we had forgotten all inconveniences. Our leader spoke, and won their hearts, and, during his speech, the day slowly dawned. Was there ever such a spectacle—a gathering of 40,000 people at 4 o'clock in the morning? Was there ever a finer proof of devotion and boundless faith? And thus did the dread, dark night of waiting and hoping break into the light of day. And the loud joyful strains of the "Deutschlandlied" arose from 40,000 throats.

CHAPTER XVI

Versatility on the Battlefield.

Firmness of principle and political resourcefulness have always been the determinant qualities of statesmanship. A politician's success is measured by his ability to combine these two qualities, so that they do not cross each other's purposes, but supplement each other.

These two qualities are both strongly pronounced and most admirably combined in Adolf Hitler. Next to his sternness of principle and his inspiring strength of will, lie his cool power of deliberation, his statesmanlike wisdom, and his political resourcefulness, as the most striking features of his personality. Despite his iron, fighting spirit, Adolf Hitler, if his principles set up a goal, always pursues the way which offers least resistance.

After the fall of Groener and Brüning, the era of the Papen-Schleicher government saw him launch an agile attack.

The tactics of the Supreme Command during the war, between the years 1917—1918, have not been forgotten. Instead of continuing the costly, stubborn trench warfare—which would have always demanded heroic sacrifices for every single clod of ground, and every single front line trench—they yielded ground to the foe, before beginning a counter-attack. We must understand and judge our leader's attitude, during the following weeks and months, from a similar point of view.

The aim of his struggle—political supremacy for the N.S.D.A.P.—was to stand firm. But until there were new elections in the Reich, to express visibly and legally the Nation's support for the N.S.D.A.P. and while the S.A. remained suppressed, this decisive goal was inaccessible. The indispensable preliminaries had to materialise. After Brüning's fall, the opportunity arose.

Brüning had failed to unite the N.S.D.A.P. with the State. The Reich President chose von Papen for this task, now most urgent.

Already, on 29th May, our leader had gone from Oldenburg straight over to the Mecklenburg election campaign. On 31st May, when Papen was called to Office, our leader was summoned to the Reich President in Berlin by Schleicher, with whom Staff-Leader Röhm was in touch.

Adolf Hitler promised toleration of this cabinet, but only so far as its actions made this possible. The task of this "most trusted cabinet" was, above all, the immediate declaration of a new Reichstag election, complete liberty of organisation and of propaganda for the National Socialist Movement, and the revocation of the suppression of the S.A.

Many of us did not understand our far-seeing leader. They have later understood why the re-organisation and development of the S.A. and S.S. were absolutely essential from the point of view of political power.

After the dissolution of the Reichstag on 4th June, for the reason that it no longer re-echoed the voice of the Nation, the N.S.D.A.P. had every reason to expect an election at the earliest possible date—3rd July or a little later. The intentional postponement of the election until the 31st of July, which placed the trump-card of the propagation of the untrue catch-word of the "Nazi Barons" straight into the hands of the Marxists, cost us at least a million votes.

Similarly, the inner minister of the Reich, von Gayl, also postponed until the 15th June the revocation of the suppression of the S.A., which had also been crippled in Prussia, Baden, and Bavaria. The N.S.D.A.P. had to reject the first emergency decree of von Papen's cabinet as a new and even more intolerable burden for the German Nation. This was because our party could see that the government's first practical measure bore no trace of a fundamental change from the previous policy.

Although the election campaign was only waged with full severity against the Left and the Centre, the N.S.D.A.P. saw itself forced to oppose this tendency of the cabinet, which it judged only according to its actions. Accordingly, the party gave fullest credit to Papen for his removal of the Marxist ministers in Prussia, on 19th July.

The 31st July brought the N.S.D.A.P. 13,800,000 votes and 230 seats. A mighty triumph, but no decisive majority as yet. By this political superiority, our leader had advanced a further step towards his goal. Indefatigable, he gave the signal for further battle on the evening of 31st July.

CHAPTER XVII

The Thirteenth of August.

There are few days in the history of the N.S.D.A.P. which have been of such fateful importance for the New Germany as the 13th August, 1932. On this day, our leader saved the movement by the firmness of his character and, by the brilliant example of his faith towards the Nation, gave it the moral strength to weather the severe storm of the coming months, until at last the scales of Fate inclined the victory towards the party.

Immediately after the great success of 31st July, which made the predominant position of the N.S.D.A.P. so evident, the party had plainly announced its right to govern the State. Its right would have been refused in no land on earth governed by a parliament. But, blind as ever, our bourgeoisie could not yet understand this demand.

The government, called upon to execute a task quite plainly defined, namely, to ascertain officially the Nation's will, failed to take prompt action.

Our leader had left for the Bavarian Alps to await their decision. The prominent members of the N.S.D.A.P. had accompanied him there.

On 11th August, our leader was requested by telephone from Berlin, to come to the capital on 12th August for discussions and decisions with regard to a new formation of the government. We—as well as almost the entire public—who did not yet see through the situation, naturally assumed that Adolf Hitler's hour had come at last. Our leader replied that he would be in Berlin only on the morning of 13th August. He was inclined to the presentiment that he would miss nothing of importance.

Before his departure—during a short stay at Chiemsee—he had already confirmed, at a meeting of his most intimate followers, his intention, known to us, of not declining acceptance of the entire responsibility of government, but of rejecting compromises and half-hearted proposals.

What had happened in Berlin in the meanwhile? After lengthy discussions, they had agreed to offer to Adolf Hitler the Office of Vice-Chancellor in von Papen's cabinet, so as to pay apparent heed to the people's will. They called our leader to Berlin to persuade him to coalesce the National Socialist Party, for better or for worse, with a government in which the lead and the final decision lay beyond his powers. If he refused, the flames of popular impatience, kindled by the exasperation at the frequent elections, were to be fanned against the N.S.D.A.P.

At 8 a.m. on 13th August, our leader, motoring from Munich, met Staff-leader Röhm in a small suburb near Potsdam. At 10 o'clock, he entered the Reichswehr Ministry for a conference with Schleicher, and later met von Papen in the Reich Chancellor's Office.

Now they revealed to him the government's scheme. Adolf Hitler immediately refused their unreasonable proposals, he discarded the meeting with the Reich President as aimless, if the decision had already been made along these lines. He only decided upon this visit, as the State's Secretary telephoned from the Reich Chancellor's Office to Dr. Frick in the afternoon, saying that the Reich President had made no decision as yet.

After this visit to the Reich President, before whom he had maintained his claim for leadership, our leader returned to Dr. Goebbel's house. Immediately, as if obeying a signal, the pro-government press, which had "confidentially" circulated the approaching decision, began to scream: "Hitler demands absolute power!" "An unprecedented claim!" "Put in his place by the Reich President!"

The world believed them. Our rectifications were in vain, our press could get no hearing. The enemy's manœuvre had succeeded.

But only temporarily! Truth had found another, better champion. The people!

For the sake of the people, our leader had refused an offer most tempting to the Civic and Marxist mentality; he had not sold himself to the system for a few cabinet positions. Just think; by one single word, the party would have been delivered from the nightmare of nerve-racking struggles, and rid of the ceaseless troubles and worries. The S.S. would have been freed from the murderous, bloody terror of the Marxists. All types of men had tried to influence Adolf Hitler. But he had firmly refused to consent. He remained true to himself, to the movement and to the people, come what may!

His refusal was a deed which must bear fruit. Later, the Nation has richly rewarded this deed.

The 13th August, which the people regarded as a "Black Day" for the N.S.D.A.P., has not only proved a triumphal victory for the character and personality of Adolf Hitler, but his very instinct felt it as one of the most propitious days for the movement. His confident expression of this feeling—whilst the doubters thought all to be lost—is known to those who were with him in Dr. Goebbel's house in the late afternoon of 13th August.

During those hours, he did not feel the shadow of defeat, as everybody thought, but he felt joyful and free, like a man who has happily escaped from a great danger. He was fully aware that he had nipped in the bud a dangerous attempt to "quietly" settle the N.S.D.A.P. "Only we can complete what we have begun." His striking arguments convinced the voters, weary of the eternal elections and who would have preferred forceful measures, that a further lawful struggle was essential. "I would rather besiege a fortress than be held captive there!" The bourgeoisie's failure to recognise the N.S.D.A.P.'s claim to power, was to doom not the N.S.D.A.P., but the bourgeoisie. "Later, we shall say that all this had to be so."

Despite all croaking of those weary of struggle and of "logical thinkers," our leader had always been convinced that the time was not yet ripe for the N.S.D.A.P., that its hour had not yet come. The movement had grown through struggle; it could only triumph by struggle, by completely crushing its foes. This was, and remained the motto of our leader. It sprang from the clear, cogent, and ruthless

lyte of his thought, which I consider, besides the greatness of his character and his fiery strength of will, to be Adolf Hitler's greatest quality.

On the evening of 13th August, as we got into the car to drive from Berlin back to the South, the people pressed round our leader in the street, and cried: "Stand firm!"

Our leader's decision corresponded to the voice of the people.

CHAPTER XVIII

The House on the Hill.

The hill "Obersalzberg" has long been a historic site for National Socialism. Manifold are its memories of the history of the movement, of the time of its severest persecution, of its struggle, of its victory. In deep veneration, many have climbed the steep road from Berchtesgaden to the Obersalzberg. Ever greater swells the stream of visitors, since they know that our leader, also as Chancellor, has remained true to the hill.

In the year 1923, Adolf Hitler, Dietrich Eckart, Hermann Esser, and Christian Weber, picked upon the Obersalzberg for their designs. It was the time of the Republican Law of Protection. Since then many a National Socialist has sought and found a refuge from his persecutors, with true friends in the seclusion of Obersalzberg.

They used to meet upon the Platterhof. Here Dietrich Eckart, herald and poet of the "Dritte Reich," composed his literature, and hence he would go forth incognito into the valleys to stir the hearts of the peasants. Following Adolf Hitler's advice, Dietrich Eckhart would live in some lonely farm or shepherd's hut, safely hidden from his persecutors.

Adolf Hitler would often come in the night fog to the Platterhof, to take counsel with his friends. But Dietrich Eckart was arrested and imprisoned. He came back to Berchtesgaden at death's door, hopelessly ill after persecution and imprisonment, and heart-broken after the treachery of the 9th November, 1923. On 26th December 1923, as our leader and nearly all his friends were in confinement in Landsberg, there did Dietrich Eckart meet his lonely end. There he found his last resting place.

Since then, from his ceaseless toil, from his abundance of work, Adolf Hitler has always returned to the seclusion of Berchtesgaden, which has ever attracted men of outstanding character and will. The Landsberg confinement was over, but the party was disbanded and, as our leader was forbidden to speak, no kind of public canvassing was possible.

Then did our leader return to the mountains of Bavaria. Whilst he prepared to refound his party, he wrote, in a small Berchtesgaden Inn, the second part of his book, "My Struggle," dedicated to Dietrich Eckart, "who, one of the noblest of men, has devoted his life to the awakening of his, our Nation, by poetry, by thought, and finally by deed."

Just below the Platterhof, the house of "Wachenfeld" nestles in the lofty mountain-forest. It is a humble, homely, and small country house, built in Bavarian style, and encircled by a wooden veranda beneath the salient, gabled roof. Stones weigh upon the roof to protect the tiles from the storm. A Hamburg merchant built this country house just before the war.

As luck would have it, "Wachenfeld" was to be let when Adolf Hitler returned from confinement. He eagerly accepted this chance, and since then, "Wachenfeld," in the thoughtful hands of his sister, Frau Raubal, has been his home.

How often has our leader, even in the year 1932, the year of that very severe final struggle for power, wended his way to his own home-stead in the glorious mountains, even if only for a few hours. The road from Munich to Chiemsee runs through Bad Aibling, and Rosenheim. Drivers know the inn, finely situated on the lake. There, they make a short stop and sit under the old trees by the broad lake.

The mountains lie close by. The road continues through Traunstein and the formerly fortified pass of Hallturm, in the loveliest part of the German Alps, in the extreme south-east corner of the Reich, where the Bavarian Alps border the Salzburg Alps, and the frontier ends over the rocky, topmost crests.

After three or four hours drive, we would find a quiet homely atmosphere and cosy comfort in "Wachenfeld," in the hospitality of our leader's sister. How snug was the spacious corner-room with the colourful furniture and its bright rugs, woven on local hand-looms. Little birds, the darlings of our hostess, twittered merrily in their cages, and the old clock ticked in the corner.

Our meals were extremely simple and nourishing. Fresh milk, rye bread, and farinaceous food, which our hostess could prepare deftly, pleased our leader most of all. After our meals, we used to sit at the round table or on the long bench by the green stove. What atmosphere could be more suitable in which to spin out the thread of our thought till late at night, to contemplate in our intimate circle of confidential friends, and to care for Germany's resurrection? In the tranquillity of Obersalzberg, our leader has often designed his most important plans, made his greatest decisions, and perfected the schemes for the most eventful demonstrations.

On lonely walks, our leader would collect his thoughts for new, creative work. Adolf Hitler's favourite walk was through woods and meadows to "Hochlenzer," to "Scharitzkehl," and to "Vorderhaund." On the outskirts of the woods above the Platterhof, lies a small monument, with inscriptions inserted by Peter Rosegger and Richard Voss; it recalls memories of Judith Platter, mistress of the Platterhof, and heroine of the latter author's well-known romance, "Zwei Menschen." After our leader's wish, a monument in memory of Dietrich Eckart is shortly to be erected upon the neighbouring hill, which lies between "Wachenfeld" and "Platterhof." He has entrusted the design of this monument to a local sculptor.

What a broad, open view from this height! Far below, lies the green vale of the Bertesgaden gorge—of incomparable beauty. The jagged, irregular hills rise steeply all around us; our leader loves them so much. The blue, icy glacier of the "Hochalter" gleams above us. "King Watzmann" with his seven stone children raises his jagged head to heaven, the "Untersberg," subject of many fairy tales, bears upon his broad shoulders the unwilling load of the Austrian border separating two Nations of common blood and common tongue. The summit of the "Reiteralp" soars high over the "Ramsau," behind the "Hintersee." But southwards, this glorious view, the meadows and

sloping forests of "Obersalzberg" stretch over into the rugged walls of rock of the high "Göll."

The wonder of the "Königsee"—that green fairy, similar to a nordic Fjord, bordered by precipices—flashes up in the depth beneath, behind the pastoral inn of "Hochlenzer." Further down, after a walk of several hours, our leader would sometimes pay an unexpected visit to the boatman's large inn. He would sit amidst natives and tourists, to gather fresh strength for the homeward journey.

When Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of the Reich, necessary alterations, which he himself designed, were effected at "Wachenfeld." A drive was laid out for cars, the terraces were broadened, a garage and a small house for guests, besides a house for his guards, were erected. This extension was due to the numerous State visitors whom the Chancellor receives here for important discussions during his holidays. But the atmosphere of the house has remained the same, and "Wachenfeld" now forms a still finer feature of the landscape.

But in front of the house, the old well still runs on the sloping meadow and the three shepherd dogs, Muck—Wolf and Blonda, our leader's good friends—keep a sharp watch.

CHAPTER XIX

Our Movement Proves its Mettle.

After 13th August, the broad masses realised that the N.S.D.A.P. could come to no understanding with von Papen's cabinet, in which Heilecher was the real evil spirit.

The atrocious judgment in Beuthen on 22nd August, by which five N.A. men were sentenced to death to avenge the death of one Polish innocent, threw clear light upon the situation. Furthermore, the Government which had meanwhile secured its position of power by coalition of the Steel Helmets and German National People's Party, took the field against its isolated foe.

They tried to wear our party down, and the time of political legacy-hunting began. It was a nerve-racking test, for they laid the most monstrous burdens upon our movement.

We were threatened with one dissolution of the Reichstag after another. The "Conservative State Idea" appropriated our ideas. The most ancient political mummies of the past suddenly appeared upon the scene, and, without shame, claimed the credit for our previous successes.

Our leader was brought before the Supreme Court, and forced to swear to obey all constitutional laws. Now, as they would have to keep their pledge—which was our leader's view due after his oath of allegiance—new constitutional projects were introduced to the exclusion of the "old-fashioned parliamentarism."

They wanted to "anticipate the Dritte Reich" of the N.S.D.A.P. and to deprive the party of the reward of its 13 years' work, by means of political trickery.

Our leader allowed nothing to divert him from his purpose. During the hatching of plots in Berlin, he drew fresh strength from the movement, and from the graves of its heroes. Throughout the country, he found that deep, moral connection between the movement and the people, upon which he built.

"Dissolution? A hundred times for our sake! We shall be the victors. I am not losing my nerve. My will is not to be shaken, and my stamina is greater than that of my opponents. The day shall dawn, when not only the German Reichstag, but the whole of Germany shall glisten with brown. You refuse to believe it, but it shall come true!" These were the words of our leader.

Meanwhile, our 230 members of the Reichstag launched the attack. On 30th August, Löbe, who had shirked war service, had to make way for the former warrior, Hermann Göring. In the presence of the Reich President, Göring, now appointed President of the Reichstag, put forth practical proposals to prevent any untimely dissolution of the Reichstag.

A masterly move, which Adolf Hitler directed at lightening speed from the adjoining palace of the Reichstag President during that

memorable 20 minutes interval of 12th September, enabled Göring to forestall Reichkanzler Papen's surprise attack. The defeat of the government—before they could prevent it—was proved by the vote of confidence, after which they received only 42 votes against 212. This made it evident to the whole world—although the formal consequences would not ensue—that this cabinet lacked the support of the people.

Papen did not resign. The Reich President dissolved the Reichstag. On 17th September, the cabinet decided upon a further election proclaimed for 6th November.

As we began our fourth flight over Germany on 11th October, our leader knew that he was entering upon the most severe election campaign which the N.S.D.A.P. had ever had to survive. The campaign of 1932 had entered upon a phase of strategical decision.

On 31st July, the N.S.D.A.P. stood at the zenith of its ascent. Since that date, for 2½ months, the struggle had raged without any decision coming even within sight. The majority of voters could not grasp the situation, everything was against us. The drift-wood had to float on. Moral and physical weakening had to be feared amongst the feebler elements. Numerous losses were inevitable. But if the germ of despondency once spread abroad, it might lead to a catastrophe.

Adolf Hitler fully realised that in this phase of the struggle, in which the fortune of war usually wavers, the greatest perseverance and strength warrant the decision. He counted upon this principle. As the power of decision lay in his own hands, he foresaw the final victory with mathematical precision—provided that the movement held out.

The movement's faith in its leader during these months is beyond all praise. Adolf Hitler now reaped the reward of 13th August. Loyalty for loyalty. During the 50 great meetings of this election campaign, we recognised this faith in the deafening cheers of the crowds, we read it in the eyes of the enthusiastic masses. Undoubtedly the people stood fast to Adolf Hitler! With a light conscience, and out of inner conviction, I was able to foretell this conclusion to the public four days before 6th November.

As a result of this Nibelungen Faith our opponents' hopes crashed on 6th November. And, what many people had at first thought to be a defeat, proved really the greatest moral success. Under the most difficult conditions imaginable, under an oppression which no other political organisation in the world would have borne, our movement stood as firm and as resolute as ever. It emerged from the most critical hour of its struggle with 196 seats, and morally stronger than ever before.

The N.S.D.A.P. had proved its mettle. For our leader, it proved undeniably that he could operate with his movement as a political instrument of power, come what may.

The inevitable consequences were safely handled by the masterly, political tactics of Adolf Hitler.

CHAPTER XX

The Youth Under the Hooked Cross.

Youth and National Socialism possess mutual characteristics, they are ultimately a twofold expression of one and the same idea. Youth is the struggle for a new, progressive form of life. National Socialism is the organised will of Youth. German Youth and National Socialism are inwardly one body, like Spring and Nature rising to fresh life.

The material and moral burden of the unprincipled November Mute, and of the Nation's despair, weighed most heavily upon the German post-war Youth. The war had stood by the cradle of this Youth, and now no light arose to brighten the darkness of its future. It found in National Socialism its own counterpart, and the new form of national life as the means of moulding its progressive powers for further development. Is it not natural that Adolf Hitler's call found fertile soil in the hearts of the German Youth, and that this Youth

before the drowsy bourgeoisie had realised what this meant—poured into the brown ranks to fight for Germany's honour and resurrection?

"Conquer the Youth and the Future is Yours"—runs an only too true political proverb. Why could our Liberal-Democratic-Marxist opponents, who were for ever quoting this proverb, win neither the Youth nor the Future? The explanation is simple. Because these unprogressive men of yesterday could not even understand the deeper sense of this proverb, in their superficial observation of things. Conquer the Youth and the Future is Yours. Yes! But the Youth only belongs to the Conqueror of the Future! The Nation's future lay in the National Socialist Idea, in the youthful movement born from the womb of the Nation, and which swept away all old party-formations. Its longing for a new idea, and its pure, instinctive feeling, enabled our Youth to appreciate the movement's decisive value for the future, and the size of our leader's personality.

The Youth stood by Hitler, because it knew that he personified the Nation's Youth. It bears his name with pride.

From the beginning, our leader has valued most highly the immense importance of Youth for the movement. Not the old generation, but a rising generation, uncorrupted by the destructive poison of the world idea of the ruling classes, could bear the new Germany upon its shoulders. The German Youth's ardent idealism, unencumbered and unperverted, was still the Nation's living stream of power, which was to inspire the movement, and could ultimately rouse the entire Nation from its lethargy to a great elevation.

The Young Germany is the offspring of two elements, the enthusiasm of Youth, and the National Socialist Idea.

Our leader has always devoted especial attention to systematic acquisition and concentration of youthful followers. He mainly called upon very youthful followers to build up the German community, which begins with childhood and ends with old age. The gathering of

the Youth at Potsdam on 2nd October, 1932, in which parade more than 70,000 Hitler Boys and German Girls marched, shall ever be one of the proudest memories of the National Socialist Youth of the time of the great struggle.

The German Youth's day of victory on 2nd September, 1933, in the Nuremberg stadium, on the occasion of the Reich Party Day, was the coronation of the Youth's indefatigable work of struggle, which shall be continued with the assistance of the State—the State of the German Youth. That meritorious organiser of the Youth, Baldur von Schirach, has to-day united under his administration the youngest children, the Hitler Youth, the Association of German Girls, School and Student Leagues. These are the centres of the German Youth's education and political training in the idealistic spirit of National Socialism.

"Youth shall lead Youth," is the psychologically correct observation, the sound principle of Adolf Hitler; the former civic education of our Youth has had to suffer grave defects through failure to observe this principle. What was the use of the civic complaint against the "politicisation of the Youth," if it is known that their neglect of the Youth was one of the main causes for the silently accepted downfall of the former State? It is better to educate the Youth from earliest years to the new State idea, for the Nation, than to surrender the Youth in later years to foreign influences and to tempters, when they have no strength of opinion with regard to world affairs and politics. National Socialism considers the world conceptive and political education of our Youth towards German idealism, to be of vital necessity for the German Nation—a conviction from which our leader shall never be shaken.

But it is not only this natural interest for State and for politics, but probably still more his national-human affection, which explains our leader's great love and estimation for the German Youth. The German Youth—this I can state, based on impressions from all my personal experiences—is like a ray of sunshine in Adolf Hitler's hard life of toil. Hundreds of times I have noticed our leader's pure delight when he sees German children. Whether they greet him with flowers during a meeting, or whether they crowd round our cars, cheering and saluting, it is the same, "I do love them, these smiling boys and fair-haired girls"—he often says, when we have passed a young joyful throng.

Seldom does our leader pass Hitler boys or Hitler girls, without giving them a coin or two. His delight in the Youth is always the same. When the Hitler Youth marches past with the band playing, or when we come upon a demonstration of the Youth, then our leader's face lights up, and his clear blue eyes become especially bright. The Youth's devotion to their leader rests upon mutual affection, for Adolf Hitler loves the German Youth, just as it adores him.

He sees our Nation's entire hope and confidence in the German Youth, he sees in it the living security for our future, and our Nation's future existence. It is, therefore, natural that he looks upon it from the national and racial point of view. "I would not consider Germany's future so secure, if our race did not possess such fine children," he remarked a short time ago. From his own observations, he has come to the conclusion that Germany's racial improvement is increasing.

National Socialism is conscious of the fact that the Youth as purest expression of the movement's storming, revolutionary spirit, carries its future on its own shoulders. Thus the eternal stream of Youth, which has elevated our movement and which for ever recreates a new spirit in it, shall never stagnate. And so, if individual leaders should diminish their energy, other young and strong-willed forces must step forth to carry on the flag. It should be understood: The individual may gain immortal credit for the movement as a pioneer in one of its most eventful epochs, and yet the deserved reward should neither hinder the movement's progress at the expense of the movement and its gigantic national goal, nor stem its élan. The National Socialist Movement has never acted thus, and it shall never be so, neither in principle nor on any future occasion.

The young, strong-willed forces rising from below, and in which unawakened talent slumbers, must always find open the door upon which is written the word: action. If deadlock, retrogression, and old age, doomed the others to death, then National Socialism shall ever joyfully proclaim the right of Youth.

In the new State, an especially responsible task has arisen for the German woman chosen to direct the German Youth. German women have always recognised this task, as, in the previous struggle, they have given such brilliant example of steadfast faith, unselfish devotion, and unexampled loyalty to the German movement for liberty.

Women are the best propagandists for the National Socialist Movement, especially in their true field of operation, so immensely important for the movement—with the Youth and in the family circle. Our leader has frequently enough expressed his especially high opinion of women. He knows what the movement has to owe to the woman, as the steadfast element influenced by no wavering intellectualism.

"Women have saved the movement often enough," our leader once said to me, as, touched by the great devotion and faith which they have expressed to him, he spoke about women. "But for the help of women in 1924, after my confinement, I could scarcely have re-organised the party." In times, when political and personal disappointments fell thick and fast, and even the intellect of men began to waver, women have given unforgettable proof of their faith in the National Socialist Idea, by their steadfast belief and their instinctive feeling.

And although to-day, the greatest enthusiasm for Adolf Hitler and for the National Socialist Movement is to be found in the hearts of German women, although our movement—most unjustly—is accused of depriving women of their political rights, this proves conclusively that the German woman, obeying the voice of her innermost character, has not desired to play an active part in politics, and has never felt happy, if engaged in this political activity. Adolf Hitler has won the hearts of German women for himself and for the movement, because he has re-established heroism and manly training in the German Nation, because he has restored the right of life of the German Youth, the liberty and the dignity of the Nation. Thus Germany's future really lies finally also in the hands of the German woman, in the education of her children.

Thus these lines should dedicate a simple monument to the unknown German woman, who believes in Hitler and executes such brave accomplishments for her German mission.

CHAPTER XXI

Interlude.

The outward results of the 6th November were very soon made manifest. In face of the political and economic situation, for ever becoming more untenable, the public cry for Hitler grew louder and louder. But the proposals which the government hastened to lay before all those who were "prepared to co-operate with it," resembled the demands of parliamentarians, who come with the white flag to invite the triumphant victor to submit himself to the leadership of the defeated general.

On 13th November, von Papen invited our leader to fresh discussion. Adolf Hitler declined. He wanted to save Germany and not the cabinet. There was to be no repetition of 13th August !

Furthermore, Papen's resignation on 17th November, which now directly remitted the political decision to the Reich President, did not deceive our leader as to the real situation. As, on the same day, the telegraphic invitation arrived from the State Secretary, Meissner, for a visit to the Reich President on 19th November, Adolf Hitler was on his guard after the experiences of the last months. He demanded all points of discussion to be laid down in form of writ.

The events which now followed, from 19th—23rd November, are to the greatest extent known by the official publication of each one of the original documents. On 19th November at 11.30 a.m., our leader visited the Reich President. As he left the Reichskanzler's office, amidst cheering crowds, everybody expected a Hitler Cabinet.

Our leader knew that this was not to be so. Nobody in our headquarters, in the Kaiserhof, had any doubt. "If Hitler is not President now, then he will be in four months time. He can wait !" wrote Reichsbank President Dr. Schacht.

On Monday, the 21st November, 10.30 a.m., the second conference with the Reich President took place, whilst on the previous day, Reichstag President Göring, after arrival from Rome in a record flight, enquired for an informatory enlightenment upon the situation within the parties.

The correspondence, which now followed between our leader and the Office of the Reich President, revealed Adolf Hitler's supremacy over the government in its entire magnitude. This correspondence is an historical document.

As the negotiations threatened to drift into constitutional discussions on the part of his opponents, on 23rd November, Adolf Hitler abruptly cut the Gordian knot through his treatise to the Reich President, in which he, with quite clearly outlined proposals, placed himself at Hindenburg's disposal to form a government under his responsible leadership.

They were the same national, political principles and constitutional maxims, upon which, two months later, our leader formed his govern-

ment for the Nation's rise. At that time, however, the Reich President still thought that he must refuse these proposals.

But this time, our opponents' tactics, as exponent of which, General von Schleicher revealed himself more and more clearly, were thwarted by Hitler before the entire public. The government press office still tried at the last moment to prevent publication of the correspondence, that is to say, to delay it until they had informed the press. But this was in vain. By means of a press conference, assembled at lightning speed, we succeeded in beating the government for the decisive half-hour.

We handed over the original documents to the press, at the same moment as Hitler's final letter was delivered in the Wilhelmstrasse. The world could now form its own judgment. Adolf Hitler was justified in the eyes of the whole world !

" There shall be a new cabinet with a few outward alterations, but of the same spirit. And in a few months, its end shall be worse than its beginning is to-day. Then the hour shall come when we must be summoned for the third time."

Thus did our leader speak on 26th November with true prophecy, on the return drive from Berlin to Weimar.

CHAPTER XXII

In the Kaiserhof.

The name of this hotel on the Wilhelmplatz in Berlin is closely associated with the history of the N.S.D.A.P., and with its decisive struggle for power. Every child knew it; our leader made it his head-quarters, whenever his presence was requested in the capital during the last years for conferences with the highest officials of the Reich.

“Adolf Hitler in the Kaiserhof!” If the papers bore this headline, then the whole public, the whole world, held its breath, then the officials on either side of the Wilhelmstrasse felt nervous. And ever anew, our leader’s hard struggle with his foes began.

How much has been written about the Kaiserhof! And furthermore, what decisions, of most vital importance have been made here, what critical scenes have been staged within these walls! The National Socialist Press followed the course of events with great discretion, and in extreme obedience to orders.

This “First Class Hotel” still gave our opponents’ press—as our leader never did what the press system hoped for—material for the most infamous agitation. Our leader had scarcely entered the Kaiserhof than intrigues and phantastic interpretations began, gigantic lies were spread abroad with the intention of influencing the course of events to our detriment.

“The Worker’s Leader in the Hotel de Luxe,” thus ran the eternally recurring refrain of the papers of those parties, whose stout leaders now honour with their presence the international hotels of Switzerland and of the French Riviera.

Why did our leader choose this hotel for his office, with its comforts and modern conveniences which we used so little? The atmosphere of such a hotel meant little to us, and still less to our leader, who chose these head-quarters for the following reasons.

First of all, at this stage of the struggle, it was our leader’s duty towards his party to consider the mentality and psychology of the other negotiators. In this respect, the Kaiserhof was “representative.”

Furthermore, and this was an important reason, the Kaiserhof’s location distinctly symbolised the world conceptive struggle of the two antipodes, the final struggle of the new Germany against the ruined system of the ancient régime. From his office, Adolf Hitler looked out on to the old Reichskanzler’s Office on the other side of the Wilhelmplatz, where the focs’ mines were laid, and where they cunningly schemed how to close the door to power, even now, in the face of the advancing movement.

The cry of horror: “Hannibal ante portas,” which had once struck fear and dread into the heart of Rome, was now re-echoed as soon as Adolf Hitler entered the Kaiserhof. Already the outward picture, as the negotiations ran their course, offered an evident parallel. Adolf

Hitler was standing before the gates—not of Berlin, whose inner soul he had long conquered—he was besieging, and was to conquer, the house from which Bismarck had governed the German Reich.

Owing to the complete deficiency of the police force and of all means of power of the State, a further reason recommended the Kaiserhof, which lies within the area in which demonstrations were prohibited.

Our leader worked day and night in his hotel, and made the most important decisions under heaviest responsibility. He held vital preparatory conferences for these decisions, and therefore neither could nor would expose himself to demonstrations of any kind. He had to insist on no disturbance from Marxist processions, nor from the howls of passing Communist demonstrators, during his hours of work.

What were these head-quarters like, and how did things run on one of our great days of struggle? They could best be compared with a camp. Everything bore the character of a temporary situation. As quickly as we appeared, we vanished equally unexpectedly. Sometimes we only engaged rooms for the day, and spent only a few hours in the Kaiserhof. Sometimes we had to pack within a few minutes. I picture us now leaving the hotel in furious haste ten minutes before the departure of the Munich express, and hurrying into our cars for the fast drive to the railway station.

During his stay in this hotel, our leader seldom left his room to come down to the round table reserved for him, his followers and visitors, in the corner of the lounge. He nearly always stayed in his rooms on the first floor, where he usually had his meals.

In his reception room, one conference succeeded another until late at night. The telephone was always ringing in his hall. The hotel telephone was never so busy. The staff performed wonderful service, and took the greatest trouble to connect the ceaseless number of calls.

Things were lively in the hotel hall, where there was a perpetual coming and going. The deep carpets deadened the sound of footsteps. The leaders of the movement, government officials, diplomatic and economic visitors were always being announced. Downstairs, and in their offices, our leader's adjutant, his head of press, and other staff members, received visitors. Typewriters were installed in our simple office, and worked all the time.

Reporters from the home and foreign press besieged the hotel. The pro-government press had mobilised their smartest reporters. Press meetings, always overcrowded, were held in the Kaiserhof at each critical phase of the struggle.

During such active work, we frequently forgot our meals, and sometimes fasted the whole day. We were in Berlin, yet saw nothing of the city. Sometimes a whole week elapsed without our leaving the hotel. We only went to bed long after midnight. A few hours sleep, and a fresh day's routine began.

Our leader dominated every hour confidently and calmly, he held the threads in his hands. During critical moments, while the pro-government press traced phantastic pictures of "severe conflicts," "turbulent scenes," and "nervousness" in the Kaiserhof, thus puzzling not over their own affairs, but over Adolf Hitler's, the latter sat calmly working in his office. He, who could alone survey the situation, dis-

tinguished between his true and false friends, to decide upon what he thought beneficial for the Nation.

Many a visit, many a negotiation, were abandoned without result. Finally, on 30th January, 1933, our leader made the short drive over the Wilhelmsplatz to the Reichskanzler's Office. Amidst boundless cheers. The seige was over, the fortress had fallen, the gates lay open.

CHAPTER XXIII

How Our Leader Dictates.

I have seen Adolf Hitler the fighter, the Statesman, and the Man. Yet I have never seen the power of his personality more characteristically and more originally expressed than during those hours in which he designed and drew up his great, decisive state political declarations.

The proclamations of the former governments, and similar state manifestoes of former chancellors, bore a more or less distinct trace of combined work, in which the hand of numerous co-operators was discernible.

There are still many Germans to-day who think it almost understood that the contents and style of Adolf Hitler's masterly, programmatical, governmental proclamations, and of his other important decrees, are not entirely composed by his own intellect, but somehow contain also the ideas of official or non-official co-operators.

If I contradict this opinion from my own knowledge, and from my personal experience of Adolf Hitler's work, then I hope to paint the finishing touches of the picture of Adolf Hitler's personality, for which these pages are to serve.

Adolf Hitler's decrees and proclamations, both as leader and as Chancellor, are his own work from first to last !

Adolf Hitler has a special way of writing and dictating, which corresponds entirely to his creative nature. It is always an impressive experience for anybody, fortunate enough to be within his most intimate circle, to observe the design, the composition, and the formation, of his political decisions.

All are astounded at his resolute ideas and his fine thoughts, by which our leader masters the grave problems, the solution of which is his responsibility. These ideas are often impulsive, and are quickly expressed in the course of conversations. He often wrestles with problems, and fights a long moral struggle, but always conscious of victory, and with the confident feeling that his intellectual supremacy comprises the solution. If this solution is found in principle, and its tactical treatment deeply studied, then our leader dictates his ideas in a continuous flow.

Naturally, such a dictation, delivered immediately, and which considers and surveys every political factor, demands immense concentration. This is only possible in absolute privacy and seclusion.

During such hours, when our leader dictates, undisturbed in his private office, the creative power of his personality comes into full play.

The mere outward observer beholds a picture of concentrated intellectual strength. Completely absorbed in his thoughts, our leader usually paces the room with firm steps as he dictates. Without effort, he frames the flow of his ideas in words and sentences, and models them into a conclusive, unassailable, and skilful form. After a brief revision the dictated work is issued for publication. This small sketch is typical

of the absolutely independent and self-conscious character of our leader's work.

If the entire German Nation, yes, even the world, admire to-day Adolf Hitler's statesmanlike proclamations as political masterpieces, then it should be emphasised, with all modesty, that our leader has not developed his respective qualities and accomplishments merely since his appointment as Reichskanzler. He utilised them as leader of the N.S.D.A.P. throughout the struggle.

For 14 years, the same spirit has inspired his decrees and proclamations, which have always been of the same spiritual, penetrative power as they are to-day.

The fact that they did not come far sooner to the ear of the German Nation, and of the world, is in no way due to the inconstancy of their creator, but to the inadequacy of the potentates, who withheld from the German Nation these expressions of the will of an ingenious politician, and who to-day admire what they scorned only yesterday.

What fills us National Socialists with pride and satisfaction to-day, may be a lesson to others for the future.

CHAPTER XXIV

Where is Hitler ?

The political lie has played a prominent rôle in all epochs of parliamentary history. But such accumulations of lies and defamations as our opponents have hurled against the awakening young Germany in the course of our 13 years' struggle, have not yet been experienced.

What National Socialist's blood does not boil, if he recalls that rapid fire of press lies, that witches sabbath of infernal songs of hatred, which burst upon the National Socialist Movement every day ?

The activity of the Marxist Press against National Socialism, by means of profligacy, unscrupulous lies and base agitation of the public, stands unrivalled throughout the press of the whole world.

But this systematic lying campaign of our opponents was always the best evidence of the moral weakness of their own position. The more desperate their situation was, the more unscrupulous became their press agitation. And what their blind hatred intended for us, has now reflected upon themselves.

The agitation of the Jewish-Marxist Press against the N.S.D.A.P., has been such an essential ingredient of our opponents' struggle during all these years, that we would be guilty of historical forgery if we did not lay due stress upon this lying campaign in our description of the events.

The tenor, with which the Jewish-Marxist Press accompanied our leader's noteworthy journey from Munich to Weimar on 29th to 30th November, is probably the most characteristic example.

What did it concern ? Von Papen's cabinet was at an end. Herr von Schleicher wove his web. He tried to entice our leader to Berlin, to play the N.S.D.A.P.'s trump-card to his own advantage. We knew that Schleicher hoped to succeed where Papen had failed: to harness the N.S.D.A.P. as horse to his own cart. Our leader was to come to Berlin, to walk into the spider's parlour.

Adolf Hitler saw no inducement to do so; he left the question open. But Schleicher was convinced that our leader would come. The hostile Press announced it in every kind of tone. They made it look as if Hitler's readiness to negotiate with Schleicher was quite certain. With malicious joy, they announced that Hitler would bow to Schleicher. They kindled the flame of agitation, and speculated upon a party split, at which Schleicher secretly aimed. Schleicher's press was on our track. On the evening of 29th November, the station platforms in Munich were watched, to cable to Berlin by which train Adolf Hitler had left.

But already on the afternoon of 29th November, our leader had firmly made up his mind not to go to Berlin, but to give Schleicher the cold shoulder, and to go to the election campaign in Thüringen. The authoritative leaders of our movement were summoned to Weimar for a conference next day.

Everything went according to plan. Two night trains from Munich to Berlin leave shortly after each other. But only one of them stops in Jena, the junction for Weimar. At first, our leader accidentally got into the wrong train, which leaves at 9.19 p.m., and does not stop at Jena. Only at the last moment did we change into the other train. Schaub, who saw to our night's comfort, could no longer secure sufficient sleepers for this second Berlin train, leaving at 9.20 p.m., so that some of the escort had to sleep in the compartment. And while the press wired to the world the news of our leader's departure by the Berlin night train, we lay down to rest, only to get out at Jena at 5.20 a.m. to continue our journey to Weimar. The National Socialist Police Official of Weimar was duly awaiting us at Jena station, to fetch us in his car.

The Berlin morning papers screamed with glaring headlines of Hitler's arrival in the capital. The world swallowed it. His impending "Fall" was to be the sensation of the day.

But at 8 a.m., the camera men and representatives of the world press, from the Jerusalemer and Koch Strasse, stood in vain at the Anhalter Station. There were bewildered faces, for Hitler was not to be seen. Desperation reigned in the editorial offices. What was to be done? They were full of resources and made a virtue of necessity. "Where is Hitler?" The noon papers appeared with this four-column riddle. Berlin was upside down. Where is Hitler?

Meanwhile, news came from Weimar. It could no longer be kept secret that Hitler was not in Berlin, but in Weimar. And now, the ridiculed apostles of agitation, impotent in their anger, took to the most grotesque lies.

The Marxist Papers and Jewish Gazettes, with incomparable impertinence, informed their readers that Göring, duping Strasser and Frick, had gone by night to Jena to meet his leader en route to Berlin. With jingling spurs, he had entered Hitler's train. He had knocked at the door of the sleeper with his fist. He had dragged his frightened, drowsy leader out of bed, and, after a short explanation, literally carried him out of the train, only half dressed, to prevent his journey to Berlin.

Actually, Göring, Frick and Strasser, in obedience to their leader's orders of the day before, left Berlin and arrived at Weimar at noon for the conference. Dr. Goebbels was already there. Staff-leader Röhm was not amongst our leader's escort, and Göring only left Berlin for Weimar on the morning of 30th November at 8.50 a.m.

Thus shamefully did they lie, in writing and illustration, not once, but daily. These papers could no longer exist without their daily Hitler lie. They knew that their hour of doom would have struck, if we came to power.

That was the "Journaille," which shall be impossible in the New Germany. The spiritual reformation of German journalism, on which we are working, has wiped out this stain of the past. We shall re-establish the German Press as a responsible and valuable profession, as the effective and honourable instrument of German politics, German nationality, and German culture.

CHAPTER XXV

The Last Man.

The political crisis of the Papen-Schleicher Cabinet lasted a fortnight. Papen or Schleicher, Schleicher or Papen, this was the tone of the mad confusion for two weeks. Adolf Hitler's cool aloofness increased the confusion of our opponents to immeasurable dimensions.

In vain did Schleicher telephone to Weimar, in vain did he implore Göring's aid, and in vain did he send Major Otte as his plenipotentiary to our leader. He requested Hitler to meet him and the Reich President on 1st December at 11.30 a.m.

Adolf Hitler enquired, through Meissner, whether the subject of discussions was to be his own plan of solution to the government's crisis. As this was not to be so, our leader wrote a polite letter of refusal. Now, he either wanted power or struggle.

Schleicher came out victorious from the secret drama of the formation of the cabinet. On the 2nd of December he received the order to form a cabinet, and he was appointed Chancellor on the 3rd. "The man who has no nerves," "The man with the Iron Mask," at last stepped forth from the gloom into the full limelight of publicity.

This was good. Now the time had come to cross swords with him, face to face in the open arena. The time was ripe for the fall of the last man of the old system. Hitler's shadow lay over Schleicher.

Our leader had long recognised Schleicher as an irresolute waverer. Already his first week in office enlightened the world on this point. Once more Schleicher tried his luck. Contrary to our leader's express command, Strasser had entered into negotiations with the government—a matter which was kept strictly secret from Adolf Hitler. But even this attempt of Schleicher's to cause a split in the party, fell through. The loyalty of the movement was unshakeable. Intrigues were at an end. Now, Schleicher had to govern.

Schleicher's Government proclamation, broadcast on 15th December, was the first serious disillusionment. "Is that all?" asked the public, astounded. His remedies for unemployment were entirely lacking in ideas, and aroused the greatest antagonism within his own cabinet.

In despair, he, the Chancellor of the "Authoritative Government," sought help from the parties, from the Marxists, and from the Trades Unions. Nothing was achieved. Exasperation and indignation spread throughout the Nation.

Schleicher's Cabinet developed into a Cabinet of consummate perplexity. Schleicher's irresolution became proverbial. Not "Dictator" but "Cunctator!" Following in Brüning's footsteps, he proclaimed "Civic Peace."

Our leader knew how to profit from this civic peace. He held a general review of the party throughout the land, for the moral and organisatory arnament of the N.S.D.A.P. for the last, decisive struggle.

"Victory in this struggle shall be gained by the man who brings the last levy of men and the last battalion on to the battlefield!"

The immensely impressive response to this general appeal to all the official leaders of the movement could strengthen our leader's assurance that he possessed invincible forces.

What I saw during this tour through every district of the Reich, was an unshakeable phalanx of hardened warriors, whose hearts were so closely bound to the National Socialist Movement that nothing could detach them from their voluntarily undertaken task.

On this soil, a new German generation, full of decision and power of action, had grown up, and the heroic world idea of Germans had found its native land.

The New Year should find us prepared.

CHAPTER XXVI

Interlude in Cologne.

Discretion is a gift which the politician must possess. Our leader possesses it to a most extraordinary degree as a resource for his careful preparations of secret political actions, just as much as he opens his heart to those in whom he has once pinned full confidence.

I was never more clearly conscious of this fact than on the occasion of that noteworthy drive to Cologne, on 4th January, 1933.

Schleicher's civic peace had come to an end on 2nd January. "Departure for election campaign in Lippe," so ran our orders in Munich on 3rd January. We knew that our leader intended to open this campaign on 4th January in Detmold. We did not yet take the train to Hanover, but the train to the Rhineland. None of us knew the reason for this détour, our leader did not mention it.

We all got out at Bonn early next morning. Schreck was at the station with our leader's car, to drive us to Godesberg in the early morning. We made a short stop for breakfast. A closed car drove up, our leader got in and drove away. His destination was unknown to us.

Our instructions were to drive on to Cologne in his car, and to wait 3 kilometres the other side of Cologne, on the road to Düsseldorf.

We arrived there at noon. We waited in the wet and cold. To pass the time, we walked up and down the wet road, talking and making every kind of conjecture as to where our leader could be. Nobody had a clue, or any idea as to the importance of this separation.

Two hours later, the closed car from Bonn drove up to us and stopped. Our leader got out and changed into his car. The closed car turned round and drove off towards Cologne.

As we drove on to Düsseldorf, our leader hinted that he had had an interview with a political personality. Somehow I sensed that he was extremely satisfied with the success of his mysterious excursion. We all felt that we were advancing towards a great decision. Somehow or other, the New Year must bring the great decision.

We were late. We tore through the industrial district at a great speed. It was soon dark on this dull winter's day. The rain pattered on the roof, and our headlights lit up the wet road. We sat shivering in the car. Nobody wanted to ask a question. Our leader was silent again. We were not yet told where he had been, nor with whom.

We passed through Essen in the late afternoon. I piloted the car on the shortest way through the narrow streets of my native town. The sky was crimson above the Krupp Works. How often have I driven through my native town with my leader! I recalled a thousand memories. My old school came into sight. In this house lives some relative, in that one some good friend. I saw acquaintances pass by, a school friend recognised me and called out to me. But we had already passed, we made no stop. Our time is always exactly calculated,

and this time we were late, as our leader had been detained. Still, our leader intended to open the election campaign that night.

We passed Bochum, Dortmund, Unna and Soest. The red glow of furnaces flared up to heaven. Our leader looked at his watch, the meeting in Detmold was waiting for us. Paderborn appeared, and then after a long drive we safely reached our destination.

Like us, the audience had no idea that on this day our leader had advanced the course of events in Cologne, and had made the moment of decision even more imminent. We were all the more surprised, as, on the very same day, the Berlin late evening papers gave a sensational account of the interview between Adolf Hitler and von Papen in the house of the banker Schröder in Cologne. Schleicher's information Office and his helpers who dogged our steps, had done good work. But they could not prevent Papen's intervention.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Turn of the Tide Begins in Lippe.

The noteworthy election in Lippe on 14th January, 1933, was to provide the impetus for political events, which stood in inverse ratio, to the size of this pretty State. Our leader foresaw the importance of a really sweeping victory in this small place, but naturally without being aware that the result of this election would already bring about the utter collapse of the tottering system, and, to use a sporting term, that this election already represented, "The final spurt" before the acceptance of power.

The silly sneers and the malicious comments with which the Marxist Press hailed our extraordinary efforts in Lippe, produced the exact contrary of the intended "minimisation" of this election. The entire public now followed this "insignificant" election campaign with even more intense eagerness.

But this was exactly what we wanted. By this small example, since there was no greater opportunity at the moment, we wanted to refute emphatically the theory of the "ebbing tide of National Socialism," vigorously discussed since 6th November. The Jewish Press wrote of the dove which Noah sent out to see whether the water had abated. By this election, it was to be unanimously proved that the dove had found no dry ground, that the waters were again rising powerfully, irresistibly, and bursting all artificial dams. Braunschweig and other States were to follow. Our new, powerful plan of offensive was completed like the first wave of the tide, which was to flow in March, when the expected new Reichstag election came.

From the first day to the last, our leader deliberately threw himself into the thickest fray of the battle, and advanced the best orators of the movement in concentrated attack. Thus he introduced entirely new tactics. He visited the villages, and pitched his great tents in open fields, and in sparsely populated, purely rural districts. But all the people flocked to his meetings.

By these tactics, our leader also made every one of his 18 meetings in the "land of Hermann" seem like a local event of the very first order. In the large cities, followers and interested people of every description packed our meetings. But they all came hither, irrespective of their party, for scarcely any of them had ever seen or heard our leader. This chance of a lifetime was not to be missed. The peasants felt honoured that the leader of the German movement of liberty took such trouble to visit them in their loneliness. And all, all came! This was just what our leader wanted.

The effect was tremendous. Adolf Hitler immediately felt the mighty success, he saw how hardened enemies became enthusiastic adherents, and how the misled multitude turned to us with joyful hearts.

It was icy cold in the meeting tents during those days of January. All came in spite of this, the people's mood changed from cold reserve to unrestrained enthusiasm, which increased all the more the longer our leader spoke. He was highly satisfied with such a visible success, with such a tremendous effect. After the first meetings, he prophesied our victory as already certain.

Our meeting tents were pitched in Schwalenberg, in Bösingfeld, in Horn, in places previously not even known to us by name. But during this election campaign, we had established our head-quarters in one of the oldest and loveliest castles in the district. We left the castle at about 6 o'clock every evening to traverse the country for two or three meetings, and to return to our idyllic castle about midnight or even later.

We had succeeded in keeping our magnificent head-quarters secret from the entire public. No reporter could discover us. We arrived and disappeared; nobody knew whence and whither.

After our return, through the narrow entrance in the castle courtyard, with its romantic surroundings and entwined ivy, we then enjoyed a quiet peaceful hour by the flaring fireside with our host and his charming wife. Such hours of meditative conversation and relaxation were rare in our hurried life. We could appreciate them all the more. Only late did we part company.

This castle, where our leader for once found real rest in the midst of the struggle, re-echoed the finest tradition. Ancestral paintings recalled the history of this old family, the ruins of whose original stronghold stand high up in the forest. An old executioner's sword hung over the fireplace. Everything was of purest simplicity. We have happy memories of this castle to which we are still happy to return.

"In Germany, power only falls to the man who has embedded this power most deeply in the people." Adolf Hitler spoke these words in Schwalenberg on 8th January. A few days later, 47.8 per cent. of the voters adhered to his flag. The movement stood—to the surprise of our opponents—in a new, marked stage of development. We had resumed the great offensive at the very beginning of the year. The world was dumbfounded, but nobody foresaw the events of a fortnight ahead.

CHAPTER XXVIII

How the Movement Pierced the Barriers to the State.

On the last night of the election campaign, directly after our last great meeting in Bad Lipspringe, we drove by car through the bitter cold to Weimar, via Cassel. Our leader was happy over the accomplished work, and sure of the victory of the following day. But this day—15th January—already found him addressing ten thousand S.A. men in Thüringen, who had assembled in the Weimar market place. From his car, in front of the Hotel Elephant in Weimar, he hurled once more his war-cry into the Reich, in face of the victory in "Hermannsland": "The party remains true to its spirit of battle, with relentless resolution. We must learn lessons from history to prevent a repetition of Germany's fate after the battle fought by Hermann the Cherusker. Here in the heart of Germany, we promised to-day to fight the battle until the goal is reached."

Furthermore in the meeting of the party's district leaders in Weimar, our leader issued the order not to relax for a second, but to carry on the offensive. Braunschweig, and then Hessen, were proposed as the party's fields of attack for the next election battles.

The consequences of our election victory of Lippe were very soon perceptible in the ranks of our opponents. All the German agricultural classes declared war upon the government. All reports from Berlin confirmed the fact that Schleicher stood in hopeless isolation. His negotiations with the parties for a further formation of the cabinet remained vain; even the "Deutsch Nationalen" (German Nationalists) went over to the opposition. On 21st January, on the occasion of the Horst Wessel Commemoration, our leader, instead of negotiating, ordered his Berlin S.A. men to parade on the Bülow Platz, with their front facing the Carl Liebknecht House. This was a bold and brilliant demonstration of power, which the Commune, impotent and boiling with rage, was forced to witness.

Meanwhile, Göring, our leader's political plenipotentiary, and Herr von Papen, had not been inactive. The political atmosphere around the Reich President's Palace began to become more and more clear. The last lies of the press, declaring that Adolf Hitler had now decided to renounce the leadership, were—for us—merely a graduator of the rapidly increasing weakness of the cabinet. However, they had a political, hidden motive. As a last desperate resource, they offered our leader the office of a kind of "People's Tribune"—a post intermediary to the Chancellorship—which he was to fulfil as "President of the State's Counsel." Naturally, our leader icily refused. He intended to be Chancellor and nothing else.

His gaze was fixed upon an approaching and finally decisive Reichstag election, which he expected in March. But Schleicher's cabinet already lay at its last gasp. Events ran helter-skelter. Without Hitler, the situation was untenable. At last, they called for our leader

as the last hope, the saviour of the Nation. Herr von Papen proved himself an honest negotiator. On 27th January, our leader and Göring entered upon unsuccessful negotiations with Hindenburg in the palace of the Reichstag President. This was because the German Nationalists—apparently still ignorant of the situation—demanded a greater share in the government than could possibly be conceded to them. Schleicher's fall came at last on 28th January. By order of Hindenburg, Herr von Papen entered upon government negotiations with our leader, and brought them to a happy conclusion on the very same day. Our leader drew up his cabinet proposal in the Kaiserhof on 29th January. On the morning of 30th January, he drove over the Wilhelms Platz to meet the Reich President in the old office of the Reichskanzler, and returned as Chancellor amidst the cheering of the crowds.

Germany stood at the parting of the ways. The leader of the National Socialist Movement, summoned by the confidence of the Reich President, had taken over the helm of the Reich. By this historic act, forging an everlasting link between the fame of the General Field-Marshal of our armies in the world-war, and the name of the Young Germany, the aged Reich President had fulfilled the will and the longing of the millions of the German Nation.

The events of this evening of 30th January were beyond verbal expression in Berlin, in the Reich, and everywhere where the German language is spoken. They are deeply and ineffaceably engraved in the hearts of all who experienced and felt this joyful deliverance from 14 years' of moral oppression. Hitler's faith had moved mountains. From the Reichskanzler's Office we looked out upon this sea of fire, upon this unique symphony of enthusiasm. Hindenburg and Hitler stood deeply moved, they were united for ever. This bond was ceremoniously sealed in the Garnisons Kirche, in Potsdam, on 21st March.

After a struggle of 13 years, the National Socialist Movement had succeeded in piercing the barriers to the State. Now began the struggle of Hitler's government for the German Nation.

The proclamation, breathing the spirit of the National Socialist Movement, and which was issued to the German people on 1st February was the government's first manifesto for the national rise. Hitler's prompt reply to the first attempt at parliamentary "sabotage" and party political undermining, was the immediate dissolution of the Reichstag, and short-termed appointment of the day for new elections. On 15th February, another flight over Germany began in Stuttgart and ended in Königsberg on 4th March, the day of the Nation's awakening. Now, for the first time, the N.S.D.A.P. was free to effect its skilful propaganda under the masterly direction of Dr. Goebbels. This wave entered into every house, every yard, and every German heart. How the bells of the new epoch pealed out over the whole of Germany!

The unexampled triumph of 5th March created the constitutional foundation of the National Revolution. On 27th February, the flames of the burning Reichstag gave the signal for the attack against the Marxist criminals.

Hooked Cross flags were hoisted on the top of the Carl Liebknecht House (former Communist head-quarters) on 8th March. The executive power for the whole of Germany was centralised under the

Reich. The Bavarian Government was expelled on 9th March, and General von Epp entered Munich for the second time, this time as Reich Commissary. The Marxist Civic Deputies were expelled from office on 12th March. On the same day—the Nation's day of mourning—Reichkanzler Adolf Hitler laid down a wreath at the Feldherrnhalle, in Munich, on the spot where the bullets of traitors claimed the first victims from the movement on 9th November, 1923. On the ribbon of this wreath, the following words are written: "And you have triumphed in spite of all!" And on the same day, by order of the Reich President, our leader was able to declare that the Hooked Cross flag, the flag of the National Socialist Movement, is the official flag of the German Reich, side by side with the black-white-red flag. The document is signed by General Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, by the former private Adolf Hitler, and by officer von Papen. What a glorious symbol of the victory of the National Socialist Revolution!

The completion of the German unity was solemnly declared at the grave of the great Prussian King on 21st March, the Day of Potsdam. General Field-Marshal von Hindenburg assumed the patronage of the rise of Germany. The Reichstag delivered the powers of constitutional government to Adolf Hitler on 23rd March. The ingenious settling of accounts with the Social Democratic Party of Germany, from the tribune of the Reichstag, developed into the moral destruction of Marxism. Adolf Hitler's work was crowned by the law of supreme authority, accepted with an overwhelming majority. The way now lay open for the total conquest of the State.

Adolf Hitler has given convincing proof of his outstanding statesmanship, during the few months of his Chancellorship. His personality has distinguished him as the Leader, from the very first day of his cabinet. All recognised him as such. This came as a surprise to many who did not know him. For us, who have fought with him, it was simply a confirmation of facts known to us. Adolf Hitler has restored dignity and new resplendence to the office of German Reichskanzler, he has restored to the German people their faith in personality. But Adolf Hitler cannot be estimated as fighter and as statesman, without signifying his moral greatness—for it is this which distinguishes and ennoble him as a man—as the main characteristic in the portrait of his personality. As Chancellor, Adolf Hitler has preserved that modesty and simplicity of character, which alone bestow their real value of character upon every truly great personality. Adolf Hitler has remained as he always has been. And probably the Nation loves him more for this deep, moral, human greatness than for the power which he to-day holds in his hand for the welfare of the Nation, and for the fame which is due to him as saviour of the Nation.

CHAPTER XXIX

State and Party.

The National Socialist Party has conquered the State from within. It is only a logical consequence that it is the State's representative in the New Germany, and that the N.S.D.A.P.'s State Idea must contain not only the spiritual capacity, but also the form of organisation of the new State.

The National Socialist Party has re-united people and State, it has restored the people to the State, and the State to the people. It forms the living, connecting link between State and People, and thereby secures their unity. As the N.S.D.A.P. does not live apart from the people, but is the child of the people, and has grown up to be the people's representative, so the N.S.D.A.P. cannot live apart from the State, if this State shall enjoy a lasting existence.

Only a knowledge of the construction of the National Socialist Party, of its inner structure, and of the principles of its development, can give a real understanding of the political and sociological problem of Party and State.

The National Socialist Party is one organic creation, and this distinguishes it fundamentally from all the State's former Liberal-Marxist parties, now extirpated to their very roots. It is an organism bound together within itself, it has sprung to life from one cell, and has developed all living organs of the State, from their birth upward.

As National Socialism is one entire idea, which plainly corresponds to German thought, representing its purest and noblest expressions, so the N.S.D.A.P. is one political unity, for it is the organised bearer of the will of this idea. By reason of its entire structure, this unity can bear no other relationship to the State than that of identity.

This natural claim has governed the birth and development of the N.S.D.A.P. from the very first day until now. The creator and leader of the movement planted its seed, like that of a healthy plant, free from all germs of national destructive poison, in the degenerate political soil of the German Nation. Its seed was purposely planted as one, though small, homogeneous, fighting unit against the spirit of the November System.

This seed has sprung up. This political creation has grown up in obedience to that law of nature, by which the strong supplants the weak. By the natural process of selection, it has attracted and assimilated all those forces which were ready to struggle, and to show to the German people the example of one whole community, by this movement effecting THEIR fate.

Out of the small plant grew a tree, round which ring after ring was laid, ready to enrol every German for the struggle, but categorically casting off every foreign substance which would not subordinate itself implicitly to the laws of its growth. Thus it became inwardly unassailable, and stronger within itself. In this way, an organism, com-

plete within itself, and comprising every function of the life of the community, was born from the Nation itself, in the midst of a decadent people and a corrupt State. Only thus could the N.S.D.A.P. attain its present position: our party was the Nation's source, from which the stream of the German People's regeneration and new education could alone flow. The N.S.D.A.P. stands upon a world-conceptive basis which is uniform, clearly defined, inwardly unassailable, and compact. Whoever is educated in the National Socialist way of thinking, shall always make the correct decision with absolute certainty, and shall act in the interests of our Nation. "Every creation," our leader exclaimed in Nuremberg on 2nd September, 1933, "can only be maintained by the same power which created it."

The secret of the N.S.D.A.P.'s strength lies in this exclusiveness of its particular principles, for our party can tolerate no alien influence nor organisation within its own ranks, as it is conscious of the absolute correctness of its principles. This natural development of our organisation, of our individuality, and therefore of our totality, are born from this exclusiveness of principles, which is the secret of that strength which has bestowed such rich blessing upon the German people!

It is to-day an indisputable fact that this strength, which springs from one single source, has alone created all our achievements for the German people. Our leader has clearly foreseen and recognised this political development, completed by nature's laws, and he has therefore constructed his movement on these principles. If he had hearkened to the warnings of his foes, and to the advice of some "friends," then German Marxists would still be active, and there would be no New Germany to-day.

Only a knowledge of this fundamental, inner relationship of principles can enable us to comprehend the especial necessity for these principles, and to understand the present and future problems of our German State structure. If the present state of affairs bears testimony of the previous accomplishments of the N.S.D.A.P. and of the correctness of its principles, then the future shall prove that the logical and consequent execution of these principles shall alone complete the great work begun.

Then one thing—the decisive factor—is certain: whoever has thought that the final formation of the New German State could have been achieved without the active organism and the organic structure of the N.S.D.A.P.—the sole creative element—would have had to dispense with the strength of this movement. Without this strength, the New Germany would not have arisen, and cannot live without it. The new Reich would collapse like a house of cards, and almost every previous creation would be destroyed in a very short time, were it not for the dominion of the National Socialist Party and the organic forces, developed in it and through it, and which therefore progress further.

Wherever the fate of the State is so closely connected with a party, as in this case, wherever the interests of State and Party coincide, Party and State are no longer separable. To see that such a separation never may and never shall occur, does not signify a Party's intolerance or its craving for Power, but its feeling of responsibility and its most solemn duty towards the Nation. "The sole pillars of the present Reich are the German Nation and the National Socialist Movement."

The Reich Party Day of 1933 in Nuremberg, with its immensely impressive ceremony, has fostered this recognition in the hearts of all classes of Germans. In Nuremberg, the Party represented the German people and the German State, before the eyes of the whole world. This was a more complete, a more morally dignified, and a more imposing representation than the State and Nation have ever previously enjoyed. With enthusiastic approbation, the German Nation has felt and witnessed the days of Nuremberg as the Nation's political roll-call. In Nuremberg, 1933, the Party has shown and proved that it is not only the State, but that it has the right and obligation to be the State in future.

CHAPTER XXX

The Artistic Side of Adolf Hitler's Nature.

Adolf Hitler is an artist in his heart of hearts. Had he not been chosen as political leader of the German Nation, he would certainly have succeeded as an artist. But probably this artistic element in Adolf Hitler can best explain his political genius. Intuitive sensibility for the natural powers of the people is the quality which statesmen, who call themselves such without really being so, possess to the least degree. But for the real politician, it is the decisive and most fortunate quality for his statesmanship.

It shall be the privilege of qualified artists to write of Adolf Hitler's relation towards art. But Adolf Hitler's artistic temperament is so strongly expressed in every branch of his life, that it forms an essential feature of his every activity. I shall restrict myself to touching upon several side-lights from the political perspective, as far as they harmonise with the sketch traced in these pages.

If all art and artists reflect their epoch, then it can be no surprise that the epoch now past has represented a period of cultural degradation and of artistic decline in every respect. Scarcely anybody has felt this fact more than Adolf Hitler. His great political struggle has been contemporary with the struggle against the inartistic, and un-German spirit in the Nation's' cultural life.

We know of the great love which attracted Adolf Hitler to painting and to architecture, even in his earliest youth. In the first chapter of his book, "My Struggle," he gives a touching description of his struggle with his father—who wanted him to be an official—for the latter's consent for him to become a painter. "I wanted to be a painter," he writes. "It was only my intuition that always increased my interest for architecture as the years passed." In every phase of his development, from his earliest childhood onward, our leader has revealed a pronounced artistic talent.

Our leader delighted in the great architectural masterpieces of the Ring Strasse, during his first stay in Vienna as a lad. He admired the palatial architecture of the picture galleries almost more than the paintings within. As a young man, he was attracted to Munich, Richard Wagner's city, created by royal patrons of art. Such a man, now that he possesses power, thinks on a very large scale. Adolf Hitler regards imposing monuments as the artistic expression of political will-power. How often has our leader expressed this thought, and illustrated it by quotations from the history of civilised Nations. German art shall celebrate its resurrection in the "Dritte Reich." From this spiritual revolution, there shall also issue the forces which shall guarantee artistic monuments symbolising the great German liberation. This is Adolf Hitler's conviction.

Adolf Hitler will do everything to give the New Germany a distinctive feature by the works of artists, which shall bear everlasting

testimony of the work and of the rule of the National Socialist Idea. "We shall create stone and brass witnesses of our new world idea, and of our political will-power; to replant in every single German heart, the pride of being a German," prophesied Adolf Hitler, already on 4th April, 1929, in Munich, as he protested against the art of Max Reinhardt and Goldmann, and the decline of art in the Republic of Weimar.

During his political struggle, our leader has always combated the inartistic, Jewish practise of employing art for mere filthy lucre. A great work of art has never been created for the sake of money. Real artists have usually starved beside their creation. A deplorable epoch, utterly without character, and in which Mammon alone reigns, has no longer any art but only rubbish. Temporary profit can be made, but no lasting creation can issue. Not money, but race and nationality are the finest inspirations of true art.

I think, and Adolf Hitler is convinced of it, that we stand upon the threshold of a more architectonic epoch, and that now, with the political revival, a reaction is following from the impressionistic, pictorial expression of an unrestricted individualism, to the architectonic, monumental style of an heroic epoch. As, in world history, the epochs of an outstanding feeling of unity and of national pride must always display imposing monuments, so should and shall the "Dritte Reich" produce its buildings.

It is known that Professor Troost has for long been the Chancellor's adviser in architectural matters. One of our leader's first visits, as soon as he arrives in Munich, is nearly always paid to the Professor's studio. Our leader confers with the Professor about building problems, discusses his plans with him, and the great buildings now being erected in Munich are entrusted to the care of the Professor: "Das Haus der Deutschen Kunst" (House of German Art), both the monumental buildings in Arcis Strasse for the government and for the supreme administration of the N.S.D.A.P. the building for the Reich-State Holder, besides the other buildings which are successively being erected. As in the case of other towns, Adolf Hitler also proposes a great scheme for Munich's future buildings, and he is consciously re-adopting the great architectural tradition of this city.

Adolf Hitler is operating on the same large scale in the road-building which he has systematically undertaken. This does not mean the construction of roads such as have been built during the last decades, and which are out of date after a certain time, but roads which shall last for centuries. Just as the Roman roads or those set up by Napoleon, are still clear notions and symbols of an epoch, so shall the roads now under construction recall our epoch to later generations.

Our leader's deep love for music, especially for the works of Richard Wagner, is a strong expression of his artistic nature. At the age of twelve, Adolf Hitler saw "Lohengrin, for the first time, in Linz, and his youthful enthusiasm for the Bayreuth master knew no bounds. "I was ever more attracted to his works," so he writes, "and I feel especially happy to-day, that the modest quality of the provincial performance enabled me to appreciate finer subsequent performances even more." Already as a young politician Adolf Hitler entered the Bayreuth Cultural Circle, and since then he has always returned to Bayreuth. He began a friendship with Houston Stewart-Chamberlain, Richard

Wagner's son-in-law. Chamberlain quickly recognised his genius and put all his political trust in him.

Adolf Hitler has seen "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," his favourite opera, about a hundred times. How frequently have we seen our leader go to the opera after a day of political work, yes, even on the evening before one of his greatest decisions. He gains both relaxation and strength from music. After accession to power, he has consciously restored the Bayreuth festivals to high honour, and bestowed upon them the dignity and character of German, commemorative, national festivals.

During the festival season of this year, on 30th July, at the house of Wahnfried, where our leader, at the grave of Richard Wagner, paid silent homage to the genius of the master, we recalled the same day of the year 1932, the evening prior to the great July election—a political struggle which we were then fighting in Bayreuth. Adolf Hitler had then come to Bayreuth as a political struggler. On this day, now in possession of power, to worship German art! This convergence of two ways may therefore symbolise the fact that politics and art form such a happy harmony in Adolf Hitler's nature.

CHAPTER XXXI

Nationalisation.

The relationship of National Socialism to the political conceptions of the rest of the world, the position which National Socialist Germany shall occupy in the society of Nations, touches upon one of the most critical international problems of modern world politics.

The German Nation and its leaders have recognised the importance of this question in its entire magnitude, and have devoted their attention to it. If the leaders of other nations even to-day "see danger in the fact that the National Socialist Movement upholds principles which other Nations still discard," then it is by no means impossible, that this "danger" shall become a blessing, if the principles which appear unacceptable even to-day to dissenting minds, prove themselves correct.

Where is it written that the development of world politics may only be viewed from a Liberalistic aspect, that it may be formed exclusively according to the Liberalistic principles of the last centuries? Not only the life of nations, but also human intelligence, are permanently subject to development! We would imagine that Liberalism would remain aloof from dogmatically torpid thought, and would at least give free play to its own principles, wherever new life begins to flourish, which cannot be judged according to old principles, but can only be conceived by sympathy and understanding.

Nobody expects the world to regard the New Germany from the National Socialist point of view. But the great future problems, requiring international recognition and solution, frankly compel the nations to observe without prejudice the structural changes which are being organically completed in individual nations. Progressive discernment, which is valuable for the future life of nations, and thereby for their own welfare, can only result from such a neutral, sober view.

It is a fact that National Socialism in Germany has materialised a new State Idea, born from the people themselves and which satisfies the people's own will. The fundament and highest standard of this new State Idea is not the "Individual," nor "Humanity," but THE NATION, as the sole real and organic totality which life knows.

In this way, it has already been recognised that the power of States is not founded upon bayonets, but upon national energy and upon resources of national strength. Already, some years previously, Italian Fascism was able to complete this development, of parallel principles, in its own land. Several movements of revival are beginning to come to life in other countries, though still sporadically. We can explain them as we like—the general international tendency of this development is undeniable.

It justifies the statement that the National Socialist awakening of nations calls for new forms of government. It proves the recognition that a new valuation of men, a valuation based upon the laws of nature,

is beginning to force its way through from the very hearts of the European Nations. It is about to overcome Liberalism, and replace it by a new conception of the living community.

In Nationalisation, which we already see forcing its way through to-day in Germany and Italy, that great structural process of class reconstruction is already heralded within the nations. This process appears not only chosen to open up a happy future for naturally developed nations forming a community, and which are capable of maintaining life, but also to guarantee the peaceful relations of these nations towards one another, through a natural partition of their life requirements. All signs indicate that the evolution of National Socialism is destined to master those world political tasks, the solution of which has proved beyond the capacity of State Internationalism.

Already to-day, the innate powers of the life of nations which are at work, are clearly shown both inwardly and outwardly. Let us take National Socialist Germany as an example of the new inner régime. The democratic, parliamentary Liberalism apodictically claimed for itself the eternal title of the most purposeful and best form of representation of the people's rights. To-day, after a few months of National Socialist dominion regarded by the Nation with undeniable instinct as self-government, Germany looks back—morally free from anxiety—with pitiful eyes upon those unhappy past periods of "Democracy," when she was the slave of the Nation's organised incapacity. At last with its own eyes, the Nation has recognised National Socialism as the organisation of naturally chosen leaders. National Socialism's achievements in the fields of Socialism, Economy, Administration, and Reformation of the Reich, speak for themselves. In one sweep, these leaders have accomplished what dozens of previous parliamentary, democratic governments vainly attempted in the most deplorable way. The authority of this new régime is thus backed by the confidence and pride of the whole Nation. Germany has found that form of government which corresponds to her innermost nature.

From the international point of view, however, one thing appears certain to me: the conception of the nation, understood only as a state-political, abstract unity, will never allow the prevalence of similar, natural forces, such as those which have fought their way through for the blessing of the German and of the Italian Nations. Only Nationalisation, and concentration upon the nucleus of Nationalist Forces, can make possible the display of these forces.

Probably in the degree in which the structural change of the surrounding world excludes every doubt that this already more biological than sociological law decides upon the development of the nations, upon their rise and fall, shall the previously only abstractly state-organised nation drop the mask of Liberalism, and retrace their steps back to the national conditions of their existence, to thereby develop the forces for the maintenance of life. They will probably state from their experience in the surrounding world that, however great the burden lying upon their nation, much can be settled more simply under a nationally-founded, authoritative form of government. They will always recognise that the Social, Economic problem, which is entangled into a Gordian knot in liberal, democratic states, can be cut far more easily and to the general satisfaction, under an authoritative form of government devoted to the

entire nation, and not to the paramount, international "interested parties." They will understand, probably to the extent in which other nations rid themselves of internationalism, that there exists a problem of the lowering of the racial level; this problem is naturally stifled, and solved without difficulty, by a nationally conscious National Socialism. They shall finally come to the conclusion that the cultural feature of the nation is distinguished more clearly, more monumentally, and with its value more emphasised, upon the background of the creative nation, than upon the baseless element of an international shadow of existence.

If this conclusion is observed, then Nationalisation shall ensue as a more or less natural, inevitable consequence, in the measure in which these recognitions mature.

It is evident that such a development would also simplify the co-operation of the nations, just as it is proved as purposeful from an inner political point of view. A regulation of the forces of the nations can bring about a happier and more durable establishment of the mutual relations of the states, if Nationalism is embedded clearly and completely in each nation, which should be ruled by a responsible and authoritative government. The national awakening of the nations shall be based more upon their inner, rational consolidation, and the protection of their national principles of life, than upon an outward expansion which exhausts all power, and which must lead to international disorganisation and to the world's economic confusion. "The more the frontiers between peoples coincide with the frontiers between the states, all the less shall be the artificial possibilities of conflict," our leader declared on 17th May in his great speech on foreign politics, in which he espoused the cause of peace based upon justice to each nation. The general principle of the future which shall apply to foreign politics, shall be, according to our conviction: World Peace can only be guaranteed through the existence of free, happy states which are capable of living!

We are not so far away from reality to believe that the hard facts of world politics are to be softened by political logic, and by a future outlook based upon natural, reasonable views. But this shall not deter us from revealing the problems, and the possibilities for their solution, which, in our opinion, shall be effected sooner or later. The prophet is without honour in his own country, but foreseeing nations are still more without honour in international life. As pioneers of a new political world idea and world order, they incur the aversion and hostility of all who recognise the new ideas as dangerous to the old "harmony of interests." At first this was the more or less general attitude towards Fascism, and National Socialist Germany shall also know how to overcome this inevitable opposition.

Adolf Hitler's Germany knows that the old Liberal world will not willingly grant it esteem and approbation, but that this must be gained—just as within Germany's own borders—in international affairs by spiritual and world conceptive struggle.

For 14 years, in matters of inner politics, National Socialism has passed through the school of this struggle, which has also trained it for victory; if necessary, National Socialism shall also know how to fight

the spiritual struggle, and stand the test in matters of foreign policy in years to come.

May these pages, dedicated to the struggle of the National Socialistic Movement, testify that in foreign affairs, National Socialism shall find the way to the confidence, to the appreciation, and to the esteem of the nations, just as it has pursued its unswerving course within the Reich. May these pages also serve for the recognition that it is better and more purposeful for nations to adapt themselves to inevitable necessities, than to be subsequently surpassed by them, and to remain backward. Progress, Youth, and sound condition always gain the final victory.

Nationalisation shall be the nations' future fountain of youth, from which they shall create new forces for their further development, and through which their international companionship can be organically, and therefore best, guaranteed.

Probably it is an act of justice and of compensation, that the German Nation, so sorely afflicted by the world-war, is chosen to lead the way to a better future for the nations.
