

⚡ Guidelines for Hitler's Birthday



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I am a German. I believe in my folk. I believe in its honor. I believe in its future. I believe in its right and I stand up for this right. I stand up for its freedom and hence for a better peace than the peace of misfortune and hatred of the past. I believe this. I affirm this in the name of my folk before the whole world.

The Führer on March 22, 1935 in Breslau

For the fourth time the Führer experiences his birthday in war. More than usual, our thoughts turn to him on this April 20, 1943 with love and admiration, loyalty and gratitude, determined battle-readiness and self-evident obedience. Although we cannot honor him with exuberant joy, our wishes for him and his difficult path nonetheless come from the deepest heart and unshakeable trust. His image and the greatness of his life stand before us unchanged.

When after a four year long struggle against a world full of enemies night and distress feel upon our folk, the Führer hoisted his flag, that through him and his movement became the symbol of rebirth and new German greatness. Like a titan from the sagas he stood against collapse and treason, against all dangers and resistance and enemies without number. His struggle, his idea and the strength of his faith created out of the collapse of 1918 the resurrection of the nation. Out of party feuds and division he led the folk toward unity and freedom and won its right. Through him it won back its folk honor, its mighty armed forces and the proud will for life. He broke and chains of Versailles and St. Germain. What for centuries had been the highest yearning and the proud dream of the best Germans, he accomplished it: the Reich as the common homeland for all people of German blood and German language. He filled 80 million people with the will and the strength of the German mission in the heart of the European continent. If he was once the nameless soldier in our nation's struggle for existence, he became - proclaiming and fighting - its awakener, creator and shaper of its future. Centuries after us with link his name with the greatest German epoch of destiny and admirably bow before his genius in reverence; for his whole life war a single service for folk and Reich.

But now, when he is again the first soldier of the Reich and at the same time its field commander - securing the future and the existence of the German people against every threat - we stand behind him with brave hearts, knowing that through him victory must come to us. He gives us the example of an sacrificing, heroic life. His example is constant call and entreatment to us. His will should hence be our will and his faith our faith.

The simple celebrations we wish to hold on his birthday will be renewed affirmation of loyalty and most sacred oath of loyalty:

“Führer command - we follow!”

To the Führer

So again reigns the ancestors' custom:
The Führer arises from amid the folk.
Duke of the Reich, as we say,
you have already been for long in the hearts of your followers.

Long ago one knew neither crown nor throne.
Men were led by their most capable son.
Duke of the Reich, as we say,
you have already been for long in the hearts of your followers.

The free of the free! Only his own deed
gave him the consecration and God's blessing.
Duke of the Reich, as we say,
you have already been for long in the hearts of your followers.

So his working created dignity and standing for him.
The one who rode in front of the army was called Duke.
Duke of the Reich, as we say,
you have already been for long in the hearts of your followers.

Words: Will Vesper, Melody: Walther Hensel

**Not birth makes one great. Great is whoever accomplishes the
difficult and forces fortune to serve him.**

Frederick the Great

The Path of the Führer

The Führer reports about his life in his book "Mein Kampf":

"A Little Ringleader"

"Today it seems to me a blessing that fate made Braunau am Inn my birthplace. For this small town lies on the border of two German states, whose reunification seemed to the younger of us at least as a life task to be accomplished with all means!"

"In this small Inn town, gold-plated with the rays of German martyrdom, Bavarian in blood and Austrian in government, lived at the end of the 80's of the previous century my parents; the father as conscientious government official, the mother devoted to the home and above all always inclined toward us children with the eternally same, loving care. Only a little of this time still remains in my memory, for after a few years my father had to again leave the dear border town in order to go down Inn and take a new position in Passau, hence in Germany itself."

"In this period I formed my first ideals. Spending time in the open air, the long walk to school as well as association with extremely robust youths - which filled especially my mother with bitter worry - turned me into another else than a indoors fellow. Although I hardly gave any serious thought to my future profession, from the very beginning my inclinations did not at all lean toward the career of my father. I think my speaking talent already started to develop in the form of intense debates with my comrades. I had become the little ringleader who learned easily - and hence very well - in school, but who was otherwise rather hard to manage."

"Looking through my father's library I had come across various books with military contents, among them one about the Franco-German War of 1870/71. There were two volumes of an illustrated magazine from those years, which became my favorite. It didn't take long before the great heroic struggle had become my greatest inner experience. From then on I became more and more keen for everything somehow connected with war or soldiery."

in no case an official!"

"I was supposed to study."

"But it turned out differently."

"For the first time in my life, barely eleven years ago, I was pushed into the opposition. As hard and determined as my father was in the achievement of plans and intentions, just as stubborn and rebellious was his boy in the rejection of an idea he

wasn't keen about."

"I did not want to become an official."

"Neither talking nor serious portrayals were able to change this resistance. I did not want to become an official, no and again no. All attempts to instill love or desire for this profession by means of portrayals of my father's own life produced the opposite effect. I become ill at the thought of sitting confined in an office, not master of my own time, rather forcing the content of my whole life to be filling out forms."

"What thoughts could this trigger in a boy who was anything but "good" in the conventional sense! The ridiculously easy learning in school gave me much free time, which I spent under the sun instead of on a room. When today political opponents sometimes kindly check out my past all the way back to that time in order to prove what intolerable pranks this Hitler played already in his youth, I thank heaven that it gives me memories from this joyous time. Field and forest were then the battle ground where opposition was carried out."

"The following attendance of the 'Realschule' couldn't change things.

Certainly, another opposition had to be fought out. As long as my father's intention to turn me into an official was only faced with my principle disinclination toward that profession, the conflict was easy to bear. I could hold back with my inner views and didn't have to always contradict. My own firm resolution not to later become an official was sufficient to completely calm me inside. This decision remained unchanged. The issue became more difficult when my father's plan was faced confronted with my own. This happened when I was only twelve. How it happened, I no longer remember, but one day it became clear to me that I would become a painter, an artist. My drawing talent was certain; indeed, it was one of the reasons my father sent me to the 'Realschule'. But he had never dreamed of educating me for that. Quite the opposite. When asked for the first time - after yet another rejection of my father's favorite idea - what I myself wanted to become, I blurted my now firm decision, my father was at first speechless.

"'Painter? Artist?'"

"He doubted my sanity, though perhaps he did hear or understand right. After it was clarified and he felt the seriousness of my intention, he opposed it with all the determination of his being.

"'Painter, no, not as long as I live, never!' Since his son had inherited a similar stubbornness along with other different traits, he got back a similar answer- of course, in the opposite sense."

“Both sides stood firm. My father did not waiver from his “never” and I stressed by “nonetheless”.

“Since my drawing talent had been recognized in the ‘Realschule’, my decision was even more firm.”

“Neither requests nor threats could change anything.”

“I wanted to become a painter and for nothing on earth an official.”

“The question of my profession would be decided sooner than I had previously expected.”

“At the age of 13 I very suddenly lost my father.”

“At first, nothing changed outwardly.”

“My mother presumably felt obligated to continue my education as my father had wished it.”

“Then an illness suddenly came to my aid and decided in a few weeks about my future and the ongoing debate in the father’s house.”

“Influenced by my illness, my mother finally agreed to later take me out of the ‘Realschule’ and send me to an academy.”

“Those were the most joyous days; they seemed almost like a beautiful dream to me. It was to be only a dream. Two years later my mother’s death brought all the nice plans to an abrupt end.”

“Need and hard reality forced me to make a quick decision. The modest inheritance from my father had been largely consumed by my mother’s serious illness; my orphan’s pension was not enough to even live on, so I was compelled to earn my own bread.”

“A suitcase with cloths and wash in hand and an unshakeable will in heart, I travelled to Vienna. What my father had achieved fifty years earlier, I hoped to wrestle from fate as well; I, too, wanted to become “something”, but in no case an official.”

One breaks obstacles!

“When my mother died, fate had in one regard already made a decision.”

“During her last months of suffering I had already went to Vienna to take the acceptance exam for the academy. Equipped with a thick folder of drawings, I had taken the trip convinced I would easily pass the exam.”

“I was so convinced of success that my rejection struck me like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky. But it was so. I went to the rector and asked for the reasons for my rejection to the academy’s painter school. The gentleman assured me my drawings definitely showed I was not suited as painter, rather my skill clearly lied in the sphere of architecture; for me the painter school was out of the question, rather the architecture school. At first he could not believe I had neither attended such a school nor received training in architecture.”

“In a few days I knew myself that I would one day become an architect.”

“Certainly, the path was extremely difficult, for what I had refused to learn in the ‘Realschule’ out of spite now avenged itself bitterly.”

“The old defiance came back and I had a steady eye on my goal. I wanted to become an architect. Obstacles are not there to be succumbed to, rather to be overcome. And I wanted to overcome these obstacles, always with the image of father before my eyes, who had climbed up from a poor village boy and shoemaker apprentice to government official. My terrain was already better and the possibility of the struggle much easier. What then seemed like a cruel twist of fate to me, I now praise as the wisdom of Providence. When the goddess of need took me into her arms and often threatened to break me, the will to resist grew and the will eventually become the victor.”

“I owe that to that time - that I became hard and can be hard. More than that, I thank it for tearing me away from the shallowness of a comfortable life, for taking a mother’s boy from soft hands and making distress his new mother, and for casting the rebel into the world of misery and poverty and introducing him to those for whom he would later fight.”

“During that time my eyes were opened to two dangers whose names I had hardly known previously, and in no case understood in terms of their terrible significance for the existence of the German folk: Marxism and Jewry.”

“Back then I read endlessly, and indeed thoroughly. Whatever free time I had after work, was devoted entirely to my study. In a few years I obtained the foundation of my knowledge, from which I still draw today.”

“...and now I also came upon the Jewish question!”

“It was not very difficult for me to find work back then, because I had to earn my daily bread not as a skilled craftsman, rather just as an assistant worker and sometimes only as a temporary worker.”

“Today I am thankful to the Providence that sent them through that school. I could no longer sabotage whatever I did not like. It educated me swiftly and thoroughly.”

“If I did not want to despair at the people around me, I had to learn to distinguish between their outward nature and life and the reasons for their development. Only then was it possible to bear everything without despairing.”

“At the construction site, things often got heated. I debated - from day to day better informed than my opponents - until one day the method was used that most easily defeats reason: terror, violence! A few of the leading opponents forced me to either leave the site immediately or to be thrown off the scaffolding. Since I was alone and resistance seemed futile, I choose the first option, richer for the experience.”

“I left, filled with disgust but at the same time too move to simply turn my back on the whole matter. No, after the first outrage stubbornness again got the upper hand. I was firmly determined to again go to the construction site. I was reinforced in this decision by need, which took me in her pitiless arms a few weeks later when my meagre savings had been exhausted. Now I had to, whether I wanted to or not. The game started again and ended much like the first time.”

“Captivated by the fullness of impressions in the subject of architecture and pressed down by the difficulty of my own lot, in the beginning I had no view for the inner stratification of the people in the huge city. Although Vienna in those years already had nearly 200,000 Jews among its two million inhabitants, I did not see them. My eye and my senses were not up to the assault by so many factors and thoughts in the first weeks. Only as calm gradually returned and the confused picture cleared, did I look around my new world more thoroughly and come cross the Jewish question.”

“The time had come for me for the greatest upheaval I had ever had to go through inside.”

“I had changed from a weak, cosmopolitan bourgeois to a fanatical anti-Semite.”

War Volunteer in the List Regiment

“As a boy and as a young man I had often had the wish to at least once prove by deeds that national enthusiasm as no empty craze for me. It often seemed almost a sin to me to shout Hurra without having an inner right to do it. For who may use this

word without having tested it where all games end and the pitiless hand of the goddess of fate starts to weigh peoples and men in terms of truth and the condition of their conviction? Like millions of others, my heart swelled with proud joy at the chance to free myself from this paralyzing feeling. I had often sung 'Deutschland liber alles' and loudly shouted 'Heif. Now it seemed almost like a retroactive mercy to be allowed to join in the sacred service of the eternal Reich as a witness and to testify to the genuineness of this conviction. I was determined from the first hour in the event of war - which seemed inevitable to me - to one way or other immediately leave the books. But I also knew that my place had to be where my inner voice had once led me."

"On August 3 I submitted a request to His Majesty King Ludwig III to enlist in a Bavarian regiment. The cabinet certainly had a lot to do in those days, and so much the greater was my joy when already the next day I received the answer. When I opened the letter with trembling hands and read the granting of my request and the instructions to report to a Bavarian regiment, my joy and gratitude knew no bounds. A few days later I wore the uniform that I would not take off again for almost six years."

"The images fly past me as if only yesterday. I see myself dressed among my dear comrades, going out for the first time, drilling etc. until the day to depart finally came."

"A sole concern tormented at that time, me and so many others, namely whether we would reach the front too late. Within each victory celebration over a new heroic deed a drop of bitterness was hidden, for with each new victory the danger of our coming too late increased."

"The day finally arrived when we left Munich to assemble to fulfill our duty. For the first time I saw the Rhine as we travelled westward, parallel to its silent waves, in order to defend it, this German river of rivers, against the enemy's greed. When the mild rays of the first sun shined down on us out of the tender cloak of early morning fog, the Niederwald monument glistened down upon us. The old Watch on the Rhine roared out from the long, endless transport columns into the morning sky and my breast tightened."

"Then came the damp, cold night in Flanders; we marched through it until day started to break through the mist. Suddenly, an iron greeting shrieks toward us over our heads and small bullets strike our ranks with a sharp retort, whipping up the wet soil. But before the small cloud disappears, the first Hurra roars out of 200 throats against the first messenger of death. Then it starts to bang and to thunder, to sing and to howl. Each of us is drawn forward with feverish eyes, fast and faster, until suddenly, on across turnip fields and hedges, hand-to-hand combat ensues. From the distance the sounds of a song still reach our ears, coming closer and closer, jumping from

company to company, and then, as death busily reaches into our ranks, this song reaches us as well, and we pass it along: 'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt!'"

"Four days later we return. Even our gate was now different. Seventeen year old boys now looked like men."

"The volunteers of the List regiment might not have learned how to fight right, but they knew how to die like old soldiers."

"That was the beginning."

Duty and Will

"So it went year after year. The romance of war had been replaced by the horror. The enthusiasm gradually cooled down and the overwhelming jubilation was suffocated by the fear of death. There came the time when each had to struggle - between the drive for self- preservation and the call of duty. I was not spared this struggle, either. Whenever death was on the hunt, an uncertain something tried to revolt, tries to present itself as reason to the weak body but was really just cowardice, which tries to bind the individual under such guises. A difficult pulling and warning set in and often only the final remaining bit of conscience won out. The more this voice calling for carefulness tried, the louder and more penetrating it tempted, the greater became the resistance, until finally, after long inner conflict, consciousness of duty won the victory. Already in the winter of 1915/1916 this struggle within me was decided. The will had finally become complete master. If in the first days I charged along with joy and laughter, I was now calm and determined. This, however, was enduring. Now fate could proceed to the final tests without nerves tearing or reason foiling."

"The young war volunteer had become an old soldier."

"On October 7, 1916 I was wounded."

"I happily went rearward and was supposed to go on a transport to Germany."

"Almost on the anniversary of my departure, I reached the Beelitz hospital near Berlin.

Fighting in Flanders - blinded!

"At the end of September my division came for the third time to the place where we had charged as young war volunteers."

“What a memory!”

“In October and November 1914 we had experienced our baptism of fire there. Patriotism in the heart and songs on our lips, our young regiment went there the battle as if at a dance. Precious blood joyfully sacrificed itself in the belief in was protecting the fatherland’s independence and freedom.”

“In July 1917 we stepped onto this soil sacred to all of us for the second time. Our best comrades, almost children, slept in it; they had once ran into death with radiant eyes for the dear fatherland!”

“We oldsters, who had once departed with the regiment, stood in reverence on this oath place of ‘loyalty and obedience to the death’.”

“This ground, where the regiment had charged three years earlier, was to be defeated in a great defensive battle.”

“The English prepared for the great Flanders offensive with a three week barrage. The spirits of the dead seemed to come alive. The regiment dug into the filthy mud and held tightly to every foxhole and crater. It did not budge or waiver, and it became, like once before at this place, ever smaller and thinner, until the English attack finally came on July 31, 1917.”

“We were relieved in early August.”

“The regiment had been reduced to a few companies. They stumbled rearward, mud-cruste, more similar to ghosts than to men. Aside from a few hundred meters of shell craters the English only gained death.”

“Now, in the fall of the year 1918, we stood for the third time on the battleground of 1914. Our former rest area, the town of Comines, had now become a battlefield. Certainly, although the battle terrain was the same, the people had changed. There was “politicization” in the troop. The poison from the homeland began to take effect here like everywhere. The younger replacements failed completely; they came from home.”

“In the night of October 13/14 the English shot poison gas onto the southern front of Ypern; they used mustard gas, whose effect was still unknown to us insofar as its test on our own body was concerned. I got to experience it that same night. On a hill south of Wervick on the evening of October 13, we were bombarded with gas shells for several hours, which then continued with more or less the same intensity throughout the whole night. By midnight some of us were neutralized, including some comrades forever. Around morning I felt the pain, more by the quarter hour, and at

7:00 I stumbled back with burning eyes, bringing along my last message in the war."

"A few hours later my eyes had already become glowing coals. It was dark around me. I came to the hospital Pasewalk in Pomerania, where I had to experience the revolution!"

Revolt 1918!

"In November the general tension increased."

"Then one day the misfortune suddenly struck. Sailors came on trucks and cried out for revolution; a few Jewish youths were the "leaders" in this fight for the 'freedom, beauty and dignity' of our folk existence. None of them had been to the front. Now they hoisted the red rag in the homeland."

"I had been somewhat better lately. The boring pain in the eye sockets decreased; I had learned to vaguely distinguish my surroundings in rough outlines. I could hope to gain at least enough vision to later pursue some kind of a profession. Certainly, I could not hope to ever draw again. So I was on the path of recovery when the horrible happened."

"My first hope was still that that this treason might be just a local matter. I tried to encourage some comrades in this direction. Especially my Bavarian hospital mates were more than sympathetic to that. Their views were any other than revolutionary. I could not imagine that the insanity would break out in Munich as well. The loyalty to the honorable House of Wittelsbach seemed stronger to me than the will of some Jews. So I could only believe that it was a Navy revolt that would be put down in the next days."

"The next days came and with them the most horrible certainty of my life. The rumors became more and more depressing. What I had held for a local revolt turned out to be a general revolution. Plus there were the shameful reports from the front. They wanted to capitulate. Yes, was such a thing even possible?"

"On November 10 the pastor came to the hospital for a little speech and we learned everything."

"So everything had been in vain. In vain the sacrifices and deprivations, in vain the hunger and thirst of often endless months, in vain the hours in which we, gripped by mortal fear, nonetheless did our duty, and in vain the death of the two million who died. Must not the graves of all those hundreds of thousands open, tho once set off in faith in the fatherland never to return? Must they not open and send the silent, mud-caked and blood drenched heroes into the homeland as avenging spirits, they who had

made the greatest sacrifice that a man can make on this earth for his homeland and who had been so mockingly deceived? Did they die for that, the soldiers of the August and September of 1914, did the volunteer regiments of autumn of the same year follow the old comrades for that? Did these boys of seventeen sink into the ground Flanders for that? Was that the purpose for the sacrifice the German mother made for the fatherland as she then with sorrowful heart let her dearest boys go off, never to see them again? Did all of this happen so that a handful of despicable criminals could put their hands on the fatherland? Had the German soldier - hungry, thirsty and freezing under the hot sun and in snowstorm, exhausted by sleepless nights and endless marches, held out for that? Had he endured the hell of barrages and the fever of gas attacks without faltering, always thinking of the duty to protect the fatherland from enemy invasion?"

"Truly, these heroes, too, deserve a stone:"

"Traveler, if you go to Germany, tell the homeland that we lay here, true to the fatherland and obedient to duty."

"The more I tried in that hour to comprehend the horrible event, the more the shame of outrage and dishonor burned into my forehead. What was all the pain in my eyes compared to this misery?"

"What followed were terrible days and even worse nights. I knew that everything had been lost. Only fools could hope for the enemy's mercy - or lairs and criminals. In those nights my hatred grew, the hatred against the perpetrators of this deed."

"I, however, decided to become a politician."

I was discharged from the hospital two days ago and assigned to a replacement battalion. I respectfully request to be returned to my regiment. I do not want to be in Munich when my comrades face the enemy.

Adolf Hitler's telegram to his regiment

The Regiment Commander about the Corporal Adolf Hiller

To Bavarian Replacement Infantry Regiment No. 16

July 31, 1918

Company 12, Reserve Infantry Brigade

Subject: Recommendation for the Iron Cross First Class Corporal (Volunteer) Hitler Adolf,
3. Company.

Hitler has been with the regiment since the beginning and has splendidly proven himself in every battle. As messenger he has been exemplary in terms of cold-bloodedness and daring in both trench warfare and in mobile warfare and was always voluntarily ready to deliver messages in the most difficult situations and with the greatest risk to his life. After the loss of communication lines in difficult combat, Hitler's sacrificing activity can be thanked that important messages could get through despite all difficulties.

Hitler received the Iron Cross Second Class in the Battle of Wytschaete on December 2, 1914. I consider Hitler completely worthy for decoration with the Iron Cross First Class.

1. V.: Frhr. v. Godin.

*(From: "Struggle for Germany" by Ph. Bouhler, Zentralverlag der NSDAP., Eher Nachf,
Munich)*

"If I send this man..."

The Reserve Infantry Regiment 16, named "List", part of the 6th Bavarian Reserve Division, fought at Soissons, although - without replacements - it had been weakened in blood and ammunition, had been without fresh wash for seven weeks. Had been exhausted by forced marches and, soaked by rain, would have gladly been sent to rest. Actually, it had been decimated. But actually, it was a reserve behind the right flank of the 7th and 1st army.

In reality, because of its right flanking maneuver it was on the evening of May 26 in the front-most line and supposed to roll up the enemy. From the Ailette they look toward the Aisne. Their commander is Anton von Tubeuf, a Major. He is this regiment's ninth commander and he has commanded the "List men" for five days

now, pulling the division's other units along with him over the famous and infamous Chemin des dames.

The whole regiment sneezes as long as it walks and fights, because the gas fired by the artillery lies close over the ground. Here there are steep mountains, jagged heights and witches' dance floors bombarded by splinters and fire, shredded tree roots and jumbles of branches, rammed into the earth burned black. One must lift the mortars, machine-guns and ammunition over them in order to put them into position. Here the whole air howls and rages and hisses and hums constantly with glowing iron in all sizes and shapes. There can be no talk of telephone lines between the regiment staff and to and among the battalions. For the transmission of orders, there is only the messenger. With almost dreamlike certainty he races and leaps out of the shell crater and darts panting across earth and smoke clouds, across holes and beams and corpses amidst the hellish humming of the hornet's nest of steel-coated projectiles. If he is not able to deliver his message or his order through the burning chaos of death to the right, the whole leadership goes to the dogs, and the iron will of this advances wedge of soldiers rolling up the enemy breaks down into failure. Next to the leaders he now carries the fate and the outcome of this struggle in his head, in his pocket, in his skill and in his courage.

For five days the wild war rages in all of its forms and - like so many times before and afterward - the most tireless, most brave, most fearless messenger of the regiment runs and leaps, reports and receives; he races between the detonations and mushrooming fountains of steel and fire from the staff to the point, from the battalion to the commander, a corporal about whom the leader of the regiment has said:

"If I send this man, I know that the task will be done as well as if by the best officer of my regiment!"

After five days, the regiment has rolled up the enemy front 23 kilometers wide, bravely penetrated it and, insofar as counted, captured 400 prisoners, 16 guns, 100 machine-guns, four trucks and one military engineer camp.

"Next to the performances of the individual leaders the main credit for the splendid execution of this attacks is owned to the regiment's messengers." That is what the commander of the RIR 16, named "List says, Anton von Tubeuf.

On June 1, 1918n the regiment is honored when its commander received the Military-Max-Josef-Medal. And on August 4th the new Max-Josef-Knight von Tubeuf pins the Iron Cross First Cross on the breast of Corporal Adolf Hitler, the highest - and very seldom awarded - decoration for the enlisted man.

(From . "Adolf Hitler, a Mann and a People", Special edition of the "Illustrierten Beobachter")

The future always lies in the hands of those who serve more strictly and who demand more from themselves than others could demand from them. In the hand of those carry the new life style within themselves as order, love, necessity, slogan and image of freedom, and who hence for their part follow the common path in the discipline and hardness of freedom.

Through this comes everything great in the world - that a man feels responsible at his position, whether it is assigned to him or not, whether one sees him or not, whether he is thanked or not, yes without the guarantee that the success will ever correspond to his effort.

Georg Stammer

The Führer

In the fateful storm of nations grew the
man who paves his folk's path toward the light.
He bears the demand for the strong hour,
He wields the bare weapon and no mouth
Can be given the superfluous word.
He seeks the deed. The deed alone has weight.

The borderland yearning sharpens his face.
He know, high over all quarrels
his folk will be proven the leader folk:
the wide folk, unified by blood and iron!
Dreams sink. Just duty alone
of his own sacrifice seems goal to him.

So he thanks God in flowing feeling,
that he is blessed to be soldier
in an hour when the world trembles
and German soil, weathered by fate,
breeds the Führer: a heart, cool in flames,
a will, planning, hard, crystal pure.

Erwin Guido Kolbenheyer

Whoever is born to become "leader", will not be pushed forward, rather he pushes himself forward. It is not that should a thing so be. Whoever feels himself called to govern a folk does not have the right to say: if you call or wish me, then I will participate. He has the duty to do it.

Adolf Hitler

Houston Stewart Chamberlain to the Führer

Bayreuth, October 7, 1923

Dear Mr. Hitler:

You have every right not to expect this assault, for you have seen with your own eyes that it is hard for me to speak out words. But I cannot resist the urge to speak some words with you. I image it is quite one-sided, si I do not expect an answer.

You have occupied my thoughts, namely why precisely you - who in such straightforwardness is an awakener of souls from sleep - have recently given me such a long, restful sleep, the likes of which I have not had since those fateful days in August 1914 when the tricky suffering fell upon me. Now I have I have seen that precisely this characterizes your essence and hence say: the true awakener is at the same time the provider of peace.

You are not at all the fanatic you described yourself as to me, rather I would call you the direct opposite of a fanatic. The fanatic heats heads. You warm hearts. Fanatics want to compel; you want to convince, only convince - that is also why you succeed in it. Yes, I also call you the opposite of a politician - in the conventional sense of this word - for the axis of party politics is party membership, whereas by you all parties disappear, consumed by the furnace of patriotism. It is,

I think, the misfortune for our great Bismarck that the course of his fate - certainly not due to born traits - was a bit too involved in political life. May this lot be saved you!

You have before you great things to accomplish, but despite your will power I do not see you as a violent man. You Goethe's distinction between force and force! There is a force that stems from chaos and promotes chaos and there is a force whose essence is to shape the cosmos, and of this he says: "it shapes, regulating, each force - and even in the greater sense it is not force."

I mean it is this cosmos-forming sense when I count you among the constructive men and not to the violent. I always ask myself whether the lack of political instinct so common among the Germans is not a symptom for a much deeper state-forming trait. German organizational talent is unsurpassed and its scientific ability is unattainable. The ideal of politics would be to have none! But this non-politics would have to be freely recognized and forced upon the world with power. Nothing will be accomplished as long as the parliamentary system rules. For this the Germans have not a spark of talent, thank God! Its domination I view as the greatest misfortune; it can only lead to the swamp again and again and bring down all plans for the health recovery and elevation of the fatherland..

But I digress from my theme, for I only wanted to talk about you. That you give me peace is due largely to your eyes and your hand movements. Your eyes and hands are gifted, they grab a person and hold him firm, and it is unique to you to direct your speech in each moment toward a distinct person among the listeners - I notice that as something completely characteristic. And as far as the hands are concerned, they are so expressive in their movement that they compete with the eyes in this regard. Such a man can give peace to a poor, tormented spirit.

And this is especially so when he is devoted to the service of the fatherland. My faith in Germandom has never faltered for a moment, but my hope - I admit it - had reached a low point. You have transformed the condition of my soul with one blow. That Germany produces a Hitler in its hour of greatest need testifies to its liveliness. The same goes for the effects that extend that proceed from it. For these two things, personality and effect, belong together. I can easily fall asleep and would not even have to wake up again. May God protect you!

(From "The Testament of Houston Stewart Chamberlain" by Georg Schott, pages 11-13, Stuttgart)

**The strength of the state lies in its men, which nature has born in it at
the right time.**

Frederick the Great

Adolf Hitler

for his birthday on April 20, 1923

**Five years of need such as no folk had suffered!
Five years of manure, mountains of meanness!
Destroyed, what proud passion and purity,**

**what greatness Bismarck once won for us.
And nonetheless - even if the disgust chokes us -
it was so, it was so - or is it only legend?
It was indeed German land! And still this end?
No strength left to bring us victory?
Lift the hearts! Who wishes to see, sees!
The strength is there from which night flees!**

Dietrich Eckart

The Victory of Faith!

World-views are what produce the great changes in the history of mankind. And men are the ones who, as creators, bearers and prophets of world-views achieve immortality - individuals, in whose brilliant minds the inner, ideal view emerges which they then, gripped by the intoxication of formation, pour into concrete form.

Above the history of German rebirth from night and misery stands in radiant letter one name: Adolf Hitler. Adolf Hitler and National Socialism are one. The Fuhrer and the movement he created are the dynamic forces that make what seems impossible possible, that pulled Germany back from the brink of the abyss, and that gave it a new - it's true -, face.

That is the indescribable greatness of this mighty man - that he believed. He believed in Germany in a time when everything collapsed around him, the proud and mighty Reich of Wilhelm II, his army, his economy, his finances, every concept of loyalty, reverence, decency and order.

He believed in the German worker whom he saw caught in a web of error and misdirection, who was never the responsible source of Marxist insanity, rather only the victim of alien agitation.

The unknown, nameless one believed in his mission and this faith was the inner motor for all his deeds. There was no hour in which he did not feel the burning inner fire that drove him onward through days and sleepless nights, through years, overcoming thousands of obstacles, overcoming disappointments and dashed hopes.

Firm and unshakeable was his faith, that he had been called to one day, thanks for the strength of his genius and his accomplishments, to one day stand at the head of the entire German folk, in order to build for it a state that would endure into distant centuries.

This faith is an immeasurable force that radiates from him and leaps spreads to each one of his co-workers. In it lies the only explanation for the abundance of idealism that enables thousands and thousands to patiently make sacrifices for years and to silently endure oppression.

Only so can the miracle be understood: first it is Adolf Hitler who believes in the German resurrection, then a handful of people who are ready to go with him through thick and thin. This small group becomes a party, a movement; it grows, first slowly, then faster and faster, until it, like an avalanche, swells to a movement of millions, a folk movement; and after the course of 14 years it rules over Germany!

(From "Struggle for Germany", Philipp Bouhler, Zentralverlag der NSDAP., Eher Nachf, Munich)

Knight, Death and the Devil

In Dürer's picture we recognize you deeply,
you, called to leadership by the heart.

Lonely, like the chiseled knight,
began you ride toward the distant Reich.

On the path, that was hard, steep and thorny,
lurked danger hundredfold.

And many cunning deceivers tried
to lure you from your goal.

But you remained clear and unerring
No deception confused your senses.

You gaze, always bound by an inner view
Removed strictly turned toward the German Gralsburg

Invisible, death and the devil rode along
until strength and purity won victory for you!

Heinrich Anacker

**Obstacles are not there for one
to capitulate to them,
rather for one to break them.**

We take off late in the first dusk. Planes of the National Socialist Air Corps accompany us for a while. Beneath us glisten the lakes of the Spreewald. At the same hour tens of thousands already assemble under a clear sky in Stralsund. We want to reach Warnemunde before night falls. From there we will reach the assembly in Stralsund, scheduled for 8:00, by car.

Through fog and squadrons of clouds our plane seeks its path to the sea. Strong north winds slow the flight, and night surprises us prematurely.

At this moment the onboard mechanic passes the message to the cockpit that Baur can no longer land in Warnemunde, because even the most necessary facilities for night landings are lacking there. Tension, everyone looks silently at the Führer up front at the right. He asks his adjutant for the map by drawing a square with both hands in the air in the customary manner.

The Führer knows there is only enough fuel on board for a few hours. Anybody else would have only thought about how the plan could safely get back on the ground in this dark, stormy night. Adolf Hitler dismisses this general idea. His thoughts are with his followers in Stralsund, whom he does not want to make wait in vain. His only question is: "How can we nonetheless reach the assembly in Stralsund?"

Between heaven and earth, in the middle of the night at 2000 meters elevation, map in hand, the Führer holds a war council. He locates an emergency landing field and radios to announce the landing. Also my radio, nearby local party units are instructed to stop the vehicles underway to the Warnemunde airfield and redirect them to the emergency landing field.

Everything is reorganized for this new flight when one radios back that a night landing is not possible there.

What now? At 200 kilometers per hour we fly through the pitch-black night without and have no destination. Nobody has any idea at the moment how this flight will end.

The Führer quickly commands: "To Berlin! In Tempelhof we will see how to continue!"

Tail wind pushes us. Soon the lights of the Königsberger night flight route show

the way. Around 9:30 in the evening we are on the cement field. After a minutes on the telephone this obstacle, too , is overcome. The emergency landing is possible! Simple means are used for the preparations there.

After 10:00 Pm we take off and rise above Berlin's sea of lights. No direction lights show us the way through rain and storm; no star in the sky shows us the direction. The Führer keenly spies out into the night. All of us try. The pilot turns on the spotlights under the wings in order to be seen. We fly through the black night like a ghost. Finally, finally we discover the weak ground illumination of the emergency landing field.

Carefully, our pilot takes the plane down. He sneaks up to the ground. The magnesium flares on the ends of the wings light up. The plane lands between two rows of stall lanterns that serve as a makeshift delineation of the runway.

We were lucky and made it. A new difficulty already pops up. Our vehicles are not there. In quickly rounded up vehicles, we start the trip. What joy when already after a quarter of an hour the headlights of our own vehicles greet us! Our instructions from the sky reached them somewhere between Stettin and Warnemünde. We quickly change vehicles on the night road and continue the trip at high speed.

Now everything seems to proceed smoothly. We make fast progress. However, it has meanwhile become quite late. Shortly before Stralsund there is a final delay. In a small village we are stopped and warned against continuing the journey; in a nearby forest through which we must pass is supposedly occupied by armed communists who want to ambush us. That is what our concerned sympathizers report to us.

The Führer does not ask about this danger. Without concern he has us continue the trip. When we reach the forest, we see gendarmeries with rifles ready to fire patrolling the terrain. The communists had already been flushed out by them.

After a two and a half-hour car ride we finally arrive in Stralsund at 02:30. We had already given up hope that they people would wait so long in the damp and cold. But the Führer's stubborn persistence is richly rewarded.

An image of overwhelming intensity greets us. As the dawn light rises in the sky we stand in a massive assembly. Soaked to the skin, having waited the whole night and hungry, we meet the human mass under open sky in the pouring rain just like they had gathered the previous evening, waiting for the Führer. The night was long and the path to Stralsund far. But now all annoyances are forgotten. The Führer speaks and the hearts are warmed. During his speech it slowly becomes day. Was there ever such a spectacle, an assembly of 40,000 people at 04:00? It there is more beautiful testimony of devoted love and endless trust? So the frightful, dark night of waiting

and hoping becomes a bright day. And from 40,000 throats resounds loud and joyous the Germany national anthem into the early morning.

(From "With Hitler to Power", Otto Dietrich, Zentralverlag der NSDAP., Eher Nachf, Munich)

Führer and Folk

Of you thinks the blacksmith in the fire of his forges.
Of you thinks the sower as he piteously sows the seed.
Your example stands immeasurable for all of us.
We only do a little, you create the state.

The gardener thinks of you, who binds trees.
The miner, who digs for ore and coal.
As each finds his allegory for you.
You and the lonely one, who dares everything.

Motors sometimes hum at night.
High above us, you Führer, without rest,
Your countenance we image lost to us
From the window of the cockpit it thinks of us.

Herybert Menzel

The World Belong to Those Who Lead

The world belongs to those who lead, they follow the sun's course,
and we are the marching ones, and nobody stops us.
The old totters, the rotten falls. We are the young storm,
we are victory. Leap up, march, march, the flags to the tower!

The world belongs to those who build, it bravely rises from the ruins,
we are the trusting ones, the Reich must bloom anew.
The old totters...

The fellow must be ill-bred, who is not moved by our song,
a fellow must be with the soldiers, his heart already beats in unison.
The old totters...

Fetch all those behind the oven forward, those who don't like it,
and sing our stanzas to him, until he keeps the song
The old totters...

The world belongs to those who lead, they follow the sun's course,
and we are the marching ones, and nobody stops us.
The old totters, the rotten falls. We are the young storm,
we are victory. The flag glows like fire from tower to tower.

Words: Herybert Menzel, Melody: Rein. Heyden

Day of the Decision

January 29, 1933

The Führer is stuck in endless negotiations. I look one last time at an essay with the title "Finally Make a Clean Sweep!"

Afternoon while sitting with the Führer at coffee, Goring suddenly comes in and informs us that everything is perfect. The next morning the Führer will be entrusted with the Chancellorship. One of our main conditions is the dissolution of the Reichstag, because the Führer cannot work with its present composition. The German Nationalists resist with kicking and screaming. Their motive is all too obvious. That is Goring's finest hour. And rightly so. In months, yes years of exhausting negotiations he has prepared the ground for the Führer diplomatically and skillfully. His perspective, his strong nerve and above all his firm character and loyalty to the Führer were genuine, strong and admirable. His features hardened to stone when in the middle of the most difficult fighting his beloved wife was torn from his side by a horrible death. But it did not waiver for a moment. Serious and firm, he continued on his path as the Führer's a loyal shield-bearer

How often in the past years have we sat together and cheered each other up! How often have we risen together strengthened in our love for the Führer and in the tireless work for the common cause! As diverse as our respective spheres of activity were, we have become loyal comrades in honor and recognition and respect for the personality and performance of the other; no need and no crisis can ever separate us.

This upright soldier with a child's heart has remained true to himself. Now he stands in front of the Führer and brings him the happiest news of his life. We say nothing for a long time. Then we stand and reach each other the hand.

A wordless oath to the Führer. As in the past, so shall it remain! The world will experience in us a shining example of loyalty to the Führer and the noblest comradeship that can bind men.

That should be the word!

In a conference with the Führer it is decided to remain free of office until the end of the election campaign in order to be able to practice our agitation unhindered. I have a great chance to give a final, great performance.

We sit at home on the Reichskanzlerplatz and are about to drive to the riding and driving exhibition halls when the news arrives that a final, dangerous trick is planned by the other side. Now we must keep our nerve. One does not know whether that is a threat or serious or just childness. I immediately orient the Führer and Goring, who wait in the next room. Goring immediately notifies Mr. von Papen. Nothing is left undone to endure the next day.

We seat until 5:00 in the evening and ponder. The Führer walks up and down the room with long strides. A few hours of sleep, and then the decision is before us.

The great hour has come!

January 30, 1933

It is almost like a dream. The Wilhelmstrasse belongs to us. The Führer already works in the Reich Chancellery. We stand at the upper window and hundreds of thousands of people with burning torches pass the ancient Reich President and the young Chancellor and shout to them their gratitude and their jubilation.

At noon we all sat in the Kaiserhof and waited. The Führer was with the Reich President. An indescribable tension nearly took our breath. Outside the people stood between the Kaiserhof and the Reich Chancellery, silent and waiting. How is it going inside?

Our hearts are torn back and forth between doubt, hope, joy and discouragement. We have been disappointed too often to be able to completely believe the great miracle.

Painful hours of waiting. Finally a car drives around the corner of the entrance. The masses shout and greet. They seem to suspect that the great turning point is imminent or has even already begun.

The Führer comes!

A few minutes later he is in the room with us. He says nothing and all of us also say nothing. But his eyes are full of water. It is so far! The Führer has been named Chancellor! He has already sworn his oath in the hand of the Reich President. The great decision has been made. Germany stands at its great historic turning point.

We all stand silently moved. Each shakes the Führer's hand, It is as if our old fidelity is here renewed.

Wonderful, how simple the Führer is in his greatness....and how great he is in his simplicity.

(Except from Dr. Goebbels "From the Kaiserhof to the Reich Chancellory", pages 250-252, Zentralverlag der NSDAP., Eher Nachf, Munich)

You who carry the flags and standards and you who march behind them, know that you fight for the greatest cause for which has been fought in Germany for a thousand years, and do not forget who gave also gave you the symbol for the idea: Hitler!

Alfred Rosenberg

Adolf Hitler

In one will all might towered
of millions of living and dead.

In one faith the strength built
of millions of ploughed over souls.

In one hand the brotherly greeting
of millions of outstretched hands.

In one fist even if you the defiance
of millions of sharply armed fists

In one heart the storm and firelight
of millions of ready-to-die hearts.

With all the bells of thundering force
so resounds his voice into the world.

The world will hear.

Gerhard Schumann

If people set their on a correct goal and then bravely and courageously pursue it unwavering and meet each challenge sent by heaven with a stout heart, then one day all-mighty Providence will also grant them the fruits of the sacrifice-rich struggle.

The Führer

A Young Folk Stands Up

A young folk stands up, ready for the assault!

Lift the flags higher, comrades!

We feel our time approach, the time of the young soldiers.

Before us march with battle-tattered flags the dead heroes of the young nation,

We are not bourgeois, peasant, worker!

Smash the barriers, comrades!

and over us the heroic ancestors.

Germany, fatherland, we are coming!

Before us waves just one flag, the flag of the young soldiers!

Before us...

And whatever enemy might come with power and treachery.

Just be eternally loyal, you comrades!

The Lord who is in heaven loves loyalty and the young soldiers!

Before us...

Words and melody: Werner Altendorf

The Program of the National Socialist State Leadership...

We want to restore the unity of the spirit and the will of the German nation!

We want to preserve the eternal foundations of our life: our folk and the strengths and values given it.

We want to again subject the organization and leadership of the state to those principles that have at all times been the preconditions for the greatness of nations and empires.

We want the to combine the trust in the healthy - because natural and correct principles of life conduct - with a consistency of the political development in domestic and foreign affairs.

We want to replace eternal wavering with government stability, which will again give our folk an unshakeable authority.

We want to consider all experiences - in private and in social life as well as in the economy- that have over the millenia proven natural for the prosperity of men.

We want to restore the primacy of politics called upon to organize and direct the life struggle of the nation.

We want also to encompass all truly living strengths of the folk as the supporting factors of the German future; **we want** to sincerely endeavor to put together those of good will and to render harmless those who wish to try to harm the German folk.

We want to build a different society out of the German tribes, out of the stations, professions and classes of the past. It should enable whatever just compensation of the life interests demanded by the folk's future. **Out of peasants, bourgeois and workers must become again a German folk. It must then for all eternity take into its loyal care our faith and our culture, our honor and our freedom."**

The Führer on the Day of Potsdam (March 21, 1933)

...and its fulfillment

"These opponents never that it would have been possible for us to fulfill the program of 1933 - which today seems so modest to us. What would they have then said if I presented to them the program that the National Socialist state leadership has meanwhile actually accomplished in barely four years.

How they would have mocked, if on January 30, 1933 I had told them that in four years Germany would reduce unemployment from six to one million.;

that the foreclosure of the German peasant would be ended;

that the income of German agriculture would be greater in any year of our time of peace in the past;

that the annual gross national product would increase from 41 to 56 billion;

that the German middle class and the German craftsmen would experience a new prosperity;

that trade would recover;

that German harbors would no longer resemble ship graveyards and

that in 1936 in German shipyards alone 640,000 ship tonnage would be under construction;

that countless factories had not just doubled, rather tripled and quadrupled the number of workers and that countless other were built anew during these four years;

that the Krupp factory would again buzz with the thundering and hammering of the machines of German reconstruction and that all of these enterprises recognize as their supreme command service to the nation and no longer the unscrupulous profit of the individual;

that the silent automobile factories would not only come alive, but expand without precedent, and

that the production of motor vehicles were increase from 45,000 in 1932 to roughly a quarter of a million;

that in four years the deficits of our provinces and cities would be eliminated and

that the Reich would obtain a tax surplus of almost five billion per annum;

that the German Railroad would finally be reorganized and that its trains would travel as the fastest in the world;

that the German Reich would get roads the likes of which have never been built in this magnitude and beauty, and that of these projected first 7,000 kilometers after less than four years already over 10,000 kilometers would be in use and another 4,000 kilometers under construction;

that huge new settlements with hundreds of thousands of houses would emerge and that in old cities of the Reich gigantic new buildings would be built, some of them among the largest in the world;

that hundreds and hundreds of hue bridges would span across gulleys and valleys and

that German culture would be confirmed in its eternal value in these and in similar glorious new accomplishments;

that German culture would enjoy a new resurrection, just like the products of

German music;

that the German folk would have a living participation on this revolutionary spiritual renewal and all of this without even one single Jew appearing in the spiritual leadership of the German folk!

If I had then made the prophecy that in four years the entire German press, serving only German tasks, would be filled with a new ethos, that for the German economy the law of a new professional honor would be proclaimed, yes, that German man would experience a renewal of his essence and his action.

If I had predicted that that neither Social Democracy nor Communism nor Centrum nor any bourgeois party would still sin against German life, that no trade union would exist to agitate the worker and no employer union to corrupt the employer, that after these four years no provincial government would still exist, that in Germany there would no longer provincial parliaments, that 16 flags and hence 16 traditions would cease to exist, and that the entire nation, starting with the working people to the soldier, would march behind just one affirmation and under one flag.

What would they have said, if I had foretold to them that in these four years Germany would be freed from the chains of Versailles, that the Reich would again have compulsory military service, that as in peace each German would serve the countries peace for two years, that a new fleet to protect our coasts and our trade would be under construction and a mighty new air force would guarantee the safety of our cities, factories and works, that the Rhineland would be returned to the control of the German nation and hence the sovereignty of the Reich over the whole region again established.

What would they have said to my prediction that this once so divided folk would, before four years had passed, vote for the National Socialist politics of reconstruction, honor and national freedom with 99% of the votes and 99% election participation?

If I had predicted this and all the rest four years ago, I would have been branded a lunatic by the laughter of the entire world. But now all of those things have been reality. That is the deed of barely four years. Who can hold it against us when all; of us who has participated in this work look at this achievement with proud satisfaction? The National Socialist political leadership of Germany has accomplished a miracle in a short time and the National Socialist army that has joined it strengthens this miracle.

Today the Reich in its political leadership and its military security stand more firmly than ever before.

(From the Proclamation of the Führer at the Congress of the Party' Day of Honor 1936)

“Fate sent us the Führer. Himself an obedient soldier of the great German army, he carried within himself all the knowledge for the freedom, honor and blood value of our folk and he took us into his school. In 15 years of struggle and victory he educated first a few and then more and more of the minds with the greatest love for freedom, the elite of fighting German blood, to be National Socialists.”

The Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler at the Reich Peasant Day 1935 in Goslar

To the Protector of the Folk

By enemy fangs almost destroyed.
Eagle robbed of its wings' strength
who already gave up flight and freedom
you laid, Germany, bleeding and dusty
as he great heart believed in you!

From you, like when night lifts
sea waves lift a hidden image,
he arose. And his name's shield
did he erect in front of and protecting you.

Envy and fraternal hatred did he still.
Our hearts, hard from need and war,
Did he with his glowing, faithful
word plough the field soil,
until a new spring rose from us.

Our foreheads, so deeply bowed
rose up at his approach
and we found with awakening, shown by him,
eternal stars of the past,
and the dawn of a new time.

Earth dried up like a widow's lap,
mother earth, newly revered,
rejuvenated by his word, bore
grain and children. And he gave the beautiful
hearth and loom again. Gave the sons
again from forgotten fathers' hoard
spades and swords into their hands!

And he taught you, oh folk, to realize:
You are the heart and pillar of the future for all!
if the flames rise from your roof,
the white man's world will burn,
if your sun flags lower,
night falls upon the Occident!

Let in your hand, Führer,
us affirm before the whole world:
You and we, never more to be separated,
stand up for our German land!

Agnes Miegel

A Poet with the Führer

"The Führer receives me.

His room is very large. He sits behind a broad table.

Fie stands up. He makes my path to him shorter; he comes toward me.

This man knows no masks. He always bears the same face.

This countenance! The whole world knows it. Each saw it through thousands and thousands of prisms and perspectives, from hundreds of renderings in photographs, drawings, paintings and sculptures. Millions of people saw it; millions had different impressions.

All renderings of this face must proceed from the eyes. That is what one thinks at the first sight, very naturally veiled by the excitement of the one opposite. But the longer impression does not confirm this feeling. There is the hair. Neither picture nor sculpture had brought expression to its nature and stubbornness. Eichendorf-like lightness resists every doctrine. Neither steel helmet nor cap, neither comb nor brush can tame what openly belongs to wind and weather. Like a cloud it quickly casts a cloud over his face, then it lets his facial features shine through.

The temples express an iron distance. Like sensitive membranes they rest between ear and eye. They are the strangest temples that I ever saw. Their command is unapproachability.

Only the skulls of great, intellectual Germans is this decidedly concave shape found. Here perceptions are pitilessly filtered. One looks in to the eyes, is greeted by the eyes and meanwhile between his two temples is taken under crossfire, perceived and tested.

I now sit diagonally across from the Führer. The light from the window gives the form sharp contours.

‘You were abroad...Perhaps you have read it. Me too...I was in Venice...’

Indeed, the Führer says completely naively: ‘Perhaps you have read it.’ This man presumes nothing. He starts every conversation stoically, completely without preconditions. At the start he first precisely determines each precondition. Misunderstandings are totally eliminated in this way.

The conversation grows organically like a work of art from statement to statement, from perception to perception, from decision to decision.

We talk about the relationships between culture and state consciousness.

The Führer rings.

Construction planes are brought, large rolls from the Middle Ages.

The Führer spreads them out on the floor.

Both of us kneel in front of them.

With fantastic energy, the Führer conjures up concrete architecture out of bare outlines, tumults of lines and horizontal geometry.

My face is distorted in the fever of this moment.

A fanatical “Become!” soars from the intuitive gift of the man next to me.

Under my eyes the construction plans transform into a map of Germany and the heart of the kneeling Führer’s beats over this holy piece of earth laying on the floor.

His face flows like an oceanic bird across wide land.

The resting one awakes, rises, is elevated, and grows at the breast of an unspeakably devote care...”

(From: “Mask and Face”, Hanns Johst, A, Langen / Georg Midler Verlag, Munich)

When today in Sweden, England, France, New York, Japan, China or Africa the word "Germany" is spoken, everyone immediately thinks of Adolf Hitler. When one mentions Hitler, then everyone immediately thinks of Germany. Adolf Hitler and Germany belong together. They form a single whole. Never before on this globe has fate so bound a personality with a nation as Adolf Hitler with Germany.

Hans Schemm

The Encounter of Corporal Schlag with Adolf Hitler

Two young lieutenants happily trotted back to their companies, the first and the eight. The officers' conference was over. Tomorrow would again be a hot day. Today Lieutenant Helms, the younger of the two, had received special praise from the regiment commander. His platoon had performed a small masterpiece during a maneuver. Tomorrow Lieutenant Frhr. Von Bieberstein wanted to surpass him with his men.

Helms and Bieberstein were friends. They helped each other through thick and thin and the two of men had many practical jokes on their conscience. Still, each spurned the other on; neither wanted to ever be second best in any way. Now they rode through the pine forest with the red shine of the setting sun on the tree trunks toward their camp. The day of August 16, 1938 was coming to an end.

The battalion commander had spoken long with Helms after the officers' conference. The first platoon was to be withdrawal from the maneuver the next day. The men had done their work well. They would hence be given an honorable task. The visit by the Supreme Commander was expected. Adolf Hitler would come. He was expected here in the regiment's camp. A great day was coming. Now everybody suddenly realized that it had all been worthwhile, the eternal marching, laying down, the "jump up, march, march!", the thousands of drops of sweat they had lost in the sandy ground of the border- country. Fast as the wind the news spread across the maneuver grounds to the last man, and what had still been a guess and hope in the upper offices became a certainty in the large tents of the enlisted men.

The men of Helms' platoon were to be the orderlies when up ahead at the edge of the forest - on the simple, long tables where normally Schmittke writes a Sunday letter to his Minna and tall Emil opens up his mother's latest packet - the important guests, the Führer and his entourage, the regiment commander - and certainly also the

battalion commander and their Helms, the lieutenant from the first battalion, take their meal from the field kitchen.

“I really envy you!” Bieberstein shouts over to happy Helms. “If I could just once see the Führer, right up close, could hear him speak to those around him and how he laughs and enjoys himself. So far away, marching past or on the movie screen, that’s not enough for me.” Then he tells Helms how as a boy on his father’s remote property in the east he only could hear about this wonderful man from newspapers and the stories of the oldsters; but he did not really get to experience and admire him until he had become a RAD man and later went to the infantry school. Young people love him differently, follow him more passionately and believe in him more fervently”. That is how he ended his account while he long looked over at Helms’, on whose breast the Gold Honor Badge of the Hitler Youth shined, and for whom tomorrow would certainly be the nicest day of his life. But where would he be himself? Certainly somewhere among the shade-giving pines, somewhere far off on maneuver.

It had already become dark when Bieberstein hastily burst into Helms’ tent, dragged the friend out into the darkness of night and entrusted him with an idea and asked him for a favor. What the two of them whispered in the darkness in front of the tents could not be understood. One just heard Helms laughingly call out to the departing Bieberstein that he was lucky to get two days leave right now and that he should enjoy them.

Indeed, Adolf Hitler came the next day. Covered in dust, he and his entourage had emerged from the terrain. The inspection appeared to have been thorough and critical.

Corporal Hahn of the first platoon told Corporal Schafer that it was easier to do the maneuver here as an orderly than with their snappy chief out there in the sand. Heim thought about the heat and the wounded feet; it was good that the gods of Prussia seemed to favor him. “The new fellow over there”, Schafer pointed at the big blonde Corporal who had been assigned to Helms’ platoon for today, “does it right - just a little more service if the Führer visits our field kitchen.” “Maybe he is otherwise chief waiter at the Hotel Kaiserhof”, Hahn remarked laughing, “such good-looking fellow are wanted there. Besides, I am sure I have seen him before.” Now the comrades pounced on Hahn, saying he must have lived in the Kaiserhof, a fine pickle, and so on, until sergeant Euler sent all of them swarming out into the area in order to find something “green” for the tables.

At the wooden tables at the edge of the forest across from the Führer one could see Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler, Senior General Keitel, Obergruppenführer Bruckner and Reich Press Chief Dr. Dietrich. Helms and his men recognized very many faces, but their eyes stared at the one man who really enjoyed the beans from

the field kitchen, who gave the regiment commander some kind of report about the maneuver, who laughed so heartily when his neighbor told him something, and who seemed so proud and happy about what he had seen and experienced among his soldiers from the earliest morning hours to now when the sun stood at its zenith.

The newly assigned corporal seemed enchanted. He energetically performed his duty. He was happy to serve the plate with the white beans to the Führer, and the Führer had nodded to him in a friendly way and thanked him. Lieutenant Helms observed that. A sly smile formed on his mouth when his eyes met those of the orderly. There was work for the orderlies; the plates returned to the field kitchen two, yes three times, where they were filled up again.

“Take another helping, my Führer”, said the general, and the new orderly already stood behind the Führer in order to fill his plate again. The Führer thanked him. But Heinrich Himmler noticed the handsome, large, blond man. The corporal had the face of a leader. He must become a soldier-peasant in the east the Reichsführer-SS thought. Healthy peasant strength flows in his veins, splendid men one meets everywhere in Germany in the field grey uniform.

“What is your name”, the Reichsführer-SS asks the orderly, and the gaze of the other men turn toward the big orderly with the sun-tanned face and blue eyes.

The Führer also looks around.

Being the center of attention of these important guests obviously made the orderly unsure. He was ready to ring the Führer a big helping of white beans, but to say his name...had he forgotten it? Briefly straightening himself up, hands on the pants, heels snapped together: “Corporal Schlag, Reichsführer-SS”, finally came the answer. Heinrich Himmler already noted it: “Corporal Schlag, 8th Company, Infantry Regiment...” One would check how the man performed in service, perhaps suited for the east.

The Führer was pleased. Lieutenant Helms squirmed uncomfortably back and forth on his seat and bit his lip. But Corporal Schlag, the assigned orderly, had quickly disappeared - as if he were afraid to be further observed and questioned.

Weeks passed. Nobody thought anymore about the white beans from the field kitchen on the edge of the forest and the wooden tables on the sandy soil of the border-country. Then one day a letter from the Reich Chancellory arrived. The chronicler of this true anecdote did not read it, but it must have meant this: It turned up a lot of a dust in the 8th company of the 2nd battalion. Lieutenant Frhr. von Bieberstein had filed a complaint - a complaint against himself. Then the battalion commander and later the regiment commander had questioned him and Lieutenant Helms. Their action was

punishable - especially that of Lieutenant von Bieberstein. The heaven appeared to break loose over this Brandenburg lieutenant. Indeed, it was not small matter, this lie, this giving a false name in the presence of the Supreme Commander and then his own degrading to corporal. The regulations of the German army, its iron, inextinguishable laws demanded a severe measure. That this young lieutenant out of unbounded love and admiration for his Führer played the role of a corporal in order to once get close to him, that he flabbergasted took a fake name - a word he fished up and clung to as if to a life-preserver in order not to be discovered - all that might be humanly understandable, as daring action of the Prince of Homburg, but the iron laws of German soldiery, written on the tablets of tradition consecrated and made holy by blood must remain stronger than the human heart.

Only one could pardon: that great figure who, far beyond the human and the all-too-human, towers over our time, who has himself experienced life under laws hard and unerring, who created laws and established a new order. One for all may encounter the genius of our folk, to thank him through fulfillment of duty and love. Here folk had met folk; in this corporal Schlag the nation met the Führer with its overflowing heart, with the simply expression of its gratitude and its joy. The Führer, however, laughed out loud with joy when he heard the story about corporal Schlag, the big blond lieutenant with the blue eyes and the weathered skin. For him it was not yet over. The Wehrmacht adjutant was called...

Not much later a packet arrived at the 8th company. It was for Lieutenant Frhr. von Bieberstein. Helms helped him open it. Something was embedded in fine shavings. Their impatience grew. Then the secret was lifted; the sun lifted over nights full of pangs of conscience. An overjoyed man's voice trembled softly as he read under the photo of the Führer in the silver frame: "To my dear Lieutenant Frhr. von Bieberstein alias Corporal Schlag in comradeship-Adolf Hitler."

Told by Gunter Kaufmann (From "Wide und Macht", Issue 8/9, 1941, Zentralverlag der NSDAP., EherNachf., Munich)

Of the Führer

That is the greatest thing about him, that he
is not just our Führer and hero to many,
rather he himself: straight, firm and simple.

that in him rest the roots of our world,
and his soul touches the stars,
but he still remains a man, just like you and me.

Baldur von Schirach

Only to Freedom Belongs Our Life

Only to freedom belongs our life
put the flags in the wind!
One stands next to the other, we are called.
Freedom is the fire, is the bright light,
as long as it burns, the world is not small.

That the fields ripen for the harvest,
that's why we remain awake,
until the scythes seize the stalks,
we protect them against offense.
Freedom is the fire...

That cares sink from the land,
that is why we stand up:
our flags drink the dawn light,
your hearts open up!
Freedom is the fire...

Words and melody: Hans Baumann

The Führer on September 1, 1939 to the German Reichstag:

I demand from no German man anything that I was no myself ready to do for four years! There should no deprivation of Germans that I do not immediately take upon myself!

Especially from now on, my whole belongs to my folk! I wish to be nothing but the first soldier of the German Reich!

I have hence again put on that uniform that was the holiest and dearest to me. I will only take it off after victory - or I will not experience this end.

As National Socialist and German soldier I enter this struggle with a strong heart! My whole was nothing else but a single struggle for my folk, for its resurrection, for Germany - and over this struggle stood a single affirmation: the faith in this folk!

One word, however, I have never learned. It is: capitulation! If somebody thinks

we now face a difficult time, I only want to ask him to consider that once a Prussian king with a ridiculously small state opposed one of the largest coalitions but nonetheless survived three wars, because he possessed that faithful heart that we also need in this time.

Just as I myself am ready at any time to pledge my life for my folk and for Germany, so do I demand this from everybody else.

But whoever thinks he can, directly or indirectly, disobey this national command, will fall! Traitors have nothing to do with us!

We all hence affirm our old principle: It is totally unimportant whether we live, but it is necessary that our folk, that Germany, lives!

The sacrifice that is demanded of us is not greater than the sacrifice that many generations have made. All the men who before us had to take the most bitter and most difficult path for Germany have done nothing else than what we must do. Their sacrifice was no smaller, no less painful and hence no easier than the sacrifice demanded from us.

I expect the German woman, too, to integrate herself into this great community of struggle with iron discipline!

The German youth, however, with of itself fulfill with radiant heart what the nation and the National Socialist state expect and demand from it.

If we form this community, strongly united, determined for anything, never willing to capitulate, then this will shall master every need!

I close with the affirmation that I once spoke when I started began the struggle for power in the Reich. Back then I said: If our will is so strong that no need can overcome it anymore, then our will and our German steel will also overcome and break the need!

“I Bear the Responsibility”

But now you must correctly understand based on my whole development. I once said something that foreign lands did not comprehend. I said: If war is unavoidable, then I would rather conduct it; not because I thirst for glory - quite the opposite: I gladly renounce all such glory, so in my eyes it is no glory.

My pride, if Providence preserves my life, would lie in the great works of peace

that I still plan to create! However, because I believe that - if Providence has decided in its incomprehensible will that this struggle must be fought - , then I may just ask Providence that it entrusts me with the burden of this struggle, that it places the burden on me. I wish to bear it and to shy away from no responsibility. I wish in every hour in which need comes to take it upon myself. I wish to bear each responsibility as I have born it in the past. I have the greatest authority in this folk. It knows me; it knows what plans I had in the years before the war. Everywhere are witnesses of the start of our work and in part also documents of completion. I know that this folk trusts me; I am so happy to know that. The German folk can also be sure of this: as long as I live, 1918 will not be repeated! For I will never lower the flag!

And now I am thankful to fate that it has placed me at the head of the Reich, and that it has allowed me to strike the first blow 14 days or three weeks earlier. For if fighting is necessary, then I take the standpoint that the first blow can be the decisive one.

Whatever plans the might have and however they look, we are prepared for everything, from the far north to the south, from the desert to the east. They can be sure of one thing: today they confront a different Germany than the Germany of the past, now they again confront Frederick's Germany. We stand firm, and where we stand no foot of ground will be given up without a fight. And if we give up a foot, a counterattack will immediately follow.

From the speech of the Führer on January 30, 1942

Oath

You, Führer, are for us command!

We stand in your name.

The Reich is our fight's goal,

is the origin and the amen.

Your word is the heartbeat of our deed.

Your faith builds cathedrals for us.

And if death takes the last man,
never will fall the Reich's crown.

We are ready, your silent band

forges the hearts of our ranks

like a chain, man for man,

a wall around you in loyalty.

You, Führer, are for us command!
We stand in your name.
The Reich is our fight's goal,
is the origin and the amen.

Max Wegner

Commander-in-Chief Adolf Hitler

German strategy seemed a miracle, a revolution if all holy tactical and strategic principles wrecked all concepts and plans. One believed in a new miracle weapon. But today all of us and the surrounding world knows about this miracle, because at the head of the bravest German soldiers stood

Germany's greatest commander-in-chief,

At the head of the German folk stands its **greatest statesman.**

What for us National Socialists is holiest faith, what many among the people suspected, but what the enemy did not want to believe: our Führer himself commanded his Wehrmacht. His will, in ingenious plans, gave the troops tasks and goal. The soldier Adolf Hitler had sharply honed the German sword; the commander-in-chief Adolf Hitler yielded it with victorious blows. There are no words for us mortals to honor our Führer's mighty work that has been crested by him in all these years. When Providence gave our folk Adolf Hitler, it called on Germany for a great future and it blessed it for this.

My Führer! You have just heaped gratitude and recognition upon me and my co-workers. We only did our duty, and we are thankful to the Almighty that he has given us the great fortune to be Adolf Hitler's followers. Thanks, however, my Führer - thanks are due only to you!

Only one thing fulfills us today in this hour: To be allowed to still follow you until the final and great victory ours; and our one ardent request to the Almighty is that he continues to protect and to bless you.

Hermann Goring on July 19, 1940 in the Reichstag.

The Greatest Germanic Leader

"We find ourselves in a great time. We contemporaries can hardly comprehend

that, but we can suspect it. It is probably the greatest time in all of Germanic history. We know one thing: since Germandom has existed, the rise that we experience is the most gigantic and unprecedentedly great. We know further: our Folk has a leader like Adolf Hitler only every few thousand years.

Out of Europe, which did not recognize itself, an image of Europe is gradually emerging; the great Germanic leader Adolf Hitler gives it order and forms it into a community of Germanic peoples."

*The Reichsführer SS to the SS-Junker Cadets at the Junker/Cadet School in Braunschweig on
December 12, 1940*

"For a thousand years our peoples of Germanic blood have been on the path of their great history; but it did not lead to that great event, the great homeland of all Germanic blood. After millennia of greatest need, after sub-humanity endeavored after a world war to undertake an attack against the states of Europe, fate gave all of us the Führer, and in this time, my men, do we live. In this time we have the opportunity to show what we are worth. Was our ancestors are worth and what our descendants should be worth. You now belong to that one man - like all of us who feel bound to him by the heart

*From the speech of the Reichsführers-SS in The Hague on the occasion of the oath ceremony of
the Dutch SS to the Führer on May 17, 1942*

Führer

You, German man, full of light and strength and faith,
Star and storm from your folk's rest,
You flew ahead of it as eagle and as dove
And led it toward the Great Reich.

The Reich of the German, dream since origin,
And never completed in the thousands of years,
You gave it form and law and meaning,
And us the task to loyally administer your work.

On this day, toward lands and seas,
Rises each German hand in the oath:
We are one folk, and bread and defense and honor
Are holy again like the fatherland.

Joseph Georg Oberkofler

Our Hitler

Dr. Goebbels at a Celebration of the NSDAP on April 19

To be envied is such a generation that in such dangerous times is allotted the blessing of a great personality. One has not grown tired in this war on either side of deducing the greater changes of victory from the most diverse factors. One saw them in the extent of a greater economic and military potential, in greater human numbers, in a better geographic position, in the glorious courage of soldiers or in the stricter moral of civilian life. One puts system against system and world-view against world-view in order to deduce the better chance of success. To us it seems that like in all times victory will go to the side with the superior leadership. Leadership is decisive. If it also has the better material means at hand, then no power on earth can rip victory from it.

As so often in these difficult weeks and months the German folk has in spirit cast its gaze at the Führer. Never has the whole country felt so bound to him as in this hard time that spares none of us. Everywhere one had the feeling that one must, if only in image, see him in order to gain strength from his sight to perform the difficult tasks that each day brings to each of us. How all of us have felt obligated to him in these months! How was each word he directed at the nation a command for man and woman and child, for soldier and worker and peasant! All are with him, even without many words and without any demand! The whole folk lived with the unspoken, dark feeling when he was away. In the days and weeks when we were occupied with our minor and major daily cares, he fought his gigantic struggle on the eastern front. Late into the night - planning, weighing and risking - he stood his post in his headquarters. From there the rivers of his will went to the front and its most distant parts, fulfilled by the hard fighting regiments down to the last soldier.

That is how the German folk pictured the Führer this winter in its mind's eye: surrounded by his co-workers, politicians and generals, embraced by the love of countless millions of people, but in the final analysis nonetheless dependent on himself. He was bearing the heavy burden of responsibility on his shoulders and fighting for the fate and the life of his folk. However high individuals among us might have risen, whatever oppressive burden one or the other might carry: all of us still always have somebody above us. We can call upon and obey him, because he leads and commands. He relieves us of the heaviest burdens when they become all too great; he cheers us up in hours of discouragement, doubt and exhaustion, fills us with new strength, reminds us of the great teachings of our time and of our world-view and thus revives us to new life. Whether we enjoy the great fortune to work in his immediate surroundings directly before his eyes or whether we are just called upon as unknown soldiers, workers or peasants to participate in his work, fighting and producing, or simply to lend a hand - either way, we always still see a power above us that supports and holds us, we feel secure in the protecting hand of the man who walks ahead and

shows our century the path. We just have to follow. But he must pave the way. He stands alone against his and our fate, in the fight of Titans that has been forced upon us for the life of our folk, in order to fight victoriously.

If we today on the eve of his 53rd birthday, the whole nation assembles around the loudspeakers, then this is different and more than a happy ceremony. Here we must just confirm what all Germans feels, indeed today deeper and more obligating than ever before. It is somewhat a renewal of the loyalty and faith that has been proven a million-fold through deeds and accomplishments, through sacrifice of blood and life and thousand kinds of bitter death, so that it no longer requires words.

If the German nation has ever felt united in one idea and in one will, then it is the idea to serve him and to follow his command. This time the notes of the heroic music of Titans that has ever flowed from the Faustian German heart, should elevate this affirmation to a serious and sacred height. When at the end of this celebration human voices and instruments start the final act of the Ninth Symphony, when the moving choral of joy resounds and a feeling for the greatness and extent of this time is carried into the last German hut, when the hymns ring out across all the plains and lands where German regiments stand watch, then all of us, whether man or woman or child or soldier or peasant or worker or official, should also become aware of the seriousness of the hour and find joy in it to be witness of and participant in this greatest historic epoch of our folk.

Call it the eternal force that governs over us or the Almighty or God or fate or the good father - whoever as the Ninth Symphony puts it lives above the tent of stars: we ask the Almighty to preserve the Führer for us, to give him strength and blessing and to heighten and expand his work...to secure our faith and to grant us steadfastness of heart and strength of soul...to give our folk victory after struggle and sacrifice and hence the fulfill the time that we need for the daybreak.

There is no greater joy on earth than to serve the genius of our folk and his work. May we share this joy daily. The difficulty of our time is also its greatness. We do not want to trade it for any other.

In gratitude and loyalty we send the Führer our greetings. The front and the homeland feet bound as if an unbreakable band. Germandom in the whole world is united in the great desire that we always sum up on the eve of his birthday in these words: He should remain for us as what he was and is: **our Hitler!**

From: "Volkischer Beobachter" of April 20, 1942

Look at the Führer!

If weaklings come to you with lukewarm and dumb talk, then look at the Führer and take hearty from his greatness! Like him appear before you are the great, shining example, this man who knows no peace and quiet, this man who in the final analysis is assaulted with all kinds of demands, who must bear everything as the last man and who must decide. For each of us there is somebody who stands above him and who can care for him. The Führer is the last one; he stands alone with his own strength and his own strong heart. No one can think and act for him. He is not just the organizer of our mighty; he is also the commander-in-chief that leads it and he is the leader of our whole folk.

There is also a logic in world history. Or do you believe, my comrades, that fate - or here I prefer to say Providence, the Almighty - had an unknown man, a man without name and fortune, a simple soldier of the world war, rise, pass through countless tribulations and become greater and greater...and then, suddenly, all of this was to become meaningless? If Providence sent such a man of this greatness like the Führer to the German folk - our ancestors had the right name for such great leader figures, namely the "man sent by God" - and if he managed to transform the once divided and impotent German folk into the strongest nation of earth, then that is the guarantee that justifies our belief in victory.

From the speech of the Reich Marshal on January 30, 1943

To the Führer

Lead us! In your lands
lies the fate of millions,
who live in your heart,
to whom you have given a faith.

God has given you the strength
to live solely for your folk
that is the pulse for you.

Leopold von Schenkendorf

You are thousand

You are many thousand behind me

and you are me and I am you.
I have lived no thought
that does go into your hearts.

And when I form words, I know none
that is not one with your desire,
for I am you and you are me
and we all believe, Germany, in you.

Words: B.v.Schirach, Melody: Gerh. Pallmann

The Celebration for the Führer's Birthday

April 20th - like January 30th and November 9th - belong for a long time to the list of great national holidays in the course of the year. Before the war the Führer's birthday already had firm forms and a certain custom evolved regarding its celebration. In all Wehrmacht posts big military parades gave the holiday a martial stamp, giving expression to the bond between the National Socialist Wehrmacht and its creator and Supreme Commander. The day received its political character in the National Socialist movement's officials' oath to the Führer ceremony. On the eve, April 19th, however, came in a solemn manner the acceptance of another year of German youth into the formations of the Hitler Youth. After this war this custom will again be resumed and further developed.

In the war year 1943 - that finds our folk in the total effort for victory - April 20th will be a day of work and effort by the homeland and the front. That corresponds to the Führer's wishes. But just as local units of the NSDAP in villages and cities, and party and folk groups in their own spheres, assemble on the eve or on the day itself for a celebration, so too should units of the Waffen-SS and police come together for similar celebrations. Local circumstances will dictate whether one remembers the Führer on April 20th or the eve, whether the form is a solemn assemble under open sky or in a suitable room. For the arrangements themselves, this publication offers examples. Beside that, this publication offers sufficient material so that it will not be difficult to conduct the celebration in a suitable fashion. Regarding the preparation, design and execution of the same, the following should be observed:

All celebrations on the occasion of the Führer's birthday demand a dignified form and flawless success. It is not in the Führer's sense to tie them to external display that correspond neither to the Führer's wish for simplicity nor to the war's hardness, and which are also not reconcilable with the heightened demand of all energy for victory.

By their character and content the celebrations are hours of oath and affirmation. They must obligate each individual to the Fuhrer's example, to inspire one's own strength of will and strength of faith with the Fuhrer's and to renew the oath given earlier: "True to the Führer to the death!" Only so are they directly aimed at the events of the present and at the demands that the time places on us, the battle for life or death, at whose head stands the statesman and the commander-in-chief of the Reich: Adolf Hitler.

The middle and high point of the celebration is the short, militarily brief address by the unit leader or commander; it should not be a great political speech. Whoever thinks of the effect of the spoken word during the movement's period of struggle will certainly find the right form and the right content. Under no circumstances should one assign a better speaker; here, too, we reject any kind of priesthood. An address is essential. Other the high point is missing that is found in other celebrations in customary acts, for example the honoring of the death on November 9th, the lighting of candles at Jule, the swearing in at the recruit oath ceremony etc.. The speaker's words should be directed at the feeling and the will, not the reason, of the men, and say less about the Führer than about our duty and task. They must be an appeal to the hearts and a command to the conscience.

The structure of the celebration must be clear and place an idea at the center point. As a theme, one can select: "The Fuhrer's Faith - our faith!" or "The Führer is victory!" An alternating sequence of music, slogans, Führer words, poem and song is still not a celebration.

The preparation of such a celebration naturally demands special care, thorough practice of the songs, conscientious selection of the speakers and several rehearsals. For each spoken text a second man should be provided who can immediately step in if the other becomes unavailable. Perfect pronunciation is specifically required by usage of the Fuhrer's maxims and affirmations. No pathos, no pose, no mimicry, rather genuine, true and natural! Value is to be placed on the outward appearance of the speakers. A song sung together should be preferred over the offerings of a choir. The prerequisites for common song are sure knowledge of the text and a clean mastery of the melody.

Each celebration preparation must also pay close attention to the selection of music pieces based on duration, instrumentation and above all their character. If the band is inadequate, it is best to forgo music altogether.

Under open air the celebration requires a perfect martial formation; in a closed room its decoration is an essential task of the preparation. Here, too, the greatest care is called for. Despite all plainness and simplicity in the decoration of the room, a decisive dignity must be observed. At the center point of the field of vision should be

a Führer bust, an artistically perfect Führer picture or an insignia. Bust and picture can be surrounded by flowers and greenery. Foreign plants are not to be used. Not too many flags! No mass of symbols! The size of the Führer bust should correspond to the room. No rows of candles next to it! Avoid any altar-like impression! If there is a stage, do not use it for the choir and speakers - in order to not create the feeling that the celebration is only a cultural event or something made up like a play.

Finally, the celebration may not exceed the normal duration of 45 to 60 minutes.

If one of the following examples of Führer text is used, they can be shortened accordingly. The Führer's words are richly measured out for all those who do not have his speeches and maxims at their disposal.

When an especially impressive celebration is carried out, submission of a report and the celebration sequence are requested

You must today practice the virtues that peoples need if they wish to become great. You must be loyal! You must be brave, and you must form among yourselves a single, great, splendid comradeship! Then all the sacrifices of the past that had to be made for the life of our folk will not have been made in vain, rather than a happy development of the life of our folk will come at the end from all the sacrifices.

Adolf Hitler

First Suggested Celebration

1. Common Song:

"Only to freedom belongs our life..."

Words and melody: Hans Baumann

2. Speaker:

To the Führer

As we
Laid in the forests of the border-
Behind us the yesterday
Of the peaceful reconstruction,
Before us the tomorrow

Of decisive battle –
Our thoughts went to you,
Führer of the Germans.

Once
You called us up
To the idea of the nation.
We stepped out
Of the narrowness
And learned
From your example,
To form the yearning
Into the deed.

The Reich
Was no long a dream to us,
It became truth and reality
Through you,
Führer!
Our fists
Became hard
From setting to work, from struggle
Our eyes
Become narrow
From seeing into the distance.

You had Called your folk,
To fight the battle for the order
Of the continent.
We had learned
To see
And suspected
The goal of your will.

Führer,
You gave the signal
For battle.
We
Carried your will
Into the charge toward victory.
You
Were in us
And you

Are victory.

You also
are the Reich for us,
That we build.

(Kurt Eggers)

3. Song (or canon) of a chorus:

"Greet the flags, greet the signs..."
Words and melody: Adolf Seifert

4. Readings:

Words of the Führer (for selection)

I. Whoever wishes to life, Fight!!

Whoever wishes to live, must fight. And whoever does not wish to fight in this world of eternal struggle, does not deserve life.

"Mein Kampf", page 147

A folk can only prosper if it does not forget for a second that nothing is given on this earth, rather that struggle is the father of all things.

Speech on November 13, 1931 in Darmstadt

The fate of peoples can only be turned by intense passion; only he can awaken passion who has it within himself.

"Mein Kampf", page 116

Even the tiniest minority can achieve much, if it is moved by the fiery, passionate will of the deed.

On February 1, 1922 in Munich

A man is only a man if he also fights and defends himself, and a folk is only one when it is willing, if necessary, to go to the battlefield as a folk.

On April 27, 1933 in Munich

A folk that is not willing to defend itself has no character... But if you believe that you must be free, then learn to realize that no one gives you your freedom other than your own sword!

On April 27, 1923 in Munich

Whoever fights brave and determined, whoever is willing to risk everything, can never be defeated.

On February 27, 1932 in Berlin

What was great enough for our fallen heroes to, if necessary, die for, should find us ready for the same deed at any hour.

If our will is so strong that no need can overcome it anymore, then our will and our German steel will also brake and defeat the need.

On September 1, 1939 in Berlin

Any weakling can endure victories. Only the strong can bear endure hold out under the blows of fate. Providence only gives the final and highest prize to those who are able to deal with blows of fate.

Speech on January 30, 1942

The strength of men does not show itself on the evening after the victory, rather when the sun does not shine. The brave will resume the struggle anew with grim defiance.

On December 18, 1932 in Magdeburg

The tests of fate only serve to make us harder. Prussia was great after the Battle of Leuthen, but it was the greatest after the Battle of Kunersdorf, when a single man did not give up and led Prussian out of apparent annihilation to victory.

On April 4, 1932 in Berlin

There are enemies for whom there is no pardon, rather there is only one single possibility: either we fall or this enemy falls. We are conscious of this, and we are men enough to coldly look this realization in the eye.

Speech on November 8, 1942

II. Whoever has faith in the heart...

Whoever has faith in the heart, has the greatest strength in the world. The best weapon is dead, useless matter as long as the spirit is lacking that is ready, willing and determined to yield it.

"Mein Kampf", page 398

Faith can move mountains, faith can free peoples, faith can strengthen nations and lead them upward again, regardless of how humbled they may have been. When things were the worst in Germany, we hoisted the flag. When Germany's was most humiliated, we raised our flag of faith, the flag of obligation for this Germany. We did not say: "We are ashamed to be Germans", rather we said, "We are very proud to be Germans." And we never asked what one would otherwise offer us and never weighed what one actually offered us; we believed in Germany, and we remained loyal to it at every hour, in every need, in every danger, in all the wretchedness and misery.

On March 1, 1935

When the time comes that this life seems to tilt toward the end, human optimism rises most mightily. He overcomes the frightening realization of the end of his life with the radiant optimism for the continuation of this life. Woe if people or if a folk loses this ability.

At the Reich Party Day of Honor 1936

Let us close the great ring of our community, strong in the trust in our folk, filled with the faith in our mission, ready for any sacrifice that the Almighty demands of us. Then Germany, the National Socialist Third Reich, will pass through the time of need, care and worries, armed with that medal that alone enables the knight without fear or blame to survive the fight against death and the devil: the one of an iron heart.

At the Reich Party Day of Honor 1936

This folk - that I know, and I am so proud that it is sworn to me and goes with me through thick and thin - in this folk a spirit is now alive again that already before accompanied us, this fanaticism of willingness to take on everything! Each blow we receive we will pay back with interest and with interest upon interest! That will only make us harder! Whatever they mobilize against us..." And if the world were full of devils-we will nonetheless succeed."

Speech on January 30, 1941

III. My path is fixed

For me the path is fixed. No one can turn me, no man. I will continue my mission like I started it.

Speech on November 1, 1932 in Pirmasens

When I, an unknown man and German soldier, entered political life, I obeyed the command of my conscience. They could hence easily ignore me at first, could later mock, could ban me from speaking, suppress the movement, muzzle the propaganda...There was only one thing they could not do: They could not refute me.

Election proclamation on July 31, 1932

A man like me can perish, a man like me can be killed. But such a man cannot step down!

Speech on October 19, 1932 in Königsberg

The six years as a soldier have given me the foundation of hardness, steadfastness and perseverance. Everything that I gained during that time in virtues and values was given me in that single, incomparable, old German army!

Speech on April 7, 1938 in Linz

It is my mission as standard-bearer of the movement to go ahead without interruption. As long as fate lets me live, I will carry this flag and never take it down, never roll it up!

On January 22, 1933 in the Berliner Sportpalast

I fight not for myself. I am only a fighter for our folk's future, for our dear fatherland, for our German people and especially for our youth, for our children.

When I am dead, this flag should cover me, and on the gravestone should stand: "Here lies a man who fought his whole life, who was hated by many, because they did not understand him, who was loved by others, and who never made a compromise, who never negotiated with Germany's enemies, never became weak, and who held high the flag until the last breath."

On April 6, 1932 in Regensburg

5. Common Song:

“A young folk stands up...”

Words and melody: Werner Altendorf

6. Address by the commander with subsequent honoring of the Führer.

7. SS-Loyalty Song as affirmation and oath by the community.

Words of the German Folk

My Führer, see, we know of the hours
in which you labored hard carrying the burden-
in which you laid
loving father’s hands on our deep wounds
and still did not how you will you heal us.

This may have happened many nights:
We sleep and you watch with fearful concerns
For many nights will pass for you,
Through which you must ponder, and then on the morrow
see into the light with clear eyes.

My Führer, see, we know the deprivation
that you as a person sacrifice for us,
the burden of loneliness you must bear,
so that you master our folk’s fate
in dark and in happy days.

That is why our love is also so great,
that is why you are beginning and end-
We believe you, loyal and unconditionally,
and our work of mind and hand
is merely our gratitude’s expression.

From “The Song of the Loyal”

Second Suggested Celebration

1. Introductory music (solemn march or other heroic music).

2. *Speaker:*

“The Führer speaks:
I believe in Germany
and fight for it,
today and tomorrow
and in the future,
until victory comes to us.”

(On April 4, 1932, Berlin)

3. *Common Song*

“Die world belongs to those who lead...”

Words: Herybert Menzel, melody: Reinh. Heyden

4. *Speaker:*

The Führer

“If the flood of need ever
swells to the mouth of the folk,
God takes from the treasure of men,
Who always stand ready for him,
The most capable with his own hand
And casts them, apparently pitilessly,
Into the dark abyss, inflicts them with mortal wounds and heaps
The most bitter torment onto their heart
All their brothers,
So that he tests them, whether they survive death
Whoever among those cast down
Endures death and climbs from the depth healed
Has been transformed by the horror.
That is no longer an individual, he was
Reborn in his folk,
He brings home from the darkness
The brightest light.
He was purified, he is honed,
Sure of his mission, he that nothing happens to him,
Other than what
God sends him.
He lost his own name. He sacrificed
Home, possession and standing.
But instead

He bears the name of the entire folk in the heart.
 Every heart of our folk became his homeland,
 His possession is the faith in the folk, and
 Given him by fate is The highest rank,
 Daily God hammers him
 Who created him as sacrifice and called him as rescuer,
 More pure and more hard.
 Until no temptation, no deceiving call
 Can still touch him.
 He erects the new field insignia steeply.
 Pitilessly he tears
 The old flags, colorful rags, from the mast
 And hoists as banner the holy image
 That appeared to him in the darkness,
 He exterminates the decisive illusions
 He shakes the sleepers awake.
 Faces every danger and whips his voice
 Proclaiming against the storm.
 His own faith
 He forces upon those who resist
 Until he roars in the
 Heartbeat of countless as marching song
 And from the thousandfold desires
 A single will burns Now speaks
 From his mouth the folk.
 Now blossoms
 On his heart the land.
 Now ripens
 In his hands the Reich.

(Johannes Linke)

5. *Song of a choir:*

“So our ancestors’ custom reigns again...”

Words: Will Vesper, melody: Walther Hensel

6. *Intermediate music.*

7. *Readings:*

Words of the Führer

I. Affirmations by the Führer for the struggle for the unity and freedom of the German folk

When I made my entrance into political life, it happened with a burning, inner oath to wipe out the world of parties in Germany and replace them with a German folk community.

National Socialism is not a doctrine of laziness, rather a doctrine of struggle, not a doctrine of fortune and coincidence, rather as doctrine of work, a doctrine of endeavor and hence a doctrine of sacrifice. We held that before the struggle. In these years it will not be different, and in the future it will remain so.

Even though we must pass away, Germany must survive. Even if fate may beat some of us individually, Germany must live. Even if we must take on need and care, Germany must exist, despite needs, cares and need.

Nothing great on this earth has been given to men: everything must be won in difficult struggle; the rise of a folk also does not easily become reality, it, too, must be won inwardly.

The program is merely supposed to be the logical supplement of this tendency. A guiding where the question hovering before us is not: what do you want tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, rather it should determine the movement's leadership for long decades - ideas that in themselves are ethical and immortal and that should still shine ahead of people in the most distant centuries.

But if you believe that you must be free, then learn to realize that no one gives you your freedom other than your own sword.

I wish to dedicate my life to the last breath to one task: to make Germany free, healthy and happy again.

II. Affirmations by the Führer for the struggle for the Reich

What power has the right and the strength to hinder a folk's life path that in his suffering only seeks itself? A strong Reich, a proud folk, so great and noble that every German can again joyfully affirm: I am a German and proud of it.

The Führer on July 31, 1937 in Breslau

Since the day I turned to political life I have had no other thought than the

regaining of the freedom of the German nation, the establishment of the energy and strength of our Reich, the triumph over the division of our folk internally, the elimination of separation externally and its security in regard to its economically and politically independent life.

The Führer answers Roosevelt, Reichstag Speech on April 28, 1939

I have again put on that uniform that was once the holiest and dearest to me. I will only take it off after victory or I will not experience that end.

As a National Socialist and as German soldier I enter this fight with a strong heart. My whole life was nothing else than a single struggle for my folk, for its resurrection, for Germany. Over this struggle always stood just the affirmation of belief in this folk. One word I have never learned: capitulation.

The Führer on September 1, 1939

Whatever is within our power to defend ourselves against our enemies should be done. In this land a spirit has come alive that the world has never before conquered! A faithful feeling of community embraces our folk! When we have won after a long false path of inner conflicts and what makes us so proud toward other peoples will no longer be ripped from us by any power on earth. In the era of Jewish-capitalist insanity of gold, position and class, the National Socialist state stands like an iron monument of social justice and clear reason. It will survive not just this war, but the coming millennium!

A world empire will perish; Mr. Churchill may believe that is Germany, but I know it will be England.

Adolf Hitler January 30, 1942

My pride will nonetheless, if Providence preserves my life, be in the great works of peace that I still plan to create! But because I believe that - if Providence decrees that this struggle must be fought out in accordance with its unfathomable will, then I can only ask Providence that it entrust the burden of this struggle to me, that it burdens me with it. I wish to bear it and not to shrink from any responsibility. I wish at every hour when need comes to take it upon myself. I wish to bear every responsibility as I have previously borne it.

Today, too, I feel myself to be only the first musketeer of the Reich.

Adolf Hitler on January 30, 1942

8. *Common Song:*

“A Young Folk stands up...”

Words and melody: Werner Altendorf

9. *Address by the Commander.*

10. *Speaker:*

In His Eyes

What will be tomorrow, we cannot know
Our view is opened for the great.
How many must fall into the darkness,
We all still see the goal of the path.
What will be tomorrow, we wish not to ask,
Whatever the Führer demands of us, goes.
He is the path, the storm. The great daring,
In his eyes glows Germany's image.

Herybert Menzel (“Poems of Comradeship”, Hanseatische Verlagsantalt, Hamburg)

11. *Führer Honoring and SS-Loyalty Song.*

Music Suggestions for the Celebration

Joh. Seb, Bach: Ricercar aus dem Mus. Opfer Joh. Seb, Bach: 6 Brandenburgische Konzerte Joh. Seb, Bach: 4 Ouvertüren (Suiten oder Symphonien)

G. Fr. Händel: 12 Concerti grossi op. 6 G. Fr. Händel: Ouverture zu “Theodora”

G. Fr. Händel: Ouvertüre Xerxes (Verlag Kallmeyer)

Joh. H. Schein: 2 5stimmige Suiten (Heft 43)

Joh. H. Schein: 4stimmige Suiten Sätze (Heft 49) (Verlag Hermann Mock, Celle: Zeitschrift für Spielmusik)

Karl Stamitz: Symphonien

Ph. Telemann: Symphonien

Ph, E. Bach: Symphonie Nr, 2 und 3

F. A. Richter: Symphonia da camera

K. F. Fischer: Suiten für 5 Streicher oder Blasmusik

K. F, Fischer: Festliche Suite für Streichorchester (Verlaci Barenreiter)

Dittersdorf: Symphonien

Dittersdorf: Streichquartett 1-3

H. L. Haßler: 5 Intradan (Streicher)

Ph. Telemann: Quartette in e-Moll und h-Moll
Ph. Telemann: Erste Suite (a-Moll für Streichorchester und Klavier)
Friedr. d. Große: 6 Marsche
Jos. Haydn: Trios (2 Flöten und Violin-Cello)
W. A. Mozart: Serenaden (Streichorchester)
Joh. Chr. Faber: Partita für 3 Blockflöten
Karl Stamitz: Trio für Flöte, Violine, Klavier op. 14
Ph. E. Bach: Duos für 2 Violinen
Joh. Chr. Bach: 6 Duette für 2 Violinen
W. Friedr. Bach: 2 Sonaten für 2 Flöten oder Flöte und Violine
Joh. Ad. Birkenstock: Sonate Nr. 2

Brass Music

Giovanni Gabrieli: Sonata pian et forte
H. Leo Haßler: Festmusiken für Bläser Petzel: Turmmusiken
Feierliche Fahnenmarsche (Georg Blumensaat)
Unter der Fahne schreiten wir...
Auf, hebt unsere Fahnen...
Ein junges Volk steht auf...
Barenreiter-Blasmusik (Verlag Barenreiter)
"Lieder der Bewegung für Blasorchester": Folge 1, 2, 3 (Zentralverlag, 5 Franz Eher Nachf., München)

Music Sheets of the Hitler Youth

Nr. 12, Liedsätze für 4 Streichinstrumente
Nr. 18, Liedsätze für 4 Streichinstrumente
Nr. 36, Festliches Vorspiel
Nr. 42/43, Feiermusik
"Feierliche Musik" (Verlag Kallmeyer)

Oath to the Führer

**We stand like a wall around you
in loyalty and patience.
No sacrifice is so great or heavy,
we are obligated to you.**

**We silently fight the holy war,
consecrated to us by your word,
we only know one thing: victory,**

that frees folk and Reich.

We know your work will succeed,
because God brightens your heart,
out of your victory of peace emerges
the freedom of the whole world.

Gerhard Schuman

Greet the Flags

Canon for four voices

Greet the flags, greet the insignia,
greet the Führer who created them
greet all who died for them,
follow faithfully their call!
Day and night against all enemies
let us be the flag's protector:
whether we triumph or fall
our flag remains pure.

Words and melody: Adolf Seifert

My will must be the affirmation of all of us, be your faith! My faith is to me, just like to you, everything in this world! The highest thing, however, that God has given me on this earth, is my folk! In it rests my faith, I serve it with my will, and I give it my life!

Adolf Hitler