

Hermann Goering rose to deliver a flaming address. In his call to battle for Germany's freedom, the rustle of the Rhine sounded like a prayer for redemption from foreign despotism. After singing the national anthem, we all sat down around the great fire and sang our songs. Hermann Goering stepped into the circle, and remained standing, proud and upright. It was a glorious picture, the great air hero standing there, surrounded by the light of the solstice fire. But his face remained somewhat in the dark, since the dying flames did not reach that far. I had the luck to sit directly behind him. With a sudden decision I jumped up and held my torch over his shoulder, and now his face, too, radiated a great glow. Then came a great, eventful moment for me. He turned and nodded thankfully to me. Who could have been happier than I? We then sang Hermann Loens's song of the Red Hussars. Again, Hermann Goering addressed us in imperative and flaming words, and then stepped out of our midst, accompanied by roaring shouts of "Heil!" Our eyes followed him for a long time, until he vanished in the dark night. I turned around only after I heard myself addressed by name, and encountered the face of SA man Jensen. Meanwhile the fire was banking. Some threw their torches into the flames. Wolfgang Jensen and I followed the example of the others, and once again the flames shot up. We looked silently and seriously into the fire. Then Wolfgang Jensen said admonishingly, almost solemnly, to me: "Don't ever forget the solstice fire. Let it flame in your heart, and let its rays reach out to your Folk. Then you will truly help in the great work of Adolf Hitler."

Do Right  
and  
Fear No One!

## SUMMER SOLSTICE

Summer solstice is the longest day of the year, and next to Yule (the longest night of the year) it was the most important festival of our pre-Christian Forefathers. It was a festival of Nature, a festival of life, traditionally celebrated around a great fire which represented the life-giving sun. Those of us who have experienced being around the solstice fire with their family and Folk know the great spiritual joy inherent in this ancient celebration.

National Socialist Germany was a genuine revival of Aryan tribalism, which sought to bring Germany back into harmony with Nature, and to turn it back into the proper, ecological environment for mankind: a Folk-community. This process necessitated removing all that was alien and anti-Nature from the hearts and minds of the German Folk, and returning them to their own true spiritual heritage, which had always been in harmony with Nature. The SS, the SA, the Hitler Jugend, and Deutsche Maedchen were the vanguards of this Folk-movement, and they made every effort to reeducate the Folk, quietly and gently, but dauntlessly, away from alien, anti-Nature Christianity, and back to the ways and values of their Forefathers. Part of this effort was to recreate the moving, inspiring festivals which our Forefathers celebrated for thousands of years before the forced conversion. This is a description of one such festival, taken from the diary of a young girl who lived in National Socialist Germany.

--JOST

For those who realize  
that to change the world  
you must first  
change yourself!



NS Kindred  
PO Box 256  
NSJ, CA 95960



SCAN

# SUMMER



# SOLSTICE

In  
National Socialist  
Germany

From the Diary  
of  
Gudrun Streiter

## SUMMER SOLSTICE

*From the Diary of Gudrun Streiter*

It was cloudy and overcast yesterday when I set out for the Rhine with my Hitler comrades, but we paid no attention to the unfavorable weather. Our hearts flamed with a glowing enthusiasm and a great joy. The lutes played and our song-happy lips never rested. Men and women party comrades boarded the train at almost every station, and brought even more cheer to the frolicsome group. Time flew by so quickly with all the jingling, jangling, and singing. Before we were aware of it, Germania was already greeting us from the Niederwald.

Upon arriving in Bingen, we were still undecided whether we should go by ferry in order to travel on the other side of the Rhine by train, or whether we should proceed to our destination by steamboat on the German Rhine itself. The weather decided for us. An opaque black mass of clouds had formed in the skies. While we were looking up at the skies pondering alternatives, a violent storm began to rage and pound the waves of the Rhine with terrible force. Then we were all seized by a yearning for wild waves, stormy wind, and rain. We boarded the steamer, and clambered to the upper deck, to let the storm wind blow through us, and to lift our heads to the elements. How loudly our hearts pounded, and how proudly waved our Swastika flags and pennants in the storm wind. Our enthusiasm and ecstasy grew even more as legend-woven castles greeted us boldly and stubbornly from both banks of the Rhine.

The beautiful trip was concluded much too quickly, and soon the little Rhenish town, our destination, greeted us. A great stir of life could be seen on the shores of the Rhine. Countless bands of Brownshirts marched with their blood-red flags to assembly on the banks of the Rhine. Roaring shouts of "Heil!" greeted us, echoing back and forth.

When we entered the town, we were met by a wonderful panorama. The streets were a regular forest of flags. From every house waved the glorious German banners. Garlands and a profusion of flowers decorated the streets. There was liveliness everywhere. SA men hurried past us, carrying out the orders of their leaders. From every side we could hear stirring tunes of Prussian military marches. I then saw something I had never seen before: women and girls in the brown Hitler uniform. They sold us badges for the solstice celebration. This touched me in a wondrous way, and a desire began to burn within me, to be permitted to help, like these women and girls, in the great work of our leader, Adolf Hitler.

One of my girl comrades took me to the open-air concert of the SA. As we approached the square we heard the last few bars of the Petersburg March, and then there was a pause in the music program. I soon lost my comrades in the press of the crowd. I went along a stretch of the Rhine Promenade, and suddenly I found myself before a great statue of Bluecher. I stood on the spot where, on New Year's night in 1814, the Prussian army, led by Bluecher, had crossed the Rhine. My thoughts rushed back to that memorable night, and, fully occupied with meditation on this great deed of the courageous Prussians, I just stood there.

I was torn out of my thoughts when I heard a man's voice. I saw an SA man standing in front of me. He asked if I was a party comrade, and when I told him I was, he asked if I would like to help the movement a bit by selling some cards? I gladly agreed, and he gave me a stack of relief cards. With joy I rushed toward the mass of people that surrounded the band. In only a quarter of an hour I had sold all of the relief cards, and joyfully delivered the money to the SA man. He was overjoyed, and he thanked me by shaking my hand. He told me his name, Wolfgang Jensen. I told him my name in return. We exchanged a few more

words, and then I hastened to rejoin my comrades, and to tell them about my card selling.

In the evening, at ten o'clock, there was a great assembly before the Bluecher monument. We had bought torches from the SA men, and now we took our place in the ranks of the Hitler legions. Countless people stood in formation. SS and SA men, Hitler Youth, National Socialist women and girls' groups, Stahlhelmer, Pfadfinder, Wandervoegel, and thousands of others formed the endless ranks of the participants in the solstice festival. In the van stood the standard-bearers with their blood-red Swastika flags, and between the ranks, countless pennants waved in the evening breeze. We stood like that in rank and file for more than two hours.

At twelve-fifteen the great movement finally came. The order came to march, and the torches were lighted. Accompanied by lutes, we marched with joyful song through the streets of the little town. After a short time we were in top marching form. As we entered the market square, there was a roar of "Heil!" There stood Flight Captain Hermann Goering, his hand raised in the Hitler salute. He reviewed the long line of marchers, while shouts of "Heil!" echoed in the square.

After we left the town, the road led us up into the mountains toward the solstice fire. It was a splendid sight. The road led to the mountain in serpentine twists and turns. From the top we could look back on the long marching columns. The brilliant glare of the torches in the night was glorious. It was an overwhelming sight. My words are too poor to portray this experience. We let this picture enter our thirsty souls to their uttermost depths, until our eyes were focused on one mighty flaming fire. It was our solstice celebration. We were received by the tunes of Prussian military marches. Then, with the Dutch song of Thanksgiving, the inspiring festival began.