

SS IDEOLOGY

Translated from Original
SS Publications



Vol. 2

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Introduction

SS IDEOLOGY Vol. 2 continues in the same vein as the first volume. It is a collection of short articles translated directly from the original SS magazine *SS Leitheft*. Even the illustrations come from SS and other Third Reich sources.

The *SS Leitheft* was published by and for SS men, not as propaganda for outsiders. In effect, this is not a book *about* the SS...it is a book *by* the SS! That is why it is special. Here is the heart and soul of the SS, its "Weltanschauung" or "world view", its philosophy of life. You will enjoy this fascinating glimpse into the SS man's mind and soul.

I have endeavored to preserve the language style as much as possible, sometimes at the expense of good English. The German word "Voik" is translated as "folk" instead of the more common, but less precise, term "people"...even when it does not refer to the Germans. After all, "folk" is indeed something special; it is an ethnic community extending across many generations. Likewise I have kept the word "Reich" instead of "empire", because in German history "Reich" means something more akin to the national unity of all Germans, *not* conquest and subjugation of foreign lands.

But enough from me. Now it is time to let the SS speak!

Karl Hammer
July 1991

One Must Overcome the "Dead Point"

The message of the following letter from a company leader must be understood quite literally. It applies to you and me and all of us very personally.

...Despite these difficult days we look toward the future with confidence. But one haunting thought bothers me often, namely that all too few Europeans are completely clear about the entire, in the final sense absolutely unconditional nature of this war. Certainly it is being spread around more and more. But the entire severity of the war only embraces all too few.

The Bolshevik wants to come to the west, and with him rides death - for all of us, no exception. We fight for existence or non-existence - all of us, we in the Reich and in all European lands. That which threatens us from the east is total annihilation; Bolshevism is the absolute historical negation of everything which we are, regardless of what one calls it. And the Russian is strong, especially in the one thing that has previously always decided conflicts: in spirit. He is so fantastically healthy; even the Bolshevik poison cannot hurt him. Instead it has the effect of a bacteria, which sets the previously dormant strengths in motion, which then blindly but irresistibly follow an inner law.

Bolshevism is a really big event in the previously poor Russian history, something which has historically moved - and still moves - the broad mass of this giant folk. The Russians go into this war unhindered. We carry a rich heritage with us, which burdens us.

It is like the Führer has once said: The last battalion triumphs; in other words, whoever fires the last shot wins, regardless of how the match may stand or where this last shot is fired. Whoever holds his weapon ready to fire and aimed at the opponent at five minutes after twelve, has won, even if he stands alone against a thousand.

Very bitter weeks lay behind me, weeks full of horrible experiences. But we soldiers here in the east experience a tremendous self-awareness and soberness about ourselves. We become cleaner, better, harder and healthier here. The soldiers who have already held out for over two years in Russia are the best men of our folk, by far the best. It is so: one should no

longer train the recruits in German barracks with shower rooms, beds, lockers etc, but in Russian or Polish filthy nests. One should no longer assemble the divisions in Western Europe, but in Soviet Russia and in Poland.

Recently I picked up two soldiers who had become separated from their units. Ten days earlier they had been in Hague. It is completely clear to us here that one can not expect much from such people at first, regardless of how well equipped they may be. But it is a shame about what all is lost in the first battles. This view is talked around more and more. Even units which have been in the homeland for a longer period for rest or re-training are no longer as good as they would be if they had never been there. One must first overcome the "dead point"; one must un-learn looking back, one must learn that the path to real and true life only leads along the detour of the defeat of the enemy, that there is no return.

The homeland is too beautiful for us; it makes us sickly, slack and weak. That has nothing to do with the morale at home. But with the effect of security and propriety in our whole life and our being; that is what makes us so sick when we look back into the Russian misery, into the aloneness and desolation of an unmerciful demand, which - so absolute - has probably only been made on the Athenians in their struggle against Sparta or Caesar in his battle with Vercingetorix.

One must understand that, even entirely emotionally, otherwise one succumbs to the tremendous pressure which falls on one spiritually. If one understands this, then the pressure immediately disappears. In its place comes an ice-cold, active will to engage the enemy and to beat him at any price. During my assignments I have become acquainted with very diverse divisions, ones which have been in Russia without interruption since 1940, ones that were formed in Germany during the war, and ones assembled in France. The last ones have the most difficult time becoming accustomed to the unconditional nature of the Russian land in order to achieve a clear view for the gigantic possibilities of these spaces, which there await European creativity.

It buzzes in their head: "Back then in France!", instead of to say, "Here I am, here I remain - and if it isn't nice here, then it will become nice, that's why I am, who I am!" All too few, unfortunately, say the latter. If we would firmly bite into the Russian earth...the Soviets would never drive us away. But unfortunately, all too few bite down firmly here; they dream of the end of the war back home, but not about the end of the war as

a free man in the east. And that is a great shame. It must get to that. At the moment the Russian can set out to do whatever he likes; he won't come a foot forward...

If we see the old world fall into ruins, then let us not ask all too much whether much of value, much that is irreplaceable, is also destroyed! That makes one sad and weakens the strength of resistance. Instead let us ask ourselves whether we still feel a spark of the strength in ourselves which enables us to rebuild the Reich out of our flesh and blood. If that is the case - and I know that the best among us possess this firm faith -, then we will also have the strength to re-build the great works there where no old wall still hinders us - in the spaces of the east and over the ruins of the west. The cathedrals fell; their holy measure lives on indestructible in our blood. So we are free for struggle and will later be free, according to the eternal measure, to build the new citadels of a new time.

**To be simple and natural
is the highest and final goal.**

Nietzsche

From: *SS Leitheft*, May 1944

Man is superior to material, if he opposes it with a great bearing, and no mass or great mass of external force is conceivable which cannot be beaten by spiritual strength. And from this anyone, who is capable of it, can draw the conclusion that in men, real men, values are alive which cannot be destroyed by shells or by mountains of explosives.

Ernst Jünger

From: *SS Leitheft*, May 1944

Right: *Norwegian SS Men* from *Germanische Leithefte*, August/September 1942



European Front

The harder this war affects the European folks, the greater the energies which it awakens in these folks and sets into motion. Outmoded government ideas disappear under the impact of this war as if they never existed. The artificial assortment of states of the Versailles Treaty is crushed, and under suffering and tears a new era is born. We ourselves are only a wave in the flood which is setting the folks of Europe in motion. The ideas of race and socialism are shaking the folks of Europe and pushing them to new forms of state life. Under the impact of the Bolsheviek drive of expansion and the meanness of the enemy's bombing attacks the folks of Europe are being irresistibly drawn closer together, and a feeling of community is emerging which never existed before in the past times of the only apparent prosperity in Europe. It would be wrong to compare the condition of Europe with the one it found itself in when the French Revolution and Napoleon shook the states and folks. Back then the waves of a revolutionary flood struck an outdated Europe lacking an idea under the leadership of the reactionary Chancellor Metternich and destroyed the untenable and hollow system of a European state jumble under Austrian leadership. Today's Europe does not find itself in a condition of the mere preservation and defense of the past. In that it has become conscious of its Germanic tradition, it breaks outmoded state borders and brings folks together. The old world is represented by the enemy in the west and in the east. Capitalism and Marxism are only the sick tips of the outmolded conception of the purpose of life and of the value of man. The New Europe is carried by the energy of the revolutionary idea of socialism and race. It thus finds itself simultaneously in a condition of defense and attack: attack, because it opposes a sick and outdated world with a better one. The socialism is not only a domestic program of the Reich, which strives for a human order on the basis of accomplishment, but also contains - viewed beyond the state - the program of a New Order of the European folks on the basis of the free development of their folkish values and on the basis of their historical accomplishment.

The Power of the Reich Idea

In the ranks of the Waffen-SS today fight Dutchmen,



From a Third Reich Postcard

Flemings, Walloons, Scandinavians, Estonians and Latvians, and soon other folks will dress their awakened youth in the same uniform and thus form the European Front under the SS symbol, which has been born from the need of this hour and forms the foundation of a coming order in Europe. Whoever may have had doubts about the strength of the idea is corrected when he today meets Dutchmen or Estonians in the Waffen-SS, who are more fanatical and determined champions of the Reich idea than many Germans inside the Reich. Thereby we meet the recognition that the service of these men in the east is the steel bath of the Reich idea. The men who have fought over there with the Reich German SS against the Bolsheviks have cast everything behind, all the prejudices that still hamper their contemporaries who have not shared the unique, difficult front experience. In the struggle against our most difficult opponent, the Reich idea in all its radiant beauty is reborn. A European feeling of community is emerging which no longer knows the hesitations of the politicians stuck in the old state theories. These European volunteer SS leaders and SS men are the vanguard of the European front. They love their homeland, and because they love this homeland and are loyal to it deep down, they want as a prize of war a new world, organized by a strong Reich which alone is able to save their homeland and protect the living body of their folk. Certainly, these men are minorities in their folks. World history, however, is always made by the few men who have the courage to dare the new. The hesitations follow only later. One must page through the family history of one such volunteer in order to feel how powerful the idea of the Reich affects this youth. There is, for example, a Fleming. He fights in the ranks of the Waffen-SS. His father is a high-ranking Belgian colonial administrator and now stands in English service; his grandfather was a member of the Belgian parliament, a fanatical representative of French culture against the Flemish opposition of his own homeland. The grandson embraces the Reich and Adolf Hitler. What a break in eras declares itself! What a strong attraction is possessed by the personality of the Führer! How powerful do the blood and the Reich idea speak, that the young men of these folks declare themselves ready to die for this Reich, from which their ancestors have lived apart for decades, yes for centuries!

The European Task of the SS

The SS is hence growing more and more into its European task: It gathers the awakened European youth in the struggle against Bolshevism and the Jewish plutocracies. Whoever may think that the SS hence forfeits its original character or deviates from the strict principles of the Reich has no understanding of the revolutionary idea of National Socialism, which sweeps across the borders of nation states. No one in Europe today believes, regardless of how the war may end, in the return of the artificial state system of Versailles, which owes its existence solely to the English interference in European affairs. It is understandable that through the impact of this war the veneer of a historical development, which often has only lasted a few decades, is wiped away and now the common roots of the European family of folks again comes to light. The fact of the Germanic wandering and the former Germanic settlement between the Baltic Sea and the Black Sea to the Atlantic Ocean and North Africa has formed the blood unity of Europe and created that which we call European culture. The New Order of these folks arises on this same foundation. America and England have no genuine program for a political New Order of the European continent. They view Europe already today only as a colony, which they intend to economically exploitate. Bolshevism has just as little to offer Europe in ideas. Marxism recognizes no real folk, just as little as it can accept the concept of blood into its dictionary. National Socialism alone affirms the roots of each genuine folk. It knows that only he who is loyal to his homeland can be loyal to the Reich. The revolutionary socialism of Adolf Hitler means for Europe not only a regulation of the relations of the European folk to each other on the basis of their historical accomplishment and their participation in the present struggle. From the world view of this movement alone emerges the creative strength and the rich fullness of possible bonds of the folks and nations of Europe to the leadership of a strong Reich. One must clearly see that an inner and outer order of Europe can only stem from the depth of the National Socialist view of history. The SS already today forms the iron ring of those men who yearn with passionate hearts for the New Order of Europe under the leadership of a strong Germanic middle. Without the participation of these men the new can not emerge. It is as if our continent is shakened by a high fever; it is the birth pain of a new era, which wants to arise from the foundation of



A Norwegian Waffen-SS recruiting poster

the blood community of the European family of folks and of a socialist order of their life together.

Whatever path fate may lead us down toward this goal and whatever setbacks may still be in store for us, the goal itself remains fixed. It is the only goal for which it is at all worth living and fighting for. The SS knows that everything must be employed so that the comrades from the European East grow together with it into a community of struggle just like those from the west. Intelligent treatment, a great measure of ability must be used to achieve this goal. The SS remains uncompromising in its principles, in the accomplishment of its practical tasks creative and generous. It must be flexible enough to treat each folk according to its nature and history. It must be our task to form the European youth together into a hard and determined front. The western enemy is not ready to die for a higher world, because he does not recognize it. The enemy in the east has only brought the folks suppression and degradation. If there are inalienable human values, then they are defended by the front of the German army. On our side stands a new idea. To our side must eventually tip the scale of fate, if we remain hard and conscious of the entire historical responsibility of this struggle.

From: *SS Leithest*, February 1944



Mother Homeland by Fritz von Graevenitz

Mother Earth - Fatherland

Therein lie sheltered the hope and faith, sacrifice and devotion, deed and work of countless generations. That is an inheritance, consecrated and made holy through the life and death of our ancestors, given to us as a strong and beautiful legacy. How many human hands have built, bravely and faithfully, on the great homeland house of our heart - Europe. How many have sacrificed, cared for, worked, starved, thought and suffered! Every hand-length of our earth has been tirelessly won and death defyingly defended again and again. So did Germanic man slowly in the course of centuries mold the clear features of the villages, cities, citadels, cathedrals, castles, bridges, streets and roaring workshops into the landscape. That appears before our eyes when we say: Mother Earth - Fatherland. From this earth we have grown up, it encircles us, the homeland gives the strength for life. Often Germanic men did not recognize it and were not conscious of its value. But when they were surrounded by the foreign, it became painfully clear to them that the homeland is good and unchanging like a mother, never fleeting, always ready to take them up and nourish them with strength and faith.

It was a difficult path, until one man stood up and said with a clear voice that we had to grow beyond the love of the soil of our immediate homeland; it was a man who taught us to understand that precisely in the wonderful diversity of the tribal characters and landscapes of the Germanic lands is where the richness of our life lies, and that only in the understanding, appreciation, valuing - and love - of all by blood and culture related folks of Europe do we render the highest service to our own homeland. A great, holy homeland house is it for us Germanics, and each landscape in it is a cornerstone, none may be absent, and only all together do they fit together into the eternal beauty of our great Nordic-determined living space.

From: *SS Leithest*, August 1944

Rather to the Devil in Hell ...

An autumn day slid out into the misty expanse of the sea. The last light fell from the trees, and already the darkness began its march across the land. The evening came damp and cold. On the wide open window of his king's hall stood Ratbod. A fire burned in the fireplace and cast its light onto the tall figure. Serious were the features of his angular face, whose gaze was lost in the foggy grey of the joyless evening.

The King repeated in his thoughts the luck and the suffering of the last days. The burden was heavy on his shoulders. The lonely man held judgement over himself and his land and had to carry the weight of the misfortune alone through the nights.

The Battle at Wyk-de-Duerstede had been lost. Coming generations will drivel about it as about all battles, will note the event like each event in wars between folks. But they will never know what thoughts burned in the mind of the man who saw the flower of his folk die before its time! They will never know how it broke his heart as he swung his flashing sword against the heads of the blonde warriors who fought in the enemy's ranks.

The Frisian King threw his head around and stared for a long time into the fire. His hand raised to his forehead. From the sea of flames emerged figures which stood before his eyes. It was indeed the image of Asgisl. The dead king stood as if alive before him. A conversion with him started:

"You wanted to break hostility with friendship when you allowed Willibrord, the priest, into the land. You hoped that he would hold to what he promised. The messenger of the foreign faith only promoted unrest and sowed hatred. He has destroyed Frisianland. Then I took to the sword and called to war against the enemy who threatened the land's freedom. Free should Frisianland be, free like the clear waves of the sea, free like the thunder when it roars over the forests. But too great was the number of enemy. The enemy has triumphed, hear, dead one, triumphed!"

Desperation spoke from his words.

"The tribe bleeds! The strength wanes against the tenfold stronger, because the lord in Rome devotes ever new armies to the conquest of power, the enemy penetrates into our land to destroy the freedom of the North!"

For a long time there was silence in the room.

The dead king's image appeared more clearly in front of the pained eye.

"I must preserve freedom for the land, save the life of the folk from foreign force. Yes, it should sow and build, put down seed into fertile ground and protect the fields from the floods of the sea. Frisianland should remain, the dikes should not sink!"

"Yes, King, Frisianland should live! Your goal was the same as mine. You tried to reconcile with the enemy when you saw that he came in superior numbers. I defiantly offered him my sword. Are we not both sons of the sea, sprouts of the same earth? Who showed the homeland its original nature? Willibrord sings a song to you. The priests curse me, because I offered them resistance when they came to befool my folk. So they agitated the Frankish army into the land and now bury the harvest of blood that flowed through our swords."

"Hear, Asgisl, I want to follow your example...if I can. The Bishop of Sens should enter Frisianland. I myself want to accept baptism! For Frisianland must live!"

The king pulled the sword from the sheath, stepped into the light from the flame and held the blade into the light. The sword was still sharp, but it should not be repeated that a small band of defiant warriors opposes a superior enemy force with arms. For the sake of life, he was determined to offer peace. And the revulsion with which he despised the crucified god sank in this hour of desperation.

* * *

It was to become a victory of the cross when the King of the Frisians, who had defied the teachings of the church for so long, received the baptism from the hand of the bishop. Priests' hands - cunning and calculating - had prepared everything very well. There was the place which the bishop had selected for the baptism (no prayer house stood in Frisianland, in which the holy act could have been performed); a clear morning fell onto the land. Men and women had come together to experience the spectacle offered by the church. The wooden cross, raised by the servants of the church, stood high. Willibrord, the Bishop of Utrecht, came with his ally Wulfram of Sens and an entourage across the grounds. Silently triumphant, the messenger of Rome walked to the elevated spot where the baptism of the king was to take place. In front of all eyes would the water of the baptism be

poured over the king's head, and the folk would witness how even the most defiant king accepted the faith of the cross.

The neighing of horses and beating of hoofs announced his arrival. Next to him rode Grimoald, his daughter's husband. Warriors with spears and swords followed. When the king jumped down from his horse and walked toward the bishops, who had already assumed their positions along the sides of the raised cross, the entire pride of the north gleamed from his eye. An unbroken warrior wanted to bow his head. Inflexible was his gaze toward the men and women, who stood silently in a circle as he approached the cross.

Wulfram, the Bishop of Sens, now began to speak loudly so as to be heard far away:

"In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti! See, it is a great time which approaches through the representatives of God on earth. Kings and powerful lords begin to hear the message of salvation!"

With the enthusiasm of the convert he called out the words:

"Men and women of Frisianland, as your king today accepts the saviour and becomes a Christian through baptism, so you, too, should throw yourselves at the feet of the all-powerful God, who sent his son to earth to purge your guilt, too, and to save you from guilt and damnation!"

None of those standing there understood the meaning of the words. The priests stood in their hairshirts behind the speaking bishop with a humble gaze toward the ground. Armed Frankish soldiers stood guard to the right and to the left. The cross towered high like a terrible threat.

Ratbod's eye wandered toward the bishop, settled on the colorful gown, then rose, met the unclear gaze of the delegate of Rome, returned back again and confirmed to him anew how different a king is from a priest. Behind the high forehead appeared the thought: An insurmountable barrier separates the kings of Germania from the priests of Rome.

The bishop mixed Latin sentences into the baptism speech. The words of the ceremony flew like confused night birds over the grounds and found nowhere the hearts of the listeners. So their effect was lost like the smoke from incense. The climax of the ceremony seemed to be past. Ratbod's eye mustered the group of his people surely and firmly, who lacked reverence just like he himself.

The priest portrayed the holiness of the baptized and painted the hell torment of the damned who did not want to hear the



This is the illustration that appeared with the original article.

word of the High Priest in Rome. Now Wulfram of Sens turned to Ratbod himself:

"Take then, King, the water of baptism, so that you, freed of all sins, may one day enter heaven with the throngs of believers, to sit at the right of the omniscient God from eternity to eternity, while all those go to hell, who die unbaptized."

Then Ratbod's voice interrupted the speaking bishop.

He asked in the language of his ancestors:

"You have said, priest, that I shall go to heaven if I allow myself to be baptized? Now tell me, priest, where are my parents, who are dead and had never been baptized?!"

Terror spread through the ranks of the group of priests, because the holy act had been so unexpectedly interrupted. The bishop, completely in the enthusiasm of the conversion, threw out the words:

"All of them are with the devil in hell, because they died as pagans!"

Then Ratbod kicked the clay pan with the holy water so that it fell to the ground and burst into fragments. And he hurled his free words into the priest's face:

"Then I want to tell you, priest, I would rather go to my parents and the devil in hell than with you priests to heaven!"

- Gerhart Schinke

From: *SS Leithest*, April 1942

Soul and Body

The late-classical, Christian concept holds that there is a deep difference of essence between body and soul. Both are of different origin: the body is of an earthy-materialistic source, the soul of a godly-spiritual origin. Both have a different fate: the body dies and decays, the soul is eternal and lives on after death. Both stand in the greatest contradiction of values: the body is the source of drives, of the base, of anti-values and evil; the soul is the carrier of the high and good and hence of limitless value. Between both gapes an unbridgeable gorge, they stand opposed to each other. The unholy body is the chain of the free, godly-spiritual high flight of the soul; it is its impure, earthly prison.

Our life feeling and our breed's natural feeling do not agree with these tenets of a dying and collapsing world:

We know that both - soul and body - are entrusted to us directly by the Creator. Both equally are the manifestation of the eternally creating and wonderfully working godly nature.

We know that we have inherited both from our ancestors and that both live on in our children. We know that the decision of continued life or death of both is placed into our hands with self-responsibility. We live in reverence that we are called upon to help preserve the Creator's work and to proliferate it through the eras.

We know that the nobility and purity of our body is simultaneously that of our soul and vice versa. We know that whoever spoils his body also spoils his soul, that whoever decays his soul also marks his body. We know that we can only educate and form our soul along with our body and vice versa.

We know that essentially we are one and the same with our body and our soul, and that the sanctification of one is also the sanctification of the other.

- L.E.

From: *SS Leithest*, June 1944

Your Life Belongs To Your Folk !

In the diary and belongings of an SS man who killed himself, the following sentence is often repeated: "My life no longer has value!" What did he mean by that, and did he have a right to talk that way?

The SS man was 21 years old. His love - which had bound him with two different girls, one after the other, was not of a frivolous kind. He had sought a worthwhile union, an equal wife, who would give him healthy children in a lasting marriage. He gave up the first girl when medical examinations clearly showed the girl would remain infertile. But then, when a new dear love had bound him to another girl, he learned in the hospital that he *himself* through his own fault had become sterile. Since then the sentence about the purposelessness of his life was often repeated in his writings, and that he had lost everything he had lived, loved and fought for: the perpetuation in his children.

What did the SS man want to achieve through his suicide? Did he want to make up for his self-inflicted infertility or did he wish to escape a childless existence, which seemed poor and empty to him?

We will gladly leave the examination of these questions to the psychiatrists. For us SS men, in this case, as in all cases of suicide, only one question is necessary and important: Did the deed help or hurt the folk?

Nobody can deny that the deed of the SS man mentioned here caused serious damage to the folk. For through it nothing was atoned for or made good. Quite the opposite: not only did the SS man deprive his folk of progeny, but through his own death he also deprived it of himself and of his own work-strength and fighting-strength. Hence he added to his guilt.

There may be cases where a great guilt can only be atoned for through death. Then there is the case where the continued life of the guilty person can mean an unbearable burden for the community. In all other cases there is only one atonement and reconciliation, namely the total life effort for the community.

In his order of March 19, 1939, the Reichsführer SS clearly took a position to suicide. It says:

"At most 15% of suicides are committed for reasons that can be accepted, so for example the ending of life after a crime that

hurts the community and tarnishes honor. 85% of the suicides, however, are committed for reasons that can never be accepted, such as fear of punishment, fear of a test, after reprimand from a superior, after an argument with parents, after the dissolution of an engagement, out of jealousy, after an unlucky love affair etc..

"Suicides of this kind have nothing to do with heroism or heroic spirit. They are viewed by we SS men as an escape, as a desertion from struggle and from life itself.

"The SS has never had understanding for people who avoid struggle. Therefore I decree that in all cases where an investigation instigated by the superior clearly determines that the reason for the suicide cannot be accepted, that no notice be given to the death of the man, and that the SS does not participate in the burial."

Your life does not belong to you, but to your folk.

- H. Kl.

From: *SS Leithest*, March 1944

Who May Marry Young ?

When the young SS men in the room got to talking about girls, it was usually not very proper. Today it was different. It was a serious conversation and remained so. That was because an older roommate had been given a book for Christmas, which contained various serious life wisdoms, some of which he passed along to the younger fellows to ponder. It was a book by the 80 year old Lower Saxon author Gustav Frenssen entitled "Vorland". The author meant the not yet won land in front of the dikes, the "new land", but beyond that also the racial and moral future of our folk.

Hans, the older comrade, caught the youngsters - who often spoke frivolously about women and love - at a favorable hour. It was Sunday after lunch, the time of the "quite before the storm" before they went to town. Hans first read this to them:

"The young T. wanted to marry and said to a friend: 'I have a cousin with 3000 Marks'. Then he went off and married her. The young B. and his friend saw two girls walking in front of them on the way to the dance. They decided his friend would take the tall one, short one for dancing and wine and he would take the tall one, whom he later married. The young S. desired a wife. One day he saw an open window and wound up marrying the girl who had left it open. The young R. initially yearned for the neighbor on the left, but when she ran away from him, he took the one on the right. That which comes together in this manner is called a sacrament by the catholic church - in good German that means a secret of God's will. The Protestants say: 'What God has put together...' I think these are simple coincidences - and half of them unfortunate ones - which happen to young people who are not properly taught by parents or teachers or state, and who themselves, although grown up, have not opened their eyes."

"You all go to the village every Sunday", Hans turned and said to them, "and if the sergeant-major wasn't there, you would run off to the women every day, whom who do not even particularly respect, with few exceptions. Just remember the circumstances of how you met, and if by your doing you can extract from the villagers the judgement: The SS men know what they want with girls. They do not just want..., rather they are also selective and have taste and a sense of cleanliness, which is half of character. - This or that quality, otherwise, 'Thanks'."

Hans had cut them down to size. But he had also matured them

innerwardly at the same time. They then offered criticism based on what they knew of each other. The ones that more or less passed the test enjoyed letting the "caught ones" have it in a joking manner. The "offenders" allowed their Sunday hair to be messed up without resistance or to get their ears rubbed even redder than they already were from embarrassment. Hans was pleased about the good heart of the youths, which could be influenced by energetic words.

"Now listen to this passage", he said, and he read another section:

"The young man, even the deeper and more serious one, is between the age of 24 and 28 - when he selects his partner for the rest of his life - in his being still not mature, still unaware of his own essence, and still does not know life and the world. Everyone who knows the entire human life knows that a man of 37 is a totally different one than a man of 27."

"Since it is so, - according to Frenssen - the 27 year old makes the most important decision of his life - most important decision of his life...do you know what that is? - and usually does not recognize the really valuable young women, those who stand there in simple colors, pretty, strong, quiet and deep, created by nature and race specially to be the mothers and upbreeders of our race; rather they much more tend, according to their immature nature, toward the ones who colorfully glitter with small talents and tricks, who approach them with small, superficial charms"

"When these men of the most valuable kind, married, mature in the course of years, they recognize, more clearly from year to year, the kind of women who are valuable, yearn for and desire them, or soon have secret love affairs. And these valuable girls on the other hand, since they experience that they are not selected by the young men, and themselves cannot and do not want to live without love, and are, according to their own valuable nature, attracted to these valuable, mature men, go along with their desire of love. And so, in this manner, do on the one hand these valuable men live in ruined marriages, which greatly hurts their productivity, and on the other hand these valuable women either live without love in constant discontent or remain (most of them) during the entire blossom and fertile period of their life a childless loved one. This condition is full of problems from the human standpoint, and from the folkish one of great harm."

"Full of problems from the human standpoint, and from the

folkish one of great harm", Hans repeated with emphasis.

After he had finished, it remained quiet for a while. But then one spoke up: "But we cannot wait that long? How old are you, Hans? Late thirties? That's almost middle age! The Reichsführer SS, however, wishes us to marry young!"

"I expected this objection", Hans replied. "The author Frenssen did not mean that one should not marry before 37, rather he wants the young man to make every effort, as early as possible, to become conscious of the real human values, which naturally goes hand in hand with you working on yourselves, innerly and outwardly, and with strictly observing yourselves. 'Man, become essential!' did an important man once say.

"Do you think that the Reichsführer wanted you to marry young so you could marry dumb? And so that you open your eyes afterward? Do you think the Reichsführer gave you a license for frivolity? You would be deceiving yourselves. It is a letter of trust! The Reichsführer thinks that you as SS men are worthy and mature enough to fight for Germany, and if necessary to die. But if that can be demanded of you, then you can also be trusted to give Germany new life. The Reichsführer does not mean to endorse each primitive love affair. He thinks, when he wishes you early marriage, about Germany, about children, but he also thinks above all about the worth of these children! If we today have hundreds of Oak Leave recipients, thousands of Knights Cross recipients and hundreds of thousands of other decorated soldiers - in addition to the crude material, which we also have - then just ponder where all that comes from! You are today as your parents created you, and that means as your parents were. The future boys and girls, men and women, will be as you breed them, that means as you are and as your girls are, too.

"And since the time of a soldier in war does not allow waste, so must you not throw away your time. - Can you talk with your girls seriously about such things, like I now speak with you? If not, if they are too dumb or soft for it, that gladly let them go. - But if they become serious and quiet when you tell them this, and if they look into your eyes, then something is there. But never stop testing them and hence yourselves again and again."

One of the young fellows said: "I find it very difficult to properly solve this most important life decision of the right choice of wife. And so I find Frenssens' idea of only marrying late really good." Then the passes were brought into the room.

"Get ready, boys", Hans exclaimed, "We have the same path for a ways, so we can finish our conversation."

They walked out of the barracks into the open air. Fresh snow had fallen and the land smelled very pure. They walked together down a hill on which their quarters were located, in front of it a richly integrated landscape whose undieing life lie protected under a crystal snow blanket.

"There is no doubt that precisely the Nordic man matures later than the man of the east or of the south, especially if by maturity one also means maturity of character, spirit and solidness. Body and soul are, according to our belief, in essence one and hence belong together. In and of itself a later marriage is natural for the valuable Nordic man. But I do not need to tell you that we today stand in the most difficult struggle for our racial existence since the beginning of the history of our folk. Our parents and grandparents generally had too few children, hostile folks on the other hand four or five times as many! And now within half a century a second war already takes sacrifice from our blood stream. So we must shorten the time span between generations. We have no choice and no otherwise so understandable considerations should prevent this. We must, on the contrary, aim for the young man, already early, to know and take his duty seriously. And we accomplish it through mutual help in this task. Those of like character among the old and the young must stand by one another with advice and with action. The first is, of course, of the most passionate interest to you yourselves, namely the recognition that the task of wife selection is the one thing that is really important, so that everything else goes right by itself. The foundation of wife selection, however, is equality of birth, that means belonging to the same breed, and within the breed or race also compatibility in the most important traits of character and of spirit."

"Youth today at 20, but also because of time-determined reasons, is so unclear and undecided in questions of love and marriage", Hans continued. "But how can that be different as long as the media has been swamped for so long with so many frivolous notions about these things in order to satisfy the curiosity and lust of the thoughtless masses? Can it be different if our girls paint themselves and give themselves airs after the example of film starlets? Can it be different as long as the German boy thinks his girl must look just like this or that movie starlet, and vice versa, if the German girl selects her 'type' from the movie stars? Can youth understand what Nordic feeling between boy and girl, between man and woman, is, if all day long it only babbles and whistles stupid hit songs, hums and

slouches, instead of singing German love and folk songs, dancing German and nurturing a lively, German social life? Only when we once again have a common, natural folk culture and a natural community life - cleansed of the foreign - in the clans, villages and towns, when everything works together to promote and to watch over the proper love of the youth of the folk, when marriage celebrations again become meaningful folk celebrations, then will even the youths at 20 probably pretty much know what they should love and what they should avoid, and they will also know what responsibility toward ancestors, equality of birth and upbringing are. And they will find the same ideas among their relatives and acquaintances, just like it was with our ancestors millennia ago. Read in the sagas, there you have the 'images of better times' of which our loyalty song sings! You are called upon to again awaken these sunken images to new life in that you produce children of SUCH worth, with whom alone the emergence of such a Nordic-formed culture can be achieved. And do not forget, for that you need mothers who can succeed in raising the children in the spirit of such a culture and in preserving the living folk-lore that belongs with it."

Hans was finished with his Sunday sermon. He stopped and the group did so with him. They looked into the distance, and then they discovered the snow nearby. Their warm hands grabbed in, and soon the snowballs were flying.

After an intense snowball fight they said good-bye and went their various ways. One of the young fellows remained with Hans, and both of them probably touched on many more questions.

- J. Mayerhofer

From: *SS Leitheft*, February 1944

That for which we struggle is the protection of the existence and proliferation of our race and of our folk, the nourishment of its children and the holding pure of its blood, the freedom and independence of the fatherland, so that our folk may ripen toward the fulfillment of the goal given to it, too, by the Creator of the universe.

Adolf Hitler



From the National Socialist book *Ewiges Deutschland*, page 35

Germanic Life Will

Every war is a bloodletting of the best blood. Many a victory of arms was simultaneously a devastating defeat of the life strength and of the blood of a folk.

In this regard, the unfortunately necessary death of the best men, as regrettable as it may be, is not the worst part.

Much worst is the absence of the children not bred during the war by the survivors and after the war by the dead.

The greatest gift for the widow of the fallen is always the child of the man whom she has loved.

We never want to forget that the victory of the sword and the blood shed by our soldiers would not have a purpose, if the victory of the child and the colonization of the new land did not follow.

*From the order of the Reichsführer SS
of October 28, 1939 for the entire SS and police*

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, issue 5, 1942

The Triple Seal

The (Female) Comrade: Man's best comrade is the (female) comrade. - Gorch Folk

Because of the large amount of work, one had neglected to prepare the young wife for the appearance of her husband, who had been delivered into the hospital, badly wounded, during the campaign against England, or to sufficiently explain the nature of his wounds to her. When the nurse opened the door to the room, which he shared with two other wounded men, the wife stood helpless among the beds, for all three men had bandaged heads and she could not see their faces. The nurse helped her by gesturing toward the window and pointing at the name plates at the head of each bed, where one could read who lay hidden behind the mummification. And so the wife had to believe, because of the name plate, that the motionless figure in front of her was her husband, whom she had traveled two nights to visit. She bent over him, called to him softly and placed her hand on his right hand. There was a movement, a shutter went through the body, but he remained silent. He took his second hand from under the covers. Both were uninjured. The nurse pushed a stool to the bed for the wife and asked her not to remain in the room more than ten minutes.

While the wife held both of her husband's hands and did not dare to ask any questions, because she feared she would receive no answer, and perhaps moreover because she had to recognize her life comrade and father of her children by his hands alone, not by his eyes, mouth or speech, a terrible fear arose in her heart that he might be taken from her forever and perhaps already was not all there. She wanted to ask the other man, on the other side of the room, what had happened to her husband, but this other man as well as the third all laid motionless with bandaged heads, and nothing indicated whether they, under their heavy bandages, could hear or speak. So she sat for a while and did not know what to do.

The wounded husband, who felt the need and helplessness of his wife, raised his hand and knocked with his ring three times on the glass plate on his night table, which, as it immediately turned out, was the same as a request, something like: "Help me, comrade, you know that I cannot speak yet."

At any rate, the three knocks were followed by a human, even



"The Hero" by Hubert Nikolaus Lang

if hard to understand, voice from the opposite wall, and from the white wrappings emerged a voice, short and disciplined as if executing an order: "Supposed to inform you that all of us were shot in the face." And barely audible it afterward mumbled: "Now we are not pretty anymore."

At the same time, as if an accompaniment of these fateful words, her husband's hand felt its way up his wife's arm, over her shoulder toward her head, and pulled her face down to his hand. And so, cuddled in the trusted and protecting palm, her heart became calm again, and she began to speak.

She randomly talked about the small, insignificant events of daily life; she had not planned to speak of any of these things, except perhaps the news that the little one was doing well. She spoke of the apple tree in the front garden, of the weather outside, of the health of his little canary bird at home and about the binding on the latest Goethe edition. That a little daughter had been born to a friend and that the roses were blooming in the park. She talked without pause, softly, almost like a song, and did not even know if he heard it. At any rate, the pressure of his hand on hers seemed to betray that he absorbed her words.

When she saw that the time had run out, she felt compelled to now finally tell him the essential, to make him understand the important thing, and she whispered to him that now she really loved him, that he should not worry about the wounds or the scars, that a real scar is fitting for a real man and such. She had to really make an effort to say this softly and almost indifferently, but she knew how much it pleased him. And when his hand again felt out for her presence, as a thanks or greeting, she placed her lips into the open palm and kissed it three times, quickly and as if in a game, so that he would not perceive her shock. The other hand experienced the same, and then she placed both hands together and stood up.

- Dorothea Hollatz

When she left, she left behind a different man, who again looked toward the future with hope and happiness. The bearing of the wife gave the sacrifice of the man its final and great meaning. From it grew his strength and healing. The loyalty of his wife had given him back the courage to live.

From: *SS Leithest*, January 15, 1941

Yamato

Yamato is the name of a Japanese province. Because exceptional Japanese soldiers have hailed from this area, the name Yamato has become a symbol of courage and fulfillment of duty. Nothing can simply be taken over from a foreign folk to one's own folk. But we can learn from the Japanese example how courage and bravery root in religious feeling.

It happened in the year 1932 by Western time that a Japanese Major, wounded during the fighting for Shanghai, lost consciousness and so had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the enemy. Afterward he was liberated by the advancing Japanese troops and taken back. One day the press reported that a Major had claimed suicide at precisely the spot where he had been taken prisoner.

What does this event tell us? Simply because he had been wounded and unconscious, the officer had been taken prisoner; was that a shame for a warrior? Why did he end his life instead of fighting on for the fatherland, and serving it with his knowledge, experience, courage and spirit? Only from the Yamato spirit, that spirit of Japanese man, can his behavior be explained.

In the sagas of western Japan, the tradition of the strong knight's spirit is especially alive; the foundation for the spiritual education of the saga knight can be found in the book "Hagakure", a work about the knight's code, where it is written: "If you have to choose between two paths - life or death - choose the latter." The Major, who carried this teaching deep inside himself, went the path of death. But why should one search for death?

In the knight's code of the Japanese warriors of today, "Senjinkum" or the teachings in the war camp, it is written: "Living, you should never carry the shame of the prisoner; after death you should not leave behind the bad reputation of guilt and calamity." From olden days it is viewed as a great shame in Japan to live on in captivity; one should die first.

In modern war - other than in old times - certain circumstances may be unavoidable in which one is captured. One can certainly be of the opinion that one does not necessarily have to die after one has done one's duty with highly advanced modern weapons - yes, done one's best - and that one serves his country much

Right: This is the illustration that appeared with the original article.



better by remaining alive and fulfilling one's calling - be it in war or in peace. Such a view has a certain justification; but the Japanese soldier thinks differently: If he lives on in the shame of captivity, that means that he did not fight to the death, that he still had the possibility of fighting on, and he is filled with the deepest regret that he did not fight to the death for Tenno, fatherland and folk.

"Be it at sea, where sea water baptizes my body,
Be it on land, where moss covers my bones in the mountains,
Only for the great ruler do I want to fight
without a thought about myself."

Just like this ancient song, which we sing again and again, brings to expression, it is completely inconceivable that the soldier returns to life. Lord Nelson said at his death: "Thank God, I have done my duty"; the Japanese, however, does not fight for the sake of duty alone, but in order to sacrifice his life. Erwin Bälz, one of the best authorities on Japan, reports one of his own experiences from the period of the Russo-Japanese War: A Japanese acquaintance visited him with his son, who the next morning was supposed to report to the front. After the young man had left, Dr. Bälz conversed with his acquaintance about the war; the old man told him that he had lost his oldest son four years earlier during the Boxer Rebellion and now had sent his second to war. He went on to say that his honored family crest would now no longer have somebody to carry it on, because he had no more sons. Bälz said to him comfortingly: "Not all who go to the front are destined to fall; I believe your son will return with great military honor." The old father shook his head and replied: "No, my son is going into battle in order to find a hero's death, not in order to return alive." Erwin Bälz noted: They were calm words, fitting a philosopher.

This attitude is the true reason why Japan has previously lost no war and in the present war in Greater East Asia, too, has achieved such wonderful successes. It is nothing other than a resolute deed to - in the smallest conceivable submarines - attack and sink the mightiest warships of the U.S. fleet. The self-destruction of the Japanese fliers has the purpose of viewing themselves as part of the bomb load and diving into the enemy, in order to fulfill their calling. On December 12th of last year the Imperial Headquarters reported that nine out of ten naval airplanes had successfully destroyed themselves. This heroic spirit

is what protects the Japanese Empire; this heroic spirit enabled the Japanese military already in the years 1274 and 1281 - with only 50,000 men against the far superior Mongolians, who numbered about 150,000 men - to defeat them soundly and fight off their terrible assault. In the Sino-Japanese War of 1894/1895 and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904/1905, Japan's shining victories were produced by this spirit. And those soldiers, too, who today fight in the endless space of the Pacific on land, in the sea and in the air, are all prepared to defend their fatherland to the last and enter into the ranks of the gods.

Those who call such a spirit fatalism and view it as a senseless disregard of precious human life are far from understanding the Japanese soldier spirit. The daring deeds of arms of the Japanese soldiers are manifestations of this powerful spirit, which works for the continuation and honor of the Reich, for justice and for true peace.

It would also be an inexcusable mistake to see the slightest trace of primitive brutality in this spirit. Japanese man's love for flowers is well-known. His aesthetics, however, do not allow him to seek the flower alone, rather he values the organic union of leaves and branches; therefore he never cuts off the blossom, but leaves it on the twig. Japanese civilization has not only given its people a high willingness to sacrifice, but also sensitive compassion. This compassion shows itself in the behavior of the Japanese soldier toward the enemy, especially the captured one. Here is a compelling example from the Middle Ages: In 1184, in the course of a bitter civil war, the splendid warrior Kumagai defeated a knight from the enemy camp, Atsumori, and, according to the war custom of that period, took his head. Atsumori was hardly 20 years old, and Kumagai - deeply disturbed by his early death - set aside the sword, left the knight caste and became a priest, in order to spend his life as such with prayers for the well-being of the soul of the fallen one.

During the previous World War Japanese volunteers serving in the Canadian army wound up on duty on the western front; among them was a volunteer named Isomura, who during an attack came across a wounded German. By gestures, the wounded man let Isomura know he had a terrible thirst, and without hesitation Isomura gave him a drink out of his own canteen, which still had a small amount of precious water in it. Meanwhile a British soldier had appeared, who attacked the wounded German with his bayonet. Isomura threw himself between them and called out: "Don't you see that the man is seriously wound-

ed?" - "So what", replied the Briton, "wounded or not, each enemy who is killed is our gain." - "Where is your Christian charity?" - "I left it at home when I went to war", the Briton answered.

Likewise, during the World War the Japanese volunteer Morooka heard an extremely young opponent - whom he had attacked with the bayonet - shout "Mother!" When he heard this word, he knew he could not thrust his bayonet against this enemy a second time, and so in this manner did the fellow, although wounded, be saved and later return to the homeland.

The Japanese do indeed consider it beneath their dignity to be captured, but they nonetheless have deep compassion for the prisoners they themselves take. In the course of the Russo-Japanese war, many Russian prisoners were taken to Japan, and none of them will think back on the generous treatment given them in Japan without thankfulness. Such behavior toward the wounded enemy has always been viewed as a virtue in Japan. From their history it is clear that the Koreans participating in the Mongolian invasion who fell into Japanese hands did not deserve special treatment, but they still found a humane reception. The Emperor of Korea even saw fit to express his gratitude for such treatment in a letter to the Japanese government. It must be remembered here that the Mongolian invasion was a mortal threat to Japan and its folk. In the Russo-Japanese War the First Division and the Second Japanese Army had the task of caring for the first Russian prisoners. An inspection was ordered with the purpose of acquainting the Japanese soldiers with the uniforms, insignia and markings of the opponent. Many of the enlisted men of one company, however, did not participate in the inspection. The following consideration was given as the reason: It was a shame to be taken prisoner as a soldier, and it is unbearable to have to show one's face to the enemy as a prisoner; the samurai understands the feelings of the samurai and spares him this humiliation. That was the reason the soldiers did not participate in the inspection of the Russian prisoners. The enemy officers who had given the order to kill all Japanese, even the prisoners, may not have understood this behavior of the Japanese soldiers.

In one theater of the present war in Greater East Asia, the Philippines, at the beginning of January a number of Japanese civilians were massacred by U.S. troops; in the history of Japan, such atrocities do not emerge.

The Japanese fight today for the fatherland and for all folks of

Greater East Asia, they fight a difficult, sacrifice-ridden struggle in which they place the hardest demands on themselves; nonetheless they have deep compassion for fellow human beings, and because of this situation, in the course of fighting many notable and moving events will emerge, which will go down into the history of the war and there bear witness to the spirit of Japan, the Yamato Tamashii.

- *Kazuichi Miura*

**And if we have loyalty,
and nothing else in the world,
that is enough, and no one
stands before us.**

**None can revile us,
no enemy can keep pace,
death can not reap
with its hard cut.**

**In you and me and everyone,
it grows early and late,
and in the middle, where we fall,
there is it sowed.**

**And if we have loyalty,
and nothing else in the world,
that is enough, and no one
stands before us.**

Hans Baumann

From: *SS Leitheft*, March 1942

Misunderstood Comradeship

Comradeship is as polymorphic as life. Thousandfold are the examples which display it. It is the bond which holds together real fellows. Without true comradeship, genuine soldiery is inconceivable. But it always serves a higher goal, the entirety, the community. Its moral strength comes from the strong heart, from responsibility, from the unflinching feeling of being fatefully bound to folk and homeland. Where it deviates from this moral concept, it takes on an egotistical cloak, it is morally flawed and harmful to the community.

Certainly, a SS-Obersturmführer serving as depot commander succumbed to such misunderstood comradeship. When it was discovered that within his command the cashier had slaughtered several pigs without authorization and unjustly distributed or shipped large amounts of meat, he did not check out the mistake, rather he tried to influence the investigating officials to refrain from further inquiries. Furthermore, he induced the involved SS men to give sworn statements that they had not received any meat.

The cashier was sentenced to prison and the depot commander - for not reporting the criminal acts of subordinates and contriving false reports - to a prison sentence.

The behavior of the cashier represented a serious harm to the German folk. The depot commander - out of misunderstood comradeship - had sought to hide the abuses instead of insuring order. Whoever covers up harms the folk entirety and undermines his own authority.

- From the SS Court Records

Her Boy

A war story about the great love of our mothers

It was spring when the news came to her that her boy was among the missing in action.

The chestnut-tree under the kitchen window did not know anything about suffering and death. It bloomed joyously despite the mother's tears. The neighbor woman tried to comfort as often and as much as possible.

"Missing is by no means as bad as fallen, Mrs. Schröder. Just you watch: One day your Willi will come home with his happy whistle! It has happened often. Just last week by Mrs. Wendowski: her Max, who was also missing, had only been wounded in the leg and taken prisoner until our brave lads liberated him again..."

The aging woman nodded.

"He promised me, my Willi. He would come back, he said. If not at Easter, than at Pentecost, and if things still are not quite by then, then certainly when the chestnuts fall, from which he always carved ships for their children. Do you remember, Mrs. Richter?..."

"Yes..." whispered the neighbor, and then she fled from the rigid calm of the grey-haired little woman.

Three months later Mrs. Schröder was still waiting for her boy. She did not believe that he could be dead. Previously, she only went to the train station on Sunday and sat herself on the bench in front of the platform in the afternoon hours, in order to wait for something that would again bring joy into her lonely life.

Willi would still arrive here someday and he would be very pleased to be picked up. Perhaps he would have been sick for a long time or wounded.

Today the confused woman wore her Sunday dress in the middle of the week. Today was her boy's birthday. There was a vase of flowers in his room, his small table and books had been tidied up and fresh linen put on the bed.

Too bad that the bench at the train station was already occupied today. Mother Schröder was pacing back and forth excitedly in front of the platform. Just then a train arrived from the west. She stared at the flood of travelers who came through the gate. If he would come home today, his 25th birthday, her Willy, then everything would be fine. All loneliness, all yearning, all waiting

and worrying about her only child...

Somebody bumped the small, haggard woman. Heavy luggage clattered and began to slide, a cane hit the ground hard, and a voice cried: "*Steady, young man, don't fall!*"

But mother Schröder had already grabbed hold and held tight. A grey field soldier was next to her, his coat wrinkled, his cap faded, above the haggard shoulders the rucksack packed high, a blonde mop and child's eyes, blue, clear, searching, his arm bandaged and laboriously dragging one leg.

"*Willi!*" stammered mother Schröder unsteadily.

Surprised, he raised his head. An embarrassed smile appeared on his thin face. "*How do you know my name?*"

She was still holding his arm. The voice was strange. But the head, the beloved head with the shining eyes, dear heaven, the eyes were indeed those of her boy.

"*Should I...should I help you carry something?*"

Now he really laughed. "*If you want to, little mother, the heat makes one weak, when one has been in a hospital for a long time. But you mistake me, little mother, even if my name is Willi.*"

She did not answer at all. She walked next to him and carried the bundle made out of grey cloth. He only made slow progress and she often had to support him.

"*It's fine to be picked up liked this. Thanks, little mother. If you would only be so kind and tell me which train I should take to Karlshorst. I don't know my way around here. A cousin of mine lives in Karlshorst. Where should one go, if one no longer has a home, but has leave, perhaps forever... For my hand... look at it, little mother!*"

"*Little mother*" is what she heard. Her fingers glided over the stiff wrist, caressingly, carefully. "*Come, come boy. Just along the street here and then we are there.*"

He looked up, doubtfully. "*We're already at Karlshorst?*"

"*No, my boy, that's where home is!*"

"*Home?*"

He repeated the inconceivable word. What was going on with the peculiar woman? If she wasn't completely right in the head? But the way she spoke and looked at him, no one had ever viewed him that way in his entire, poor, orphaned life.

"*But I really am somebody else...*"

"*Come, man!*" she just insisted, and her tears flowed after long numbness for the first time in a calm, redeeming river. "*My Willi is missing, and today is his birthday. I have put fresh linen on his bed and baked a cherry cake. And, well...well I thought, I wanted*

...come, my boy, you have no mother and I no son. That goes well together."

So the young, strange, homeless soldier went along. He walked like a victor despite the lame leg.

Mother Schröder had something to care for and to love, and that is the most necessary thing for a woman.

- E.K.

From: *SS Leitheft*, March 15, 1941



Further Reading

Do you want *more* books like this one? Books translated directly from the ORIGINAL Third Reich publications?

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