

**You Stand Among the People**



**by Hans Belstler  
1943**



**The Reich's First Soldier**

Publisher: Deutscher Volksverlag GmbH, Munich

Author: Hans Belstler, Munich

All rights reserved, in particular film, radio and performances

Printed by: Steinbeckdruck KG, Aschaffenburg - Cover design and decorative lettering: Hasso Freischlad,  
Munich-Großhadern - Portrait of the Führer, Heymann In sicherer Hut und Thorak Fahnenträger.

Photographs: Heinrich Hoffmann, Munich - Bamberger Reiter, photograph by Prof. Walter Hege, Weimar.

Publisher: Deutscher Kunstverlag, Berlin - Imperial eagle in the courtyard of the Reich Chancellery,  
photograph: Heinrich Hoffmann, Berlin.

## **German Boys and Girls!**

Germany is fighting for its very existence - for its future or its downfall. We are living through the most decisive years in German history; in fierce battles, German soldiers have won tremendous victories on all fronts. Through sacrificial labor, the homeland is helping to provide bread and weapons for this struggle. The entire nation stands united and forms a solid community of destiny with only one goal:

### **Victory!**

And this victory, German youth, will give you a more beautiful, more peaceful future. You must complete this Reich, which has been won so hard with sweat and blood, and ensure its eternal existence; you must devote your entire lives to National Socialist Germany, unyielding in your will, and strong in your faith. Never before has a young generation been entrusted with such great tasks as yours - we believe and trust that you will master and fulfill them.

School has given you the tools you need, has focused and strengthened your young energies, shaped your characters, and provided you with the knowledge you need to fight the battles of life. This little book of remembrance stands in the service of the great goal - its slogans and mottos, poems and short reports point the way forward, and aim to give you support and help on this path.

Now join the great, strong front of all those who are working to fulfill their duties to their leaders and their people, so that Germany may exist forever.



**Fritz Wächtler**

**Gauleiter of the Bavarian Ostmark, Reichswalter of the NSLB**

**Heil Hitler!**

## You Carry an Eternal Heritage in Your Blood - Good Blood is Our True Wealth



The highest and most sacred thing that nature has given to human beings for their existence is their genetic heritage. This asset cannot be acquired or increased through money or gold, and does not include things that can be bought or sold - it is an asset that we have been entrusted with by our Creator to manage and pass on. It lies hidden in thousands upon thousands of living cells that slumber like treasure chambers in our bodies; they are the carriers of our life and destiny and contain all the genetic heritage of our ancestors for thousands of years. Form and essence, feelings and will, thoughts and deeds have their origin in these inconspicuous structures, drawing strength and individuality from them. This genetic heritage determines a person's happiness and suffering, success or ruin; it makes them good or bad, strong or weak, talented or untalented.

You too must know and nurture this precious gift; you must understand the laws of life in the blood, and serve them in such a way that you devote your entire life to them; above all, you must cherish and nurture the valuable predispositions and good qualities that have flowed into your blood from your ancestors, promote them and bring them to fruition, preserve them against the hardships and adversities of the environment, and assert them.

You must also recognize, with open senses, the darkness that flits through your blood and the evil tendencies that haunt you; you should know where a branch of your ancestors became weak and why the descendants of one or another ancestor degenerated and went to ruin. Alcohol was often the pest that rendered the germ cell, this wondrous repository of hereditary treasures, useless or destroyed; even a member with a hereditary disease can bring misfortune and curse, ineradicable illness, or inferiority into the hereditary stream. Pay particular attention to the diseases and causes of death that occur with striking frequency among your ancestors. You must be particularly wary of these and strengthen and steel yourself through a healthy and natural lifestyle, proper health care, and sensible physical exercise.

You cannot eradicate your weak dispositions and evil tendencies, but you can suppress them within yourself, and above all you should develop and increase the valuable powers within you.

You can dishonor or honor the genetic heritage of your ancestors; you can squander it irresponsibly, or use it responsibly in the struggle of life - in this respect, you are master of your will and thus master of your destiny. In this, the Creator has clearly raised us far above the animal kingdom.

This will is the divine spark within you that makes you the master of your heritage and the co-creator of your destiny. "Where there is a will, there is always a way."

*"You are not today and you are not tomorrow - you are a thousand years ahead of you and a thousand years behind you. A thousand years before you, they guarded their blood so that you could become who you are; guard your blood so that the generations of the thousand years after you will be grateful to you."*

---

<sup>1</sup> Meant for the text, but too good-looking to leave out of the translation.

*That is the meaning of life, that God awakens in the blood - but God is only in pure blood."*

- **Wulf Sörensen**

### **Your Ancestors are Our People of Yesteryear**

The genetic heritage of millions of ancestors lives within you, the blood of your people; behind your two parents stand four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on. With each previous generation, the number of your ancestors doubles - in the 25th generation, there are already more than 33 million.

Twenty-five generations is about 600 years, and you are a part, a breath, a feeling, a thought of each of these 16 million men and 16 million women - they all live on in your form and essence, immortal to this day. 16 million men and 16 million women have woven you, bequeathed, strengthened or have been wiped out. The entire people of that time are your ancestors, just as they are the ancestors of us all; thus, the history of your people is also your own history. Our common blood and our common history make us brothers. Your blood and your soul also live on in this great community; it lives on in your deeds and works, your thoughts and dreams, and will one day be in your children and grandchildren.

The strong blood of the Germanic farmers and warriors, the warriors and heroes of the migration period, the noble knights and powerful kings from the heyday of the First Empire lives in you.

In you is the blood of the singers and poets of folk songs and heroic sagas, of the masters who built cathedrals, of the painters and woodcarvers of immortal works of art. The blood of the citizens lives in you, the rich and proud builders of cities and castles, the bold merchants and Hanseatics who carried the German name throughout the world. The blood of the settlers who moved to Ostland and won new land for the empire with sword and blood also pulses in you.

But you also carry the blood of the poor and enslaved peasants who rose up in terrible revolts against servitude and the arbitrary rule of their lords; the blood of the freedom fighters of 1813 lives on in you, who broke the Napoleonic chains and saved the fatherland.

Within you is the blood of the heroes of the World War, who gave their lives for Germany in the trenches and craters of France, on the plains of Russia, on the rocks of the Alps, and in the deserts of Africa. Fight for the future of this blood! In the blood of your people, you are immortal.

*"We are a dark community  
of the living and the dead  
and those yet to come, child!  
We, Germany!"*

*Always, as if through the world a heart,  
the blood of your people beats  
in you, in this earth's ore,  
you can never escape it.*

*And we are a dark community  
of the living, the dead*

*and those who will rise again at Easter, child!  
We, Germany!”*

- **Hans Fredrich Blunck**

### **You are Your People - Be Worthy of Their Blood!**

With your genetic heritage, you receive not only the inheritance of your clan, but also the racial heritage of your people; this heritage determines in particular your way of life, your German character. Various related European races have come together in the blood of our people, and from them, like roots, a single trunk has grown. Each of these roots—the Nordic and Faliscan, the Ostic and Dinaric, the Western and Eastern Baltic—nourishes the trunk with its sap and strength; each contributes to the enrichment and deepening of our soul. But what remains decisive for the face, history, and culture of our people, and what remains predominant in the soul of every German, is what our common Nordic blood gives us - its heroic character forms the core of our Germanic-German nature. We must preserve this nature within ourselves so that “German” remains what it always has been.

The greatest danger to the preservation of our valuable heritage is its mixing with foreign blood; unequal and opposing genetic material leads to internal contradictions and ambivalence, and destroys healthy vitality. The influx of Jewish blood into our people brought much harm; it weakened our national body and corrupted the German soul and culture. The ignorance and recklessness, but also the weak good nature of the youth in the postwar period contributed greatly to the corruption of the blood and the weakening of the spiritual vitality of the people. They did not yet know or understand the inexorable laws of race, and did not know about loyalty to the blood.

It is therefore fortunate for our people that German men have recognized these laws as essential to the existence and destiny of man, of an entire people, and that our leader Adolf Hitler made these laws the foundation for the establishment of the National Socialist state.

Long before he seized power, he wrote in Mein Kampf:

*“No, there is only one most sacred human right, and this right is at the same time the most sacred duty, namely: to ensure that the blood remains pure, so that by preserving the best of humanity, the possibility of a more noble development of this species may be given...”*

- **Mein Kampf, page 444**

After the National Socialists seized power, these ideas were immediately put into practice - racial laws rid the fields of German blood of the weeds of foreign blood, make them ready for sowing through care and nurture, and enable our people to reap healthy fruit and rich harvests.

Those who follow the laws of race protect and secure the sacred soil of German blood and the German way of life, fulfilling the great commandment of the people:

**Make sure that your blood remains pure!**

Those who mix with foreign, inferior races betray their own blood and their German soul, make their children impure and miserable, and commit racial defilement - racial defilement is treason against the people!

*“Keep your blood pure,  
It is not yours alone.  
It comes from far away  
And it flows far away.  
It is heavy with a thousand ancestors,  
and all the future flows in it.  
Keep pure the garment,  
of your immortality.”*

- *Will Vesper*



**In Safe Keeping**

## Families Build the Nation



“Release me!” - this inscription can be found on a mighty, beautifully carved oak pillar in the middle of the hallway of an old German farmhouse. This pillar has been supporting the heavy ceiling beams for almost 300 years. What do these strange words mean? At first glance, they probably mean that even this strong pillar made of sturdy oak, which was erected by our ancestors, will one day become old and rotten, and that it will have to be replaced by a new, strong trunk if the house is to remain standing - but until that happens, how much change will take place among the inhabitants of the house? How many generations will pass in the meantime? And that is probably the deeper meaning of this inscription: to remind the entire clan of death and rebirth within their family, and so the sentence could serve as a warning and a demand in every home, in every family. It is addressed above all to you, boys and girls - one day, you will have to take over the weary, aging life, take on all the heavy duties, the hard worries and struggles of your parents, and later found a new family of your own, and preserve your lineage through it. Do not forget the history that taught you that even highly gifted peoples perished after the disintegration of their families; that their countries and cultural treasures were plundered by foreign immigrants.

There is no German history or future without sufficient German blood - it depends on the children of our blood! If blood is our only true wealth, then healthy families with many children are the greatest treasure troves of our people, and children are the bearers and guarantors of living eternity.

Caring for families is always at the same time a service to the people, a concern for and a desire to ensure a secure future for healthy generations. Dr. Frick, Reich Protector for Bohemia and Moravia, sums up the great importance of the family for the state in the following sentence:

*“The National Socialist state recognizes the family as the basic unit of the state and places it at the center of state policy.”*

*“The final destruction of the family would mean the end of all higher humanity.”*

- **Adolf Hitler (Party election appeal, April 1932)**

**Father and Mother are Sacred Names for Us**

We owe them our existence, our health, our talents and characteristics—in short, everything that makes us who we are. With a thousand careful gestures, our father and mother laid the foundation for our growth and development, and day after day they watched over our well-being and health with unfailing care and ever-present love. Our father and mother opened our senses to life in this world and made us receptive to the forces that build us up and sustain us. They first showed us the beauty of the world, the sky, the sun, the forest, the flowers, and the animals, and their language, the language of love, led us into the heart of things, and into the magical world of our people's fairy tales and songs.

They gave us a home, and with their guiding hand we found our fatherland.

Father and mother are sacred names; whoever dishonors or forgets them loses the happiness of this world. Our Führer points to the great importance of father and mother, man and woman in the life of a people when he says:

*"There are two worlds in the life of a people: the world of women and the world of men; it is necessary that this be so, for nature has rightly placed the man before the family and has imposed on him an additional obligation, namely the protection of the people, of the whole... The world of women, if they are truly happy, is first and foremost their husband, their children, their home... Only when these two worlds come together do they form a common world in which a people can live and survive."*

- **Adolf Hitler at the 1936 Party conference**

*"Father's love builds the house,  
mother's love decorates it.  
A child's love always shines  
brightly as gratitude."*

### **One Day, You Too Will Become an Ancestor!**

Even dead parents still bless us, for they live on in our blood; they are the flow of our blood, the beating of our hearts, which gives us strength and life. The father's spirit and will provide a home and bread, while the mother's love and heart give life and happiness - together, they create that which is imperishable, everlasting, and eternal. The individual passes away, but he can let his life, which he owes to his ancestors, be reborn in his children.

The most worthy thanks you can give your parents and ancestors is the will to become an ancestor yourself; only through this do you prove yourself truly worthy of the life your ancestors gave you.

Being a grandchild means little; being an ancestor is everything!

Our Germanic ancestors once believed that they would gain rebirth and immortality in their grandchildren; they saw happiness and blessing, strength and healing in a rich brood of children - the word "marriage" was related to the word "eternity." Marriage was supposed to continue a family line in eternal succession, keeping it alive into eternity. Germania owes its nickname of "cradle of the peoples" and "womb of the nations" to this strong will and way of thinking; this Germanic habitat became a womb that repeatedly poured wave after wave of Germanic blood into the world, scattering Germanic people

across the globe in countless migrations and journeys, where they created empires and left their spiritual mark on the world.

We want to reawaken in ourselves this desire of our ancestors for earthly immortality, so that we, like them, may achieve immortality in our children and our children's children, in eternal Germany.

This commitment to your ancestors and to your children is your best pledge of loyalty to the people to whom you belong and whom you serve.

If we want to be equal to the enormous tasks of the coming times, and realize the great future that the Führer and our victorious armed forces are paving the way for us, then the growth of our families and the blessing of children are the greatest tasks we have - the victory of arms must be followed by the victory of children.

*“We do not want to be merely the grandchildren who fought better, but also the ancestors of the latest generations necessary for the eternal life of the Germanic people.”*

- **Reichsminister Heinrich Himmler**

*“We are growing towards Germany,  
Germany is our world!  
God gave it to us  
as our farmland.  
We carry the divine seed  
of our fathers and mothers in our blood,  
the longing of our strong ancestors  
as our heritage and sacred treasure.*

*We are devoted to the sun  
that rises after every night.  
Faith has given birth to us  
that Germany will awaken again.  
Faith has kindled fires  
that burn throughout the land.  
What our flag proclaims  
has set all hearts ablaze.  
The eternal stars shine brightly,  
an ancient current drives us forward,  
we can already see in the distance  
the holy cathedral rising up.*

*We are growing toward Germany,  
the mighty time is ripening for us.  
The marching step of our heroic fathers  
has consecrated us to the people.”*

- **Karl Seibold**

## You're Young - The Way is Open



Being young! Doesn't that mean being so light and carefree that life is just a game; being so happy and exhilarated in body and soul that both resound jubilantly together? Doesn't it mean living each day carefree and without a goal, avoiding everything difficult and obligatory, loving only the casual and unbound, giving your life to freedom? And doesn't it mean seeking and desiring the beauty of the world, reaching for the high stars, dreaming of wonderful and enticing distant places? Isn't being young giving oneself to the joys of existence, overflowing with exuberance and wasting oneself? Isn't youth a roaring torrent and a rushing spring storm?

Yes, all this is youth: wild impetuosity and jubilant joy, the urge to grab hold and blossoming dreams. And yet being young is more than just instinct and dreams - youth is the power of growth and the hope of becoming. Youth means being full of expectation, wanting to build a life of your own with joyful confidence, believing in the possibility of great achievements. True youth does not want to remain forever young, but wants to mature, to become men and women:

To be young is to be the seed of new life — for the eternity of our people.

To be young is to be the embers of a new light — for the unquenchable faith in Germany.

To be young is to be a weapon in the fight for our freedom, our rights, our sacred land, and our daily bread.

*“To be young means to be willing to act and full of vigor; to defy the narrow, fearful tracks that lead us from half-measures to half-measures... better to smash the millstone of the border, better to dare the foaming life; to fight — and laugh in the face of the storms that rage around us!*

*To be young means to be glowing with readiness to leap.*

*What separates us from the weary and the old are not crutches, not wrinkles: eternal light illuminates the runes of the years, eternal spring blooms in silver hair, if only the spirit circles toward the sun like a divine falcon!”*

- **Heinrich Anacker**

### **You Have a Duty to Be Healthy!**

Your life, and therefore your body, belongs to your nation, for it is to your nation that you owe your existence - it has a right to you and your health.

Our people need healthy and strong people, people who are capable of enduring the hardest struggles and sacrifices, and of achieving the highest levels of performance; this requires people with strong bones and firm muscles, with a strong heart and healthy lungs, with a resilient, elastic body and nerves of steel. Certainly, healthy genes are a prerequisite for the health of the individual and the entire population - but the best genes are of no use to us if we do not evaluate, constantly promote, strengthen, and perfect them. You know the old saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and this saying applies to you, boys and girls. We can also translate this saying into a more contemporary phrase: "Those who do not take care of their bodies and do not exercise will remain weak!"

Be in shape!

Your bodies need air, light, and water! You must learn to endure storm and rain, heat and sun, wetness and cold; your skin will become strong, your muscles will become powerful, your tendons will become firm and flexible, your heart will become efficient, and your senses will become alert and sharp. Proper physical exercise is also exercise for the soul; it makes you courageous and self-confident, fresh and cheerful. The will to persevere is strengthened when you fight hard for performance or victory; a sense of justice is strengthened and a spirit of camaraderie is awakened when you compete fairly in games and observe and abide by established rules. Those who engage in physical exercise learn to fit in, to control themselves, to fight honestly, and to respect their opponents. The small, self-willed ego is absorbed into the service of the greater whole - body, soul, and spirit merge into a harmonious unity.

Young people get in shape! This means that they have trained and practiced their will, their abilities, and their commitment, which enable them to stand up to their opponents. Being in shape at the right moment is not only decisive in individual sporting competitions, it also determines the fate of nations in the global struggle.

The German nation and the German people, our armed forces and our homeland, are in excellent shape in the tremendous struggle that has been forced upon us - the deeds of our homeland and the victories of our front lines are shining examples of this. German youth, prove yourself worthy of these achievements, get yourself in shape, steel and strengthen your body, tighten your will and toughen your discipline. Being in shape must become your pride.

Avoid alcohol and nicotine! They are poisons that inhibit your growth and weaken your physical and mental strength. They make you listless and clumsy at work, numb your will, and empty your wallet. Young drinkers and smokers are never fully capable of performing at their best.

It is a narrow-minded bourgeois view to regard smoking and drinking as signs of "masculinity." Quite the contrary! It takes self-discipline and energy, i.e., masculine virtues, not to smoke and not to drink. Take the great men of action and science as your role models - Sven Hedin did not drink a drop of alcohol on his expeditions; Ludendorff, Mackensen, Franco, and our leader Adolf Hitler do not smoke and avoid alcohol.

*"Alcohol is a pest of humanity; what it has already destroyed in our people, especially in valuable individuals, or rendered useless to the nation, will in a century be many times greater than the losses on all battlefields during the same period."*

- **Adolf Hitler in the "Volk Beobachter," March 31st, 1926**

## Praise For What Makes Us Strong



The German people originate from a land of harsh realities - a land whose barren soil yields only meager harvests and whose skies are darkened by fog, rain, clouds, and storms most days of the year. The people who grew up in this land had to endure much deprivation and hardship, perform much tough, hard work, until this harsh reality became their home; they had to muster an unyielding pride in life, a victorious faith, in order to withstand the ever-recurring onslaught of the forces of nature and the rapacious attacks of foreign invaders, and to ward off death with their lives.

“Through night to light” has always been the motto of the Germanic-German people; fate and the environment hammered our will as strong as steel, and strengthened our belief in life. We learned to be masters of ourselves and to overcome hardship, to endure hunger and thirst, to tolerate servitude, and to bear scorn and hatred; we learned to despise sleep and soft beds, satiety and lazy idleness - we laughed in the face of storms and cheered for battle. We were never afraid, and thus we became young and strong again and again - slaves became free men, humble beggars became demanding masters, and we regained our dishonored honor and our sacred right to life. Freedom belongs only to hard fists and strong hearts - only what has been hard-won is lasting.

You too, German boys and girls, must learn to be hard on yourselves, to accept hardship in order to be fighters and become victors. But being hard does not mean being cruel and brutal, or taking pleasure in destruction, torment, or in the pain and suffering of others - being tough should be an ideal that motivates you to take on hardship for the sake of a better life, not just to endure it, but to love it. Without the toughness of asserting yourself and resisting, without the hardship of enduring and persevering, there is no growth, no progress in the sense of life. You must always, whether in the freedom of play or in the duty of work, stick to the difficult, to the hard; that is necessary, that is our part. Yes, you must penetrate so deeply into your work that it lies upon you as a burden; work is not play, and life is not pleasure. Again and again there will be the tormenting heat of hot summers, the painful cold of icy winters, storms and rain, snow and wetness; hunger will choke you and thirst will torment you. You will often walk tired and exhausted behind the plow or stand at the workbench; your feet will be sore from long marches, and you will have to sleep on hard ground; but you must never fail or surrender in difficult, decisive moments. Even if a task seems pointless and senseless, or a struggle seems hopeless, do not give up, carry on with the work or the struggle to the end, even if defeats and disappointments frighten and hold you back. You must risk everything and not shy away from the last - the victory of life often depends on the last, perhaps only tiny efforts. The last remnant of commitment and performance brings success.

In thousands and thousands of cases, this war teaches us how often it is the last little bit that can make the difference. Walter, a young 18-year-old tank gunner, can tell you a little story about it:

*„...There was a day, beyond the Aisne, when the French were already hearing that our company had managed to drive an enemy unit out of the village, and we were immediately ordered to catch up with the enemy and destroy them. Catching up meant marching, marching, running, scouting, fighting, and marching again, many hours after the battle, which seemed to have consumed all our strength. We were all tired, terribly tired, but the enemy also seemed to be getting tired; more and more often we came across stragglers lying in the trenches, raising their hands in supplication. But some of our own men, whose feet were sore, were left behind at the edge of the road - it seemed to come down to who could muster a little more energy, a little more willpower... The day was already drawing to a close when a thicket appeared to the side; scouts reported that the enemy had taken up position there. The company commander quickly gave the order to surround them. Staggering, but instinctively, the men did the right thing - the firefight was short, and then, half mad with fear and exhaustion, the French emerged from the bushes unarmed. "Tired, tired," were their only words. They could no longer fight because they did not really know why, and because they were too "soft." Now they were captured, disarmed, and guarded; now we, their victors, could also give ourselves over to sleep. Friends and enemies slept like stones that night, but some as victors, others as the defeated, and only because we had been a little tougher than the others ..."*

You too must be hard in holding fast to a flag, in believing in your cause, your ideal. Let everyone say that you are mistaken, that you are on the wrong path; let them laugh at you, revile you, even abandon you, but hold fast to your flag with noble defiance, and follow the call of your inner voice without wavering! Remain hard and strong when they try to lead you astray from your righteous path with cunning and enticement, clever words or intimidating threats. Show that you are not a weakling or a coward, that you are willing to use your youthful strength in the fight for Germany's existence and future. Germany needs tough men and strong women - they alone will win the victory. Only in hardship and adversity can we find the strength and the hands that will mold us into fighters.

*"Any weakling can endure victory, but only the strong can endure the blows of fate!"*

- **Adolf Hitler, January 30th, 1942**

*"Grow in the storm!  
The storm is the school.  
It hardens the bones and nourishes the marrow.  
Love the storm!  
Only those who have experienced the storm have truly lived."*

- **Icelandic epitaph**



**The Bamberg Horseman**

## Live Courageously and Bravely - That Is Your Law



Our German history echoes with the songs of glorious heroes; even the gods of our ancestors were heroes who went into battle against the night, against evil and darkness - and the brave among mankind were their favorites and friends, with valkyries carrying the sword-weary warriors up to the eternal light of Valhalla. No death was more highly praised by the Germanic warriors than death before the enemy; just as these young, vigorous people regarded a brave life as the highest life, so too was courage sacred to the knights and kings of the Middle Ages, and bravery was their service to God. This noble spirit of the hard-working peasants and proud citizens, of the bold warriors and knights, roared through the centuries, illuminated the lives of all, and created the great German people of courageous men and women, brave soldiers and workers.

The more brave people a nation has, the greater it is - countless are the ranks of German men and women who sacrificed themselves for Germany, for the life and happiness of their people, and who look down upon you, the German youth, with expectation and blessing.

All the freedom fighters in German history are sacred to us; sacred are the fallen of all wars for Germany's honor and justice. Sacred are the dead of the German uprising!

Their sacrifice commits you forever to fight in their spirit.

In this spirit you shall live, you can live; for it is not empty rhetoric, not an exaggerated fantasy: it is reality, which has revealed itself to us time and again throughout the centuries until the present day.

Behold here the musketeer of Frederick the Great: even as a prisoner, he displays the spirit that inspired the troops of the Great King at that time:

A black hussar who had been taken prisoner by the French in 1758 was brought before the enemy commander Clermont. The latter asked him where Ferdinand of Brunswick was encamped, and he had to answer: "Where you will not attack him." When asked how strong his king's power was, he replied, "Like steel and iron"; and when asked, "I mean the number of your comrades," he replied that the French should go and count them if they dared. When asked whether Frederick had many such soldiers, he confessed: "I am one of the worst, otherwise I would not be your prisoner."

Under the pressure of Napoleonic foreign rule, Ernst Moritz Arndt calls on the young Germans to take action to liberate their country: "The brave rise up to the heavens!"

This call inspired the young hearts so much that they left behind everything that otherwise meant happiness in life, and from then on they knew only one commandment: to become brave men for Germany's freedom, as you can read in Theodor Körner's letter to his father:

*“Yes, dearest father, I want to become a soldier; I want to joyfully cast aside the happy and carefree life I have gained here in order to fight for my fatherland, even if it costs me my blood. Do not call it recklessness, folly, or wildness! Two years ago, I would have let you call it that, but now that I know what bliss can ripen in this life, now that all the stars of my happiness shine down on me in beautiful mildness, now it is, by God, a worthy feeling that drives me, now it is the powerful conviction that no sacrifice is too great for the highest human good, for the freedom of one's people. Perhaps your fatherly heart says: my Theodor is here for greater purposes, he could have achieved more important and significant things in another field, he still owes humanity a great debt. But Father, my opinion is this: no one is too good to die for the freedom and honor of his nation, but many are too bad to do so!”*

The heroism of the soldiers in the World War seems to us almost superhuman; an unheard-of heroism of action, and an equally unheard-of heroism of perseverance and endurance:

The Battle of Skagerrak in 1916 - the German fleet fights with contempt for death against the double superiority of the English. The battle is over; the battle cruiser “Seydlitz” drags itself home with heavy wounds. Thick columns of fire shoot out of the deck - the ship is burning. The iron walls of the chambers are glowing red - if the ammunition chambers cannot be flooded, the entire cruiser will explode, taking hundreds of brave sailors with it. A single turn of the valve wheel deep below in the ship, which opens the flood valves of the ammunition chambers, can save the ship and its crew.

The pump master<sup>2</sup> races across the glowing armored deck; the fire is eating at his feet. He tears open the bulkhead door - the room is completely filled with gas, smoke, and heat like a burning blast furnace hits his face. It doesn't matter—he can't see anything, he's breathing smoke, heat, fire, he feels his way forward. His hands grasp the white-hot iron; he flinches for a moment, then the man clenches his teeth, closes his eyes, and grabs the red-hot wheel. The flesh begins to fall from his hands - he screams in the madness of pain, but his bleeding, torn hands turn with the strength of desperation. The valve opens, and now the ship is saved, along with 1,400 comrades. With charred, torn hands, he collapses - the heroic deed of one brave man has prevented a great disaster...

From the spirit of the World War I soldier, from the heroism of their fathers 25 years ago, the indomitable courage of their sons, the fighters of today, has matured:

*“Sons! Receive this between battles!  
Each of your names is inscribed  
for the name of one who remained  
for a thousand others in battle!*

*Sons! With the blood of your fathers  
your foreheads were marked early in the cradle.  
But from their war*

---

<sup>2</sup> His name was Wilhelm Heidkamp; he would stay with the SMS Seydlitz until it was scuttled in 1919. Following the war's end, Heidkamp took over his father's grocery store and had four children with his wife; he would die in 1931 from lung disease, which he developed from his brave actions on the Seydlitz. The Z21 Wilhelm Heidkamp, built in 1936, was named after him.

*you grew: those who were called, and those who answered.”*

- Ina Seidel

In these lines speaks the mother, the great heroine of endurance, who gives her dearest and best to the dark reign of the fate of war; she is the silent, great heroine of the homeland, the mother, the woman. In worry and fear for her sons, or in grave anxiety for her husband, she does the hard work at home that is usually done by men.

*“A woman came up the path with heavy, quick steps; she was a farmer's wife of unremarkable appearance, but fresh and healthy in look... I asked the woman how many children she had and looked at her narrow face, which was lit up with joy when she replied: “Eight! Five of them go to school!” And then I asked about her husband; the woman gazed pensively into the distance: “He's been called up. He's serving in the artillery. He's in the east now. He was home on leave two months ago.” I wanted to know how big her farm was, and the woman told me, “Seventeen acres. But the soil is quite bumpy and stony. We don't have any servants, so I have to do everything with the children. Believe me, there's no shortage of work!” I looked admiringly at the frail woman who spoke with such calm matter-of-factness. She continued: “Of course, I'm often so tired in the evening that my eyes close. But I always tell myself that we in the hinterland are much better off than the soldiers at the front who are risking their lives for us. I often think of my husband, whom I want to make happy by making sure that everything is in order when he comes home after the war. In the fall, I brought everything in: the feed, the oats, and the potatoes. My back often hurts from carrying the potatoes, but everything got under the roof in good time. My husband was so happy!”... And she continued, more to herself than to me: “These days, you have to work harder than usual. But we do it willingly because we know what it's for. We all have to help win the war so that our children can have a peaceful life and never have to fear war again. After all, you do everything for your children!”... I felt as if the unattractive woman next to me was growing to infinite height. “When the war is over, things will be easier,” she said and offered me her hand. She gave the German salute and continued on her way with heavy, quick steps. I remained rooted to the spot for a long time, thinking about the woman who had given life to eight children and sacrificed many hundreds of nights for them; whose husband was away at war, who carried all the work and worries of the farm, and who, despite all this, not only found no words of complaint, but radiated incredible calm and confidence. This woman was worthy of the highest honor the hinterland has to offer: “Heroine of the Homeland!”*

- Karl Itzinger

And now hear of the heroic deed of the young sergeant major of the Luftwaffe, a deed that transcended all limits of human ability, and was stronger than death:

*“You were flying at the front, piloting the leading plane - you were waiting every minute for the squadron captain's order to attack.*

*The target was almost within reach, clearly ahead, two and a half thousand meters below your wings - then the first shells from the Soviet anti-aircraft artillery rained down, feeling their way up from below, reaching for the three planes. They aimed well, those Soviets, far too well for the one second that seemed destined to extinguish your life.*

*You could still hear the howling of the shell, the splintering and breaking in the cockpit! It didn't detonate, but came from below on the right, tore open your back, shattered your shoulder; before you knew what was happening, you collapsed. Your hands sank powerlessly from the controls. The plane lifted its nose with a dull movement, then tilted over its right wing. Ten seconds, twenty, twenty-five, thirty—how they cheered at their guns, and how full of rage the shells were fired from the barrels when the dive bomber regained control! You were unconscious for only half a minute, then you were able to pull yourself together, catch the plane, and continue flying. And you were so sure of yourself that you turned around and shouted into the cabin: "Don't get out! We can still make it!" These words were a warning, an exclamation mark over enemy territory, intended for your comrades - but only one had heard them, only one could still hear them, because apart from the gunner and you, pilot, there was no one else left! The grenade had torn the roof off. The squadron captain and radio operator were thrown out and died a pilot's death in front of the enemy.*

*With all his strength, the gunner braced himself against the suction that raced through the plane like a storm wind. He now stood close behind the pilot's seat; his back loomed wide in front of him, a huge wound, red with blood - this man, who seemed barely alive, was steering with his left hand and flying! He felt his comrade's eyes fixed on the wound, not yet comprehending the horror of the injury, and he asked, "Is it bad?" The gunner tore open the first aid kit and stuffed two bandages into the wound. "We'll make it, it's not dangerous anymore!" Within seconds, the bandages were soaked with blood.*

*For the second time, the Ju 88 flew over the front on its new course - its way back. Cold-blooded to the last thought, Bender steered through the flak fire before that was over too. Beneath the wings, land captured by German soldiers spread out - the wound was forty centimeters wide, stretching from the spine to the armpit of the right arm.*

*The gunner looked in despair at the red blood, the torn muscles, the shattered shoulder; there was nothing he could do. The blood dripped unstoppably from the mangled back, taking life with it - but Bender still steered the plane, flying it with his left hand, and laboriously helping with his right. His face was snow-white, his mouth frozen. Suddenly, his head tilted forward and sank onto his chest. It was only a matter of seconds. The gunner immediately grabbed the control stick and held it tight. Bender pulled himself together and looked at his comrade with a convulsive smile. "I'm okay. Just a little flickering in front of my eyes!" Then he looked straight ahead again, checked the course, and watched the instruments. If only the clock weren't there, the agonizingly slow movement of the hands.*

*Finally, they reached their destination - at an altitude of ten meters, the Ju 88 raced across the field and began its descent. The landing gear was retracted, the mechanism shot to pieces. The pilot's hand clenched the controls like steel, pulled the stick back slightly, and caught the plane. Then the propellers touched the ground and splintered away. Seconds later, the fuselage slid across the field, hitting the ground hard and leaving a wide skid mark behind it. Then the aircraft came to a standstill."*

- From "Der Adler," Issue 24/1941

Bravery has many faces - not only the soldier who overcomes fear, the worker who puts his last ounce of strength into his work, the mother and wife who gives new life and takes up the silent, dogged struggle with the thousand small, treacherous worries of everyday life anew every day and sees it through, but also the boys and girls who do more than their duty demands of them, who voluntarily throw themselves into the storm of the battle for their homeland: all have a share in the courageous life, and thus in the greatness of their future. Courage is the most sublime quality of men and women, and courage is the most beautiful virtue of our youth - the world belongs to the brave.

*“Fate has placed us at the center of the world; we have no choice but to be brave. Before God and before the world, we will pass this test more joyfully than ever, because now even the smallest brave deed is consciously included in the overall achievement of the entire people; every blow of the worker's hammer, every step of the farmer in the field, every movement of the housewife's hand, every stroke of the employee's pen, every bold thought of the inventor, indeed, every word we speak is directed toward the whole, and should therefore strengthen the courageous spirit that has led us to this hour. Everything we do stands in the bright light of history. Equal to the highest achievements of the past, worthy of the future that will one day judge us, let us shape the face of the present: faithful in our hearts, clear in our nature, and brave in our deeds!”*

- **Josef Magnus Wehner**

*“Germany is there where brave hearts are.”*

- **Ulrich von Hütten**

## Be a Comrade



Do you know what it means to live in camaraderie? It means much more than one might expect, more than just enjoying each other's company through games and entertainment, more than sitting next to each other at school for seven or eight years, and more than marching, hiking, and camping together. If one person gets tired on a long march and another carries their backpack, that's all well and good, but it's just as natural as one person giving a drink to another who has no water left in their bottle. That's no great feat. True camaraderie demands even more. A comrade is someone who gives something up to help another, who voluntarily steps aside to make a comrade happy, who goes hungry or cold for another when necessary, and who allows himself to be insulted and scolded for his comrades, even enduring injustice and beatings - and a good comrade does all this quietly, silently, and with a smile on his face, so that the others don't notice.

*“Living in camaraderie means: ‘No one goes hungry as long as a comrade still has a piece of bread; no one goes thirsty as long as a comrade still has a sip of water; no one is abandoned as long as a comrade is still alive.’”*

- **Kurt Eggers**

This is how comrades act:

*“The sun was beating down hotly, and we had already marched 8 km - to tell the truth, everyone had their “monkey” on their back. Our platoon was divided into three columns. The hot sun had softened the tar on the roads, and it stuck heavily to our feet; this made it difficult to move forward.*

*The platoon leader passed around the last water kettle. I had already noticed in the morning that my new boots were too tight, and this was now confirmed as I felt a biting, agonizing pain in my heel. “Pull yourself together, you’ll be fine! They can’t call you Spinach Pusher.” That’s what I told myself.*

*Peter announced that we would soon be there. His face was bright red and he was sweating profusely. He was breathing heavily. We marched past him and his eyes fell on me; he must have noticed something about me, because he asked me if I couldn’t go on. “I can still manage,” I said confidently. “I can see that! Come on, Hans, grab him, let’s carry him.”*

*“What would the others say: Schnapser, Schnapser, and Schnapser again.” I resisted violently. “For God’s sake, this kid is giving us trouble, come on!” They grabbed me from behind and in front and started walking briskly. There was nothing I could do.*

*The steady rocking back and forth lulled me to sleep. When I came to my senses, I was lying on a tent sheet. I stood up to thank Peter and Hans. “He’s too weak to walk, but not too weak to talk,” Hans shouted angrily at me. I learned that the two of them had carried me for two full hours.*

*Since then, I have held Peter and Hans in particularly high esteem. They have become my two dearest comrades.”*

- H.W.

### **Comradeship Means Making Sacrifices**

See, this is just a small example of selfless, comradely dedication, an experience that you have surely had many times yourselves. Such comradeship binds a young community more tightly together, making it great and strong - it alone creates the foundation for that greater comradeship of hearts and deeds that we call a people.

The best, though also the hardest, school of strong camaraderie is German military training. It places the actions of each individual under the command of mutual responsibility - all for one, one for all! This principle is put to the ultimate test in the hour of action, in battle. The certainty that every comrade is prepared to give his life gives the soldier the mental strength to overcome fear and cowardice, and the willingness to always act as he would expect every comrade to act in his place.

This camaraderie has already performed miracles of bravery in both world wars - now hear of a sacrifice made by a simple, unknown soldier to save his comrades - for this man, camaraderie was greater than death.

### **The Pioneer**

*“In the midst of the assault. — Hand-to-hand fighting. — Soon it is the French, soon the Germans in the contested funnel of No Man's Land, which is being fiercely contested. Pioneers and musketeers fight their way against the “Poilus” — up a steep slope. Now — almost at the top! The French retreat. The most daring of the pioneers rises triumphantly, raises his hand grenade — the pin is already pulled! He has eight seconds to throw it — there is the target: a tangle of bluish-gray figures - Frenchmen! He aims! At that moment, German comrades suddenly storm in from another side of the slope and engage in hand-to-hand combat with the French. The pioneer freezes. His comrades recoil in horror: why doesn't he throw away the projectile that will explode in seconds? He keeps it in his fist. He smiles unearthly. A bang —. Everyone else has ducked. The man standing upright collapses in a pool of his own blood. If only his comrades are alive and continue to charge.”*

- **Alfred Hein: From “Das kleine Buch vom großen Kriege” (The Little Book of the Great War). Jul. Beltz**

Perhaps this soldier had a wife and child; perhaps his bride was waiting anxiously for him at home. But in those decisive moments, he no longer thought of home; he only saw his comrades in danger. His last thoughts and his last decision were for them. His loyalty to his comrades was greater than his love of life - that is how he became a hero.

Soldiers teach us what true comradeship is:

*“Comradeship is stronger than death.  
Comradeship is greater than death.  
Comradeship is something supernatural.  
In it glows the spark of eternity.”*

- **Otto Paust**

And the most beautiful camaraderie is that between a man and a woman; Gorch Fock, the hero and poet of the sea, once wrote in a guest book to a young married couple:

*“May God grant you one thing: that  
you become comrades! He who has found a  
comrade has grasped the sun with  
his hand!”*

You, German boys and girls, have already experienced in play and sport, in service and on voyages what good camaraderie means, how much sincere help and joy it can give; from the stories and reports of our soldiers, you have also already learned what great camaraderie can achieve in war and in times of need, how it can turn fate around and even defeat death.

All the beauty and brightness that blossoms from the camaraderie of youth, and the human greatness and comfort that matures from wartime comradeship - all this can be even more joyful and blessed in the camaraderie of marriage, when husband and wife stand together in responsibility and duty, love, and loyalty; by working together, and living for one another, both melt together into a firmly united whole.

*“Marriage is also a service—austere and great and blessed, like all true service in the world. Its calling is to transcend oneself, to build a nation. Man and woman, struggle and love, soul and body are the commitment. If you only want to build a comfortable life for yourselves, then you have not understood the calling! You will come away empty-handed where hardship would have blessed you, and the people will come away empty-handed from your hands.”*

- **Georg Stammer**

Marriage is not a temporary game between two people, but a lifelong and usually difficult, sacrificial task; therefore, choose a true companion as your spouse, not a playmate. And when you have found a companion for life, examine yourself strictly and honestly to see whether you can fulfill your high duty to the end and keep your promise.

*“Only the pure can dare to consecrate their souls to the ultimate service; only the pure may continue to  
build and shape our destiny.*

*Those who test themselves and find themselves upright are already married in their hearts, maturing  
toward the high summer hours, resolutely building a new world.*

*Those who bind themselves have already lost themselves, becoming links in a chain; but they are chosen  
for something great: to be grain and sowers for their people.”*

- **Karl Seibold: From “Das blühende Jahr” (The Blooming Year)**

A people built up from such families grows together into a close-knit community of destiny that is aware of its task.

Through the Führer, the German people have become a great comradeship that stands together through life and death, through prosperity and adversity, that risks its life to win life anew; with this awareness, German soldiers fight abroad and young and old, men and women, work at home. And this awareness gives us all the faith and strength to win.

In the eyes of the National Socialist movement, camaraderie is more than a feeling of inner solidarity and readiness for action:

*“It is the great force of selection in our lives, the decisive law of our worldview for the act of life itself - this selection must begin with the youth. If bravery is the morality of the individual German, then camaraderie is the bravery of the entire community of the people.”*

- **Alfred Rosenberg**

## Seek and Love Beauty!



This does not mean that we do not only call upon you to be a comrade in times of hardship, which means sharing everything, even the last crumb, with others, and bearing everything, even the heaviest burdens, together; being a comrade also means experiencing all joys together, enjoying all that is beautiful together on wonderful journeys and hikes. When we say to you, German youth, to learn to be hard on yourselves from an early age, this does not mean that you should not enjoy your lives and all the beautiful things that blossom around you!

How full of beauty the world is!

A flowering meadow in spring, a ripening cornfield in summer, a colorful grove in autumn, and a white, silent winter forest, shining mountain peaks and ridges, glittering waves in rivers and lakes, stars and clouds in the sky. It is in nature, as a poet says: "A great and eternal beauty pervades the whole world..." And the same is true of the realm of art, when the sounds of music touch our hearts, when a picture delights us.

Don't forget how beautiful a person can be - but no, you won't forget that, because you want to be liked, to be beautiful, especially you girls. You should admit this desire calmly and honestly. It is natural that we do not deny it out of false modesty, but ask ourselves: What must I do to be beautiful?

*"Mirror, mirror on the wall: Who is the  
fairest of them all?"*

The vain queen turns and twists in front of the mirror, and the fairy-tale painter shows us the dressing table in front of it laden with powder boxes, makeup, and ointment jars: fake and feigned beauty! Is she still beautiful? Doesn't she look rather repulsive? You German girls! Do not betray and defile your beauty with false trinkets! Be young and full of life—and you will be beautiful! Keep your bodies healthy, strong and agile at the same time—and you will be beautiful when you walk upright and with a light step, when your eyes shine and your mouth smiles.

You love the gracefulness of movement, and that is why you enjoy games, dancing, and dancing in circles - and who would begrudge you if you give yourselves over to this pleasure with joy and elation? But avoid anything foreign that comes from outside with false gestures, that exaggerates your movements and makes you vain. Love what is natural - remain true to the German way in dance and play!

And know also that your beauty does not depend on the preciousness of your clothes or the amount of money they cost - yes, if only money alone could do it! But how good it is that other things also have an

important say in the matter; even health and youthful freshness, the basic conditions of all beauty, are independent of wealth and poverty. Added to this is good taste, which decides whether this or that color suits one's face and hair, whether this cut suits one's figure. Then there is wise consideration, which asks: What purpose does the dress serve? Is it for everyday life or festive occasions, sports and travel or social gatherings? Always dressing appropriately is an art. Of course, you should not wear anything in your clothing or undergarments that is harmful to your health - avoid all the various, often changing fads that are harmful to your young bodies and which, like some dances, are foreign imports! Do not let yourselves be persuaded and beguiled by strangers or fanatics! Let your own taste prevail—in an even deeper sense than before, when it was only a matter of external harmony in form and color.

Strive for beauty in your own appearance, but without false and hollow vanity: How should I begin? I must know that my own German clothing suits me ten times better than anything foreign, that restraint is more beautiful than flashiness, and that simplicity is usually what suits me best - finally, and above all, I must know that there is no external beauty without internal beauty, which is determined by the mind and soul; it is not merely the smiling, soft, round face of a child or young girl that pleases us! The hard lines on the face of a man and a fighter, the many wrinkles and furrows of worry around the mouth and eyes of an old mother are also beautiful because they are an expression of an inner courageous life, because they are genuine. Can a person be beautiful when they are working hard and exhausted? "Never," says the well-groomed and well-rested fashion doll. But now listen to what is said about a nurse doing exhausting war work:

*"When Grete administers anesthesia, she is completely focused on her work; whatever happens in the room, she doesn't look up, she doesn't listen. She looks like a person standing on a tiny island, and on that island there is only the patient's head and pulse, a drip bottle, a few cotton balls, an anesthesia basket, and a clamp. Everything else is no longer there for her and is completely shut out. It's not easy to say whether Grete is "pretty" or not — but when she's at work, she's beautiful. Her face is animated, and you can see from her face what it means to be absorbed in your work, what responsibility is, what service to others is. It's wonderful to know that every person has the potential to be beautiful."*

- From "Girls in Military Service" by Suse von Hoerner-Heintze

### **Seek and Love Beauty!**

Once again, this applies especially to you girls - don't just cultivate it in yourselves, but let beauty radiate throughout your entire environment. How ugly is a room that is not tidy! How will such a child later design a home for their family, a quiet, happy refuge for everyone? This is where your service to beauty begins, in the mundane and everyday: in cleaning and keeping things tidy. But it also has an effect on the choice of curtains and cushions, the linen in the cupboard and the tablecloth on the table; it shows itself in the pictures on the wall and in every little glass and bouquet of flowers. Can there be anything more satisfying than making your home beautiful in this way?

*"Not only from the big things, when we look at the great things our ancestors have done and what the most artistic pre-Christian peoples have done, can we learn to live in noble buildings again or be surrounded by noble objects, at least like the Greeks praying in beautiful temples; we could also perfect ourselves in small things; the coverings of our rooms could be more beautiful; the ordinary utensils, jugs,*

*bowls, lamps, candlesticks could be more beautiful; even the designs on the fabrics for clothes, and finally also the jewelry of women in beautiful stones; it would take on the light forms of the past, instead of the barbarism of stones in a barbarism of gold that we often see today.”*

- **From “Der Nachsommer” (Late Summer) by Adalbert Stifter**

## You Stand Among the People - You Are One With Them



*“You are nothing, your people are everything!”*

- **The Führer in Berlin, November 3rd, 1933**

*“But the greatest thing God has given me in this world is my people! In them rests my faith, I serve them with my will, and to them I give my life.”*

- **The Führer in Berlin, June 1st, 1935**

Take these sentences from our Führer to heart and let it become your conscience for life; you should always remember that you do not live for yourself alone, but for our people. Everything we are and have, we owe to our people: what we feel, think, want, and create springs from this divine source common to us all. Everything belongs to them, our existence and our future; this is also how our fathers and brothers think and act, who are fighting for us on the front lines today, and are ready at any moment to give their lives for it.

You too, German boy and German girl, let your people be your highest good - prove by your attitude and behavior that you want to defend, preserve, and enrich this good. Overcome your selfish “I” even more than before and replace this small ‘I’ with the great “We.” Everything you do for your people, you also do for yourself and your future!

*“I will call him brother,  
he who loves his fatherland,  
who gives his blood and life for it in the heat of battle!”*

*I will call him brother,  
who forgets hardship and death,  
in the blissful confession  
that Germany is eternal!”*

- **Carl Maria Holzapfel**

**The Thousand-Year Struggle for Survival of Our People**

*“This process took almost 2,000 years, until scattered tribes became a people, and countless countries and states became a Reich; now, this development of the German nation can essentially be considered complete. With this, the Greater German Reich encompasses the entire thousand-year struggle for survival of our people.*

*Just as all streams of German blood flow into it, so too do all past traditions, their symbols and standards, and above all the great men of whom the German people once had reason to be proud, for whatever camp they stood in during their time - the bold dukes and great kings, the generals and mighty emperors, and around them the enlightened minds and heroes of the past - all were merely the instruments of Providence in the decision-making process of a nation.*

*By embracing them in this great Reich with grateful reverence, the glorious wealth of German history is revealed to us.”*

- **The Führer in his speech to the Reichstag on January 30th, 1939**

### **Help Build your Nation!**

We are all at work - men and women, farmers, workers, and soldiers, boys and girls. The task is great, and it grows out of our nature and blood, out of the hard struggle for existence in the present, and out of the enormous tasks that the future holds for our reunited people. This future, boys and girls, is yours, and that is why you are doubly committed to the task, harder and more unconditionally than the youth of earlier times, when everyone could give more scope to their own desires and inclinations.

Feel yourselves to be members of a great people, and understand that your personal lives will also be richer and fuller if you place yourselves as creative members of the whole and serve it willingly.

Our entire people had to go through the desperate path of unemployment, hunger, and the most bitter hardship because they had lost their inner cohesion and their economic and political order; every single person was obsessed with greed for advantage and profit, so they sought the path of easy and quick earnings - the children of the farmers left the soil and overpopulated the cities. There, however, citizens and workers hated each other, and the city dwellers despised the farmers with stupid pride. Money was elevated to the throne as an idol, and the sacred idea of the fatherland had died in many - this and the betrayal of the soil were our greatest misfortunes. Today we know once again how deeply we are rooted in the peasantry, and that there can be no advancement for us without it.



**The Flag-Bearer**

## Boys, Your People Need Your Creative Hands!

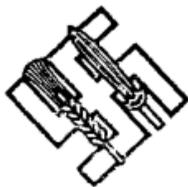


Young farmers, be proud of your fathers and remain loyal to your land! You should not leave your ancestral home, but continue to plow the fields year after year, sow the seeds, and bring in the harvest; maintain your homes and farms, and thus be the strongest support of your fatherland. The words of the freedom singer Ernst Moritz Arndt are eternally true: “The farmer is the first son of the fatherland.” Farmers' work is everlasting on earth because seeds and fruits are everlasting; through his work, the farmer feeds the people, and through his clan, he sustains them. His clan forms the core of the people, and from this core, fresh blood and new strength always flows from it. Our craftsmen and masters, our artists, researchers, and thinkers come from farming families. The farmer is the seed and the core of the people. We are therefore right to say: The people stand on the farmer!

*“We plow the fields  
and sow the seeds.  
We hate weeds  
and dare to act.  
For our sustenance,  
for our needs  
the earth gives birth to  
the precious bread.*

*We guard the heritage:  
the blood and the state,  
so that what is genuine and true  
may never perish.”*

- **Wolfram Krupka**



But you, city boy, look with gratitude and reverence upon the hard work of the farmer who provides your bread and satisfies your hunger! Learn to know and appreciate farm work, and when the call comes, be ready to work on the farm, help bring in the harvest and ensure the nourishment of our people!

Agricultural service is a nourishing service and just as necessary and honorable as military service - the plow and the field are eternal, and farm work is everlasting.

In the coming years, the German peasantry will face great settlement tasks in the East; to accomplish them, a hard-working, down-to-earth youth is needed, who once again sees a life's work in farm work and the farming professions. Hardly any other profession today offers young people better prospects for the future than farming - in the East, German boys, you have the goal of acquiring your own farm and becoming a German farmer or settler.

Alongside farm work, which is just as closely connected to the land and preserves culture, there is also craftsmanship - over the centuries, it has developed an infinite variety in close relationship with the diversity of the German landscape and has played a major role in shaping the intellectual character of our people; a thousand threads link apprentices, journeymen, and master craftsmen to the life of the people as a whole. The significance of craftsmanship lies above all in its inner values, for craftsmanship and craftsmanship are always an expression of a person's inner spiritual attitude.

Our craftsmanship has always been the bearer of the German cultural will and the guardian of the nobility of work; the builders of our cathedrals grew up in the bosom of the crafts, and our great masters, such as Albrecht Dürer, Tilman Riemenschneider, and others, came from the crafts. In the crafts, people show what they are made of and what they can achieve.

Boys and girls who have turned to this noble, creative profession, see your calling in this profession; train yourselves in your craft and strive for mastery. There is no place in craftsmanship for amateurs and weaklings - craftsmanship is for strong, upright characters who are capable of achieving something complete and are prepared to take full responsibility.

Industry and technology have developed enormously since the 19th century; they have become a necessary means of sustaining the life of our people. The people who are employed to master them are called "workers." Workers are also members of the whole community, just like farmers and craftsmen; do not believe that the work of even the most inconspicuous working man is insignificant or unimportant, for no work is insignificant. With every blow of the hammer and every stroke of the pen, the great work of history is carried forward; every task serves the whole and is done on behalf of the people.

*"Wherever one may be active, one should and must never forget that one's fellow countrymen, who like oneself are fulfilling their duty, are indispensable; that the nation does not exist through the work of a government, through the work of a particular class, through the work of its intelligentsia, but that it lives only through the work of all."*

- **Adolf Hitler, May 1st, 1933 in Berlin**

German boy, if you are now entering as an apprentice into the creative workforce of a factory or plant, then act from the very first hour consciously and decisively as a young worker who shares responsibility for the company; fulfill your work duties conscientiously, always demonstrate an honorable, social

attitude, show respect for your coworkers and superiors, be loyal to the company, do your best, and be comradely toward your fellow workers. Never become a restless, selfish slave to greed and ambition - it is not just about earning money, but about service; not about profit, but about commitment and sacrifice. It is about the common good, and only with this goal in mind does work bring blessings and prosperity to the individual.

Despite all the toil and trouble, the hardship and the difficulty of the work, do not forget the joy of achievement, the pride in your performance, the pleasure and love of working, of doing.

*“Whatever you do, you laboring brother,  
whatever work has brought calluses to your hands,  
whether it be the strong oars of a barge,  
the heavy blows in the black shaft,  
the heat and soot of the ironworks,  
whether you stand at the loom all day,  
whether children ask you endless questions,  
you walk behind horse and plow,  
you serve, O brother, as we all do,  
in humility; yet to the one kingdom,  
you are the pillar of the hall,  
different from all others, yet equal to all others.”*

- **Erich Otto Funk**



## Girls, Your People Need Your Helping Hands!



You girls, too, are involved in this growing work, and are called upon to use your fundamental strengths - you are to help and heal, to live and work.

Helping hands, your helping hands, are needed by the times, needed by your people; as was the case during the World War, the nursing profession seems particularly suited to you. It is one of the most beautiful professions for women, but do not forget that it is also one of the most difficult; that it demands tact, kindness, the utmost conscientiousness, scrupulous cleanliness, and, above all, a great deal of devotion and self-sacrifice! However, those who feel the inner strength and calling to do this, and who also have the necessary physical health, will never regret this career choice later in life; when happier times of peace return and caring for the wounded no longer requires so many women, you can work as nurses for infants and children, as physiotherapists, or as occupational therapists.

Kindness, empathy, and tact in dealing with fellow citizens are also required of those who wish to become public health nurses or welfare workers - with these professions, you will be involved in the enormous task of social welfare. Here, helping hands are just as necessary as in education.

Just a few years ago, girls flocked to offices and clerical jobs when they left school; recently, however, other career aspirations have fortunately emerged. "I want a job where I can work with children" - see, this is a welcome reversal, a return to your own best and most authentic strengths. What a rich and beautiful field of work is opening up to you here!

Today, you can start vocational training as an elementary school teacher immediately after leaving school, or you can attend a domestic science school and then train as a kindergarten teacher, after-school care worker, or youth leader. You ask what these professions, which initially require a little longer preparation than office work, will bring you later in life - the answer is: a lot, but also rewarding work. These professions require more preparation in your free time; however, they give you much more freedom in how you organize and carry out your work; they do not force you to sit still hour after hour, day after day, year after year. They appeal to your best mental and emotional powers, to your intellect and your own free will, and probably also to your talent for music and drawing, your storytelling skills, and your love for children.

In short: These professions challenge you as living human beings, not as work machines, and in return they enrich and delight you with lively work that is deeply suited to you and keeps you young and fresh, both mentally and physically.

The return to the true nature of girls and women, to the fundamental gifts and strengths and later tasks of the female sex, has brought about an equally necessary and welcome change in another area - our most

important profession, housekeeping in town and country, has finally been restored to its former glory and has ceased to be the despised Cinderella. The “year of compulsory service,” initially so feared by many mothers and daughters, the twelve months of work in domestic and agricultural service required of young girls who had left school, has become well established, and many of the young assistants report happily on their experiences, are grateful for what they have been able to learn, and remain loyal to this field of work even after completing their compulsory year, which today offers many career opportunities that you probably do not even know about. As a certified domestic helper or rural farm worker, you can find accommodation; you can become a housekeeper, housekeeper, or kitchen manager, or, after further training, a poultry farmer, gardener, or farm worker. The happiness that farmers and settlers enjoy in their quiet, deep connection with the motherly earth can also be yours in one of the latter professions; even you girls from the city who are drawn back to the soil; it is all the more natural that country girls will remain faithful to their native soil, since here they are given every opportunity for happy development.

Listen to how an East German poet sings of such a “country girl”:

*“Where a house with faithful hands preserves old  
strength and discipline, there thrives  
within its walls a child  
of a special kind: All intuition seems to  
seem to emanate from it,  
to unfold even more purely — such  
a child is beautiful.*

*She tells how the trellises  
stand against the south wall of the house  
and how cute the young animals  
she raised are to look at:  
how she then told them about the forest  
and the farmers in the forest!  
And how every word was animated  
by the clear alto of her voice!*

*Our efforts plant thorn bushes,  
on which one seeks meager berries,  
but from her steps richer  
fruit rises from the field,  
We accomplish with complaint,  
our good deeds last only a long time.  
But her change is like the earth  
with its gentle and great course.  
That such beings will still come to be  
gives hope, gives courage;  
friends, it is good on earth,  
it is good among people!*

*See how everywhere life  
secretly contemplates doing good,  
and what pledge it gives to him  
who wins her as his wife.”*

- **Max Mell**

Wherever you young girls turn with inner joy and the will to give yourselves fully to a profession that corresponds to the nature and talents of women, that profession will bless you with inner satisfaction, with good, personal spiritual growth, with the opportunity to fully develop your abilities, and with the awareness of being a creative member of your people: It can truly become your purpose in life.

But those of you who are fortunate enough—and we hope there will be many—to become the companion of a man and the mother of your own children, will find that a good education and a career are the most valuable gifts you can bring to your new status - the economic efficiency, intellectual vitality, and moral maturity that a regular professional education and career impart can all be put to good use in her own household, shaping her family into a happy nucleus of the great German people and the strong German state.

You, German girl, give your hand only to a man from a noble, healthy family. Be too good for yourself to say yes to every man; always remember your duty to be the guardian of life and the guardian of the species.

There is no higher development of human beings through education alone. Higher development is only possible when a man from a capable clan marries a woman from a capable clan and both, in the unity of their marriage, help their people upward through many children.

*“You shall not only plant yourself far away—  
but upward!  
May the garden of marriage help you to do so!”*

- **Friedrich Nietzsche**

German boys and girls! Help build the future of your people, each in his or her place, according to his or her gifts, but all with a pure heart and a willingness to give of yourselves, today more than ever. Do not haggle over money and wages, over rank and position; do not put earnings first, but service - only then will you be worthy of the great time in which you live.

*“To work, to work with heart and hand, to  
build the house, the fatherland! To work, to  
work, and don't let yourselves rest, digging,  
hammering away!*

*With hands hard, with hands soft  
hewn the stones for the building of the Reich.*

*To work, to work, be it day or night,  
no rest until the house is finished —  
To work, to work!”*

- **Wilhelm Raabe**

## Homeland, You Are Our Mother



Homeland, we are part of you, just as we are part of our father and mother and our ancestors - you gave us life, and you made us grow; you gave us bread and shelter, land and strength; you are our happiness or misery, our blessing or curse; our dreams blossom and our deeds mature for you; you are our path and our goal. Without you, we could not live, and we gladly sacrifice the life you gave us.

Homeland, you are the earth that sustains and nourishes us, you are the land with the serious face of the mountains and the shining eyes of the lakes, with the working hands and creative spirit of your villages and towns, and the roaring veins of the streams and roads, land of fruit-bearing fields and rustling forests, of vine-covered slopes and hills, of garden-filled valleys and hollows.

You shall court and love this homeland, experience and discover it, conquer it and wander around it within all its borders, get to know it completely in the smell of its soil and the breath of its forests, in the splendor of its summers and the magic of its winters.

*“You are here for the sake of your homeland; you owe your hot blood to your people. You are here for the sake of your homeland; you must love it with your last breath.*

*Your heart shall always belong to it alone, for it was your homeland that saw your fathers fight. To it alone you must swear allegiance, for you are here for the sake of your homeland.*

*We are all inspired by the same question, and for all of us there is only one answer. Let this be our daily oath: “We are here for the sake of our homeland!”*

- Ernst Frieböse

Hear the high song of the homeland that the German poet Karl Götze once wrote in a letter on his way home from the wide world, he, the tireless wanderer who saw the colorful beauties of the foreign world, its skyscraper cities and alluring coasts, who sought out German friends on the wide prairies and in the primeval forests of America, in the northern lands of Europe and in the steppes of the Orient, and told them about his homeland, about the Reich:

*“The countries of the earth are beautiful and large and colorful and diverse, beyond description; but, home valley, you are a thousand times more beautiful than they are - your river is made of silver, and the slender grasses of your meadows bend and stretch and have golden panicles like no grasses anywhere else in the world; the sweetest herbs scent your pastures, and your forests are enchanted castles with a thousand tall windows, organs, and the most beautiful carpets; the proud rock rises from the valley, and on the rock stands the castle with towers, around which wild vines grow, and every day different clouds fly across the sky above the castle. And you are only a small and insignificant valley. But all of Germany!*

*The countries of the world are large and rich, and they are full of treasures; but, Heimattal, you are even richer than they are - heavy fish swim in your river, and good hay grows in your meadows; in your meadows there is food for many herds. The grain in your fields grows more beautiful every year. Never does a sandstorm come and cover your meadows, and never does a flood from breaking clouds tear the soil down into the valley. Enough wood grows in your forests; the factory chimneys smoke incessantly - but that is not enough. Songs can be heard singing from all your houses, children and mothers and men have happy faces; flutes can be heard playing everywhere, and violins and organs can be heard playing. And in the evening, you see people walking through the fields, looking at the ears of corn, the valley, and the world. You see them coming together after work to talk things over, sharing happiness, wisdom, and joy; you see them marching proudly, comrades, comrades! And yet it is only a small valley. But first there is all of Germany!..."*

All of Germany is your home, your greater home, your fatherland. In this fatherland, all people are of the same blood, united into a great community despite deep inner differences and contrasts. This fatherland of yours became a state in which the people formed and consolidated themselves into a nation, a state that created its own internal and external order in accordance with its nature, and in which all live and work together and for one another. It is a National Socialist state based on the principle:

**The common good comes before individual interests.**

It is also a nationalist state based on racial purity and hereditary health, and it is a Führer state led and guided by the best of its people; the state, the party, and the armed forces all obey this one leader, who comes from the people.

You, the German youth, also belong to this state; you must preserve, develop, and defend it.

*"As you are, so shall be the state, for good or for evil; be faithful in the duty of your days, and you will create good years for the Fatherland. If there is to be light in the world, there must first be light within you - light from truthfulness, mutual tolerance, and appreciation within ourselves. Know that being a hero unto death is difficult and glorious; more difficult and more glorious is a hero in life."*

- **Hermann Stehr**

## Our Task is the Reich



*“Heroes created your empire - keep this empire standing so that the glory of your fathers does not become your shame.”*

- Friedrich the Great

The idea of the Reich extends far beyond the role of the state. The state is the order and organization of the people, secures a country and life, and protects its rights and laws. The Reich is more than a limited state territory, more than just present blood, more than possessions and property - the Reich is a dream and a longing, a mission and a destiny, an idea and a belief. All this is the Reich to us, of which the poet of the World War, Werner Beumelburg, speaks with solemnly lofty, deeply faithful words:

### The Reich

*“What is the idea of the Reich? It is the possession that no one can rob us of, that continually obliges us to devote ourselves to it. The Reich does not only include borders and countries, the people who live there today, and material goods - the Reich includes every tree, every field, every cathedral, every effort that has been made for it; the Reich includes everyone who has ever lived, fought, sacrificed, and suffered for this Reich, wherever and whenever that may have been; the Reich includes Germans who remain loyal to their homeland from afar; it includes all those who, in the past, without understanding the earthly form of the Reich, unconsciously gave their lives for it, for the Reich is not only the visible and changeable form it has had in history, but its invisible and eternal domains are a hundred times greater and more sublime than the visible and tangible ones.*

*The Reich is the longing that drives us, it is the love we carry in our hearts, it is the heavy weight of eternity that God has placed in our breasts, so that we may strive unceasingly to possess it as an incomparable treasure.*

*Therefore, there is only one standard by which eternal justice measures the German people, and that is the measure of feeling, thinking, and acting that we devote to this kingdom; but just as the idea of the kingdom is eternal and a law that we obey, so too will the measure and the standard remain eternal. We will not judge the men who a thousand years ago stamped their personalities on the Reich any differently than those who, after another thousand years, will be called upon to determine our destiny. We cannot leave our children a more sacred legacy than the sacrifices we ourselves made for the Reich and its ideals, and oblige them, through our own lives and deaths, to do the same.*

*The Reich is our faith, it is our prayer, and it is inseparable from our conception of eternity. The Reich is the great justice to which we aspire as the moral imperative within us, as the realization of what commands us to once again undertake the arduous and laborious victory from evil to good.*

*The Reich is our pride, our common bond, our destiny - it is everywhere, visible and invisible, like the earth beneath the starry sky and like the sun above the fields and mountains. The Reich is the beauty that intoxicates our eyes; it is the pain that purifies us; it is the joy that uplifts and illuminates our short days.*

*The Reich, in a word, is the embodiment of everything we comprehend with our senses and the goal of everything that moves our hearts.*

*In life and in death, we belong to it completely and without reservation, for it is our Reich—yes, our Reich must come!”*

## The Eternal Mission



The people and the Reich shall be the guiding stars of your life, the highest goods on earth, German boy and German girl; they have become our destiny and our conscience, for no people on Earth has fought so hard and struggled so long, made so many sacrifices, suffered so much hardship and death as the German people; therefore, these inseparable words shall be sacred and binding upon you:

Ever since the Germans have existed, the ideas of the people and the Reich have lived on, first as a dream, then as a longing, until the higher community that had been dreamed of was experienced and fought for, seen and demanded on the battlefields of the great wars. Your fathers had to see how everything was smashed and lost again, until, in the darkest hour of German history, Adolf Hitler arose as the savior and creator of a new Reich. It was he who broke the chains of shame and servitude, and banished the foreign death that was eating away at Germany's heart; he who elevated blood to the highest law and made the people the soul of the Reich; he who created a united people out of farmers, citizens, and workers, out of Prussians, Saxons, Bavarians, and Thuringians, Germans. In incomparable deeds, he brought back our stolen land and led the German brothers home from foreign lands to the Reich; from blood and soil, people and fatherland, from the past and the present, from dreams and necessities, he created a whole, a new entity that exists solely in and for itself: our Reich, the "Germanic Reich of the German Nation." This was the fulfillment of a thousand-year-old longing, the goal of a long, unspeakably difficult journey, the triumph of the most powerful struggle. But the final victory has not yet been won - the decisive, final battle is still to come. Once again, the old powers are dragging the whole world into the conflagration they have ignited, in which our Reich is to be reduced to rubble and ashes - but out of this fire, the Reich will be tempered and reborn, and this Reich will not only fulfill the legacy of a thousand years of history, but must also fulfill the even greater task for the future and the freedom of Europe. It is our eternal mission, entrusted to us by fate and the world situation, to be the Reich of justice and order, of culture and peace in the heart of Europe.

The people draw the final strength to fulfill their historic mission from their unbridled faith in life, which enables them to endure even the harshest reality and to find a faithful "yes" to this life, full of danger and sacrifice; this faith is rooted in a deep connection with God, which gives the German people the certainty that a higher power, a divine providence, is revealed in the workings of nature and in the course of history. This divine power is the fulfillment of all that is great, good, and beautiful; it shapes the face of our spirit and speaks in the voice of our blood; it radiates from the love of our hearts and blazes in the power of our will to live - we feel and recognize this omnipotence in the inexorable laws as well as in the immortal creations of our great masters. This belief in God also lives everywhere in the heart where man feels the sanctity of his sacrifice as a mission from the Eternal, when the torch of his life burns out too early in a

heroic death, or where he is carried and driven by the certainty of his calling as a creator and devotes himself to it sacrificially as a fighter and sculptor - this faith inspires all work, enlivens our everyday lives, and sanctifies our lives. It is the pledge of our eternal life.

*“See, that is what  
is meant to be German in the highest sense:  
the will to achieve the impossible, to attain  
the ultimate goal, to achieve perfection that can never  
be found on Earth, but can be sensed  
in the harmony of all sounds, forms, colors,  
in the balance of the stars and laws,  
in the reflection of eternal harmony.*

*Germans want unity; they want to escape  
from deception and pretense; they want wholeness,  
and when they fight, it is not triumph  
or spoils that spur them on, but  
the miracle of perfection.”*

- **Dietrich Eckart**

This belief is nourished by boundless love and loyalty to our people and fatherland, to eternal Germany - this love and loyalty has become our creed, the creed of the Reich.

**“My will—  
This must be our  
common confession—  
is your faith!  
My faith is to me  
—just as it is to you—  
everything in this world!**

**The greatest thing  
God has given me  
in this world  
is my people!  
In them rests my faith,  
I serve them  
with my will, and  
I give my life for them.**

**Let this be our  
common sacred  
commitment!”**

- Adolf Hitler, Berlin, May 1st 1935