

*Ken*

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# INCUBATORS FOR HEROES



*Dr. Ley, who hatched hero-incubator plan, chats with England's former king*

**The new Junker class is selected from 4,000 certified super-blond babies, who will spend twenty years in hero-incubators. Of this group, 1,000 will emerge as Wotans, future leaders of the Reich. The Wotans will receive special training in four castles, then get jobs in Nazi regime. A third of the hero-crop will go to fifth castle only 10 miles from Berchtesgaden where under the tutelage of Hitler and Rosenberg it is hoped that a future Fuehrer may be developed.**

**BY EMIL LENGYEL**

**F**OUR THOUSAND young Germans have been put in hero-incubators. They are the prospective leaders of the Third Reich, future occupants of the Hitlerite Valhalla. Candidates for a hero's job must look like young Wotans: fair of hair, blue of eye, strong of muscles. They must be able to show that their ancestors were thoroughbred Nordics, when Frederick the Great was still a baby.

In 12 years the 4,000 will be reduced to 1,000. They will then run a course through a series of medieval castles, from which they will graduate as full-fledged heroes.

When the head of the German Labor Front, Dr. Robert Ley, announced details of this plan early this winter, he called it the most unique experiment in history. Not since the days of Sparta has education been so strict in gymnastics and allied subjects.

The idea took root in the fertile brain of Minister of Propaganda Dr. Joseph Goebbels, also known as the Limping Devil, because of a physical



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defect. "Heroes are both born and trained," is the Nazi slogan. The future leaders are taken under the government's wing at the age of ten. By that time they are expected to know that the witch of the Hansel and Gretel story is really a Frenchwoman, and the wolf of Little Red Riding Hood is a Jewess in disguise.

All Germany has been scoured in search of 4,000 would-be heroes. In 32 district schools, the candidates for the castles are receiving primary instruction. The castles themselves are also in operation, sheltering a thousand young men, from five feet eight to six feet one.

"We have too much knowledge," Hitler has complained, commenting on education. "What we want is will, will, will." In these preparatory schools for heroes the slogan is brawn before brain. Wisdom's symbol will be the rifle. The supreme reward of worthy life will be death in the service of the Leader.

On the way to Valhalla, many will fall by the wayside. Some of the youngsters will be weeded out, no doubt, because of a bookish nature or intellectual curiosity of some other form. The gentle will be cast out by the Knights of Pugnacity. Some of them will see the end of glory because of their religious nature. Only one-fourth will pass into the second stage, toward the pagan heaven.

After a secondary course of eight years, the young men will find the road to glory barred by more than one impediment. First they will have to show their pluck as laborers and soldiers. For six months they must join a labor camp, the German original of America's CCC. They will drain swamps, fell trees, build bridges. When their compulsory labor term is over, they must join the army for two years. They will receive special instruction in military science, handling Germany's "dicke Berta" tanks, special machine guns and anti-aircraft devices.

After their military service, the young men must go into a trade or profession. As garage attendants or chimney-sweeps they must further prepare themselves for a heroic life. In their private lives, too, they must exercise extreme caution. They must keep out of the way of maidens—even though as fair as Brunhilde—whose family trees are not beyond cavil. "Thou must get married!" is one of the commandments addressed to the prospective leaders. And if their career is dear to them, they must get busy without delay to give little heroes to the German Reich.

The young people are now 23. Their title until now was "Junker," young



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gentleman. They now become "prospective leaders," and preparation in the four castles, "Ordenburgen," begins in real earnest.

The first year of the prospective leader is spent in austere Castle Grossensee, facing the northern winds of the milky Baltic Sea. This castle is built of local wood and the pagan god Wotan himself might have been its occupant, so vast and gloomy it appears to the observer. Here the prospective Leader takes the vow to follow the Fuehrer into death, if need be.

Each morning our young man will wake to the tune of the opening bars of Wagner's *March of the Valkyries into the Valhalla*, to remind him of his mission. With sunrise he takes a dip in the water of the Baltic. Most of his morning hours will be occupied with semi-military exercises. A movie cowboy would be put to shame by the acrobatic riding he is expected to perform. Shortly after his arrival at the castle the young man will be given a parachute and taken up 14,000 feet. If he bails out of the airplane, all is well, but if he loses his courage, the number of German heroes will be reduced by one.

The afternoon is reserved for theoretical education. His studies will begin with the Stone and Iron Ages, to show him man in an uncorrupted stage. History will unfold itself as the record of Teutonic greatness, the story of a race that has triumphed over all enemies. The Sachems of the cult of blood will inculcate into him a sacred horror of racial pollution. He will see himself in the mirror held up to him, as the aristocrat of the earth.

From the castle in Pomerania the young man will be taken to Castle Vogelsang, in the picturesque Eifel Mountains. Here he will be within sight of the Belgian frontier, beyond which he will see a much-advertised strip of land, Eupen and Malmédy, German until the end of the war and now a part of Belgium.

The castle is of native stone, carved out of the mountainside of volcanic rock and crater-lakes. Here the young man will encounter the crumbling relics of pagan altars. And here he will be told that a religion of brotherly love is incompatible with a heroic life, which believes in attack.

In the third year of his training, the prospective leader will live in Castle Sonthofen, in southernmost Germany, on the slope of the Bavarian Alps. From the peak behind the castle he will gaze into Switzerland, which will be described to him as a Teutonic country, awaiting redemp-



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tion at his hands. Here he will be close to Munich, the holy place of Nazism, from where the cream of leaders will pay him periodical visits. He will give thought to Adolf Hitler's political testament, *My Battle*, and to the writings of the party's spiritual dictator, Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, who, from now on, will loom large in his life.

The fourth and last year will be spent in Germany's Far East, Marienburg Castle, built by crusading Teutonic knights centuries before.

Mounting to the top of the castle-tower, his eyes will rove over the endless plains of the Polish Corridor, which was his country's until the end of the great war. Then he will turn toward the East, and will think of the granary of Russia, the black loam of the Ukraine, which, he will be told, his country needs.

In this castle the prospective hero will learn about the cardinal principles of his country's foreign policy. He will be told that his country is cramped for space, kept from the riches of the world by jealous nations. He will also be instructed in the fine points of propaganda. From Hitler's lips he will probably hear the formula that helped him reach the top: "Good propaganda is repetition. People don't know what you are talking about unless you tell them the same story over and over again. Drive your point home by constant repetition. . . . Don't try to convince people of your views during the day, when they are still alert, and know what you are talking about. Talk to them in the evening when their resistance is weakened, and they lack the strength to formulate any counter-arguments."

His fourth year is now over and the young man, 27, is a graduate hero. He is now entitled to receive a political job. A thousand villages and towns of Germany will have trained Nazi leadership fresh from the four castles. The best of the best, however, one-third of the graduates, will be admitted to a finishing course in one of the most remarkable castles of Germany, built by the mad King of Bavaria, Ludwig, as a replica of the castle of Versailles. It is on one of the islands of Chiemsee, the Alpine lake, some 40 miles south of Munich. There is significance in the selection of the place. Ten miles to the south is Obersalzberg, on the slope of which is Hitler's mountain castle. It is expected that the Fuehrer will be a frequent guest at the finishing school of the heroes. The general supervision of the work will be incumbent upon Dr. Rosenberg, who is supposed to know all there is to be known about propaganda and leadership.



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Prospective leaders in these castles will receive as much attention as if they were to rule over a Kingdom. The schools are a cross between medieval seminaries and modern military academies, geared to the highest form of teaching efficiency. They are expected to train a Brahmin caste of privileged leaders, dedicated to the task of perpetuating the fascist dictatorship. "Nazism will endure a thousand years," Herr Hitler has proclaimed. But in the cafés of Berlin the species of irreverent scoffers is not yet completely extinct. "It's strange," they comment, "how fast time flies. You go to bed, wake up in the morning, and—lo and behold—a thousand years are over." ●