

KEN

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TOMORROW THE WORLD IS OURS

There are great catalysts at work in Germany, on the soul, the mind and the stomach of the German. You see it in the eyes of the bus conductors in Berlin, in the small merchant in Cologne, in the puzzled artisan in Dresden, in the farmer of the Elbe.

Those forces are hunger for substance, a growing paganism, a vapid-ity of mind, a rubberized will and a certainty that the German is the chosen people of Wotan, a being superior to God.

Pictures of Hitler and Goering have replaced God and Christ as the symbols of the new Germanic faith. You sit in a café with a group, including a German girl. Someone asks why Hitler doesn't take a wife, as that sort of subject would be bound to come up. The German girl is incredibly shocked.

"I shudder to think," and she shudders awesomely, "of any woman thinking of herself as a physical being worthy of being with the Fuehrer. It is sacrilegious to mention it!"

You look into the eyes of that young storm trooper standing his four-hour trick in front of a government building in Wilhemstrasse. You see in those enraptured eyes the mysticism that will one day metamorphose Hitler into the god of the Germans and Goering into his prime disciple.

In the eyes of millions of youths like him, in the grey-green uniforms of conscripted soldiers, in the bright green of labor-camp workers, in the black shirts of the Guard, there burns an eloquent pledge to live for Nazism and to die for Hitler.