

Hitler Despises German-Americans



*BUNDISTS ARE ADVISED TO CHEW ON THIS
THOUGHT—WOE BETIDE ANY MAN OR GROUP
FOR WHOM HITLER NO LONGER HAS A USE*

by RENÉ KRAUS

SHORTLY after Hitler had established himself in power, a diplomatic reception was to be arranged. Goering had not yet built his air fleet. International courtesy, consequently, was still important.

In fact, Herr Hitler was very keen on showing his social polish. He wanted the proper things done in the proper way. He even took a personal interest in the seating order for his reception. No Newport dowager could have taken this business more seriously.

"Afghanistan, Albania, America . . ." the official in charge recited. This official lives at present in this country. He is an exile, trying to make a living selling insurance. You will excuse me for not quoting his name. I do not want to expose him to the wrath of the Gestapo in our midst.

"America?" Hitler snapped, so my friend told me later. "America must come last," he decided. Then he grinned. He had one of his flashes. "Call it the United States of America, and then only poor Venezuela must follow in alphabetical order. And the Kingdom of Yemen, of course." A fact that obviously angered him. Suddenly he had a second flash of enlightenment. His grin broadened: "The Kingdom's name, ac-

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According to the research of German science, is *Arabian-Yemen*. So the United States remains the last but one." It was a triumph of what Hitler likes to call Nordic cunning.

My friend, obviously, looked rather startled. Hitler for his part, does not mind explaining. He is constantly engaged in psychoanalyzing himself. So the All-Highest took the minor official into his confidence. "America," he exploded, "is the country that has been harboring five generations of German slackers. There is no honor there, and no police. So the rogues feel safe. But I will get them back. *I will get them.*"

And you can be sure he meant every word of it!

When Hitler first launched the blitzkrieg there was no way of foretelling how the American people would react. Consequently there was a plan reposing on Hitler's desk. This "Plan A" — A standing for America—was the blueprint for an open revolution. It was a perfectly integrated scheme for starting riots and disturbances in the United States. All Hitler had to do was sign it if necessary. But it was not necessary—then.

One feature of "Plan A," in fact the feature that made it capable of execution, was the out-and-out sacrifice of almost a million German-Americans and perhaps half a million fellow-Fascists who would make common cause with them. "My American suicide squad!" Hitler called them with less pride in their devotion than in his ingenuity in perverting that devotion to his purpose.

What would have happened to this mammoth suicide squad if Hitler had placed "Plan A" in operation? What will happen to them if he still does, as is yet possible? Surely they could not expect to seize control of this powerful nation. They would wreak their destruction and then come to an

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abrupt end of their usefulness—slain, hospitalized, jailed, placed in concentration camps, perhaps even deported, many of them, to some safe place.

And for this inevitable beating in store for them, what sympathy does Hitler feel? What gratitude? As far as he is concerned, his German-Americans can rot in their graves. In the depths of his vindictive heart he despises the German-Americans, those “slackers” and “sons of slackers.”

THIS AVERSION of Hitler's simply follows the time-honored traditions of Pan-Germanism. Back at the turn of the century it was already a custom in certain Munich beer cellars and Berlin cafés to sing mocking ditties on the “Dollar Germans” who preferred “American nigger life” to conscription in the Emperor's army. Wilhelm II himself had been known for despising his German-American ex-subjects. On his birthdays he rejected presents from his American admirers, the money for which had been collected by midwestern Turnerbunds and Gesangsvereine (gymnastic and singing clubs). “Vaterlandslose Gesellen” — fellows without fatherland—he used to call these hyphenated Americans who wanted to make good over here and still remain German sentimentalists. In other words, they wanted to eat their cake and have it too.

You may remember the visit of Prince Heinrich, younger brother of Wilhelm II, to the United States shortly before the first World War. The popular Prussian “Sailor-Prince” was to be built up in this country to counterbalance the popularity enjoyed by the then Prince of Wales. The effort completely miscarried. Only Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Yorkville were swept off their feet. For them, however, a fairy tale prince had come to visit them. Tears of

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elation diluted their beer. A bar-keep in Hoboken became famous for his fits of nostalgia. Day and night he sang "Oh Tannenbaum," the beautiful old German Christmas carol, unmindful of the fact that it happened to be the middle of June and 90 degrees in the shade.

Prince Heinrich, however, summed up his recollections of German-Americans, who had so royally welcomed him, with the words: "They smell of beer and sweat!"

They were to smell of blood and tears soon. During World War I some highly respectable German-Americans were the victims of a most fiendish conspiracy. These were the years during which a gang of well-polished, well-pressed, highly-poised German diplomats and officers instigated the still unforgotten sabotage campaign, blowing up American plants right and left. This first German plot against America had two objectives. First, to destroy as far as possible America's ammunition output. Second, to prove to American authorities that the German service could blow up the entire United States at will, terrorize the country and paralyze whatever counter-measures the administration might take.

This second point demanded the sacrifice of legions of followers. It was meticulously executed, without the slightest concern for the lives, fortunes and reputations of the German-American sacrificial lambs.

The United States counter-espionage agencies were surprised at finding long lists of German conspirators, among them men of high social standing and, up to then, excellent reputation. Bankers figured on these lists, respectable business men, professors, church and society leaders. All of them were men of German de-

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scent, but all had been considered reliable American patriots.

Indeed, most of them were. Some had not had any connection whatsoever with German authorities in this country; others had just called at the German embassy or at some consulate on social occasions. However, here were the lists—marked as “calling lists,” “lists for particular employment,” “lists of reliable friends of the cause”—and Herr Von Papen, plotter No. 1, took care that they fell into the hands of the American counter-espionage.

Washington, of course, was stunned. Was it possible that treason reached into such high social circles and was so widespread in this country? Elaborate examinations followed. Many good and guiltless men were questioned. Bad blood was aroused, and the spy hysteria grew. The authors of the incriminating documents had taken good care to sandwich the names of a few real spies and saboteurs into their lists—the fate of the “fool spy,” whom his master wants to get rid of, is well known. So the suspicions, mostly directed against innocent people, found apparent confirmation. In fact, some close advisers to the Wilson administration were temporarily persuaded that America would risk a civil conflict if she declared war on Germany.

Thus, to this purpose the German-Americans were once before betrayed. Be sure that they will be betrayed again, on a much greater scale. Be sure that, in keeping faith with himself, Hitler will break it with his German-Americans. He has begun to do so already.

THE BUNDS, until the War the centers of Nazi propaganda, have largely been replaced by less conspicuous, harder hitting secret organizations. Ruthlessly, Hitler has destroyed the old Bundists

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who fled to Germany in order to escape the F.B.I. Now they were nothing but millstones around Hitler's neck, witnesses of silly old crimes who had to be silenced.

Do you remember Dr. Griebel, the Yorkville surgeon and lady-killer, who was the chief culprit in the sensational Gestapo trial in New York City, in the summer of 1933? Dr. Griebel was neither caught nor indicted in America. The crew of a German merchant ship spirited him away before the trial. He hung out his shingle in Vienna. This shingle hung for exactly three weeks. Then it was removed. So was Dr. Griebel. Some say he was executed in the concentration camp of Dachau. Other insiders insist that his fate is still worse. He is being kept alive in that famous camp, they assert.

"Dilletante!" is Hitler's word for most of the German-Americans in his service. Coming from the world's super-dilletante, self-styled authority on Egyptian art and builder of the city of tomorrow, technician, artist, leader of men, connoisseur of vegetables, magician and wizard, this is a very dangerous word.

"I know that you know everything better!" the Führer once barked to an American visitor, an important business man, half German by descent, who tried to explain to him that America, once she goes at it in deadly earnest, can easily outbuild, outdistance, and surpass any German technical and mechanical war effort. "You come to me as a follower, but indeed you are nothing but one of these American propagandists."

"I am your friend!" the puzzled American answered truthfully.

"Oh, are you a friend of Adolf Hitler personally?" The sharp reply came like a flash. "Well, Adolf Hitler has no Jewish friends. Will you, please, remember that!"

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In fact, the American manufacturer had had a Jewish great-grandmother, who died in Nurnberg more than eighty years ago. He had never known anything about this supposed stain on his ancestry. The Gestapo had known it all the time. Hitler himself was informed of it, before he received the adviser from overseas.

They keep track of the lineage of all more or less prominent Americans of German descent. In the *Historic Reichsarchiv* in Hamburg, directed by Colonel Walter Nicolai, German spy master during the first World War, now "scientific adviser" to the Führer, many thousand files are kept, tracing all prominent German-Americans. Most of their names are marked with a D, standing for *deserteur*—in our language: slacker, meaning a man suspected of having emigrated to America in order to avoid German conscription, or a descendant of such a man. A slacker, like a Jew, you remain for many generations. It is interesting to note that the names of the family Schacht are marked with the ominous D. The father of Hitler's financial wizard has, indeed, been a slacker. He went to America when his native Slesvig went Prussian. He refused to wear the Prussian King's uniform. Four brothers Schacht—the father and three uncles of Hjalmar the Great—and their descendants are thus marked in Hitler's archives.

Other marks are P.U. for *politisch unverlässlich*, politically unreliable, and P.V. for *politisch verlässlich*, politically reliable, or simply: sucker. Colonel Nicolai is very proud of his register. Not a single German-American, he insists, escapes his attention. But whether they are D. or P.U. or P.V.—they are all contemptible rascals to Hitler. That is the way the Führer and his henchmen really regard German-Americans.

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He hates them all—whether pro-German, pro-American, or neutral—with all his heart, all his soul and all his might.

GERMAN-AMERICANS have no worse enemies than their protectors from the Reich, who behave as if Milwaukee lay in Norway and Cincinnati in occupied France. These protectors are carefully selected by William Bohle, Under-secretary in the Third Reich's Foreign Office and official overseer of all Germans abroad. His name is familiar to every German-American in the service of Hitler, whether a volunteer or a conscriptee under pressure: the Bundists, the saboteurs in the armament plants, the legions of spies. Herr Bohle decides when some aged parents in Berlin shall be sent to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp, because the son, a grocer in Milwaukee, refused to pay his party dues. Modestly he says of himself that he exercises a "certain influence on the other side." And when he introduced a group of Bundists in Berchtesgaden, a few days before the War started, he did it with the words: "German-America stands at your service, mein Führer!"

Is Hitler capable of rewarding so much devotion with contempt and ignominy? This question can best be answered by another question: Of what is Hitler *not* capable?

He is faithful to his followers unless, much to his regret, he feels obliged to shoot them. He had Gregor Strasser, the man who extended Naziism to Berlin, executed. Without his aid and devotion Hitler would still be, at best, a rabble-rouser in the Munich Hofbräu. But one day Gregor Strasser stood in the Führer's way. He was liquidated.

Hitler had Ernst Roehm shot, for years his only personal friend. The Führer has driven his niece

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Angela Raubal into suicide. In those endless nights, which he spends gazing at the stars, he still admits that this innocent seventeen-year-old was his only love. But she, obviously, had no use for Uncle Adolf's personal complications, and so he no longer had use for her.

Woe betide any man, woman or child, group, party or nation, friend or follower, for whom Adolf Hitler no longer has use!

The Nazis in America certainly perform their duties. But it can be taken for granted that hyphenated Americans, even if the word German be at the other end of the hyphen, arouse Hitler's antagonism as instantly as anything else American.

To him, they remain colonials, half-castes, hybrids. "The Americans are a nation of mules," he once explained to a circle of convivial friends. "And the Germans have played the role of the mother donkeys in begetting that race. That is why they are so stubborn. But I will harness them, the bridle right through their damned mouths! I will ride them! I will teach them my pace!"

Do you believe that Berlin will ever share world domination with Yorkville, that Berchtesgaden will share with Camp Yaphank, New Jersey? If Hitler wins, his truest American followers have a great surprise in store for them. But at last they will understand the truth—that their trusted Saint, Adolf Hitler, has taken them for a one-way ride.

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