

"... Und da, als der Tod gerade geschäftig hineingriff
in unsere Reihen, da erreichte das Lied auch uns, und wir
wir gaben es nun wieder weiter: Deutschland, Deutsch-
land über alles, über alles in der Welt !"
"Mein Kampf," edit. 1939; P.181

Which one of us does not, to-day, with tears, remember that great
year among all years : glorious Nineteen-forty ? which one of us does not
with bitterness look back to those staggering days, in which the noise and
flames and smoke of spreading war answered on Thy behalf the world's un-
just attack ?

O great One, Leader of the best, from Thy young Reich, towards the
east, towards the West, towards the hallowed North, on land and sea and in
the skies, in irresistible formations, Thy men of iron poured forth, for
Thee, the greater Germany and all that Germany implies. The song of free-
dom, pride and power accompanied their onward march across the boundaries
of seven nations. And there was nothing that could halt their god-like
thrust... And from its northernmost promontory facing the Pole, down to the
smiling shores of the great Inner Sea, the continent that had believed the
jewish lies, - the continent that had rejected Thee - lay at Thy feet wit-
hin the dust :

Unforgettable days and nights of permanent elation, when every bless-
ed hour brought me through subtle aether-waves, along with Thy beloved
voice, the joy of further victory ! When both the sunlit earth, so bright
in its tropical glory, and all the countless lights of starry space see-
med to tell me : "rejoice ! the Western Resurrection that you have waited
for so long has come at last; and He, the Saviour Whom you loved unknowin-
gly for centuries, and Whom you hailed but yesterday as Leader of his

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of his people and of all those who recognise and who welcome his people's place in history, now rules the Aryan race according to your dream ? "

From the other end of the earth, I watched the fire of war spread.

The sky was blue; the Sun was hot; the joy and pride of conquest made my face beam. Stronger and stronger in my heart grew the sweet certitude of Thy invincibility. One day, - I knew not when, but, surely, thought I, "soon" - I would go back and see all Europe under Thee... It mattered little, then, whether I were or not, for the time being on the spot.

I pictured in my mind Thy endless rows of armoured tanks, rushing through woods and moors and through deserted towns along the international highways; through mud and sand, along the river banks. I pictured in my mind Thy fleeing enemies under the pouring rain - the roaring sea before them, the angry sky above them, the dark night all around them, Thy battalions behind them - nearer and nearer every second - and in their hearts, more powerful than all, the overwhelming terror of Thy name ! I picture in my mind the famous Arch of Triumph; the no less famous Avenue, pride of the conquered Capital; and under it, and along it, the unforgettable parades :

There stood and marched those who, in Ypres and elsewhere, had fought along with Thee during the first World War; those who, within the grip of death, had sung along with Thee, the conquering Hymn of love in which echoed the call of joyful Duty : "Germany, Germany above all...!" There stood and marched also, like unto living Nordic gods, Thy fair and strong Young men, hope of the resurrected Reich, hope of the Western world, messengers of everlasting Aryan faith.

Moving in incredible order, there they were, the ones I had been longing for ever since the decay of Aryandom - over two thousand years; the ones I had been seeking in the immortal forms of by-gone Grecian gods, and the ^{im-}mortal characters of Aryan heroes held as gods in India to this day : the real earthly "shining ones": my better brothers and

Thy sons :

And as they went the music played, and as they went they sang the new hymn of the Strong and Free, - the Song of the young Hero, who, ten years before, had died for Thee : "Along all highways, very soon, will our banners flutter; slavery is to last only a short time more !" and there indeed, the holy bloodered flags, bearing within their midst in black on white the eternal Swastika, fluttered triumphantly above the glittering helmets, above the cadenced March, above the conquered Continent, in the warm air of June.

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From the Eastern world far away, where I then stood, a cry had sprung - a cry of admiration, for thee, for those who followed Thee, for Thy young resurrected Nation.

One day, a dusky youth of the Far South greeted me with amazing words, as though the Gods had chosen to express their unshakable Wisdom through his mouth. "Fair Lady, believe me, he said, I too within my heart adore your Leader, now Lord of the West :- for He has come to overthrow the money-power in the world; for He has come in order to set up the wisdom of the Shining Ones who conquered us in By-gone days - the Aryan Wisdom of all times; the Wisdom of the Best - against the Christian way of Life in order to fulfill the words of the most holy Writ : " Age after age, I come..."; for He is God in human garb, the One who never fails."

Another day, a fair-skinned man in orange-coloured robes - a man, of those who look beyond the Realm of Time - sat by my side and told me : "Your Continent has now within its midst another incarnation of the great World-Sustaining-One. No longer weep over its long decay ! But follow Him, and you shall win, in the long run. The struggle of to-day is but another phase of the perennial Struggle. And He is Light and Life come down to ear

earth again to lead the Aryan World once more along the glorious Way !"

And in the glaring homage of the village youth, echo of popular insight as well as in that of the serene ascetic, I heard the world proclaim in space and time, that Thou wast right, and foreign men on foreign man on for foreign shores, age after age, in speeches yet unknown, exalt Thy wisdom and Thy might.

And I was happy, even though so far away. And I too sang the conquering Song, with my right arm outstretched, while the while the Wise One, the truest of our true Allies, now bound to me through solemn mystic ties, stood by my side and smiled, as though his eyes could see, beyond six thousand miles of land and sea, the Parade of Thy trusted Body-guard along the conquered Avenue, the rush of Thy glittering planes across the sky.

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Oh, great days ! We were all so happy, then Before our eyes, we saw the map of the expanding Reich unfold itself in all directions; and all our dreams materialise ! In the glory of our reborn heathen civilisation, ahead of us, we saw, a future of world-domination, that was never to fall..

Oh, great days ! Whether on the spot or far away, we watched the Gods come down from heaven at Thy call, and fight for Thee. We were so happy, then ! - And I, the happiest of call, !
