



• "... A profession is not all that Germany asks of her daughters. Gretel has been taught since she was twelve years old that the first duty of a woman is to give her country children. Just because she is choosing a profession and doesn't intend to get married immediately, Gretel sees no reason to postpone her duty to her country. • All of this worries Gretel's mother—more especially since Gretel is leaving her next year to spend six months in a labor camp and a year in a household, as the law requires she shall do. Mother has seen many girls come back from labor camp, and she doesn't like it. • But Gretel—like every other eighteen-year-old—knows mother is hopelessly old-fashioned."



By MIRIAM BECK

Berlin, Germany.

Youth in Shadow of Hitler!

"A SERVICE to Germany—which is also a service to God—stands over and above any religion." These were the words with which Baldur von Schirach, leader of the German youth, dedicated the Reich's sixty-fourth youth hostel in the old cathedral city of Fulda.

The eight million youngsters gathered in little groups over the Reich listened earnestly and without surprise while their leader emphasized the religious quality of the Nazi faith. The building which was dedicated seemed one of the concrete symbols of it. Today important catechetical classes are held within the walls of the Hitler Youth homes and hostels, where the words "Our Father" are supplanted by "Unser Fuehrer."

It is one of the standing quarrels between the church and the German government that the youth organization takes the children from the churches by demanding that they "do service" instead of attending services on Sunday. But the leaders of National Socialism see no cause for alarm and dissatisfaction. The service which the children are forced to do is in their eyes also a devotional one, and a great deal more strenuous and exacting than any the church demands. When a child is in the youth organization of Germany he must serve with his whole heart and soul and mind and body.

And what exactly is this service—which is a service to God and stands before any religion—and what does it mean to Hans and Fritz and Gretel, the children who play in the streets of Germany? It is

a long, varied, and all-embracing service. Little Hans, who is only 10 years old and has been a member of the organization for only a short time, does not realize its full meaning yet. Until the 1st of April, when his father took him to the local office of the Hitler Youth—a new year begins on April 20, the Fuehrer's birthday—he wanted to be a cowboy. All of the little boys know of the Indians and the wild west through Karl May, the German Zane Grey. Now he knows better than that. He wants to drive a tank.

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On Wednesday afternoon—if it is raining—he goes to one of the "homes" of the Hitler Youth. They are similar to school buildings, he thinks, but he likes them better. In the wide halls are paintings of the soldiers of the different German provinces or of the youth of other lands. In the little room where Hans meets some

twenty other boys of his own age there are no furnishings except a wide table and long benches. On the wall is a picture of the Fuehrer. The electric light is shaded by a brown paper on which are pasted black-and-white zigzags. They are runes and

stand for strength and preparedness. The boys are proud of the shade because they made it.

When the 15-year-old leader comes in Hans and all his friends become quiet and sit at attention. He is very severe, this Leader Ernst, and Hans is afraid of him. His comrades say he must not be afraid—that Ernst is not bad. Before him there was a leader named Klaus, and every time a boy didn't sing in tune or obey orders quickly enough he beat him terribly. When the parents heard about it and saw the little ones coming home bruised and bleeding they protested and Klaus was sent away. Ernst sometimes beats, of course, but not so hard.

Friday evening is the sport evening. Hans likes it. Then the boys go out in the woods and march and do maneuvers and play games—fighting games. In the game they played one Friday two boys sat astride two other boys' shoulders and the two on top battled, to the peril of those below. Hans thought it was great fun until he was thrown headlong on the ground. He bumped his head, of course, but he didn't dare cry. That would disgrace a *pimpf* (that is what they call the youngest members of the Hitler Youth) forever.

When he got home his mother complained that his clothes were ruined, and she scolded him because he was so late—8 o'clock. He left school for sports at 3, and now he is (Continued on page two.)