

VII
BERLIN: A SWIRL OF PROPAGANDA

When Mark and I reached Berlin, Hitler's propaganda machine was moving into high gear. Nazis, in seemingly just-cleaned, just-pressed uniforms and sparkling boots, paraded in battalions, raced about in motorcycle processions, rode ~~about~~ in open wagon-like vehicles with seats on each side, and staged ceremonies of one kind or another on street corners.

The third day after our arrival Hitler proclaimed a holiday celebrating his victory. Schools, businesses, offices ~~just about everything~~ ~~were closed~~ except for government buildings, art galleries, museums, restaurants and places of amusement.

were closed -

Early in the morning, Mark and I strolled along Unter den Linden, the city's most famous avenue, to the War Memorial Hall, a moldy, brown, ancient structure of classic lines that sheltered an ever-burning taper to the war dead on a simple square slab of black granite.

The hall was filled with school boys in many-colored jackets, ~~and caps~~ and girls with their hair in long braids, ~~and~~ ~~as well as~~ many old women ~~and~~ ~~men~~ in uniforms, ~~their~~ heads uncovered and bowed. They moved slowly and silently around the granite slab, freshly decorated with wreaths and bunches of flowers, ~~and sprays of grasses.~~ "The First World War is much more alive and corroding in the German's hearts and minds than in ours," Mark ~~whispered to me~~ ^{said} "The wounds are still open, bleeding, and exceedingly

see below "heads uncovered"

all? or only the men?

painful. The men and ^{are} women, especially, still mourn^I ing for the dead and maimed."

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Later in the afternoon we stumbled on a big demon^I stration. The park down the middle of Unter den Linden seethed with people and the windows of the buildings were jammed with heads and shoulders; even the roofs were fenced with crowded bodies. Everybody was talking German excitedly. ^{Although} Mark had had German in high school and read and understood it a little, ^{he} ~~but~~ could make nothing of the jabbering around us.

Finally there was a furious stir in the crowd like the leaves of a forest in a ^{wind storm} ~~tornado~~ and we saw the red, white, and black flag of the monarchy going up on a ^{nearby} build^I ing. ~~And that was it.~~

in the meeting

We witnessed the raising of the old flag many, many times. ~~It was the most booming activity in Berlin. Not booming activity in Berlin.~~ / Not a single public building, no matter how insignificant, was skipped. At every unfurling, countless Nazis bustled about, shouting "Heil Hitler."

^{no} "The propaganda office ^{was} is very clever, ^{thought} Mark ~~remarked~~, ^{such} "to sustain this feverish interest. ^{But he couldn't} I can't help wondering, ^{aloud} though, what ^{would} will happen when the ceremonies become stale and the Fuehrer ^d has to resort to some unpopular measures requiring more sacrifices."

Hitler did his ~~full~~ part to keep the momentum high.

In those early weeks he spoke fairly frequently and always in a hall ^{holding seating} that seated at least twenty [#] thousand ⁽⁴⁾ people. (We went one evening) to hear him and Mark covered the occasion for the Telegraph Under the date line, March 16; ~~he began~~

see
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"Trying to understand something of what is going on about us ^fthe 'revolution of 1933,' the German Nationalists call it ^fwe set about to get tickets for a meeting that Adolf Hitler himself was to address last Saturday night.

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"Our interpreter, secured through the university [University of Berlin] ^s learned that they were very 'dear,' but she, noble soul, perjured herself admirably to an important-looking gentleman in a Nazi uniform and told him...that we were 'important newspaper people' from America and wanted badly to hear Herr Hitler, whom we admired greatly. The perjury worked and the young Nazi... showed her where tickets might be obtained.

"We arrived at the great hall ^fone of the permanent exhibition halls of Berlin ^ftwo full hours before the speaking was scheduled to begin, but the building was almost filled.... We were told that people had been coming since one o'clock....

"While the audience jammed itself into every avail^e able seat and all standing room, Nazis stationed themselves about the building in strategic places ^fin all the rows of seats, in the aisles, at the doorways ^feverywhere.

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There wasn't an inch of the audience that was not under the surveillance of Nazis....The Hitlerites take no chance with the life of their leader....

"About 8:25 a man stepped to the microphone and in a voice that thundered through the loudspeakers, commanded: 'Stand still! Be silent!' A ^{death-like} ~~death-like~~ silence enshrouded the place. Then the military band, which had been blazing away in a time-killing program, struck up the Horst Wessel song, the Nazi air named for the first Nazi killed by the anti-Nazi Germans. Through the center doorway a procession ^{started} began up the main aisle: the massing of the flags. There must have been fifty trim Nazis bearing the Hitler standards on silver flagstuffs. Spotlights brought them into sharp relief. We were told it is a ceremony always put on when Hitler is to speak. It is a concession to the German love of show, a tremendously impressive ceremony...."

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see p. 88

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flag
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Mark went on to describe the goings-on that preceded the speech. When all the marchers had reached their places, they stood for several minutes, the band playing spiritedly and the flags at rigid ^{salute} attention.

Once more, even louder than before, the man at the microphone thundered, "Stand still! HE comes!" The reaction was terrific. The audience sprang to its feet. Hundreds even leaped up on the seats. Wood strained and squeaked under their weight. Heads pivoted to the rear.

"Again Nazis, hundreds of them this time, poured through the center door and lined up, shoulder to shoulder, on each side of the aisle. Then HE came. Thousands of hands shot up in the Nazi salute and thousands of voices roared Heil Hitler. The Fuehrer, closely followed by an entourage of his officeholders, marched between the lines of Nazis to the platform.

"Dr. Joseph Goebbels (whose name and position as Hitler's chief of propaganda was practically unknown then in the middle of March but soon became a household word) came forward to the microphone and briefly introduced his chief. More boisterous and more frantic roars and shrieks of Heil, stomping of feet, and clapping of hands bombarded the faraway ceiling. For long, long minutes after Hitler took his place before the microphone the pandemonium rolled and echoed and re-echoed."

~~Hitler's speech was interpreted for Mark and me in the intervals when the audience was applauding and, as Mark wrote, "the audience applauded every paragraph, even to the platitudes all political figures use. The greatest applause came when he said he had been a worker and would not forget it. There is something romantic to the Germans in the figure of a sign painter's son, himself a sign painter for a little while, rising to a place that had been held by ^{such men as} Bismarck and Von Bulow and Bethmann-Hollweg and Prince Max and Bruening, and other such~~

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mark
[]

~~Handwritten scribbles and marks on the left margin.~~

~~Handwritten notes on the left margin.~~

men, representatives of the noble families of the empire."

Mark wasn't too impressed by what Hitler had to say. "Hitler makes the same sort of speech," ^{(Mark continued, he wrote,} "that Eugene Talmadge, the present senator's father, does. He is powerfully effective against his opponents; he says nothing brilliant and much that is trite, but the audience senses a deep sincerity and even a fanatic zeal.... His power must lie in his delivery and in the fact that the Germans sense his great earnestness, because what he said that evening was nothing startling. He told the people that they must work hard and take their troubles to God; that Germany must work out her own destiny because 'other nations will not take our hand, but will take our gold,' and a great deal ^{more} along that highly nationalistic line.

"Whatever he said, he kept the audience in an uproar and drew from it such adulation as one reserves for a god, or at the least a demi-god. And, to prove that his speech was effective, Berlin, in her municipal election next day, gave his coalition a majority in the city council....

"There can be no question that the little man with the mustache is riding high at the moment in Germany.... The Germans are tired of being leaderless. Their greatest ⁱⁿate sense is a sense of order.... What they want

is leadership that is positive. There is the same un-
certainty in Germany and the same blue funk there was in
the last days of the Hoover administration....

"Hitler has taken full advantage of all the psychology
of the situation....How long Hitler will remain in power
depends upon him."

But it wouldn't be for long, Mark hinted at the
close of his article. Although Hitler "rides high
now," he wrote, "he has enemies ready to strike at
his first sign of weakening."

*4 o'clock
actually
5 days
later
Feb
7, 71*

A week or so later, on March 21, Mark and I witnessed
the opening of the Reichstag and the symbolic crowning
of Hitler in the historic town of Potsdam, where the
German kings and emperors had lived and built magnifi-
ficent palaces. Potsdam was not the seat of the German
government and the Reichstag had never opened there;
but Hitler wanted it ^{there} at this first session of his
chancellorship, to wrap around ^{himself} the ermine cloak of
sentiment and past glory. The day was spoken of and
written about as Der Tag (The Day) and was meant to
proclaim the beginning of Hitler's reign as the Fuehrer.

The main exercises were to be held in the famed
Garrison church that had been built between 1730 and
1735 and boasted that beneath its marble pulpit were
the crypts of Frederic William I and Frederick the Great
and that beneath its roof all the heads of Germany had
been crowned. Mark had a coveted ticket to admit him to

the church, But non^e for me. ~~(I accompanied Mark with)~~

Nevertheless, ~~(a new friend, Frau Levine, who ran the pension at which we stayed, and I accompanied Mark to Potsdam.~~ ^{were} ^{ing} The Reichstag opening wasn't scheduled until noon and Potsdam was only twⁿty-two miles from Berlin, but we caught a bus at nine o'clock and headed noisily over the cobblestone streets.

When we arrived, Potsdam was already jammed. Throngs plowed up and down the sidewalks and the roads. The windows of the houses were ~~stuffed~~ ^{filled} with people and the steps leading into the houses were massed solidly with ~~them.~~ ^{others}

For approximately a square mile around the Garrison church, a cordon of blue-coated police dammed the tides of people sweeping that way. Again and again Mark flashed his press card with the magic ticket to the church ~~across~~ it and we were waved on until we were actually in sight of the moldy-looking, tan-colored structure, ~~and were~~ congratulating ourselves on getting so near ~~to~~ the heart of the action while a million (the police estimate) were milling outside the guarded territory. But then we came up against still another dike of policemen. This time Frau Levine and I were stopped ~~in our tracks,~~ while Mark was ushered to the very door ~~of the door~~ of the church to stand next to the former Crown Prince, the son of the Kaiser.

It was a small auditorium and only a few could

enter; but Mark, standing just inside the open door, ^{was being able to see} ~~had the advantage of seeing~~ [#] close up many of the Nazi leaders, including Goering; Hess, Goebbels, and Von Mackinson, the general who had taken Rumania in the First World War, and also ~~seeing~~ the eye-filling, dazzlingly attired characters approaching the church, some to be admitted, others to line up outside.

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 cap 6

For a full hour before the ceremonies began, the great and not-so-great of Germany walked sedately down the middle of the street between rows of khaki-uniformed Nazis and field-green-uniformed Steel Helmets of Von Hindenburg's and Von Papen's party. ~~The~~ Nazis, three and four rows deep, barricaded the sidewalks on one side of the street and the Steel Helmets, just as many deep, barricaded the other side.

cap 6

First came the statesmen, resplendent in full morning dress, their tall silk hats shining like patent leather in the sun. Then the admirals and generals, ~~and~~ major generals and colonels, all ~~of them~~ decked in gold braid and sashed ^{with} ~~of~~ scarlet and silver. ^{And finally} ~~Then~~ members of the foreign legations and hundreds and hundreds of others.

~~or patches of~~

A few minutes before twelve, ~~excited~~ shouting rose in the distance, ^{and} ~~then~~ gradually rolled closer: "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!" The Nazis and the Steel Helmets on the curbs ~~of the street~~ locked elbows and ^{stood} ~~grew~~ rigid. The impressive figure of President ^{non} Hindenburg

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approached, ^{by} his large, deeply wrinkled, grave face ~~was~~ haloed ~~with~~ a silver helmet topped with a gold eagle.

Next came a sleek automobile, its top down, bearing Hitler and a bodyguard of Nazi police. He was wearing morning clothes and had a white silk scarf knotted ~~stylishly~~ about his neck, ^{held} his tall silk hat ~~was~~ in his hand.

Behind him marched young "knights," dressed in velvets, high patent-leather boots that reached far above the knees, and plumed hats. Some ^{were} of the hats were big, picture, black velvet ~~affairs~~ with purple ~~plumes~~ and white plumes curling over the edges; some were velvet tams, also with plumes foaming over the rims; ^{others} ~~and some~~ were little gay pill boxes perched just above the right eyes. Some of the coats were tomato-red velvet, long, like the redcoats of the British in our Revolution; some were green velvet, some orange, some blue. And over these brightly colored coats, many of the "knights" sported white velvet capes ^{that fell} falling to their knees, and all of them wore spotless white breeches that dipped quickly into ~~shining boots.~~ And every one of them carried a sword, unsheathed, that twinkled as he walked.

A minute or two after twelve, music from the choir of the Garrison Church floated out. The program had begun. ~~A~~ loudspeaker ^{was} ~~was~~ on the corner of the

block where Frau Levine and I stood and I was sure

there were hundreds of others all over Potsdam ^{carried the ceremony} ~~so~~ ^{carried the ceremony}
~~that the million who had journeyed there could feel~~ ^{so they} ~~that~~ ^{outside} ~~the~~ ^{so they} ~~million~~ ^{so they} ~~who had journeyed there~~ could feel ~~that~~

they were part of the proceedings.

As the speeches ^{got} were underway, the crowds outside the policed church square ~~began to grow~~ ^{grew} more and more dense. ~~They had evidently slipped through the outer police lines during the long morning hours and were now backing up like a swollen river against the police cordon.~~

At least ten thousand people were ~~on the sidewalk and in the street~~, trying to push through the final barrier. The police held ~~on to each other's~~ ^{one another's} belts and formed a solid wall against them. Yet, now and then, the police line would bulge like bread rising and there would be frenzied screams. A dozen officers would race to the weakening spot and ~~shove~~ ^{force} back the ~~bulge with all their might.~~ ^{crowd}

The pushing and stampeding ~~kept up~~ ^{continued for} ~~for~~ an hour while the church ceremony droned on. Hundreds of police and twice that many Nazi guards worked like men fighting a break in a levee. Now and then ~~there~~ ^{to} were yells for help and Red Cross workers hurtled themselves into the seething ~~ortex~~ ^{mass} to reappear with weeping women ~~and~~ ^{or} fainting girls.

~~When the last speech ended, Mark rejoined Frau Levine and me and we began our struggle to get back to~~

WFF

sample wrote OK here

How on earth did he find them in that mob?

~~Berlin to see the torchlight parade scheduled for
 the evening. Not satisfied with marching and assist-
 ing the police all day long, the Nazis staged a many-
 miles-long procession that would for hours through
 the downtown streets, the faces of the seemingly
 endless participants brushed eerily to a reddish-
 yellow by the beams of the flaming flares.~~

*I. L.
 Nazis
 in
 Potsdam?*

*That
 ending?*