

DR. JOSEF GOEBBELS, PUBLICITY un-LTD.

Since the "Record" article two weeks ago on German radio propaganda, Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels, director of the most potent propaganda force in the world, has found himself the victim of an instrument he uses so cleverly.

News and views and gossip are fine so long as they are about the other man and not oneself.

LAST week Paul Josef Goebbels himself became front-page news when English newspaper-men cabled world-wide reports of an attack said to have been made on him by an angry husband for alleged attentions to his wife.

Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels had tried his hand at publication on a small scale before he began on propaganda.

Most people in New Zealand know that Hitler painted water colours, but they do not know that Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Minister for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, theoretician of Nazi art, benefactor and guide of young Nazi writers, was once a novelist.

His Novel

IN 1929, seven years after he joined Hitler, Goebbels published "Michael," subtitled "A German destiny in the pages of a diary."

The prose of "Michael" is of such high intensity that it almost blows out a fuse on its first page. Opening sentence is: "No longer does the thoroughbred stallion snort under my reins," which means that Michael is home from the War.

Michael goes to Heidelberg, grows lyric about a blonde maiden in the seat ahead: "Do I love Herta Holk?" he asks himself. "I almost shudder at the crudeness of this word."

But when she sends him a red rose, he says, "Herta Holk, I love you! I transform my little room into a royal palace."

But because Herta is too intellectual, and "woman's task is to be beautiful and to bring children into the world," they separate.

Michael writes his play, is rebuffed by Munich intellectuals, becomes a miner in the Ruhr. Then the book really gets creepy. A mysterious Russian, Iwan, appears, tempts Michael, is defeated ("I am stronger than he. I take him by the throat. I dash him to the ground"), and after making some political observations, Michael dies, murmuring "worker."

One thing "Michael" proves is that Goebbels was a worse novelist than Hitler was a painter.

DR. GOEBBELS is sometimes described in print as a barking, brawling, screaming propaganda maniac.

Actually the Minister for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment is one of the great political orators of this century.

He opens suavely, is restrained most of the time, mellifluous, knows how to whip a point over with the sting of humour, a trifle crude at times—or very crude if Dr. Goebbels is orating to the masses.

Example of the influence of the suave and careful Dr. Goebbels was illustrated in small radio propaganda booklet, "Meet the Schmidts," received recently by the "Record" from the German shortwave station.

THIS small booklet of 136 pages, in a pretty coloured cardboard cover, tells of the visit of the Schmidt Family to the German shortwave station and to Berlin.

The Schmidt family is a typical German family, heard on the air all over the world on shortwave.

"Why," says the little booklet, "one is as well acquainted with the Schmidts in the wilds of Brazil as one is in New York. The German planter in Africa, as well as the Germans in Australia and Asia, have for months partaken of the joys and sorrows of the family Schmidt."

The Schmidts, as well known on shortwave all over the world as "One Man's Family" is on the commercial service in New Zealand, become the subject of this little book, all in dialogue.

Schmidts In Berlin

THEY visit the German shortwave station and have it fully explained. They were, of course, enchanted with it. They travel around Berlin and its outskirts and they are amazed to find it such a happy and wonderful city with lakes on which one can boat and sing nice old German songs.

They find how happy are the bosses and their employees under the Nazi Government. They hear all about the German theatre, and what nice fat subsidies it receives from the kindly Government.

"In spite of everything," says one of the Schmidts, "I consider it mighty broad-minded of a Government to take an interest of this sort in the theatre and its promotion. When I think of America and other countries—what a difference!"

The Schmidt Family see what is called "The Beauty of Work in German Industries," and they help with the harvest in one of the happy Labour

Service camps. They learn of the rich variety of travel in Germany, and the close bonds between Austria and the Fatherland. They see the great Zeppelin works and they meet interested visitors from abroad, Mr. Burns, an Englishman, Monsieur Durand, a Frenchman, and Signor Baretti, an Italian. They are old friends of Father Schmidt.

"We didn't allow the war to come between our friendship," Father Schmidt tells his fam-



ily, "and that makes me very proud."

The whole of the little booklet is naive, overlarded with official joy at the internal state of Germany—though here one must remember that the Nazis have done great things for their own people—and propaganda of a sort that is so obvious that it makes the reader smile almost pityingly.

This is one side of Paul Josef Goebbels's propaganda, the Dr. Jekyll side.

Not So Pleasant

THE Mr. Hyde side of Paul Josef Goebbels does not make such pleasant reading.

How 62 prosperous German Jews were forced to run a bloody gauntlet at Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp was reported recently in the Liberal "News Chronicle," of London.

Two long ranks of Adolf Hitler's personal Schutzstaffel formed the gauntlet, down which the 62 Jews were forced to run.

"As they approached between the ranks, a hail of blows fell on them," said the "News Chronicle." "As they fell, the Jews were beaten further. The orgy lasted half an hour. . . . Twelve of the 62 were dead."



GERMANY'S NO. 1, NO. 2 AND NO. 3 NAZIS.—

Playing great-hearted fathers. Top photos show Herr Hitler and Herr Goering at the christening of Goering's little Edda this year. Reports say Uncle Adolf leaned over and cooed "Utzi-kutzi-putzi" at Edda. Edda looked baffled. Then Father Herman said "Utzi-kutzi-putzi." Result was that the child began to yell with fright.

Picture on left shows Paul Josef Goebbels with his own child Hilde, daughter of his first wife, Magda, who is said to no longer love him.

with skulls smashed. All the others were unconscious, some with eyes out and faces flattened in. . . . Police, unable to bear the cries, turned their backs."

This nauseating atrocity, whether or not the honest "News Chronicle" was correctly informed as to exactly what happened, is undoubtedly the truth in the sense that such atrocities do occur today in many parts of Germany, especially the countryside.

THE case for anti-Semitism, as it appears to strong-stomached Nazis, was taken before the bar of German public opinion, with more than 1500 major anti-Semitic mass meetings, scheduled throughout Germany, plus countless anti-Semitic lectures—all under the showmanship of Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels.

The importance in Dr. Goebbels's mind of the "educative campaign" he was starting last week caused him to summon 2000 of his picked Nazi stooge-orators to meet him in the Kroll Opera House.

"I have never made anti-Semitic propaganda in the outside world," said Orator Goebbels softly. "The dear Jews have done that for themselves. . . . Anti-Semitism is latent among all peoples. The Jews awaken it. . . . All we have done is to eliminate Jews from public life in Germany. Let the English say what they will, what we do is our business! . . . After five-and-one-half years of

National Socialism, the Jews still have in Germany proportionately four-and-one-half times as much wealth as the Aryans!"

From this Dr. Goebbels proceeded to an economic attack on the Jewish Question.

NEXT the Ministry for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment rushed to German "educative meetings" Dr. Goebbels's brand-new "educational film" prepared weeks ago—"Jewry Without The Mask."

This was not all, by any means. With typical German thoroughness, Dr. Goebbels forced the Jewish Theatre of Berlin, which wished to remain closed, to re-open last week and ordered a Jewish director Fritz Wisten brought directly from a concentration camp to put on a comedy, "The Wind and The Rain"—or else. . . .

A policeman then noted in his little book and reported back to his Nazi superiors what was also noted by the Associated Press correspondent: The bedraggled Jewish audience "occasionally applauded" this comedy which they were obliged to sit through by Dr. Goebbels so that his 2000 orators can "truthfully" tell the German people such things as this: "There is right now a Jewish theatre going full blast in Berlin and playing comedies at which the rich Jews laugh and applaud while poor Jews are starving!"

Such things as these are the Mr. Hyde side of Paul Josef Goebbels's 1938 propaganda.