

Friendly, unwarlike Field Marshal Erhard Milch (left) is the organizing genius behind Germany's air force and is second in command only to Goering

THE mauve interior of the old Kroll Opera House on the afternoon of July 19th witnessed a ceremony more nearly like an American university commencement than anything else—except that the rewards were marshals' batons and generals' shoulder straps instead of sheepskins.

To the outside world the event was a speech by Adolf Hitler in which he dotted the i's of the conquest of Europe and made a peace gesture toward England. But all that was for the outside world and was only incidental. Here in Berlin it was the day set apart to honor the military technicians, the men who for two decades had quietly and methodically gone about the business of forging a new military weapon.

Until that day the big names of Hitler's Reich were the party names, the Brown Shirt street fighters, the propagandists, the men of the domestic regime. They had had their "commencements" before, when brown uniforms and the peculiar hats with leather chin straps dominated the scene inside the Kroll Opera House.

But on July 19th it was different. The Brown Shirts were there, but they were the gallery, the audience.

By that day the conquest of Norway was complete. Holland and Belgium were German military districts. France was breaking. This day was the day of new men, whose names until then had been known only in military circles, of men who sought public anonymity in the long years of preparation.

#### To the Victor, Reward

Now their moment of public recognition had arrived. The brown files which won Germany for Hitler stepped aside, momentarily at least, for the greens, grays and blues of the men who won a continent. One side of the main balcony was a solid mass of generals and admirals. Even down in the audience of Reichstag members, field gray outnumbered brown. Dominating the whole scene on the dais above the speaker's stand sat the gray-uniformed figure of Hermann Wilhelm Goering, solid personification of ornamented, triumphant military power.

As Hitler read—the names and announced the new ranks, Goering smiled the smile of a team coach watching his star halfbacks receive their letters, waved an appreciative hand toward each, sometimes jumped to his feet clapping vehemently.

And none did Marshal Goering cheer more enthusiastically than Erhard Milch, the man he had summoned and entrusted with the actual creation of a German air force the moment the Nazis took power in 1933.

Most of these new names in the German hierarchy announced that day are still only names in the outside world. They have not yet been clothed with personality like those of Goebbels, Rosenberg, Ley, Streicher, Ribbentrop, Hess and Himmler. It's hard to find out much about them. The book stores and libraries have nothing. The only official information you can get here about them even now is brief lists of dates—born, entered the army, promotions, command and finally July 19, 1940, and the new rank which means that some day, perhaps, those names will be as well known as those of Hindenburg or Ludendorff or Mackensen.

Milch is the first of these new names to emerge from the mist of anonymity,



## terror's His Trade

By Joseph Harsch

RADIOED FROM BERLIN

the man who muscled Germany for sky war, creator of the aerial tactics with which his country to conquer Britain. His craft is death, but he re- a burgher with a black stogie. This is what man censorship permits to be said about him

because this is a new kind of war, dominated by power in the air, and, because he, more than anyone under Goering, has created the German air force, which drove Polish airplanes from the sky in three days, blasted a pathway through Flanders for German tanks and infantry and now carries war to England.

He does not look like a warlord. Soon after the Kroll Opera festivities, I went to the air ministry to see what this new field marshal was like. There was less protocol about seeing him than about getting into the presence of a third vice-president of an American jam company. He has a suite of three rooms, the first a waiting room about one fifth the size

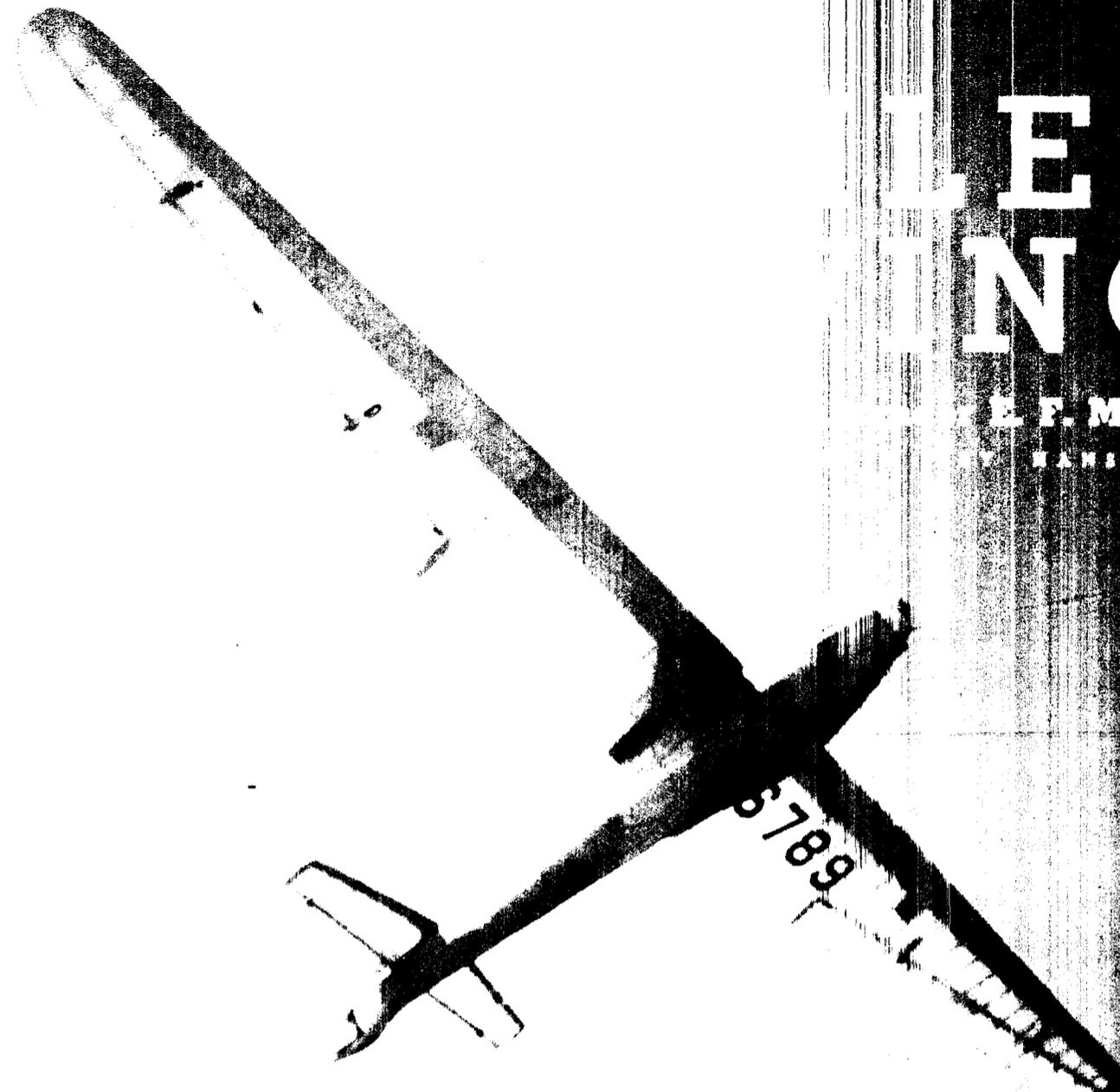
of that of an assistant postmaster general in Washington. Next a small room for his stenographer occupied by a single clerk in air-force uniform, the third his office, about 12 by 25 feet in size.

Except for life-sized portraits of Hitler and Goering at either end, the room might have been in the Empire State Building. At the far end of it, behind a desk, was a friendly, round face which, except for the gray German air-force uniform under it, might also be found in an American office. The figure that stood up to greet me was small, but on the athletic side, with ease of manner and approach. He spoke halting but adequate English dating from trips to

America in 1923 and 1924, when he led German aviators to observe the experiences of other nations in the air, and from acquaintance with many American fliers since.

Conversation might have been difficult had he been less friendly. It had been understood before I arrived that politics was a banned subject and, of course, there were very few military questions which could be asked. This left very little to talk about. I found myself inevitably slipping into political questions. When I got too far he merely smiled with appreciation of the difficulty for a newspaperman of keeping

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# GLIDERS

by E. F. McDonald, Jr.

with photos by HANS GROENHOFF

A high-performance glider owned by an Elmira, N. Y., club. Patterned after a German model, it has a 50-foot wingspread and can make sustained flights

A boy with glider training makes a better pilot than a boy without it. He knows more about air currents and how to use them. We need gliders and glider clubs in this country as much as we need planes. Our pilots simply can't be too good

**T**HERE is more to building air power than the production of planes. We can build the planes, all right. As far as planes are concerned we can darken the skies from Maine to Florida with their wings.

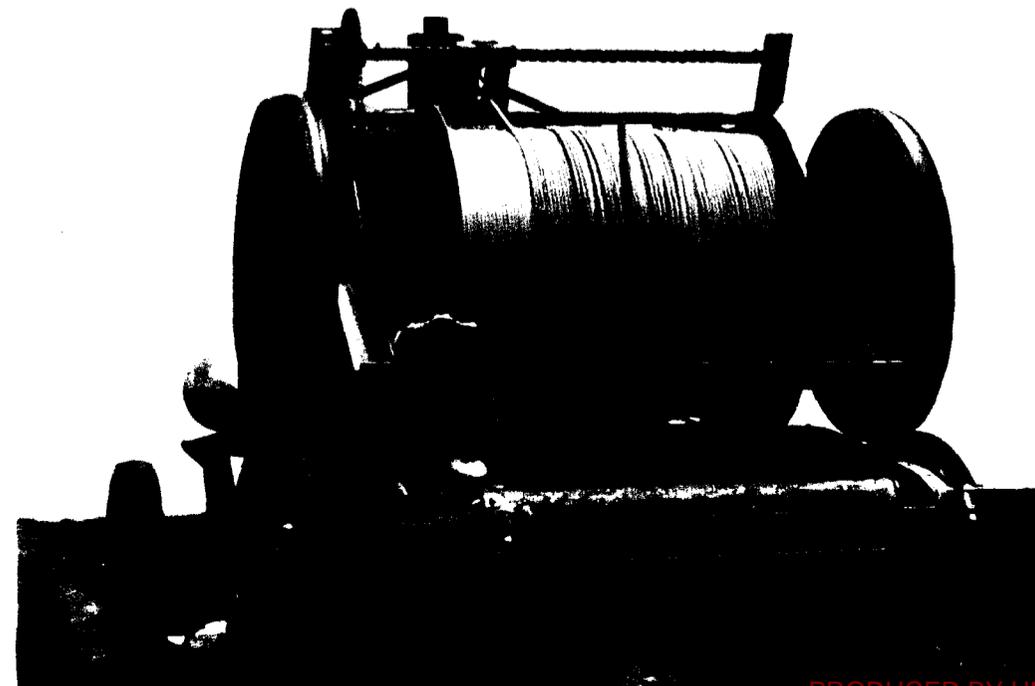
But there is at least one thing you can't stamp out of sheet metal or pour into a mold. This is a man and, more specifically, a pilot. Planes without pilots are inanimate, ineffectual toys. Pilots are neither born nor conjured with mirrors and magic. They are made.

Germany made thousands of them, an almost inexhaustible supply of them, in the years she prepared for war. She started making pilots while the ink was

still sticky on the Treaty of Versailles and she had an ample number, certainly many more than the French and British together, by the time she began the bloodless war that swallowed Austria and Czechoslovakia.

They say British soldiers are molded on the playing fields of Eton. Well, German pilots were made in the thermals, the updrafts and down-currents of the Sudeten mountains. While the voice of Adolf Hitler was that of a beer-hall oratorical bully, Nazi youths were learning to fly. Ernst Udet, the great German ace, said that his greatest fliers came from the 250,000 to 300,000 young Germans who learned to fly in those air currents and they learned not in powered planes, but in silent, motorless, simple and inexpensive gliders.

We have vast man power in America, healthy, sturdy manhood. The Army need not worry for troops, nor the Navy concern itself about men to man the warships. Our man power is comparable



The winch, operated by the motor of the car on which it is mounted, can tow the sailplane at 50 m.p.h., and launch it 2,000 feet up

PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
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