

Germany's Antarctic Claim

SECRET NAZI
POLAR
EXPEDITIONS





Practical experience in Antarctica proved vital during the anti-communist campaign in the East.

Every effort has been made by the authors to give credit to the originators of material whether it be written or pictorial. However, in some cases such originators have died, disappeared, or for other various reasons cannot be identified. Every source in this book which can be revealed has been cited in the appropriate place.

FOREWORD

This book reveals for the first time a little known, but very important historical phenomenon: Germany's and in particular, Adolf Hitler's intense interest and personal fascination with the polar regions. Out of the millions upon millions of words written and spoken to inform and misinform, to reveal, conceal, report and distort the minutest aspects of Hitler's public and private life, apparently nothing has been written outside of Germany regarding this area of Hitler's interest. Such an omission is at first surprising until one discovers that only parts of the story have come to light and that even these incomplete fragments are known to a very few widely scattered and virtually isolated experts.

Though easily overlooked, the investigators of National Socialist history have been able to perceive the many references to this ice-ridden facet of the Third Reich among Hitler's myriad, far-ranging interests, even during his early years as an unknown, starving artist. By years of patient research, painstaking sifting of articles, books, pictures, manuscripts and eyewitness accounts, these investigators determined that Adolf Hitler, many years prior to his ascension to the Chancellorship of Greater Germany, had been keenly interested in the mysterious, last frontiers of this planet, the frozen immensities of the Arctic and Antarctica. Why Hitler was so interested in the polar regions is not immediately clear to the casual researcher, but it becomes so when one observes the recurrent convergence and congruence of two main themes:

(1) Decades before the advent of the present massive Soviet and Japanese exploitation of this precious resource, Hitler understood the importance of the whaling industry for the provision of protein and raw materials to the cramped population of Germany, always dependent upon its none-too-friendly neighbors for its food requirements above the subsistence level.

(2) The titanic drama of the polar wastes, where Nature's forces clash unabated—blizzards, hurricanes, jagged icebergs, volcanic fire and eternal ice, gigantic beasts; where brave and hardy men survived and more than this, overcame these obstacles in the quest for knowledge, risking their lives in frail boats or trekking determinedly across the glittering howling wilderness—this drama, with all its color, sound, fury and heroism appealed greatly to Hitler, the artist, the romantic disciple of Wagner and not least, to Hitler the anthropologist, who wished to rediscover the cultural heritage of his Nordic,

Aryan ancestors. Was it possible, he wondered, that the frozen wastes demanded a race of heroes and so produced one, or was a race of heroes already in existence which found the harsh demands of this environment in keeping with its own virtues?

To answer these questions of existence, to rediscover his racial, hence, cosmic roots, the young, maturing Hitler studied the remnants of his ancient Aryan forefathers, the robust wisdom which may be found, for example, in the Nordic Sagas, untarnished by the fetid breath of Judeo-Christianity. Along this path of forgotten knowledge, Hitler encountered a radically different theory concerning the creation of the world: Paul Hoerbiger's "Welteislehre" theory, widely discussed in German intellectual circles.

In this quest for truth rooted in Nature and not in superstition, the young Hitler came into contact with members of the secret Thule Society which was very active in the Munich area. Interestingly enough, the logo or emblem of this society includes a Swastika, a downward-pointing sword and a wreath of oak leaves, all frequently used symbols of the later National Socialist organizations.



Thule-Gesellschaft

The wisdom of the magnificent Aryan past was not all the Society had on hand, however. Many of its members joined with Hitler in his eleventh hour struggle to save EUROPE from a new Dark Age. Men such as Dietrich Eckhardt, Rudolf Hess, Alfred Rosenberg, Karl Haushofer (father of geopolitics) and other notables came to Hitler via this organization.

Whether Hitler was ever a member of The Society is not proven, but it is certain that he was a frequent guest and participant at The Society's gatherings after the end of World War I. It is significant that his association with this group preceded by some two years his overt involvement in politics.

The mere fact that the organization is called The Thule Society indicates its strong links with the Nordic Sagas and the Aryan World Philosophy. To illustrate the antiquity of the Nordic Culture, one need only mention that "Greenland" figures frequently in the ancient Sagas. Everyone knows that Greenland is nothing but a frozen wasteland covered almost entirely by eternal ice. However, geological core samples show that Greenland really was green and had a subtropical climate with an abundant variety of animal and plant life including mammoths and dinosaurs—before the last Ice Age, that is, 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. Truly, the Nordic Racial Memory is a long one.

With such a basis of racial knowledge, as old as time and as young as spring, it is no wonder that Aryan youth like Hitler enquired and speculated upon such "legends" as the Lost Continent of Atlantis, even at the turn of the century. There was ample evidence to tantalize one's curiosity and stimulate one's imagination, although there was not the reinforcement for fantasy which is now available in films, radio and television.

Certainly, it would be a mistake to label Hitler's fantasies and conjectures about the polar regions as "idle", for time and time again history has shown that man's mightiest achievements are often the results of his imagination. The first Spanish explorers set out on their costly, often fatal voyages and treks, guided by nothing more than legends such as "The Fountain of Youth", "The Seven Cities of Cibola", "El Dorado" and the fantastic vision of a land called "California". On such imaginings was based the powerful and wealthy Spanish Empire and out of these "fantasies" came equally fantastic discoveries of new lands, new wealth and even new foodstuffs like potatoes and tomatoes. If Europeans had not been gifted with such imagination, they might still be living on a flat earth, clad in itchy woolen undergarments, with no remedies for their common ailments, like malaria, and very little variety in their diet, not to mention their thinking.

To think of expeditions to the polar regions from our vantage point in this time of space travel would hardly cause a stir of excitement, but let us imagine ourselves as contemporaries of the young Hitler in those not too long ago days of 1912 in Munich. Muenchen, as the Germans call it, had been a busy, thriving town since ancient Roman times. Its streets were abustle with mostly horsedrawn wagons and carriages, as the motorcar was still a rarity. Men wore Tirolean hats and short "Lederhosen". The women wore long, colorful "Dirndls" and large, flower-decked straw hats. In the sidestreets and busy market places, children ran barefoot amongst the chickens and other livestock—an almost medieval setting, yet it was the twentieth century in industrialized, technologically advanced Germany.

It was in the spring of 1912 that the busy city of Munich welcomed a new citizen within its ancient walls. Unnoticed by anyone, a young man had arrived and so realized one of his fondest childhood dreams: To reunite physically and spiritually with his own, the German people.

He was in his early twenties; poorly, but cleanly dressed and looked pale and undernourished. His delicate frame made him look younger than his years, but his bearing and serious demeanor showed him to be far more mature than the mere passage of time would warrant.



He wandered the streets, intently studying the ancient buildings out of keen interest in their construction, their design and their esthetic appeal. Frequently the young man would sit down on a bench, at the foot of a column or even on a curbstone, oblivious to the crowded, bustling street as he made swift, concise pencil sketches of buildings and settings which he especially enjoyed.

The people of Munich are noted for their straight-forward, outgoing ways and many made no secret of their curiosity as they peered over the shoulder of this serious young artist. To their surprise, they saw buildings or fountains which they passed by every day of their lives. But these things, so familiar that they were hardly noticed, had been transformed into exceptionally beautiful vignettes, as if they had been plucked out of the drab world of the daily grind and placed in a sparkling new universe. The young man knew how to capture the commonplace and, using pencil and paper, render it into a thing of sublime beauty.

The people were surprised also, when the young artist frequently refused to part with his work, even when offered fair sums of money. The sketches and watercolor portraits he did sell allowed him to enjoy the luxury of dining at one of his favorite cafes, virtually the only luxury he permitted himself in his life of arduous study.

His choice of eating place decided, he would enter the simple, but comfortable diningroom, savoring the pleasing aroma of hot apple strudel and fresh coffee. Finding a table in a sunlit corner, he would order his favorite meal, a "Schmarren". This is a Bavarian specialty made from fresh eggs and homemade jam, in effect, a jam omelet. Slowly eating his meal, accompanied by sips of coffee, he would engross himself in one of the many newspapers the cafe proprietor kept for the benefit of his patrons.

This so very European custom of providing diners with reading matter was merely one reflection of a tradition of healthy, sensible leisure which had not been abandoned for the alien-inspired, rat-race concept of "high turnover". European waiters of the period still treated customers as honored guests, even in the more humble establishments and the only ones who got the "bum's rush" were louts and ne'er-do-wells. Thus, the young Hitler could study, compare and thoroughly read the various accounts of the day's important happenings, undisturbed.

YOUNG HITLER DISCOVERS A HERO!

Having early in his life whetted his appetite for polar exploration on Miertsching's famous Arctic Exploration Diaries, young Hitler's attention was captured by a graphic description of the exploits of The German Arctic Expedition, in whose progress he had been intensely interested over the past few months. The leader of the Deutsche Arktik Expedition was Herr Schroeder-Stranz whose ship, the "Herzog Ernst", captained by Kapitaen Ritscher, had sailed to a position north of Spitzbergen.

Hitler had read previous articles by Schroeder-Stranz and was concerned about the safety of the expedition members who were in great danger, thanks in large part to the petty squabbles and shortsightedness within the German Imperial Government. A tangle of red tape resulted in a lack of funds for the expedition and, far worse, delayed its departure for the Arctic. The Arctic summer is all too short and the Arctic autumn even more so, often lasting only a few days. Robbed of precious time, the expedition's ship was soon trapped in a sea of ice.

Increasingly worried as the weeks went by, the young Hitler pored over the dispatches sent from the trapped vessel and her endangered crew, storing the grim details in his superb memory. He read that the expedition members at first wished to remain aboard the ship, but as this was not possible, the decision was made to divide into small groups in an attempt to reach the coast and return to civilization.

Schroeder-Stranz set out with three companions in this, the most inhospitable and least explored area northeast of Spitzbergen. They never reached the bright lights and warm fires of their destination, but perished somewhere in the frozen desert. Twenty-five years later, in 1937, another German expedition explored the area and stumbled upon an encampment in the Dovebay region. Various items of equipment were identified as belonging to the 1912 expedition and were brought back to Germany, but no trace was found of Schroeder-Stranz and his three comrades.

A three-man group, headed by Kapitaen Ritscher, struggled through the howling blizzards and reached the western shore of Wijdebay, where they sheltered in an abandoned fur trapper's hut. There they stayed from September until December, 1912. Not only was food extremely scarce, but ammunition, the means by which they obtained their food, was running dangerously low. They might have been able to hold out, surviving on the occasional bird or reindeer which strayed into

their gunsights, but even if the game increased, their ammunition would not and so, the tired, cold, hungry men watched in numb horror as their lives ran out, their time among the living measured in little brass and lead cartridges. Only one who has faced such a trying situation can understand what these men felt when the hunter fired—and missed.

To compound their difficulties, one of the group, Ruediger, was stricken with serious frostbite and could no longer fend for himself. This meant that a second man, Rawe, had to remain behind to care for the unfortunate comrade. Thus, the only one capable of going for help was Kapitaen Ritscher. It was either this desperate gamble or certain death from cold and starvation.

Ritscher reckoned that they must be near Cape Petermann and that the nearest settlement, Longyearbyen, must be at least 140 kilometers away. One hundred and forty kilometers—about 420,000 steps over freezing, treacherous, snow-covered no-man's land. This would be a trek through hell.

At the best of times, with the best of equipment and preparation and in the best of health, men crossing such an icebound waste would face overwhelming odds. Even in modern times, explorers have been trapped and lost in Arctic crevasses, marooned by breaking ice floes and killed or maimed by ferocious polar bears. Forced to land their aircraft or crashed upon the pitiless ice, modern explorers often face the same freezing, hungry death as their ancient predecessors. Still, with modern equipment, vehicles, rations and communications, their chances for survival could not be better.

What chance did Kapitaen Ritscher have with no matches, no stove nor cooking utensils, no food and no map? Very little chance, indeed and Ritscher knew it as well as anyone.

Leaving his two comrades with the little that was left to survive on until he returned, even the last crumb of bread, Kapitaen Ritscher said his farewell and, with his trusty dog, Bella, set out upon his long march. Determined to save his comrades from death, he trudged across the silent, deathly silent ice fields. Exhausted, he stumbled and fell, struggled to his feet and staggered onward.

Bella, his only companion, grew thinner and weaker every day. Sometimes she left him for hours, chasing a fox or some other animal which easily eluded her in her weakened condition. Bella returned as she always did, to share his plight and to give him strength.

The Arctic winter is a long night, at least four months long, with the temperature hovering around minus thirty degrees centigrade. Thus, the young sea captain was guided by the stars. They were his clock, his compass and his calendar. The stars

revealed to him when it was morning, noon, evening and midnight. Polaris, the polestar, was the focal point of his whole world. The moon and stars, his whole universe revolved around it.

Through nine of these starry, iceclad days and nights he staggered without so much as a bite of food, hearing only the machine-like rhythm of his boots crunching upon the snow and the patter of Bella's paws. But machines and men have their limits. Ritscher reached his limit on this ninth day and collapsed. He lay upon his shroud of ice, panting in shallow breaths that froze into hoarfrost upon his beard. At last, the end had come, an end to the agony of hunger, cold and exhaustion. Death was sweet compared to this. But Bella whined and muzzled him wetly in the face. No, he could not shirk his responsibility so easily—he had to go on.

Ritscher struggled to his feet. He summoned reserves of strength from where he thought there were none and resumed his agonizing trek southward. Each step on his frostbitten feet felt as though he were walking upon a bed of nails or fiery coals. He preferred not to think of how many steps he had before him until he would reach light, warmth, food and most of all, sleep. Yes, these were the good things he would find in the south, but he did not need them, he thought. He felt nothing. It seemed that his body moved without conscious effort while he stood apart from it like a wraith, observing himself with utter detachment. No, he did not need such things that kept men alive, for now he saw himself as dead. Why not simply leave this unhealthy, exhausted, pain-ridden body and float away, effortlessly among the stars? And desert his comrades? No, never! With infinite distaste, his wraith of consciousness returned to its tottering, frost-covered shell and once more writhed in torment from the thousand piercing needles of the cold and the leaden pain of fatigue. Now, he no longer saw himself, but only the ice and the stars, just as before. Thus had Ritscher crossed the border of insanity and death and thus had he returned, saved not by the affirmation of his own life, but of his comrades' and—Bella.

How strange it was to see the stars receding and the ice blotting out his field of vision. Suddenly, the whole world seemed to have come to a jarring, bone-wrenching halt. He had fallen again! He felt his heart pounding as he lay on the ice. How pleasant it was to get off his feet and stretch for awhile, to close for a moment his frost-rimed eyes and let a sort of heavenly warmth engulf him. But Bella whined and licked his face.

With the shock of realization, he jumped to his feet! The "Freezing Death" had its icy talons around his tired heart. "No, no! My comrades need help. I must carry on—without me they are dead," he thought.

Yet, Ritscher knew that his body could endure only so much. He must have rest and therefore, must contrive to sleep somehow, without that sleep becoming an eternal one. His alarm clock! He felt in his coat pocket. Yes, it was there. He temporarily removed one of his fur-lined gloves and fumbled with the alarm setting, his numbed fingers too clumsy at first to do the bidding of his mind. He wound it up and turned the setting to fifteen minutes. Pulling Bella close to him, man and dog huddle together for precious warmth. Before he falls asleep, Ritscher puts the alarm clock under his head, as a pillow.

No sooner did he do this than he was shocked into wakefulness. Fifteen minutes had gone by in the blink of an eye, yet he felt remarkably refreshed. He began to take fifteen minutes of sleep at ever shorter intervals and felt much better for it. New strength and new hope lifted his spirits and Bella revived with him.

In the distance he saw a light or was it a twinkling star? A seeming eon of time crept by until he was certain that it was a light. A light! It had to be Cape Thordsen. Now he felt warm, not the seductive, false warmth of death by freezing, but the warmth of exuberant, pulsing life. With life came reason.

If he were really approaching Cape Thordsen, he must cross the fjord in order to reach the village. The fjord is 25 kilometers wide at the point where he must cross—75,000 burning, stabbing footsteps.

Ritscher staggered toward the light and to his joy, saw no longer one, but two lights, then three! It was the village. He smiled, feeling the frost crack upon his face. Truly, he could be proud of his skill as a navigator. But the treacherous Arctic has its way of tantalizing the explorer with hope, then dashing his hopes upon the pitiless, implacable ice.

Ritscher had seen the dark line on the horizon for some time and as he drew closer, he saw what it was. Overcome by despair, he sat down and, hugging his faithful Bella, he felt the tears course down his cheeks, only to freeze before they fell upon the ice. There, stabbing across his path like some great broadsword were the black, freezing waters of the fjord, several miles of which lay between him and his goal. To be so near, to have overcome so many difficulties and faced so much suffering, just for this final failure, was unbearable. Ritscher once more felt his unwelcome companion, Death, at his side. At least he was not alone, he reflected.

It was December 24th, 1912—Christmas Eve. He remembered other Christmas Eves; the lovely feasts of duck, goose, carp, roast pork; the delicious wines; the sweet puddings and pastries; Christmas carols. He thought of the happy children, their laughing blue eyes framed in golden curls, cheeks rosy from running in the snow; their smiles of joyous anticipation. Such scenes flashed before his mind's eye and he recalled the cheap novels which described a man seeing his life pass before him just before death. He wondered now, if this were truly the end.

But dying or not, Ritscher refused to give up. He struggled to his feet and, dragging one badly frostbitten foot over the ice, he resumed his halting progress, intent upon outflanking the watery barrier. Exhausted by his futile efforts, he sank once more into the snow and saw that he was going farther and farther away from the lights. In utter dejection and misery, he waited, gazing at the far off lights which meant so much to him and his comrades and knew that he would never reach them. What was he waiting for, he thought. Now there was only death.

Suddenly, he raised his head. The wind, he noticed, had changed direction. It was now blowing out to sea. "A miracle!" he thought. The waters of the fjord were freezing over before his very eyes. Impatiently, he waited for the ice to thicken, hoping that the wind would not change again. Now he desperately hoped for cold, the colder the better!

Cautiously, he tested the ice. It was thin, but seemed firm enough to support his weight. He took one step, then another. The ice was holding! Back again he went in the direction of the lights, but soon, he found that the nearer he came to the middle of the fjord, the thinner became the ice. To make matters worse, the ice was breaking into floes which tested his scant reserves of strength and balance to the utmost as he and Bella leaped from floe to floe, inching their way toward their life-sustaining objective.

In this manner, Ritscher's Christmas came and went. Then, on the evening of the 26th, it happened. As he leaped onto a small ice floe, he slipped and crashed through the ice! He just managed to pull himself onto firmer footing, but now he was soaked to the skin. To stop exerting himself to the utmost, now, would mean almost instant death by freezing. His life expectancy was now reduced to minutes, for he could not continue this frantic pace much longer, certainly not for an entire day and even if he were capable of such superhuman effort, one more day would not bring him to the village, which he reckoned was at least three days away. Now, there could be no escape, he thought. His fate was sealed. The pitiless Norns or Fates of Norse antiquity were raising their shining swords to cut the thread of his life.

Somehow, he stretched those remaining minutes of his life into hours. Clenching his teeth to stop them chattering, Ritscher pitted his last strength against the ice. The faithful Bella struggled at his side. Like her master, she was a mere furclad skeleton, propelled across the ice, not by the strength of muscles, it seemed, but by a sense of duty, born of undying love. Thus, the starlit night of the 26th became the starlit morning of December 27th.

"What could that be?" thought the fisherman, as he peered at the bobbing, weaving black dot far out upon the ice. "Perhaps a walrus. No, it's a man!"

With powerful sweeps of his oars, the fisherman rowed frantically toward the dot.

Coming to the first ice floe, he shipped oars and sprang on to the ice. Then he raised one end of the flat-bottomed dory with his powerful arms and dragged it onto the ice floe. Once out of the water, the dory could be pushed like a sledge until the next open water was reached. Thus did the fisherman make a beeline for the struggling Ritscher over the sea of ice floes and water which separated them.

After a time, the wavering dot became two dots, one larger than the other. Now there was no doubt in his mind. It was a man—and a dog. But so scrawny they were! The fisherman shivered. Surely, the dead could not walk.

"Go on! Take the oar, my friend." The fisherman shook his head impatiently as he waited for his words to have some effect upon the stupified scarecrow which barely maintained its footing on the bobbing ice floe.

Expertly, the fisherman brought his dory to the edge of the ice and extended his oar so that Ritscher could support himself on it. Carefully, he drew him over and helped him into the boat. Bella sprang to join her master and nearly fell into the sea, but the fisherman saved her, too and dragged her into the boat with little effort, as she weighed practically nothing at all.

Seeing that Ritscher's parka was freezing into a suit of icy armor, the fisherman cut off the man's clothes with his scaling knife and covered him with his warm furs. It was then that he saw the blackened toes and fingers of his charge. Those had to come off before gangrene set in. Without further ado, the fisherman severed Ritscher's frostbitten extremities at the knuckles and cast them into the black waters. Of course, Ritscher knew nothing of this lifesaving surgery, as he had passed out as soon as he fell into the boat. Bella was also sound asleep beside her master.

The fisherman brought them to the village where medical attention was available. All during the arduous boat ride,

Ritscher had alternated between feverish delirium and unconsciousness. In his semi-conscious state he kept repeating the names of his comrades and their location, information which the fisherman remembered and reported to the villagers.

In a few days, a rescue operation was organized. It was Bella who led the way to Ruediger and Rawe. The rescue party arrived just in the nick of time to save them, but Bella, who had pushed her brave heart to the limit, collapsed and expired there, in the frozen wasteland.

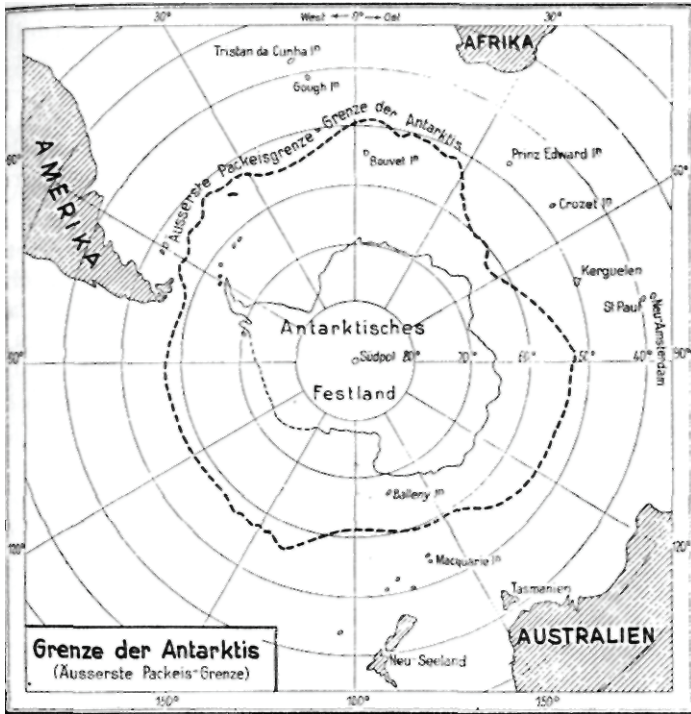
Thanks to Kapitaen Ritscher's heroic effort, all the other members of the expedition were rescued, all except the leader, Schroeder-Stranz and his three companions. In the summer of 1913, Ritscher returned to the abandoned "Herzog Ernst" and sailed her back to Germany. There, he received a well-deserved hero's welcome.

Young Hitler finished reading this, the final report on the Deutsche Arktik Expedition and raised his penetrating blue eyes from the newspaper. For a long moment he remained lost in thought. Then he finished his coffee and strode out of the cafe, into the bright, warm sunshine.

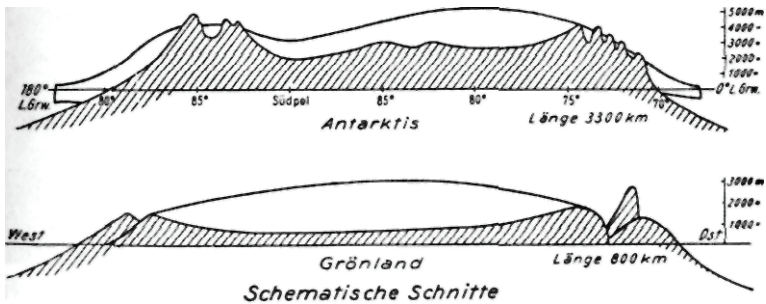
Events were later to show that this story of the forbidding North and Kapitaen Ritscher's superhuman effort against overwhelming odds had made a deep impression on the man who was later elected by a landslide majority as Chancellor of the German Nation. Ritscher's footsteps were merely the prelude to extensive polar explorations undertaken by Germany's National Socialist government which were to culminate in astounding discoveries.

ANTARCTICA-A BRIEF GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Antarctica is the last continent on earth on which large areas are still designated, "Terra Incognita", meaning unknown or unexplored territory. The continent is estimated to be about 14 million square kilometers in area, which is almost one and one half times the size of Europe (10 million square kilometers). But Antarctica is a continent like no other, as it is covered for the most part with a layer of solid ice which extends into the sea for many kilometers. If one takes into account the maximum extent of this "shelf ice", including the densely packed ice floes and the huge, dangerous icebergs on its perimeter, the continent expands to an incredible area of 38 million square kilometers. The thickness of this icecap varies anywhere from 30 to several thousand meters. Scientists are still not certain as to the exact depths of the Antarctic ice, but they seem to agree that it is very deep!



Heavy broken lines show the normal circumference of Antarctic shelf ice in winter.



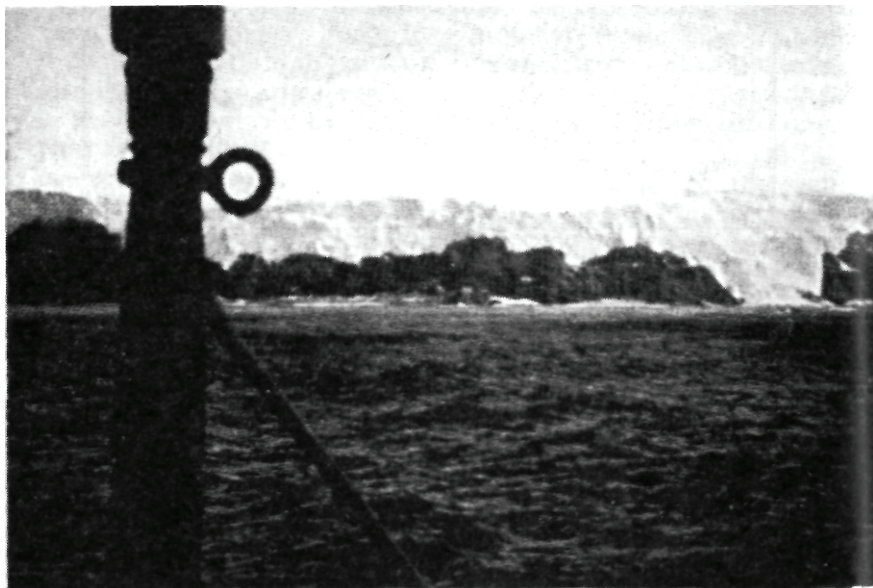
Topographical comparison of Antarctic and Greenland icecaps.

Unaccustomed as we are to picking up our globe maps of the world and looking at the South Pole, which usually has a rod running through it and a baseplate to make viewing even more difficult, we tend to overlook the immensities, the grand dimensions of the southernmost continent. On the other hand, we are accustomed to using the common, flat Mercator

projection which distorts the continental masses of Europe and North America so that they look bigger than they actually are. We should therefore adjust our thinking so as to correct these commonly held, often unconscious fallacies.

The first complete circumnavigation of Antarctica in recorded history took place in 1773 under the leadership of Captain James Cook. He was not, however, the first European to enter these cold, inhospitable waters.

In 1739, the French Mariner, Lozier Bouvet, discovered an ice-covered, fog-shrouded island which he noted on his chart at 54 degrees south latitude and 27 degrees east longitude, a gross error. Dangerous ice floes in the area prevented him from sending a landing party to explore the island, Bouvet thought he had discovered part of the much-fabled "Terra Australis Incognita". He christened his discovery "Cape de la Circoncision" and prudently set sail for warmer climes.



Bouvet Island—beautiful and mysterious, as viewed by the Nazi Expedition.

The island was forgotten until it was rediscovered in 1808 by the Englishman, Lindsay, who modestly christened it "Lindsay Island" and showed its location as 4° 15' East. In so doing, he bedevilled navigators for almost 150 years, who thought there were two islands in the neighborhood. The Lindsay-Bouvet-Cape de la Circoncision island saw no other visitors for the next ninety years.

In 1898, the German Imperial Valdivia Deep Sea Expedition arrived and by energetic and meticulous investigation, cleared up the confusion. After systematically criss-crossing the entire area and taking regular soundings, it was established that only one island existed; that it was of volcanic origin and that the mountain on the island was 935 meters above sea level. The island's position as marked was 54° 26' 4" South and 3° 24' 2" East. As payment for their geographic services, the Germans took the liberty of naming the island's mountain, "Emperor Wilhelm Peak". Thus was one more mystery solved and a ghost island laid to rest.

The islands next visitors were also Germans, the meteor Expedition of 1926, which charted the ocean floor in the area and discovered a vast, very deep hole in the seabed near the island. This hole was sounded to a depth of 5000 meters. Other expeditions from other nations followed and eventually, Norway claimed the island for itself.

Certainly, navigation and scientific discoveries were becoming much more exact, but the polar regions were just as dangerous as ever and modern technology was often just as ineffectual against the titanic forces of ice and cold as were the frail long ships of our hardy Norse predecessors.

In 1903, Otto Nordenskjold's ship, "Antarctic", was crushed after his attempt to explore the Weddell Sea. In 1911, the German expedition under Doctor Filchner, on the research ship "Deutschland", barely survived the treacherous Antarctic weather. In 1915, polar explorer Ernest Shackleton's ship was crushed in the Weddell Sea. The expedition members were marooned upon the ice floes and were rescued by a whaling ship which just happened to be passing by. In 1932 the British expedition aboard the ship, "Discovery II" was almost lost. Thus Antarctica serves grim warning that her secrets are not to be given away cheaply.

THE CURIOUS GERMANS

Few history books mention the extent of German polar exploration, but even without the kudos of historians, the Germans were able to assemble a great store of information and became firsthand authorities on the subject. Detailed maps were compiled and oceans were charted above and below the surface. Although the German polar expeditions of the war years, 1939 to 1945, are shrouded in secrecy, the determined researcher can deduce their general direction of enquiry on the basis of known expedition findings in the past.

In 1771 Joseph von Kerguelen-Tremarec discovered the islands of St. Paul, New Amsterdam, Kerguelen and Crozet. Scientific exploration and mapping took place in 1901 and 1903 under the auspices of the German "Gauss Expedition".

In 1819 the German scientist von Bellinghausen, in the service of the Russian Czar, discovered an island which he named "Peter I". The island's location was established at 68° 50' South and 90° 35' West.

Kapitaen Dallmann in his research vessel, "Groenland" explored the vicinity of Palmer Land and discovered it to be an island. It was during this voyage that he located the Bismarck Passage or Strait and named a group of islands after his emperor, the Kaiser Wilhelm Insel Gruppe. He also named the individual islands of this group and returned to Germany with much valuable oceanographic and cartographic information.

The previously mentioned Valdivia Expedition of 1898 under Doctor Chun and Captain Sachse accomplished a great deal toward separating fact from fable in the mysterious Antarctic region. The high point of the expedition was achieved when they arrived at Enderbyland, after compiling voluminous navigational data throughout the voyage. This information, too, was added to the growing mass of scientific knowledge in Germany concerning Antarctica. These findings were of great value to subsequent expeditions.

From 1901 through 1903 the German South Polar Expedition (Deutsche Suedpol-expedition) under Doctor E. von Dry-galski aboard the research vessel "Gauss" explored the area visited by the von Kerguelen-Tremarec Expedition in 1771. They discovered what later came to be known as Kaiser Wilhelm II Land and sent shore parties out to make thorough explorations of the islands of Kerguelen, St. Paul, Neu-Amsterdam, Heard and Crozet. Extensive samples were taken of the islands' air, plants and soil along with meteorological data and excellent photos. These geographical findings were later analyzed and evaluated in German by special groups of military and economic advisors.

Three men of science, all Germans, provided the major impetus behind the early German polar expeditions: Doctors Gauss, von Neumeyer and von Richthofen. This trio of geniuses became the founding fathers of the White Man's modern polar surveys which braved the hostile elements not in search of wealth, but of knowledge. These great men led the way for others who, in their devotion to truth and learning were to make even more spectacular discoveries than their predecessors.

Doctor Friedrich Gauss, a professor at Goettingen University, was a noted mathematician and physicist. Truly a man ahead of his times, he was most concerned with the Magnetic Poles and their effects upon this planet. His pupil, James Ross, carried on his work and confirmed many of Gauss' theories concerning the Arctic and Antarctica.

The second scientist, Doctor Georg von Neumeyer, became the first director of The German Oceanographic Institute. His understanding of polar conditions was invaluable in the equipping and preparation of these highly-specialized expeditions.

The third man in this talented trio was the much-quoted geographer, Doctor Ferdinand von Richthofen, whose brilliant deductions and theories were confirmed by his pupil, the renowned Amundsen who was the first visitor to the South Pole.

Of course, none of these scientific discoveries would have been possible without the brave sailors and captains who dared to sail the uncharted waters amid treacherous hazards which threatened them on all sides. These were very special men; indeed, their like has always been the vanguard of the White Race in any of its achievements made in the face of danger and the terror of the unknown.

The nearly disastrous Filchner Expedition of 1911 serves to illustrate the sort of men these were. This German expedition to Antarctica sailed in the research ship "Deutschland" under the command of Kapitaeln Vahsel. The scientific leader of the expedition was the able Doctor Filchner who was soon to face many problems quite outside his area of specialization. That he was able to surmount these obstacles and still carry on his demanding scientific research is a tribute to the type of cool bravery in the face of death which is the hallmark of Our Race.

Caught by an early winter, the "Deutschland" became trapped in the ice. Thus, the long Antarctic winter saw the expedition confined to their tiny ship, a mere speck upon the vast white ice field. Slowly, inexorably, the ice carried them over 2000 kilometers of this frozen no man's land, finally depositing the "Deutschland" and its inhabitants in the dreaded Weddell Bay, graveyard of many whalers and several ill-fated expeditions.

As if the grim prospect of their destination were not enough to cause despair, the expedition saw its food supplies steadily dwindling. Food rations were cut until the men grew weak from hunger. The reader may find it hard to imagine what these men were faced with as he sits in his easy chair before a warm fire and a plate of snacks, but those who have travelled in troopships during the war would have some idea.

One has only to imagine the typically crowded conditions, the restriction of movement, the smell of unwashed bodies at close quarters, but to this unpleasant situation is added: starvation, months of darkness and howling blizzards, the groans of the ship's hull, tortured in the grip of the pressing ice, complete isolation from home or any other contact with civilization, the feeling of utter powerlessness in the face of Nature who was steadily, patiently drawing them into the icy jaws of destruction.

Yet, these men carried on, methodically probing, studying, recording information for a posterity they might never live to see. Captain Vahsel died on shipboard and his second in command took over. The work proceeded despite the danger, the discomfort and the hunger. Doctor Filchner discovered a land mass and named it Prinzregent Luitpold Land.

But Nature was kind and in the end, freed the "Deutschland" and her steady, determined men. They returned to Germany, their mission accomplished with the precious fruits of their labor intact.

One might expect that an expedition would be called off or at the very least, lose its direction upon the death of its leader, but we see from the example of the German "Meteor Expedition" of 1925 that this was not the case. The expedition set out under the direction of Alfred Merz whose mission it was to compile oceanographic data in the South Atlantic area, but early in its two and a half year exploration, the expedition's leader died. Merz's assistant, Spiess, took command.

Spiess was later the head of the German Oceanographic Institute during Hitler's chancellorship of Germany. Under his direction the expedition "commuted" fourteen times between the Antarctic area and the continents of Africa and South America. Their southernmost exploration reached latitude 63° 51' South and throughout the voyage meticulous records were made of ocean depth, currents, air and water temperatures and ice characteristics.

As usual, this huge mass of information was sorted, classified, indexed, analyzed and studied by every branch of the German government. The student of naval history is well aware of the importance of such information, particularly as applied to submarine warfare, for the existence of relatively warm and cold layers of water is of great importance to a submarine commander wishing to evade sonar impulses. Thus, it will come as no surprise that subsequent German polar expeditions were cloaked in secrecy by order of the German General Staff.

THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY?

It is ironic that some of our best information about the secret Nazi polar expeditions comes from an unimpeachable source, a "security leak" at the highest level of the National Socialist government—Adolf Hitler! From the careful study of Hitler's actions and speeches we glean some important clues which are further substantiated by the minutely—recorded "table talks" among Hitler and his most intimate associates.

In his dinnertime discussions Hitler was quite candid. Often he would think out loud, airing his ideas among his most trusted comrades in order to get the "feedback" of their informed and considered opinions. In our study of available Hitler archives, we find his frequent mention of Paul Hoerbiger's "Welt Eislehre" theory of the world's creation. Moreover, his extensive knowledge of the whaling industry reveals his great interest in the polar regions.

He reveals the fact that the Germans have produced from whale skin a fiber which can be woven into seamless garments of untearable toughness which are almost bullet-proof. These garments are light grey in color, with an almost metallic texture. Here, the reader may be reminded that "flying saucer" occupants have been reported in sightings around the world as wearing snug-fitting spacesuits similar to, if not identical to those described by the Fuehrer. But we are getting ahead of ourselves.

The young man we have seen busily sketching street scenes in Munich and who was so moved by Captain Ritscher's heroic struggle to save his comrades from death in the Arctic had since had an interesting career. When war was declared in 1914, he immediately volunteered for service in the German Army, unwilling as he was to fight in the army of his native Austria and thereby support the decaying Hapsburg empire.

At first the military did not want him because he was so frail and skinny, however, his enthusiastic support for Germany overrode these objections and soon, he joined the millions of other young men of Europe who were undergoing their "basic training", training not in how to become an architect or an artist which were his fondest dreams, but training in how best to kill his racial brothers, his fellow White Men.

Despite the military defeats and ineptitude of multi-national Austria, the war at first went well for Germany, but the entry of huge and wealthy America on the side of the Allies brought the end into sight. The foreseeable outcome looked grim, indeed. Then, as if Germany's external enemies were not

enough; as if it were not sufficient that the German forces were hopelessly outnumbered and outgunned at the front, the German soldiers were stabbed from behind by traitors who occupied safe and profitable positions in the rear.

Many of these traitors occupied high places in government, industry, commerce and the press. For years they had been injecting their doses of subversion into the German body politic and at last, they saw their poison take effect in the form of strikes and civil disorder. True enough, most of these traitors were aliens, Germans in name only, but because of their strategic positions in German society and because of their racial renegade stooges among the Secret Societies, their treason was felt throughout the nation.

The end finally came when German working men and women, blinded by the high-sounding Utopian phrasemongering of the socialist and communist subversives, went on strike in the munitions factories, denying the soldiers at the front even the means with which to defend themselves against the enemies of the fatherland. Worst of all, scarce troops had to be withdrawn from their battle-stations to quell the wave of strikes, mutinies and riots which followed one another in close succession. Now, the German soldier was called upon not only to act against his fellow Europeans, but his fellow Germans!

Plagued by growing unrest on the homefront and by bad advisors at his throne, the German Emperor abdicated, hastily and prematurely giving up his fatherland and without a fight, handing it over to a revolutionary government without a conscience. Coupled with the epidemic of subversion at home was thus a profound paralysis of will on the part of Germany's legitimate leaders. Just as good money is driven out by bad, so it was with politics. Good leaders without positive programs were overshadowed by bad leaders with evil designs. Exploiting the German people's weariness of war and beguiling them with catchy slogans which had no basis in reality, these new leaders soon boasted of a strong following.

With enemy guns before them and the sounds of anarchy and revolution behind them, it was no wonder that the German soldiers lost the will to fight. Thus, the fronts began to collapse as individuals and entire units wandered back to their troubled homes. And so was born the "Dolchstoss" or "Stab-in-the-Back" concept.

Clever propagandists of the left have dubbed the German soldiers' idea of betrayal behind the lines as an illusion, a legend. The cold light of history, however, reveals that the simple, honest soldiers were correct and it is the propagandists who are lying. One has only to see who it was in Germany that

benefitted from their treason, and what they did with their usurped power once they had obtained it.

Immediately that it came into power, the revolutionary government of Germany did three very revealing things: First, they virtually fell over one another in their unseemly haste to sign the most shameful treaty in Germany's history—The Treaty of Versailles—which was not an Armistice, but a token of abject surrender. So servile were the conditions accepted by the revolutionaries, that the Allies did not even have to send occupation forces to impose their will upon shattered Germany. The Weimar Government carried out their orders better than the Allies themselves could have done!

Secondly, the revolutionary government set the stage for a communist takeover. Like contemporary liberals all over the world, it is not so much that they openly espoused Bolshevism, but that they created an ideological vacuum which had to be filled by something positive. As they were not Nationalists and did everything they could to discourage Nationalism, the Weimar "Republic" opened the door for the Reds.

Thirdly, the revolutionary regime waged ferocious economic war against the German populace. Nowhere and at no time in recorded history has currency inflation ever been so bad as occurred in Weimar Germany! Moreover, the insiders who pulled the strings behind the scenes reaped vast profits in REAL wealth through their act of unprecedented economic sabotage. Farmers lost their farms, elderly their savings and pensions, the honest workers the just fruits of their labor. Germany, already lean from almost five years of war, began to starve in earnest.

It was no wonder that bitterness ran high, especially among those who had seen their comrades blasted to bits, or horribly maimed; those who had suffered week-long bombardments, had sunk waist-deep in the putrid, cadaverous mud of no-man's land; those who had felt the porcupine quills of gas in their lungs; those who had fought hand-to-hand with their human enemies and then with the maddened, vicious rats of the trenches; those who had watched, day by day, the bodies of their comrades rotting upon the barbed wire, denied a decent burial by the pitiless, incessant machinegun bullets. These men were not to be trifled with.

Having had enough of such representatives of the "new Germany" as Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, Reuss, Rathenau, Eisner, Ebert, et al. and having borne the brunt of the corruption and rapacious dishonesty of the so-called Republic, the Nationalists were on the warpath in Germany. The fact that

those at the forefront of the anti-Nationalist movements were aliens, Jews for the most part, provided these pro-German Germans with ample ideological ammunition.

Postwar Germany was a seething cauldron of discontent, desperation and division, stirred by ambitious and none-too-scrupulous persons of every political persuasion. As if the flood of worthless paper money were not enough, all of these factions waged a paper war of leaflets, broadsides, magazines and newspapers, inundating the normally placid German populace with exhortations to back this, that or the other political movement. Often, the paper war became one of fists, stones and clubs. It was into this maelstrom that the young Hitler was dropped—by order of the German Army.

The end of the war had found Hitler lying in a hospital bed, painfully blinded from a British gas attack. To compound his agony, he heard of the November revolution and the betrayal of all he and his comrades of the trenches had fought, suffered and died for and he could do nothing about it! But both his blindness and his helplessness were to prove temporary. After his release from the hospital, Hitler returned to his military unit in Munich.

The German Army had stood like a rock in the midst of a storm-lashed sea. Certain members of its General Staff had managed to remain in command and held this huge organization together, despite the Allies, the treason of the Weimar politicians and the mutinous propaganda of the Reds. It was the Army which provided any stability at all in those trying and uncertain days, for it was only the Army which had the organization, the discipline and the spirit of sacrifice necessary to maintain order when all others were advocating chaos. For those readers who scoff at the value or desirability of order, one only had to suggest what might happen to a food convoy during a time of famine, if there were no troops to see that it arrived at its proper destination.

The Army knew that the old regime of the Kaiser could not be restored, for it had many eyes and ears among the civilian population. But there were so many groups, parties and movements vying to replace the old order with something different. There were also the alien Weimar politicians who wanted to stay in power to enjoy the "good life" while they furthered their dubious schemes. The Army wanted to keep track of political developments and it also wanted to find, in this melee of political contradiction something good—for Germany.

As there was not much to be done militarily, many young soldiers like Hitler were dispatched to act as the eyes and ears of the Army. It was in the role of a political observer and reporter that we find the young Hitler in postwar Munich.

Hitler's military superiors soon discovered that they had real talent on their hands after they recovered from their initial shock at his knowledge, insight and grasp of the confusing political situation. They especially appreciated his ability to identify problems, to analyze them into their component parts and to recommend constructive and practical solutions. Out of confusion, he brought clarity and to problems others saw as insoluble, he brought solutions. Hitler's superiors began to recognize the hallmarks of a genius.

The years of profound meditation, of dedicated study and observation, the tempering fires of privation and battle which steeled his character; all of his knowledge won at the price of soul-searing experience now brought forth its reward. Hitler's concise, information-packed reports were widely read and soon, the young corporal became well-known in the higher echelons. His face became familiar at all sorts of gatherings within the political spectrum: Nationalist, Monarchist, Socialist and so on. As a political information officer for the Army, Hitler was in his element. Not only was he doing something to which every fiber of his being was attuned, but he was getting paid to do it!

While young Hitler was immersed in his study of the contemporary political scene, a Jew by the name of Kurt Eisner seized power in Munich and declared Bavaria a Soviet Bolshevik Republic. In keeping with the Bolshevik tradition, Eisner and his henchmen initiated a reign of bloody terror.

His red gangsters went in search of all aristocrats, Nationalist leaders and thinkers who disagreed with his alien regime. They even came to the Army barracks to collect Hitler, but left empty-handed when he confronted them with his loaded rifle. Most of those unfortunates "arrested" by the Bolsheviks were murdered, after being sadistically tortured.

Eisner capped his bloody reign by declaring war on Switzerland, which had failed to pay him blackmail by delivering fifty locomotives which he had arrogantly demanded. Exasperated, the German Army stepped down from its pedestal of political aloofness and raised its boot to crush this nest of vipers.

While the Army began its overt moves, Munich was witness to a secret, but no less mighty struggle between the Eisner-Levin dictatorship and, of all things, The Thule Society! The Society's villa in Munich became a beehive of activity, the scene of large, closed gatherings and much coming and going of couriers and others bound on important business. Literally tons of propa-

ganda poured forth from the villa and found its way into the hands of Germans of all levels of society.

Most persons who knew of The Society's existence misunderstood the group's program as being some kind of cult of the occult and esoteric whose members paraded in ancient Norse costumes—a closet Viking club. One may imagine such people's surprise when they discovered The Society's real, down-to-earth message of Racial Unity and National Renaissance.

It was no wonder, then, that The Thule Society was the prime target for Eisner's Bolsheviks. The Society stood for everything they wished to defile and destroy. Thus occurred the shadowy combat, a no-quarter struggle enlisting every means and fought on every level imaginable. Although Bolshevism was fashionable in those days, especially among those who had not experienced it, it was the message of The Thule Society which spread upon fertile ground throughout Germany and provided the Nationalists with a program of unity.



Germany was ablaze with Communist bandits who took over many towns, even entire regions and destroyed what they could not hold. The situation was so bad, that the traitors of the Weimar Republic called upon the Army to restore order. The Army, swelled by many unpaid volunteers of the "Freikorps" (military units who had been demobilized, but had not chosen to disband) did just that. Most Germans preferred even the legalistic corruption and cowardice of the Weimar regime to the vicious thuggery of the Reds. Thus did the betrayed soldiers of Germany save their betrayers.



During these troubled times, Hitler was feverishly active. After his initial forbearance, he at last joined a small and none-too-promising political discussion group which called itself "The German Workers' Party". Despite its dismal lack of funds and members, he decided to become its leader and to bring the little party's reality more into keeping with its name. In the course of this work, he discovered that he had the qualities of a great orator.

His meetings grew larger and larger. The disillusioned, the hungry, the unemployed, the frightened and the poor came to hear him speak at first by the dozens, then by the hundreds and at last, by the thousands. Hitler became their messiah who promised to deliver them from their tormentors and their hopeless situation. The numbers and the enthusiasm of his supporters were overwhelming.

Meanwhile, Germany's problems were mounting and the Weimar regime, which had ridden to power under the red flag of

revolution refused to relax its grip on the tiller of state, regardless of the fact that it had no course to steer by. Rebellion and disorder were breaking out all over Germany, while the misery of the people was compounded by the Weimar government's insistence that "war reparations" of goods, vehicles, machinery and foodstuffs be sent to the Allied Powers.

In this desperate situation, Hitler undertook desperate measures. Seeing that he had a mandate from the German people, he and General Ludendorff decided to seize power themselves to save the ship of state from foundering completely. But Hitler did not reckon on the selfishness of the powers that were, nor on the faint-heartedness of many of his so-called supporters and most of all, he did not see that Germans are just not suited for violent revolutions.



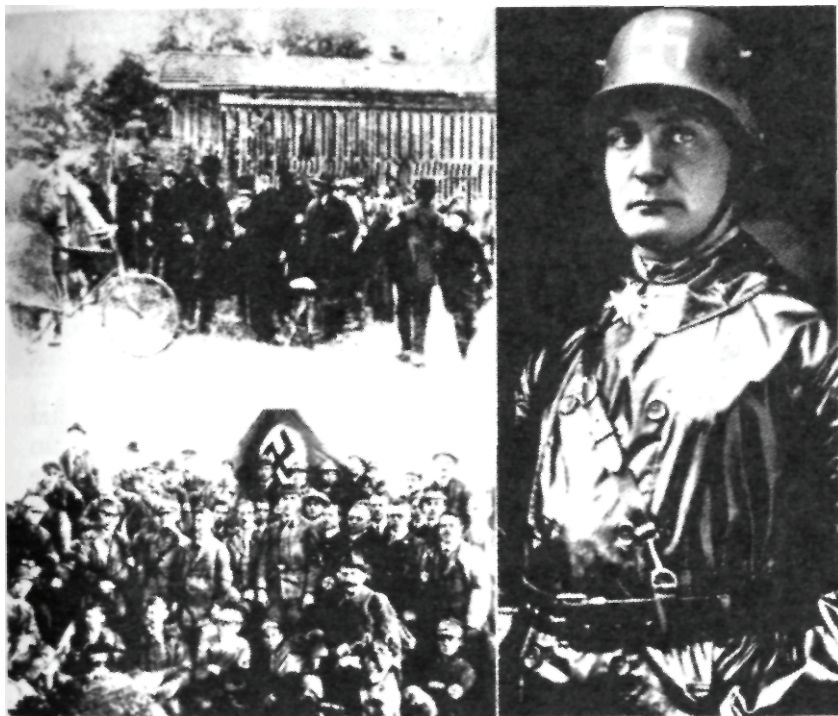
During the subsequent march to the Feldherrnhalle in Munich, the Army opened fire on the unarmed demonstrators, killing twenty-three of them. In the aftermath of this so-called "Beerhall Putsch", Hitler and Ludendorff escaped the massacre and were brought to trial—for treason! One can appreciate how these men felt when they desired only to save their country and were found guilty of attempting to destroy it.

Because of his powerful connections with the Army, General Ludendorff was set free, but Hitler was given a four to five year sentence to be served in Landsberg Prison. The attempt on the part of the Weimar traitors to discredit him backfired, and his trial made him a national celebrity. While in prison, Hitler received a steady stream of important visitors, many of them members of The Thule Society, like his Party Secretary and close friend, Rudolf Hess, who was also serving his prison sentence at Landsberg.

Prison became a blessing in disguise for Hitler. Now he found the time to put his thoughts and ideas into written form. He dictated these ideas to Rudolf Hess and the book which took shape was soon to shape the future. Thus, out of a prison cell a Movement was born which would redirect the course of history and shake the world.

In addition to his literary efforts, Hitler and his friends held regular study sessions and open-ended discussion groups. Lands-berg became an exchange and a clearinghouse for ideas.

In due course, Hitler was released for good behavior. No sooner was he out of prison than he began to rebuild his movement. Now that his ideas were summarized in his book, "MEIN KAMPF", every German who wanted to know what he could do about German problems could read Hitler's book and decide for himself.



The Movement grew and spread into every district of the country, but only after tremendous struggle against great odds. To his impatient followers, Hitler firmly declared that there was to be no attempt to overtake Germany by force. One can appreciate the temptation these zealots felt as, every day, they fought pitched battles in the streets against uniformed Redfront

hoodlums. "Freedom of speech" was a favorite cry of these neo-Marxists who brutally attacked non-Marxists when they tried to exercise their right. Every minute, every hour of Hitler's speeches to the masses was paid for in the blood of his loyal supporters. Thus, to men who battled every day, a final battle to seize the reigns of government was particularly inviting, but Hitler said, "No!" and his objection was heeded.

Since his imprisonment, he had always stressed that he would come to power legally. He had learned that the only way toward a lasting solution of Germany's problems was through the will of the people. Unless his leadership were sanctified by popular vote in a free election, he did not want it.

Although many people assumed that Hitler had shot his bolt and would never come to power and others believed that he would be killed before he took office, their views proved erroneous in the extreme. On January 30, 1933, Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany in a free, democratic election. The rest is history.

But there is a little-known background to this advent of a National Socialist government in Germany. Unlike the petty politicians who prepared themselves only for the moment and otherwise exerted themselves as little as possible and unlike those who sought the easy way to office by prostituting their ideals, Hitler and his party had prepared themselves for a long struggle, one which they knew they would win, no matter what the odds. It was this combination of organization and faith, fanaticism if you will, which paved the way to victory on this 30th of January.

It was also in preparation for this day that the National Socialist Party had gone to the trouble of creating their own shadow ministries, staffed with their own capable and reliable personnel. For the same reason, Hitler had, years before surrounded himself with his own cabinet of expert advisors who were loyal to the Party Program and to himself as Leader. Thus, when the Party came to power, it did not find its policies sabotaged by expert, but unwilling civil servants who were merely under the nominal control of a temporarily elected minister who knew only what his underlings wished to tell him. If nothing else, Nazi preparations for running the German government were thorough.

Another fundamental characteristic which distinguished the Nazi Party from its also-rans was its heavy dependence upon volunteers and lists. Many years before its successful showing at the polls, Party volunteers had been instructed to compile lists of persons who were enemies of National Socialism and those

who were friends and who could provide Germany with special skills and knowledge. Patiently and with painstaking thoroughness, the names, addresses, political views, dates and places at which views were expressed were recorded, cross-indexed, collated and later analyzed. There were few Jews, Communists, Jesuits, Freemasons and politicians who escaped this exhaustive record-keeping. Upon its assumption of power, these highly important records were made available to the Party leadership and to the Party security branch. Although there were some highly-placed sleeper agents of subversion, like Admiral Canaris (whose real name was Meyerbeer), most enemy agents did not escape the net which so quickly ensnared them, thanks to the conscientious efforts of the list-compilers.



The new Chancellor reviews his guard of honor.

Thus, we can understand how the Nazis rose so slowly to power and afterwards, how quickly they were able to enact their programs. The lists enabled the Nazis to clear the way of enemy ambushes and so, roll on unopposed. The hard work and preparation, the self-sacrifice and genius were all channeled into a dynamic, goal-oriented team effort. After January 30th, this mighty flood-force burst the gates of resistance and surged over the parched, but fertile fields of German politics. No wonder Hitler said, "You, my German people, have given me a mandate. By your overwhelming vote in favor of the National Socialist Party, you have expressed your desire, not for a mere change of administration, but for a change of government!"

Strangely enough, to those of us imbued with the fashionable cynicism of our age, Hitler kept his campaign promises. The most pressing problem in Germany was massive unemployment. The world depression had affected Germans worst of all, throwing 7 to 8 million workers out of jobs and putting another 6 million on half days only. Agriculture was hard hit, as farmers had lost their lands to real estate speculators and had gone to the cities to swell the already monstrous numbers of urban unemployed. Over 8,000 square miles of good German farmland lay idle while the cities starved.

"How absurd!", declared Hitler. Here were fellow-Germans standing idle, skilled artisans, trained professionals, honest laborers, all of whom wanted to work more than anything in life. Here were factories, fields, mines, undamaged by war-waiting for men and women to make them produce. Here were hungry, homeless, ill-clad people who dearly wanted the necessities of life. What was the matter!

The answer was simple, so simple that even a child could see it, but among "educated" adults it took an artist like Hitler to arrive at the very same conclusion: There was no money. Yet, there had been so much money only a while ago that strong men groaned under its weight as they carried huge bundles down the street to buy a tiny loaf of bread.

"What would cause these disastrous, rapid increases and decreases in the supply of money?" Hitler asked. 'Popular' economists maintained, as they were paid to do, that the supply of money depended on the mysterious workings of the market. Such fluctuations were the result of the Natural Order of Things and were not subject to human control.

"Nonsense!" said thinkers like Gottfried Feder. "Money does not come down to us from the gods, nor does it grow and wither like mushrooms of its own accord. Money is man-made and entirely subject to human control, despite the fact that its controllers and manipulators wish to remain anonymous."

No great feat of detective work was necessary to discover who the money-manipulators were. On each piece of German currency appeared the name of the issuing power: "The National Bank of Germany." It was obvious that the problem was with the directors of Germany's own national bank, the ones responsible for printing or not printing all these bits of paper. Because this was Germany's very own national bank, most Germans thought that the German government controlled it and was therefore responsible for issuing the nation's money. Thus, when there was too much money, they blamed their government, just as they did when there was too little. But the "National Bank of Germany" did not belong to the German

government, nor did it belong to the German people—it was a private bank and it worked in co-ordination with foreign banks!

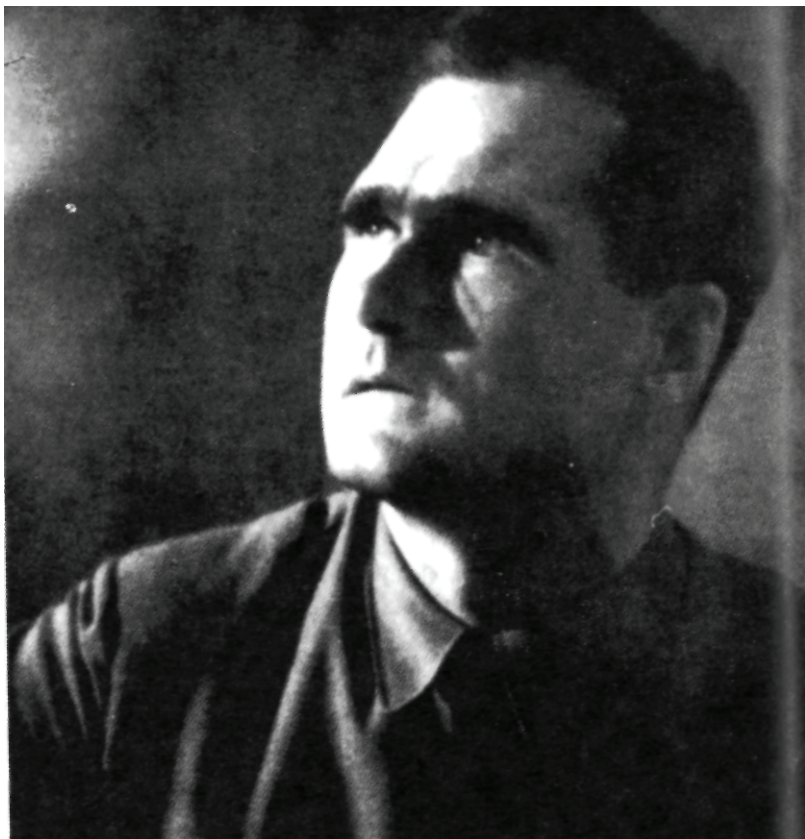
"See what can be done about this!" Hitler ordered his Finance Minister, Hjalmar Schacht.

The Finance Minister did just that. The result of his investigations was that Germany took over her own bank and began to issue her own money, based not upon the fiction of gold or silver, nor upon the alien bankers' willingness to lend at usurious rates of interest, but upon the REAL WEALTH of Germany—her land and her people. The land was fertile and endowed with certain vital resources, coal, for example, and most important of all, the people of Germany were industrious and wanted to work as a team under the new, National Socialist government. They had confidence in themselves, confidence in their government and thus, confidence in their own money, which was now PAID into existence and not borrowed, like President Lincoln's U.S. Treasury Notes or greenbacks.

Thus, it was a very simple task to set the wheels of industry turning, to put the people back to work at the jobs they knew best, to house the homeless, clothe the naked and feed the hungry. The body politic was rid of parasites. It was a very simple solution, but very dangerous—the international bankers threatened war!

Despite the very real threats of the international bankers, Hitler's government pursued its policies and within two and a half years, the unemployment in Germany was reduced virtually to zero. But, unlike Soviet "cures" for unemployment, Hitler's solution resulted in soaring production in the agricultural as well as the industrial sectors. As surpluses, particularly of industrial goods began to appear, Germany desired to resume her vigorous role in international trade. But, again Germany collided head-on with the international bankers who refused to lend the foreign currency necessary to buy or to sell in international transactions. They would lend money only under one condition—that Germany go back on the "gold standard" and starve.

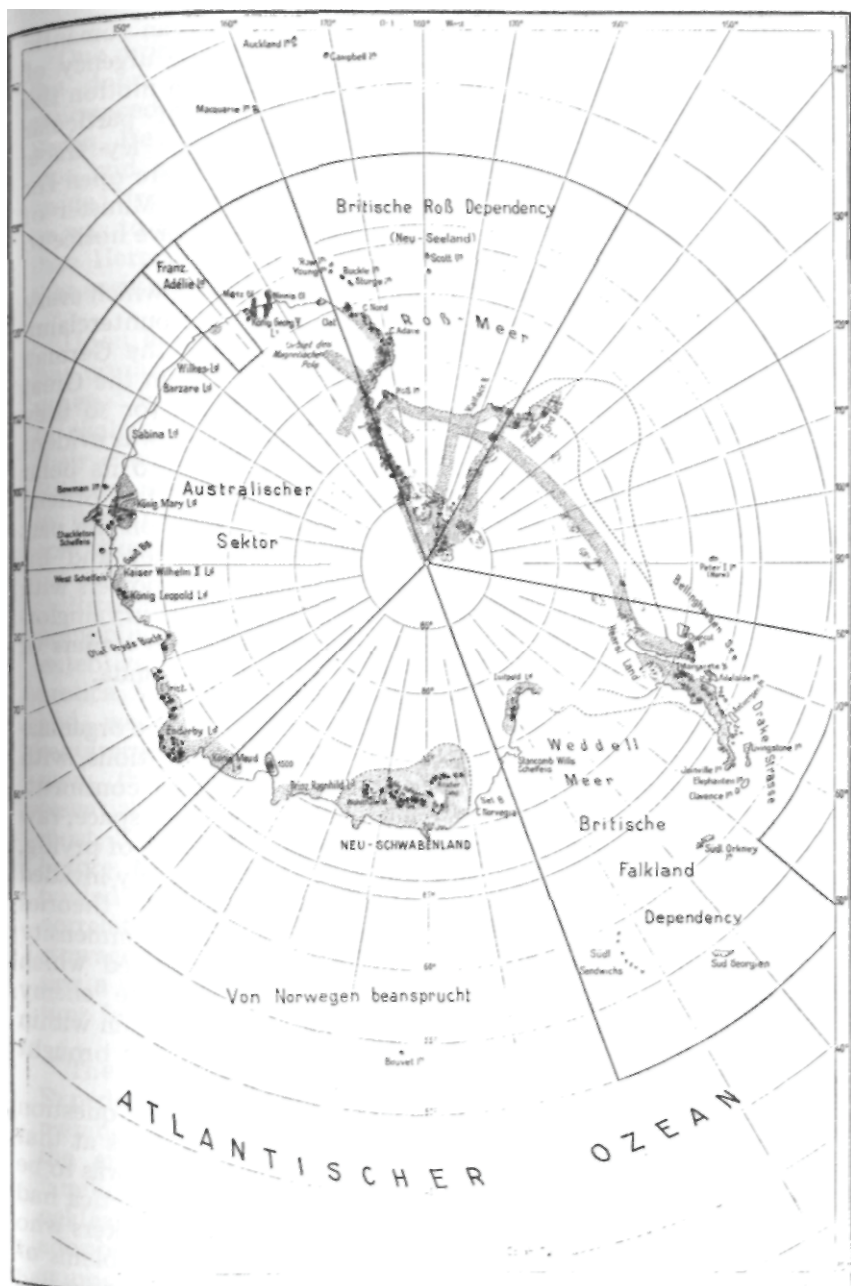
Defying the moneylenders, Hitler's emissaries made direct contact with foreign nations who desired German goods. The results were extremely successful! Barter agreements were signed; for example, a certain number of locomotives were exchanged for so many tons of coffee, to the great satisfaction of both trading partners and to the immense anxiety of the moneylending middlemen who saw themselves left out in the cold with their bits of colored paper. The international moneylenders began to set the stage for war with Germany.



Rudolf Hess, member of the Thule Society and Hitler's closest confidant, was entrusted with the all-important Antarctic File. For more than three decades, he has been held prisoner in Spandau Fortress, not for what he did, but for what he knows.

ANTARCTICA

It is a wonder that Hitler, facing the tremendous demands of restoring Germany's economy, combatting Germany's subversive elements and staving off war with Germany's neighbors, would have found time to return to his old interest in polar exploration, but he did, indeed. Rudolf Hess, himself, kept the Polar File in which reposed the many projects which Hitler spoke about, whenever he had the time. At last, the opportunity arrived for action!



Slice of Antarctic pie claimed by Germany's Hitler. Darter sections of Neu-Schwabenland are those explored by the 1938 Expedition.

Spurred on not only by his early, Nordic Aryan romantic interest in the polar regions, but by the growing urgency of Germany's isolation and encirclement, Hitler set in motion the preparations for renewed polar expeditions. Of particular incentive was the fact that vast areas of these icy tracts remained unclaimed by any nation. Thus, they were open for Germany to claim and to colonize. Through his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hitler gave notice to the world of Germany's intentions.

Strange as it may seem to us, living in an age in which every square inch of land is the subject of claim and counterclaim, even land thousands of meters beneath the sea, the German announcement met with little or no comment from the Great Powers of the day who rested, smug and secure (or so they thought) with their own rich colonial empires. It was evident that Germany was not taken seriously in regard to its polar intentions. Apparently, foreign leaders dismissed the official German government statements as mere posturings on the part of Germany's "funny little corporal." But Hitler and his deputies had no intention of providing the imperial powers with entertainment, nor were they exercising themselves in vainglorious postures. They were utterly serious. The other leaders of the world had become prisoners of their own propaganda.

Nazi Germany began her secret preparations for the organization of, not just one, but a whole series of expeditions, with special emphasis on Antarctica, the last unknown continent. Here, perhaps, was what Hitler was looking for—land, space, raw materials and, most important of all, a vast area free of prying, obtrusive next-door neighbors as compared to easily-invaded Germany. In such an area, he could test certain theories advanced by his scientists and, protected by the icy immensity of this continent, military bases could be established which would be undetectable, even to the most astute enemy observers. But these bold concepts would have to remain within the realm of wishful-thinking, unless the expeditions brought back suitable confirmation of such possibilities.

Until they did, Antarctica would remain a gigantic question mark at the end of the world. There were no sources at that time which could provide even the barest hint of what was to be discovered, for as late as 1930, merely 15% of Antarctica had been explored, and that only tentatively by hardy trekkers who were mainly concerned with their own immediate problems of survival. In all of recorded history, fewer than 400 people had been to the continent! There was however, a man who could point the way to discovery. Hitler's memory never failed.

One morning in 1937, Captain Ritscher answered a knock at the door. A dignified young man stood before him and announced with curt politeness that he was an emissary from Berlin. He presented Ritscher with an important-looking envelope and waited as the captain opened it and read the letter inside. Under the fierce-looking eagle and swastika he read that he was to report to Berlin. The letter was signed by none other than Hermann Goering! Ritscher packed his suitcases and left that evening for Berlin.

Upon his arrival at a certain Ministry, Ritscher was hastily, but cordially, greeted by high-ranking officials and was swiftly ushered into a large, well-lighted room in which scores of men in civilian clothes, some wearing laboratory smocks, rose from their chairs to greet him. After his introduction to the group, Ritscher was briefed on the project at hand. These men, experts in their own right, required his firsthand knowledge of polar conditions.

Ritscher was asked to make suggestions as to the transport, equipping and supply of an expedition capable of making an extensive oceanographic and cartographic exploration of Antarctica. What would they need? he was asked. In the next days and weeks, Ritscher gave them a broad outline of the requirements: How many ships and of what type, how many men, the type and quantity of food, clothing and other essentials. Above all, a timetable had to be drawn up so that most, if not all, of the expedition's objectives could be reached before the onset of the polar winter. Eagerly, the experts pooled their knowledge with his. Theoretical requirements were correlated with practical possibilities, pure science, with the stowage of food and instruments. As the days sped by, Ritscher saw a dream become a plan and the plan become reality. The time for action was approaching!

The first expedition was called the "Deutsche Antarktische Expedition, 1938-1939". A special badge was struck for its members. (see photo) Not only does the badge clearly identify the area explored, but most significantly, there appear the familiar elements of The Thule Society's crest, the two oakleaves and the Swastika. This heraldry was consciously adopted by the Nazi designers who were well aware of its deep, symbolic meaning.



The specially-designed badge or emblem of the Deutsche Antarktische Expedition 1938-1939. The Swastika and oak-leaves clearly reveal Thule Society paternity.

Although Arctic expert Ritscher was in charge of actual operations, the patron of the expedition was Hermann Goering, who was at that time Supreme Commander of the German Air Force and Reichsmarschall in charge of the Four Year Plan. Thus, he had great responsibilities and great powers.

A further indication of this expedition's importance to Germany is discovered when we study the lineup of civil and military authorities also involved in these preparations. Second to Goering was his hand-picked assistant, Director of Ministries and State Councilor, H. Wohltat. He was in charge of the expedition's organization in Germany, meaning that he oversaw, down to the smallest detail, the bringing together of all the men and material necessary for the successful completion of its mission.

The following top-level government bodies were directly responsible for the proper outfitting of the research vessel and the planes:

The German Naval High Command;

The German Air Force High Command;

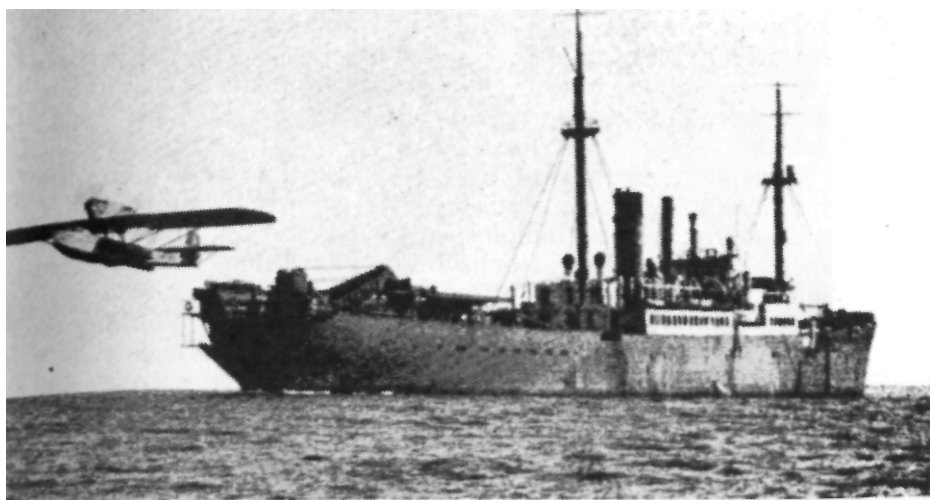
The Reichs Finance Ministry;

The Reichs Ministry for Food and Agriculture;

Lufthansa, the German national airline;

The Norddeutsche Lloyd Shipping Company, a quasi-government steamship company;

The Deutsche Werft, Hamburg, a shipyard, engaged in top secret naval construction including the latest submarines and surface vessels.



The research ship "Schwabenland"

The research ship, "Schwabenland", was particularly well-suited for its varied tasks. Though it was not a thing of beauty, it was capable of long, sustained cruising and had ample stowage space for the men and equipment of the expedition. Moreover, it carried two catapult-launched seaplanes.

The men chosen for the expedition were of equally high caliber. Lufthansa provided experienced crews for the seaplanes. The crew of the "Schwabenland" were selected only after they had passed rigorous examinations, based, not only upon their physical and mental fitness, but upon their versatility and expertise in many fields. An engineer might be required to act as a ship's doctor, a radioman as a navigator, a cook as a signalman. The idea behind this nautical version of musical chairs was to make the expedition as self-sufficient as possible. No one needed to mention the grim fact that if they ran into trouble, they would have to rescue themselves.

Kapitaen Alfred Kothas was chosen as master of the "Schwabenland". An excellent captain in his own right, he was ably assisted by Kapitaen Otto Kraul, an experienced whaler. Kapitaen Kraul's specialized knowledge of polar conditions enabled him to serve the expedition as guide, advisor and ice Pilot (Eislotse).

The scientists, experts and their assistants, were carefully selected from the sponsoring government bodies, as well as universities and research institutes. Far from being flabby, bespectacled ivory tower types, these men of the mind were selected for their physical fitness, as well as their academic achievements, for, in pursuit of knowledge, they would be required to carry their food, instruments and scientific records on their own backs and climb unknown, perhaps treacherous, mountains in extreme weather conditions.

Rarely in the history of exploration has there been such interdisciplinary co-operation and cross-fertilization in politics, philosophy, science, diplomacy and all branches of government, including the military. Nor have most expeditions been prepared with such consideration, effort and foresight.

An additional factor which made this first Deutsche Antark-tische Expedition unlike its predecessors was the maintenance of strict military-type security. All technicians, scientists and crew members worked on the "need to know" principle. This principle was carried to the extent that those concerned with the compilation of scientific data, the airmen, technicians, oceanographers, biologists, meteorologists, etc., had their own quarters and ate in a messroom separate from the ordinary crew members.

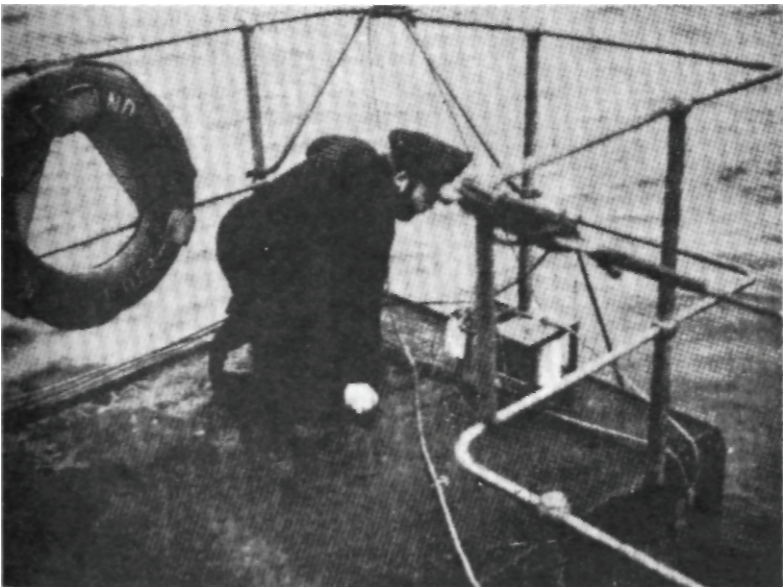
To compound the mystery, the ship took on board a great number of sturdy, tightly-sealed crates and boxes which fell under the personal control of Doctor Todt, who was officially the Secretary of the Expedition. As these often heavy containers were not entered on the ship's cargo manifest, unsuspecting crew members asked Doctor Todt what their contents might be. In answer to their questions, Todt (which means Death in German), was as silent as death. The Expedition was ready to get underway!

Under cover of darkness, the "Schwabenland" left Hamburg and steamed into the English Channel, its course set for Antarctica. Once into the open sea, the first part of the research work began in earnest.

One of the objectives to be achieved was the constant monitoring, measuring and logging of the air temperatures from sea level into the stratosphere. Why it was necessary to record such information, as there were no existing aircraft capable of flying at 60,000 feet, remains as merely one among many mysteries of this expedition. The man in charge of the day and night temperature-taking was a certain Herr Lange who toiled unceasingly with his two assistants, Krueger and Gockel.

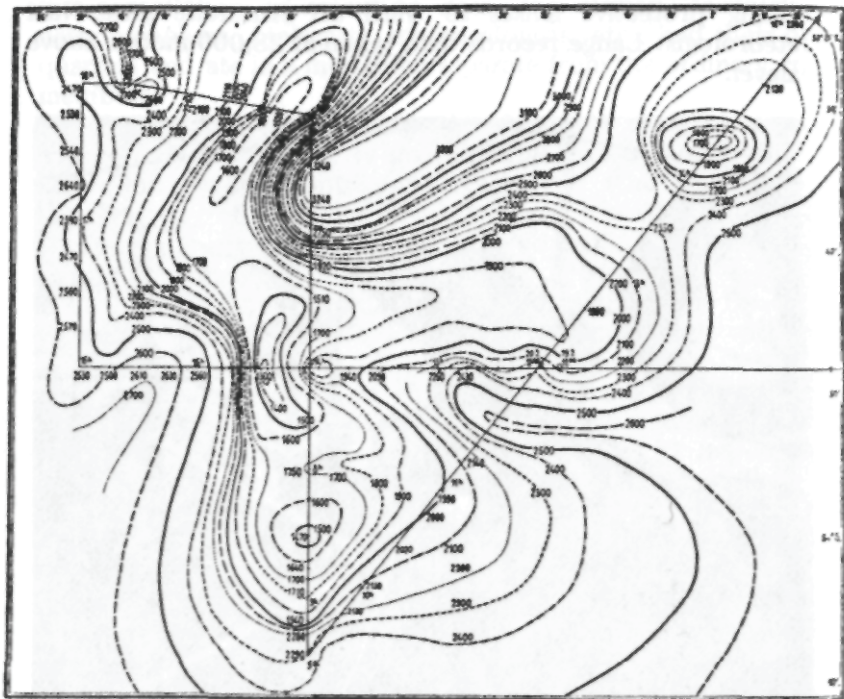
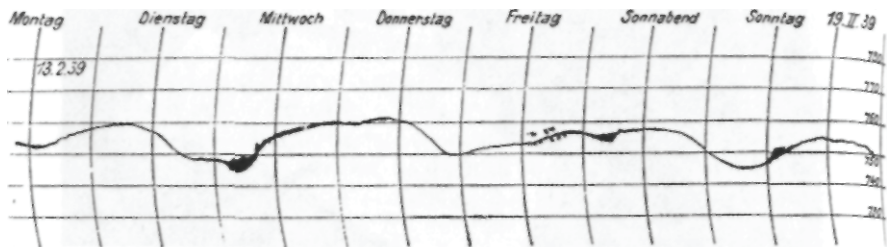


Wearing protective lenses to ward off Antarctic glare, Nazi Meteorologist Lange records data taken at 28,000 meters above sealevel.



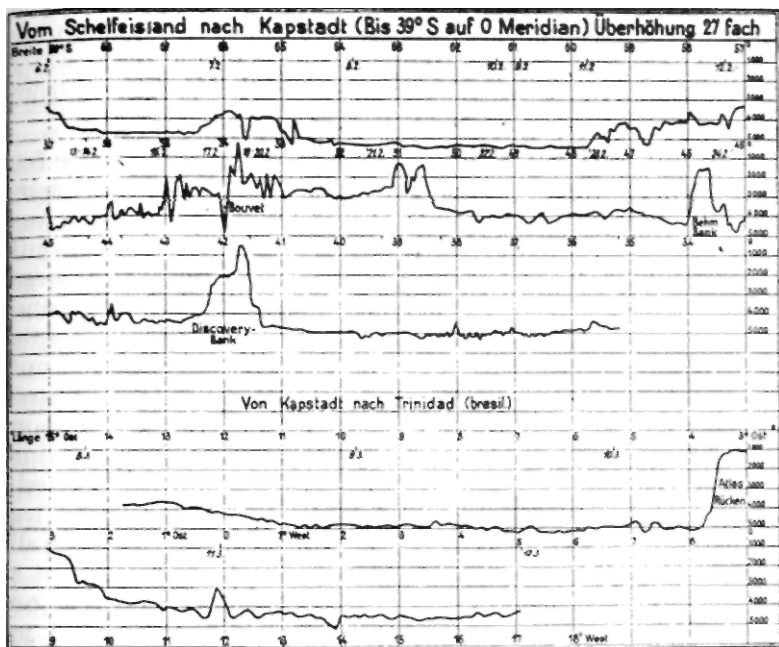
Meteorologist Gockel, checking one of the anemometers.

But there was much more than a thermometer attached to Lange's weather balloon. A sensitive radio sonde, operated by its own powerful batteries, translated the balloon's various instrument readings into signals which were received by the ship far below. This constant stream of air composition readings, air density and pressure measurements, as well as air temperatures, was recorded in unfading India ink on slowly-revolving drums of graph paper. Thus, minutely-logged data were available for later analysis and evaluation.

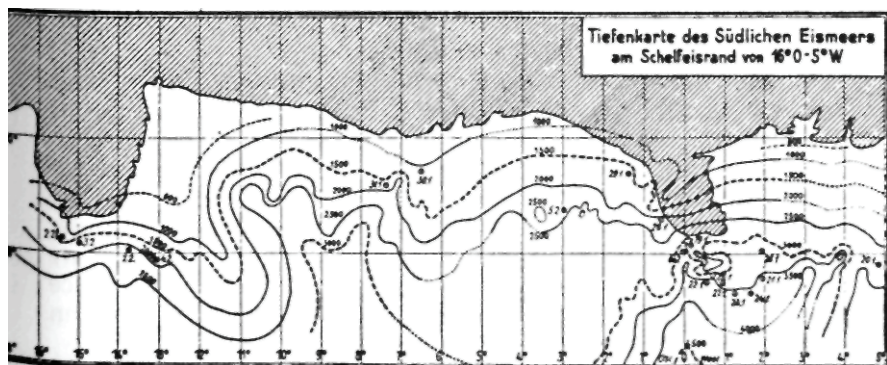


Topographical survey of the seabed from Ascension Island to the edge of the shelf ice (approx. 15° East).

Such painstaking, but enigmatic research was being carried on by other sections of the expedition. Now, the observant researcher begins to perceive, out of the few available shreds of information, that these secret Nazi expeditions were gathering data, not for immediate use by the technology then existing, but for use by a technology which was TO BE.



The ocean floor as it looks from the edge of the shelf ice to Capetown, 39° South at Zero Meridian.



Depth chart of the South Polar Sea at the edge of the shelf ice.

Paulsen, the oceanographer, was busy with Bruns, the electrician, checking their equipment and instrument readings against previously-recorded findings. Two of their ingenious devices, which we know about, were the German-invented "Echolote" and "Atlaslote". These devices sent out sounds, travelling through the water at 1500 meters per second, which bounced off the ocean floor. Not only did variations in the return "echo" indicate the precise depth of the seabed, but they also indicated anomalies in salt concentration and water temperature. Thus, were 12,000 miles of seabed charted, from the Equator to Antarctica—and back!

As mentioned earlier, such information was most valuable for commanders of the sophisticated attack and transport submarines then only in the planning stage in Germany. But in a less specialized sense, any navigator can appreciate the magnificent superiority of this new method of depth-reading. With these new electronic instruments, oceanographers, navigators and chart-makers could at long last abandon the slow, cumbersome mechanical method of sounding. This procedure, as old, if not older, than the pyramids, involved the lowering of a weighted line or chain. The limitations of this method would soon become obvious to anyone. First, it took time to pay out line and more time to raise it, not to mention the effort involved. One depth reading to 5000 meters or so could take four or five hours to complete. One could not simply throw out the line all at once, otherwise it might tangle, and a tangled line meant a useless reading. Secondly, the line often caught in rocks or on sunken wrecks; and thirdly, the amount of line needed to fathom great depths was sometimes more than was available, and such deep readings were of dubious value, as there was always the likelihood of subsurface currents which could quite easily and undetected "bend" the reading. Thus, we see how important a technological breakthrough can be!

Doctor Bludan, the ship's Medical Officer, made frequent examinations of the men's physical health and condition, but the planners of The Antarctic Expedition demanded more. In addition to the routine check-ups, he also tested the psychological effect of the voyage upon the men, endeavoring to learn the correlation between mental and physical states of being under specific conditions of heat, cold and confinement. We are reminded that the American government's National Space Agency (NASA) under the direction of THEIR German scientists continued the very same studies in the late 1960's.

Doctor Bludan monitored, with special interest, the men's behavior patterns during their stay in the eternal ice region. He

wanted to know what effect such a long absence from civilization would produce; which effects were temporary and which permanent. One tiny scrap of his findings, which has fallen into our hands, relates his puzzlement at discovering a pronounced loss of sexual appetite among the men. Unfortunately, the factors which he deemed to be causes and his conclusions are unavailable, as are the vast bulk of his reports.

We do know that the doctor participated in an ongoing series of shipboard lectures, in which the experts in every field shared their valuable knowledge with fellow scientists and crew members alike. In his talks, Doctor Bludan informed the men how to behave in case of shipwreck, whether in the tropics or in the Antarctic itself. These lectures were packed into very busy days, for even before their arrival in Antarctica, the crewmen and members of the expedition had plenty to do.

Doctor Barkley, the Expedition Biologist, was eagerly listened to, even by the most tired of the men, for he had a way of presenting his vast knowledge of his pet subject, Marine Biology, with such insight and flamboyance that even smelly, minute plankton excited keen interest. He astounded the sailors with his casual statement that a fully-grown blue whale weighs as much as 25 elephants. The ordinary seamen often made bets with one another, as sailors will, on some such fact of marine life and relied on Doctor Barkley as their final authority. For many, the "Schwabenland" was a floating university.

While the expedition vessel bustled with activity, it kept as far away as possible from normal shipping routes and avoided inhabited islands. Ascension, St. Helena, Tristan da Cunha and Gough Island were all seen on the horizon and avoided. At night, the "Schwabenland" steamed silently, her portholes covered so that no lights were visible. Other ships observed in the area were given wide berth. Again, this mysterious secrecy!

At last they approached an island—Bouvet—which was photographed for the first time in color. Depth readings showed the ocean floor as rising, the result of intense volcanic activity in past eons. The depth in the island's vicinity at first fluctuated between 1000 and 2000 meters, then abruptly became much shallower. A volcanic island is similar to an iceberg, in that only a small portion shows above sea level. Paulsen's soundings indicated that Bouvet's submerged portion was 27 times larger than its visible part. (see drawing)

Soon after leaving Bouvet Island, the first icebergs appeared. Extra lookouts were posted to insure that the "Schwabenland" did not come to grief on any of these erratically floating monsters. Thus did Antarctica welcome its explorers—with bared teeth.

But life was here, also, A whale surfaced, saw the ship and plunged into the depths, its great flukes slapping the water with a loud report, like a gunshot. A flock of penguins on an ice floe flapped their evening coated wings and bowed with comic formality to the passing sailors. A petrel landed upon the forecastle and nonchalantly strolled about the deck, looking for a handout. The saucy bird was obliged by one of the sailors, who tossed it a piece of bread.

Kapitaen Kraul was more than curious about this appearance of South Polar fauna. Quickly, he made his way to the bridge and informed Kapitaen Kothas that the signs of life indicated the existence of shelf ice at a maximum range of one hundred miles.

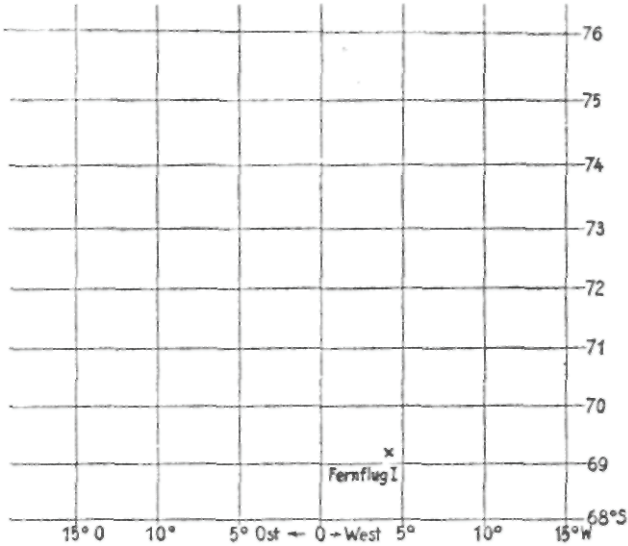
Orders were shouted, followed in quick succession by the sound of running feet above and below decks. Certain men hurried to their stations in the aft section of the ship and the engine telegraph jangled, the indicator showing "SLOW AHEAD". In the engine room, the officer leaped to the controls and quickly spun the highly-polished throttle valves. In instant response, the huge Stumpf Engines hissed as their massive piston rods, like gleaming pillars of steel, rose and fell in slow and ponderous rhythm. On the bridge, the helmsman turned the ship's stern into the wind as the pusher-puller propellers of the two flying boats spun into life. "STOP" rang the engine telegraph. The huge pistons halted in mid-stride and soon the ship lay still in the icy water. The "Schwabenland" had reached her furthest position in the Antarctic ice field: 4° 25' West and 69° 10' South.



Work under hazardous conditions—the rule in Antarctica, not the exception.

Lufthansa and Luftwaffe mechanics and technicians signalled that the two ten-ton flying boats, "Boreas" and "Passat" were ready for take-off. Now they were to see the results of their weeks of careful maintenance and adjustments. Moving rather clumsily in the unaccustomed bulk of their arctic clothing, the other airmen joined the pilots in the planes. Each flying boat carried, in addition to its pilot, a navigator, an aerial photographer and a flight mechanic.

After the pilots signalled that all was ready, Herr Bolle, the officer in charge of the steam catapults, struck the control lever. There was a sudden "whoosh" and, like a rocket, the first seaplane, the "Boreas", accelerated from zero to 150 kilometers per hour in one second. A moment later, it thrust into the sky and soon, flew out of sight.

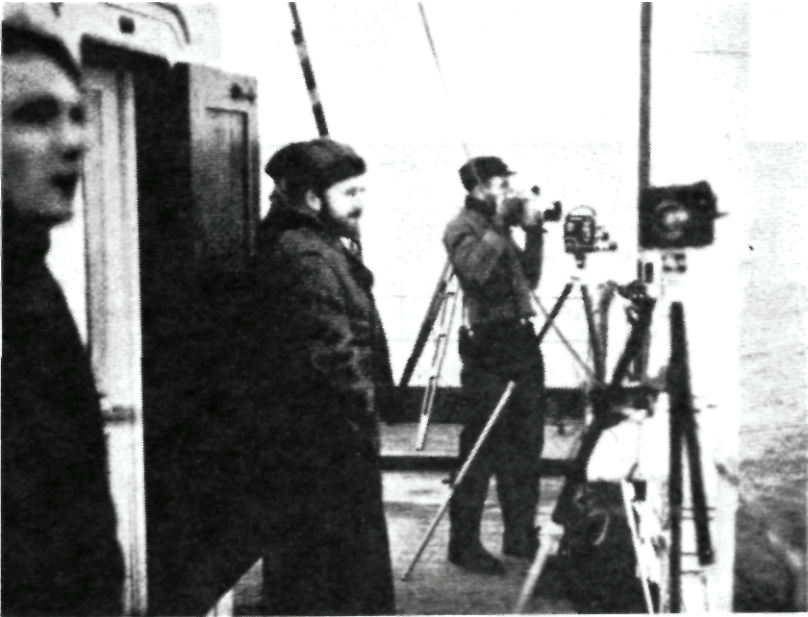


The first page of the aerial exploration log shows the "Schwabenland's" location with an "x", Lack of other features indicates that area was never before explored by man.

The "Passat" remained on its launcher in readiness to rescue the crew of the "Boreas", were they to encounter difficulties and be forced down. But, it was later discovered that the planes were sufficiently reliable to make this precaution unnecessary. At this early stage, however, the aircraft technicians were still testing the fuel/air mixtures and checking the viscosity of the lubricants. Until they were satisfied that their calculations were correct, they permitted no unnecessary risks to be taken. Thus, was every man of the expedition similarly devoted, not only to his duty, but to his comrades.

With such an example of humanity as this in mind, one can only shake one's head in disgust at our present-day artisans on whose work many lives often depend, when they do the bare minimum necessary to collect their maximum wages. Although it may not be "union scale", many persons still prefer devotion to indifference.

The first German plane was now launched and on its way deep into the unknown Antarctic Continent. In the radio room of the "Schwabenland", in counterpoint to the whine of the dynamo, there were still the usual background noises of static and a babel of Morse transmissions coming from the capitals and the shipping lanes of civilization, so far away. Suddenly, the radio operator sprang to attention. A loud signal was coming in. He put on his earphones and tuned in to the exact frequency. With speed born of long practice, he jotted the transmission down upon his notepad, a seemingly endless succession of letter and number combinations.



Cameras record history in the making.

The door opened and in came the officer of the watch. The radioman nodded to him in curt, but friendly recognition and handed him the incoming message. Without a pause, he continued to note down the signals and, soon, completed another page in his note pad.

Meanwhile, the officer of the watch had spun the dial of a combination lock and drew from the code safe a small booklet with a red cover. Under the Deutsche Antarktische Expedition badge was the bold word, "ULTRA". Taking the booklet and the message over to his table, the officer began to scribble in plain German the exciting content of the message.



Huge icebergs, once insurmountable obstacles—now, objects only of curiosity and awesome beauty.

The transmission was coming from the flying boat "Boreas". They were now seeing for the first time an area never before viewed by human eyes. History was being made!

The crew of the "Boreas" observed a passage in the seemingly impenetrable wall of ice. This report was received amid a deluge of altitude, temperature readings and descriptions of the icepack beneath the airmen.

"HAVE YOU ANY INSTRUCTIONS?" the "Boreas" radioed.



A flying boat returns safely.

"COME HOME SOON. WE HAVE CHAMPAGNE IN THE ICEBOX!" the "Schwabenland" replied.

On deck, the lookouts scanned the jagged white horizon with their powerful binoculars. They saw nothing at first, even though they could hear the sound of an approaching aircraft engine. Then one of the starboard lookouts pointed to a tiny, dark speck in the sky. Soon, the "Boreas" was circling overhead, her Swastika insignia clearly visible to the sailors below.

Like a seagull, the flying boat soared down from the grey sky and splashed her fat belly into the water among the icefloes. Then she taxied up to the "Schwabenland's" powerful cranes which lifted her safely on board. Her four-man crew was cheered and carried upon the shoulders of their comrades to the festive meal that awaited them.

Although the sun was still shining, as it would be for the entire duration of the Antarctic summer, the cheerful men were ordered to bed early, for the really important phase of the exploration could now begin. At 4:00 a.m. the next "morning", each man went to his appointed station to get the work underway as quickly as possible.

But there had been even earlier risers that bright summer morning in January. The meteorologist and his assistants had

been up before 2:00 a.m., noting and analyzing the data radioed in by the plane the previous day, as well as that coming from the shipboard weather station. Since no human being had ever been in this area before, no meteorological records existed as a precedent. For the weathermen, as well as the other members of the expedition, this was a "terra incognita". Thus, they had their hands full, trying to analyze the incoming readings, comparing them with known northern hemispheric weather patterns and hoping their resulting predictions were correct. At last, the forecast was prepared and the weathermaps given to the waiting pilots.

Above decks, everyone was enjoying the clear sky, the bright sunlight and the fresh air. It was a beautiful day. The meteorologist enjoyed this bright, clean icescape before him, but his enjoyment was alloyed with wariness, with the grim and certain knowledge that all this could change and that the airmen would, despite his best efforts, have all too little warning when it did.

Once again, the helmsman of the "Schwabenland" turned the ship's bow to leeward and the two flying boats revved their engines. As before, only the "Boreas" was launched, leaving the "Passat" and her aircrew as rescue reserve. As discussed and planned some weeks before, the "Boreas" was to radio her exact course and flight time. Any deviations in course were to be radioed in immediately and, as the accuracy of magnetic compasses was suspect, the "Boreas" was further required to correlate its position with any significant geographic formation, such as a mountain or ice fissure as the flight progressed. With such data, the rescue plane could re-trace the course of the downed flying boat and rescue her stranded crew from the frozen desert.

"Such precautions are all very well," said the meteorologist, "as long as the weather holds. If not..."

The crew of the "Passat" nodded their agreement, saying nothing. Amid the high-spirited clangor of the launching deck, these five men gazed silently, grimly at the gleaming, white horizon which seemed to mock them with its outward show of innocence.

As for the others, it was merely a beautiful, invigorating morning, a perfect time to see what the last "terra incognita" on earth really looked like. They were jubilant and looked forward to receiving the radio reports of the "Boreas" as well as viewing the results of her aerial photography.



Shelf ice and drift ice—twin terrors of previous expeditions are conquered by winged explorers.

Here, reproduced in translation, is a portion of the first entry in the expedition's log. The "Schwabenland's" position is entered as 69° 10' South, 4° 25' West. The log was headed with the date and the title, "Fernflug Nr. I, Protokoll I" (Long-Distance Flight No. I, Protocol I). "Boreas."

PROTOCOL I

Radio Transmission No.	Time	
2	0530	Passed edge of Antarctic shelf ice at 69° 55' South, 4° 25' West. Our altitude is 1700 meters.
3	0547	Mountains visible in the southeast. At 0545 deep cracks seen in ice running from east to west.
4	0600	Our position 70°35' South. Altitude 2000 meters. Weather clear.

5 0617 High mountains visible in the southeast. Conical mountains visible in the east, rising in terraces.

6 0630 Our position $71^{\circ} 4'$ South, $4^{\circ} 45'$ West. Altitude 2000 meters. Flying over first conically-shaped stone mountains. At 0624 observed in south-southwest rock formations. Course set for passing mountain range on western side.

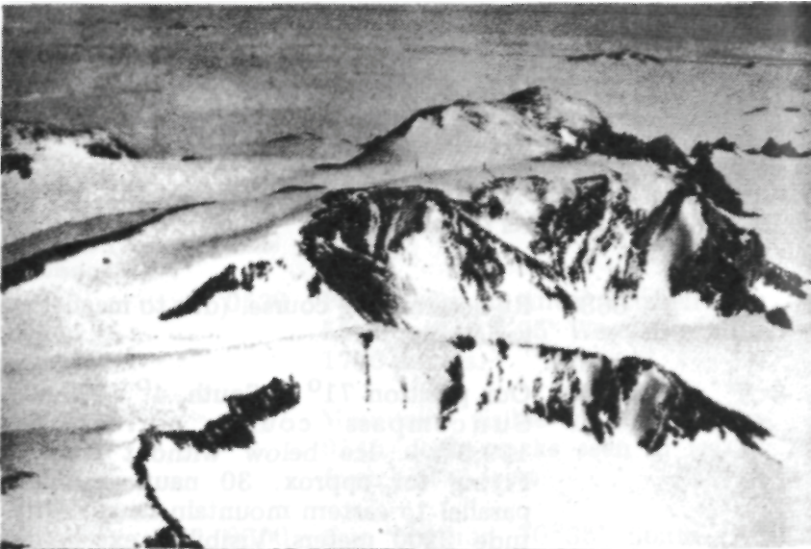


Nature bares her claws! These knife-edge mountain peaks threatened to disembowel the aircraft.

7 0636 Re-determining course. (due to magnetic variations)

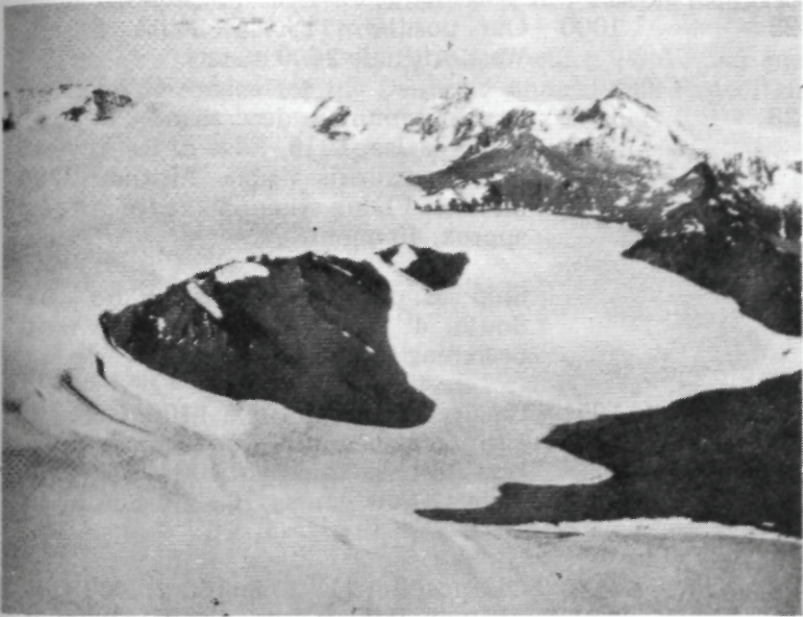
8 0700 Our position $71^{\circ} 4'$ South, $4^{\circ} 45'$ West. Suncompass course correction: $179,5^{\circ}$. Ice below without cracks. Flying for approx. 30 nautical miles parallel to eastern mountain range. Altitude 2200 meters. Visibility excellent, weather clear.

- 9 0717 In east very high mountains. Approx. 3000-4000 meters high. Ice rising gradually toward south. No mountains in west.
- 10 0730 Passing furthest western edge of mountain range at a distance of 20 nautical miles. Altitude above ice 1200 meters. Altitude above sea level 2300 meters. Our position $72^{\circ} 30'$ South, $4^{\circ} 50'$ West.
- 11 0735 Mountain range at SSW. Encountering huge snowdrifts below. Terrain climbing steeply. More mountains visible in easterly direction.
- 12 0742 Re-determining course.
- 13 0800 Our position $73^{\circ}10'$ South, $4^{\circ} 50'$ West. Altitude 2450 meters. 0745. Valley below rising. Completely ice-covered. Now fog covering part of valley. Passed rocky ridge. Now valley falling toward south.



Hermann Berg (Mountain) in German Antarctica (Neu-Schwa-benland).

- 14 0820 Urgent! Returning to base. Terrain steeply climbing. Our altitude 200 meters. Temperature minus 17° Celsius.
- 14a Ship to plane: "Passat" ready for takeoff. Advise if high altitude wind velocity estimate is correct.
- 15 0826 Please hold "Passat". Will return at approx. 1500 hours.
- 16 0828 Wind velocity estimated correctly.



Some of the ice-free mountain ranges encountered. These are rich in mineral deposits.

- 17 0900 Our position 73° 0' South, 3° 43' West. Encountering mountain range 4000 meters high. Impossible to climb above it. Bypassing it.
- 17a Ship to plane: Return north along eastern side of mountain range in order to photograph entire area.

- 18 0911 Returning straight to coast.
- 19 0916 How much magnetic deviation have you encountered? What is your location?
- 19a Ship to plane: Our current position is $68^{\circ} 57'$ South, $4^{\circ} 10'$ West.
- 20 0923 Re-checking course and location.
- 21 0930 Our position $72^{\circ} 15'$ South, $3^{\circ} 52'$ West.
- 22 1000 Our position $71^{\circ} 35'$ South, $3^{\circ} 45'$ West. Altitude 2600 meters.
- 23 1012 Conical mountain dead ahead. Deep crevasses in ice. 1015. Edge of ice in view. Huge snowdrifts visible. Altitude 2700 meters. Flying time to edge of ice approx. 40 minutes.
- 23a Ship to plane: Our location $68^{\circ} 51'$ South, $4^{\circ} 30'$ West. Course due west. Searching for passage out of ice.
- 24 1051 Change of course 105° . 1100. Going to 175° . Compensating for compass deviation toward the right. Altitude 2700 meters. New course $70^{\circ} 20'$ South, $2^{\circ} 40'$ West.
- 25 1130 Our position $71^{\circ} 5'$ South, $2^{\circ} 40'$ West. Altitude 2800 meters. Aborting mission. Mapping camera malfunctioning.
- 1145 Plane goes into steep dive to altitude of 100 meters.
- 1156 Observed deep cracks in ice and high snowdrifts.
- 1335 Plane returned safely to ship.

The entries in the radio log were correlated with the photos taken by the large format, 8" X 8" automatic photomapping camera which photographed hundreds of square kilometers per exposure on fine grain, high resolution film. Such high quality enabled the cartographers of the "Schwabenland" to prepare perfectly accurate maps of the terrain photographed for later use by air or land exploration teams.

Subsequent flightlogs of the "Passat" and the "Boreas" were, for the most part, equally terse and factual, so we will spare the reader the tedious effort of sifting out important material for today from information which was only important for that Antarctic summer of 1938-1939.

In addition to aerial exploration and mapping, the flying boats dropped specially-weighted, 4' X 6' Swastika Banners at specified locations. (see photo)

The two Dornier-Wal flying boats which performed such outstanding service for the Deutsche Antarktische Expedition, 1938-1939 were equipped in the following manner:

STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR OPEN WATER FLIGHTS

- 1 sea anchor and line
- 1 sea anchor retrieval line
- 1 whirl-shaker
- 2 throwlines 1 rubber raft 1 axe
- 1 box aircraft repair tools 1 first aid kit

Weight of plane with above equipment: 6336 kilograms.

NAVIGATION EQUIPMENT

1 sextant	4.7 kg.
1 driftometer	4.5
1 suncompass	2.8
1 sunpencil	0.5
1 pair binoculars	2.5
1 nautical slate	
1 map 1:1 250 000	
1 logbook	
1 compass	
1 triangle	
pencils, erasers	4.2 kg.

Total weight: 19.2 kilograms.

ADDITIONAL OUTFITTING FOR DEUTSCHE ANTARKTISCHE EXPEDITION, 1938-1939

Fuel for 15 hours flying time (4200 liters)	3150 Kg.
Reserve water tank	60
Extra navigational aids	20
Film and photographic equipment	190
50 Swastika markers and 10 large Banners	36
Crew of four in polar suits	400
Polar emergency equipment	324
Total:	4180 Kg.

POLAR EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT

2 two-man tents @ 10 kg. per tent	20 kg.
4 arctic sleepingbags with air mattresses	18
1 collapsible sled with waterproof covering, 20 meter towrope and 2 harnesses	15.3
4 pairs skis and poles	22.2
1 ice axe	1
2 Primus stoves with 2 spare burners, cleaning outfit, 1 funnel and 2 cooking pots	4.3
1 liter, fuel	1.1
10 liters, petroleum	8.5
1 3-barrelled rifle with scope	4.1
1 Rifle cleaning kit, 100 cartridges buckshot, 50 rifle cartridges	7
2 containers 3-color tracerbullets	9
1 portable shortwave radio	24.5
1 first aid kit	4
4 pack sacks (filled)	52
Total:	191.0 Kg.

SURVIVAL GEAR PER PACK SACK

1 knife	1 container ski wax
1 sewing kit	1 pair sealskins
1 snowshovel	1 pair snow treads
1 set, eating utensils	1 pair waterproof leggings
1 rope (10 meters)	2 pairs ski mitts
1 spare ski-binding	1 pair long woolen underwear
1 packet, macrobiotic food	2 woolen undershirts
1 drinking cup	1 toothbrush

With characteristic thoroughness, the Germans provided just about every conceivable item to assure the survival of the airmen. In addition to this equipment, Kapitän Ritscher recommended that a liberal supply of emergency food be carried on each mission. One can see that the near-tragic memories of 1912 were still fresh in his mind.

Thus, each flying boat carried 56 individual bags of provisions, each bag containing one day's ration for two men. A seven-kilogram side of bacon and one kilogram of tobacco completed the issue.

All canned food was prepared in such a way that the vitamins and valuable trace minerals were retained. The special canning process used did not boil the life out of the food, yet prevented spoilage. Needless to say, the use of poisonous and debilitating "preservative" chemicals was strictly forbidden. The Nazi Germans, after all, wanted their men to come back alive and to do this, good nutrition was essential.

The reader has probably noted the absence of alcoholic beverages in the survival rations. The reason for this omission is not hard to find—Hitler was a teetotaler. The Fuehrer was also responsible for the expedition's daily issue of vitamin pills, chiefly, vitamins "A", "C" and "D", respectively designated by the brand names, VOGAN, CEBION and VIGANTOL. Apparently, Hitler thought these dietary supplements were a good idea, because he took them himself!

The normal aviator garments required very little supplement for Antarctic conditions, as sub-zero temperatures were the norm in high-altitude flying. Aircraft interiors were unpressurized and unheated, so airmen had to dress warmly or suffer the consequences. The following items were worn by the airmen of the flying boats:

Long woolen underwear Linen shirt Long ski pants Rabbit hair pullover

Woolen socks

Fur-lined boots

Fur-lined gloves

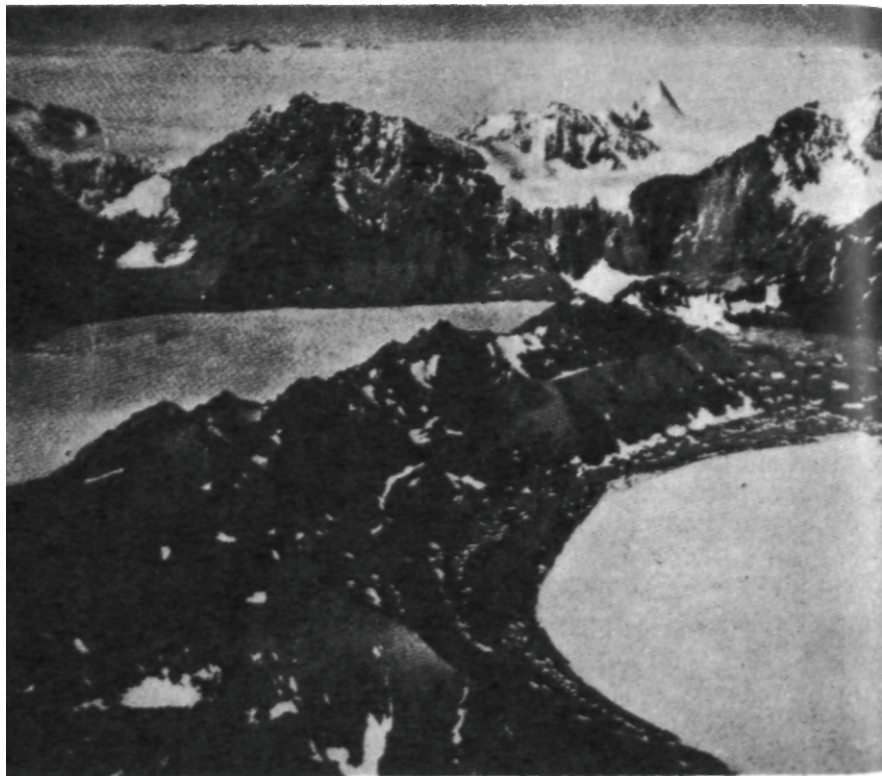
Fur-lined cap (Royal Canadian Mounted Police type, winter)

As coveralls, the pilot and navigator wore sealskin suits. The flight mechanic and photographer wore fur-lined leather jackets for greater freedom of movement, but brought their sealskin

coveralls along too, as a precaution. Every crew member wore a lifejacket while flying over open water.

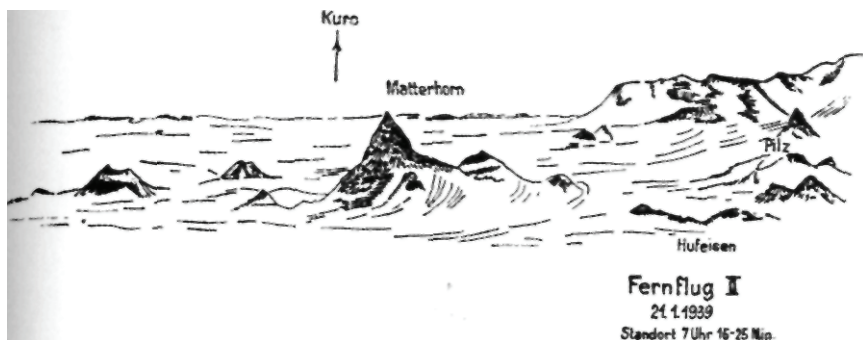
Now that we have seen how the airmen were prepared for their mission of exploration, we shall look at some of their achievements. That their discoveries were of tremendous importance, will soon be obvious to the reader, regardless of his degree of technical knowledge concerning man's existence on Planet Earth.

It must be remembered that these discoveries were made, only at the price of pushing the flying boats to their very limits and, thus, risking the lives of their crews, but these brave airmen willingly placed their lives in jeopardy, so great was the reward to be attained. In order to reach some of their objectives, mountain ranges more than 4000 meters high had to be overflown—in overloaded planes! For proper appreciation of



The "experts" were wrong! These snow-free, alp-like mountain ranges, 4000 meters high, were not supposed to exist. From left to right, Mentzel Berg, Zimmermann Berg, Zuckerhut and Ritscher Peak.

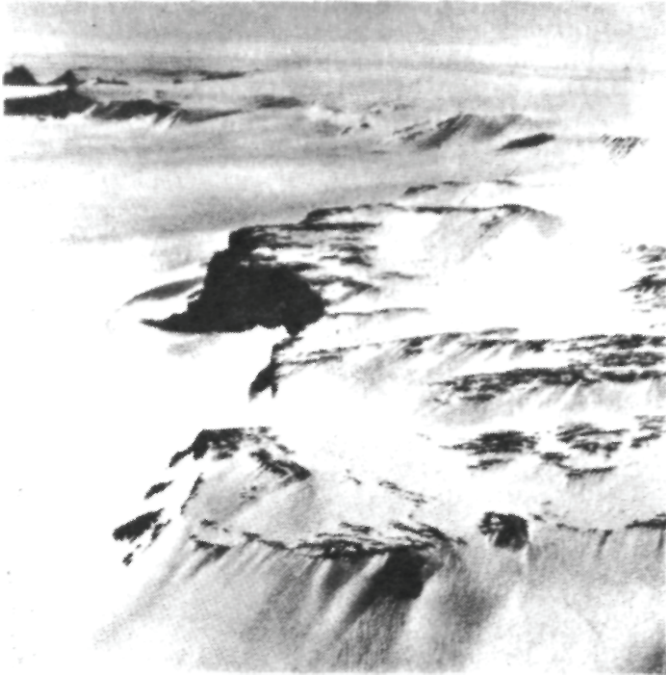
these feats of airmanship, one must imagine Europe's highest mountain, the Matterhorn, multiplied into an entire range of mountains. Then to this formidable barrier must also be added the problems of flying in the rarefied air and extreme weather conditions of the Antarctic.



A comparison of Europe's highest mountain, The Matterhorn, with the Antarctic mountain range which had to be conquered in order to reach the "ponds".

Although the Dornier-Wal flying boats had advanced far beyond their early predecessors, the motor-driven kites of the early 1900's, it must be remembered that these aircraft of the 1930's were not capable of the routine demands which we make upon the aircraft of today. Although aircraft development had given the flyer of 1938 a much greater safety margin of altitude and power, we see that his machine had to be pushed beyond the maximum specified limits of safe operation, not once, but time after time, in order to snatch even the tiniest crumb of knowledge from the Antarctic's mighty grip.

What was it like to fly in an aircraft being pushed well beyond its maximum-rated performance? Terrifying! As the flying boat approached its ceiling, the highest it could go, its airspeed dropped. It grew sluggish and hard to control, prone to stall and plummet earthward. A stall was fine when there was plenty of distance between the plane and the ground in which to allow the pilot to resume normal, level flight, but when only 100 meters or so separated the aircraft from the jagged rocks of a frozen mountain peak, there was no safety margin at all. If the sight of the peaks clawing up to the plane's very undercarriage were not enough to put an airman's heart in his mouth, then the constant bone-jarring, tooth-rattling vibration from the overstraining engines would soon shake it there as the aircraft threatened to fall apart.



Like a gigantic fortress, this region of Neu-Schwabenland (German Antarctica) seems determined to guard its secrets forever.

Despite the discomfort and danger, the Nazi aircrews went out, day after day, in their race against time. The Antarctic summer was already on the wane, and everyone knew that the change of season would come suddenly and drastically—as suddenly as switching off a light and as drastically as stepping into a freezing windtunnel from the warm outdoors. Thus, swiftness was all important if the expedition were to achieve its objectives of mapping and claiming for Germany this vast Antarctic area.

In this race against time, the flying boats were the only effective means of success, for their ability to map and survey the terrain was truly astounding. Every minute in the air captured another 200 square kilometers of land and ice scape on film! It was either this, or slogging across the same distance with a chain measure and a theodolite. Using this older method, the same job might have been accomplished in a hundred years or so, and not nearly as accurately.

But greater than the desire to map was the need to explore. Accurate quantification of so and so many thousand square kilometers of ice field was of value, but of even greater value was a discovery of hitherto unknown phenomena, a qualitative discovery of tremendous importance for the future—"the ponds", later known as the "Schirmacher Seengruppe".



A photo of the colorful, warm water Schirmacher-Seengruppe or "ponds", taken from a very high altitude and showing some of the crevasses in the foreground.

On an earlier flight at maximum ceiling, one of the airmen had glimpsed something peculiar in the ice, beyond the mountain barrier previously mentioned. The pilot made a circle and brought the plane into a stall, causing them to lose altitude quite suddenly, but not before the sighting had been verified through binoculars. There were, what appeared to be, ponds or lakes in the ice. But, was this an illusion, some Antarctic version of a mirage? Were these glassy surfaces water or ice, or even volcanic glass (obsidian)? There was only one way to find out.

Thus were the airmen of the "Boreas" occupied the following day, glued to their binoculars as the flying boat flew parallel to the mountain wall which separated them from their mysterious goal. Having failed to conquer this barrier in a direct assault, by simply flying over it, they now scanned the jagged, knife-edged peaks for an opening, all the while filming and reporting their location. No description of their epic flight of exploration could be more gripping than the records of that first, anxious exchange of radio messages between the "Schwabenland" and the flying boat, "Boreas".

Boreas: OUTSIDE TEMPERATURE MINUS 25° CELSIUS. WINDOWS COVERED WITH THICK ICE. VISIBILITY SEVERELY LIMITED. DENSE CLOUDS AHEAD. MOTORS MISSING FREQUENTLY. NOW BACKFIRING VIOLENTLY. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH OUR THERMOMETERS. THE FUEL MIXTURE REACTS AS IF IT WERE MUCH COLDER. PLANE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTROL. STRONG GUSTS OF WIND BUFFETING PLANE VIOLENTLY. REQUEST PERMISSION TO RETURN TO BASE!

Schwabenland: PERMISSION DENIED. CARRY ON!

Boreas: PLANE TAIL-HEAVY WITH EXTRA GEAR. HANDLES SLUGGISHLY. CHANGING COURSE.

There is an ominous silence. Then, through the static comes the joyous message:

Boreas: WIND LESS VIOLENT. TEMPERATURE RISING. HAVE CROSSED MOUNTAIN RANGE. NOW VISIBILITY ALMOST PERFECT. LAND BELOW GETTING FLATTER. (pause) PONDS IN VIEW! PONDS IN VIEW!

A cheer rose in the throats of the little group in the radio room of the "Schwabenland": CONGRATULATIONS!

Boreas: WILL ATTEMPT LANDING.

The "Boreas" circled the ponds, gradually coming down to 200 meters altitude. The temperature began to rise to just below freezing (0° Celsius). After a careful study of the water below, to insure that there were no dangerous ice or rock protrusions, the landing site was selected. The "Boreas" skimmed the placid surface of the water, then splashed down,

making red waterspouts on either side of its grey hull. After cutting the engines, the flying boat glided slowly across the pond and came to rest, gently nudging the two-foot-thick ice shelf which surrounded this strange body of open water.

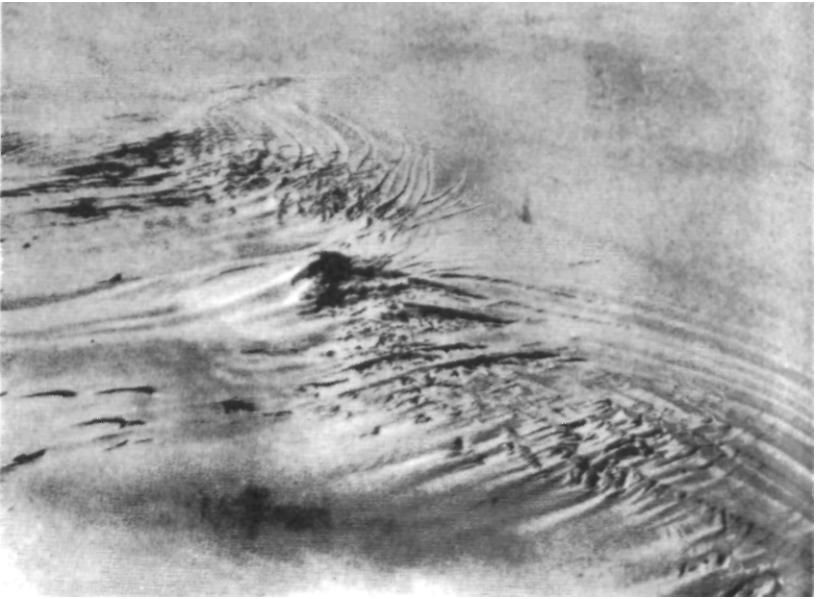


Flying boat anchored on one of the warm water "ponds".

The anchor was dropped, indicating a depth of slightly over thirty meters. To complete the flying boat's mooring, a sort of grappling hook, an "ice anchor" was heaved into some nearby chunks of ice by one of the powerfully-built airmen. The slack of the lines was quickly hauled in and the "Boreas" made fast.

No sooner was the mooring completed, than the four-man crew began to offload the sled, gun, ropes, food and the portable radio. The tents, skis, camera equipment and surveyors' instruments were secured upon the sled and a hasty conference was held.

After confirming radio contact with the ship, it was decided that the pilot, Schirmacher, remain behind with the plane as radio-relay operator to link the exploration party with the "Schwabenland". Such an arrangement was necessary to insure communications, as the portable radio had a maximum range of



Crevasses, as seen from the air.

forty miles and no one knew how it would perform from the bottom of the deep ice crevasses or even caves which had been observed in the vicinity. It was these intriguing formations which the members of the sled team intended to explore.



A three-man exploration team, one of whom shoulders the unusual, three-barrelled rifle. Here they are seen displaying one of the thousands of Swastika Banners which to this day demarcate the huge German colonial territory of Neu-Schwa-benland (German Antarctica).

After saluting with a snappy "Heil Hitler!", Schirmacher watched the little party move off into the snowy distance, making a beeline toward the crevasses they had seen during their aerial inspection of the ponds or lakes. The sky was bright and clear. It looked as if the weather gods were going to be kind today.



A formal reception for the flying boat "Boreas". Here, Kaiser (Emperor) penguins appear to study the habits of the man-made bird, clad, as always in their immaculate "white shirts and tails".

The weather was so pleasant, in fact, that the pilot was able to shed his sealskin flying suit and remain quite comfortable. After a good stretch of his muscles, he opened a box from which he removed a long piece of shiny, tightly coiled wire fitted with little metal clips at regularly spaced intervals. To these clips he fastened little water sample collection scoops,

each of which was equipped with its own special "Kippthermo-meter" or "flip" thermometer. He attached all of the scoops and saw that the lower end of the wire carried an ordinary deep-sea fishing weight. Carefully, he lowered the instrument-studded wire into the clear, red water until he saw the weight touch bottom.

While he waited for the mercury of the "Kippthermometers" to adjust to the water temperature at each level, our pilot/radioman/oceanographer took the opportunity to have lunch in the cabin of the flying boat. One of his friends in the galley of the "Schwabenland" had brewed him a thermos flask of steaming, hot tea. Such a simple, commonplace thing was particularly appreciated in these inhospitable-looking, alien surroundings.



The shadow of wing and antenna betrays the presence of the Nazi flying boat "Boreas". She is anchored in a calm inlet while her crew take water samples and depth readings.

Feeling refreshed, Schirmacher stood in the open hatchway of the plane and gazed across the ice. The air was fresh and invigorating. It was not such a bad place, after all, he thought, despite the bloody hue of the pond and the absence of trees, grass or bushes. The weather was still so mild that he even removed his gloves, no longer fearing that a moment's touch of metal would cost him a painful flaying. The binoculars felt cold, but not icy in his bare hands as he raised them to his eyes and focussed upon the receding footprints in the snow.

Schirmacher's comrades had been gone for more than an hour and he was becoming anxious. Sitting at the radio, he tapped out a request for a "Standortpunkt" or point of location. The minutes ticked by without a response. Again, he signalled the sled team.

Suddenly, the receiver crackled. One could almost sense the enthusiasm of the man at the key. The sled team was making slow, but certain progress over the first observed undulations in the snow. It was believed that the crevasses were not far off. With great relief, Schirmacher passed this message on to the "Schwabenland" which radioed acknowledgment.

After this welcome information, the pilot returned to his oceanographic duties. Carefully, he pulled up the scoops and recorded the temperatures. Surely, something was wrong, he thought, but how could he have made such a stupid mistake? Again, he checked the readings. No, he had not entered the temperatures in reverse order. He had made no mistake. The water was much warmer at the bottom of the pond than at the surface!

This astonishing information he radioed to the scientists of the "Schwabenland" who pondered and speculated upon the meaning of such peculiar findings. But these discoveries were only the first few which demolished conventional assumptions about Antarctica. There were many more to follow.

The first upset to "conventional wisdom" occurred with the discovery of the Alplike, 4000 meter high mountain ranges of bare granite. Until the Deutsche Antarktische Expedition of 1938, it was generally assumed that Antarctica was a low-lying "island", covered all over by thick ice, save for a few volcanic protrusions, only one of which was still active—Mount Erebus in the Ross area.

The second sensational find was this region of warm-water lakes, all warm enough to swim in without special clothing, in fact, the men could swim in nothing at all! Moreover, the water was sweet and good to drink, despite its garish color. As we have already mentioned, some of the lakes were red, but others were blue, green or brown, depending upon the type of algae

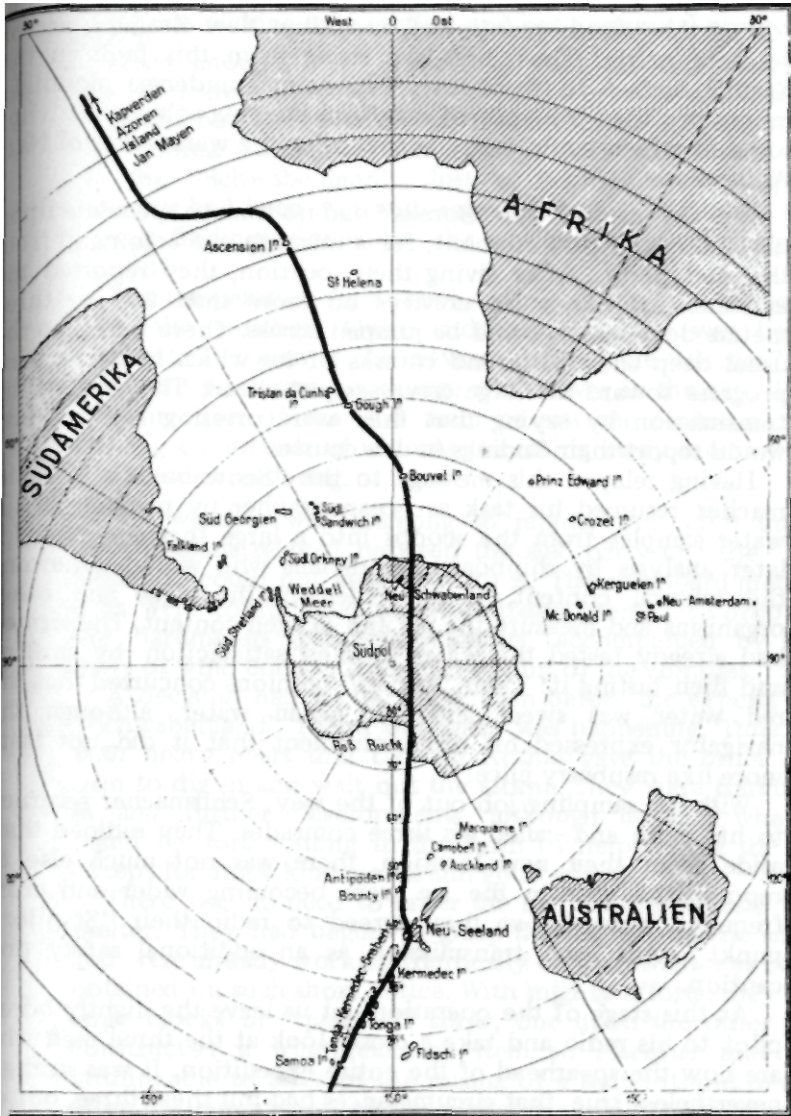
which had taken up residence. The discovery of the "Schirmacher-Seengruppe" of warm water lakes in the Antarctic ice desert was like finding an oasis in the Sahara.



Nazi geologist Gburek working with the magnetic theodolite.

Speculation arose concerning the origins of these lakes. Since air temperatures were usually well below zero, ordinary lakes would have frozen solid. Certainly, they could not be run-off from melted glaciers for precisely the same reason. Though surrounded by eternal ice and constant below zero temperature, the waters were heated—from below.

One of the better theories advanced in explanation of this phenomenon was based upon the discovery of a deep trench, similar to the San Andreas Fault Line which runs along the west coast of North and South America. The undersea equivalent of this deep fissure in the Earth's crust runs between South America and Africa, bypassing, very closely, the islands of Ascension, St. Helena, Tristan da Cunha, Gough and Bouvet. It bisects approximately the Antarctic land claimed by Nazi Germany, misses the South Pole and cuts through Ross Bay,



The deep sub-sea trench discovered by previous German expeditions. Found to be of volcanic origin, it was discovered to run right through the new German colony of Neu-Schwaben-land, revealing itself in the form of warm water lakes, caves, crevasses and ice tunnels, most of which were found suitable for human habitation with the simple addition of electric lighting. The trench is an excellent deep sea route for U-boats.

touching the islands of New Zealand and Samoa in the Pacific. All of the islands mentioned, including New Zealand, are of volcanic origin. Thus, hot lava rising from this fault in the Earth's surface to form these islands and undersea mountain ranges provided evidence of early and ongoing volcanic activity, some of which could easily account for the warm lakes of Nazi Antarctica.

But the pilot of the "Boreas" had no time to speculate upon his findings in that moment, for a message was coming in from the sled party. After giving their location, they reported the existence of minor ice crevices no more than two or three meters deep which could be jumped across. There were also the usual deep snowdrifts and chunks of ice which impeded their progress toward the large crevasses just ahead. They ended the transmission by saying that they were pressing forward and would report their findings in due course.

Having relayed this message to the "Schwabenland", Schirmacher resumed his task as oceanographer by pouring all his water samples from the scoops into a large thermos flask for later analysis by shipboard technicians who would determine the mineral content, if any, identify the algae and other organisms and measure the pH and oxygen content. The airmen had already tested the water to their satisfaction—by sniffing and then tasting it! Their "expert" opinions concurred that the red water was sweet and not ocean water, although the navigator expressed his disappointment that it did not taste more like raspberry juice.

With his sampling job out of the way, Schirmacher returned to his radio and called his three comrades. They radioed that, aside from their new location, there was not much else to report. The gaps in the ice were becoming wider and more frequent, however, so they agreed to radio their "Standort-punkt" with each transmission as an additional safety precaution.

At this stage of the operation, let us leave the slightly bored pilot to his radio and take a closer look at the three men who are now the spearhead of the entire expedition. It was strange, nevertheless true, that circumstances had put these three, out of the hundreds of expedition members, into the vanguard. The whole expedition was anxiously awaiting their reports, hanging on their every word, but sadly, they had not much to say—not just then.

In truth, they had stopped for lunch. The work of pulling the sled was tiring still. And the further they went, the wider and deeper the crevasses became. Not only were they getting

steadily bigger, but they were becoming so frequent that the party was making only vertical and not horizontal progress.

Soon enough, they discovered that the temperature rose several degrees when they approached a crevasse and dropped as they climbed or moved away. This information they radioed to the "Boreas" and after some delay, their figures were queried by the "Schwabenland". Just as Schirmacher's temperature readings had been met with initial disbelief, so too did the sled team's findings. Somehow, the weather was not behaving as it should!

But temperature fluctuations were not the only things wrong with the weather. Quite suddenly, the sky was becoming overcast. The men at the crevasse radioed the "Boreas", but at first, the pilot saw no change whatsoever in the sky. Then, in the direction of the sled team he saw the ominous, rapidly-moving cloudbank which was becoming every moment darker and more threatening.

The weather was changing so rapidly that even the radio transmissions relayed between the sled party and the "Schwabenland" could not keep up with it. The shipboard meteorologists were confounded as the bottoms seemed to drop out of the barometers and thermometers, accompanied by violent gusts of wind coming from every point of the compass.

A decision had to be made, even before the experts on the "Schwabenland" found out what was happening. Thus, it was with heavy heart that Captain Kothas gave the order for the men to dig in and wait out the storm. They were told to radio in any further developments, although nothing whatsoever could be forthcoming in the form of help during the storm, except for a few kind words and good wishes.

There was no need to order the men at the crevasse to take shelter. They had begun to grasp the urgency of the situation and were already working frantically on such shelter as could be obtained on such short notice. With mighty efforts, they heaved large blocks of "quarried" snow, one upon the other and so constructed a windbreak, an item so essential that it was unthinkable to attempt the raising of a tent without one. Even after the completion of the protective wall of ice, every man was needed to hold down the wildly-flapping tents to prevent them from flying off to oblivion. The mighty gusts of frosty wind made movement almost impossible outside the shelter of the ice wall and threatened to carry everything away, even the steel tentpegs.

Once the tents had been set up and securely pegged onto solid ice, the equipment was taken from the sled and placed

inside. The long planks which the exploration party had carried to bridge the crevasses now served as flooring for the tents, additional protection from moisture for the camera and radio.

At first, the men thought that the storm was not going to get worse, having experienced nothing so ferocious in their lives, but soon they realized how fortunate they had been to take advantage of their brief respite by building shelter. They only wished now that their ice wall were twice as thick and twice as high! Even within the enclosure, the wind was violent, but outside it was vicious. Slivers of wind-driven ice stabbed the face, drawing blood which froze before it could clot. To open the eyes was impossible and goggles quickly became opaque with crusted ice. Breathing with unprotected nostrils was painful as tiny darts of ice accompanied the freezing air. Even were a man to find adequate protection for his face, the gusts of wind would hurl him off his feet. Thus, the only progress that could be made, if that is the correct word to describe such painstaking movement, would be by crawling on all fours. Without further contemplation of the forces of Nature, the men dived into their tents.

They radioed their situation report while the banshee blizzard howled outside and after making themselves as snug and comfortable as possible in their new home, they opened some tins of food, ate and fell into the sound sleep of utter exhaustion. Apparently, they were safe.

Meanwhile, the "Boreas" was receiving a taste of the storm. Howling, angry winds buffeted the flying boat and for a moment, Schirmacher thought it would be torn from its moorings. Fortunately, the outer rim of ice around the lake was higher than the wings of the "Boreas", so most of the storm's force was passing overhead. Even so, the pilot had a rough ride as he sat before the radio, listening anxiously for the distress call that he fully expected to hear at any moment. He was prepared to go to the rescue of his comrades, even if rescue looked impossible. But the distress call never came. Schirmacher sat listening to the static of the ether and to the slap and gurgle of the red water upon the hull of the "Boreas" while the storm howled overhead with seemingly inexhaustible energy.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the storm abated. Thanks to the vast background of experience made available to the members of this expedition, the emergency had been met in good order. The crisis had come and passed in a matter of hours. As the sled team dug themselves and their equipment out of the snow, they looked around in disbelief. Nowhere could they see a sign of the storm. Once again, they saw only the gleaming, sunlit icescape all around, basking in its white coat of

innocence. But now the men would not be so trusting. They had learned.

Having passed the test of true polar explorers and feeling refreshed from the rest Nature had imposed upon them, they reloaded the sled, packed their gear and prepared to move on to explore more of the cracks in the ice. Their "All clear, all well" message was confirmed by the "Boreas" and the "Schwabensland" which reported nothing but beautiful weather all around. Once again, they trudged off toward the crevasses, dragging their sled over the powdery snow.

The sudden blizzard served as a timely forewarning of the swiftly-approaching Antarctic winter. The expedition's tasks had to be completed and the "Schwabensland" withdrawn to safety very soon if they were to avoid the fate suffered by so many of their predecessors—that of being locked in and perhaps crushed by the ice during the ten month long polar winter.

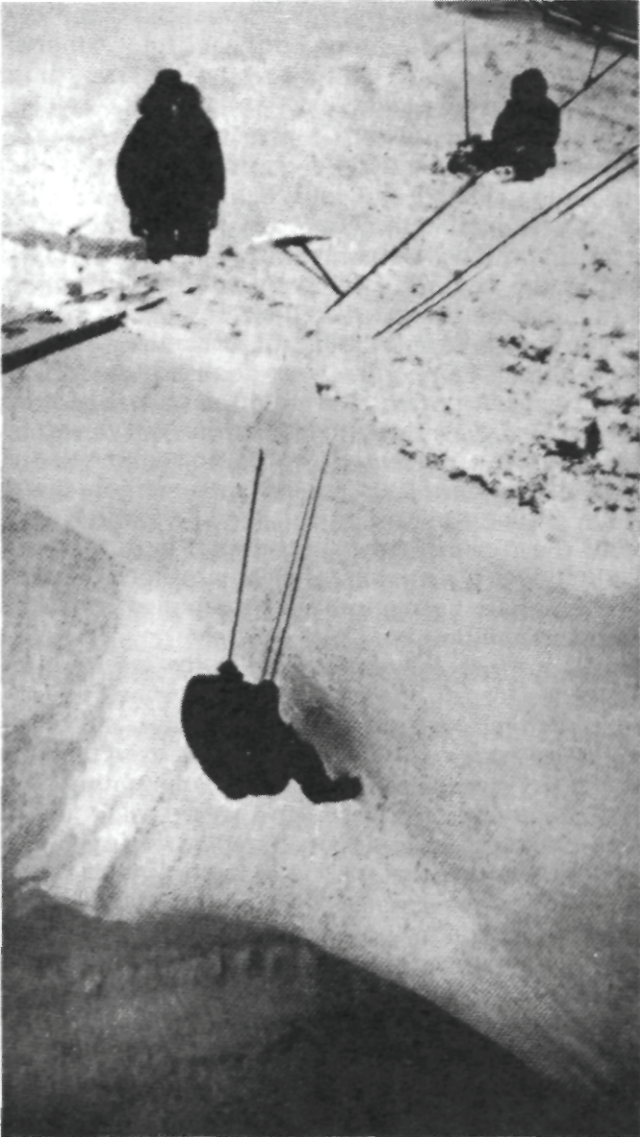
Cautiously, the men worked their way toward a large crevasse which showed itself as a dark strip across the otherwise brilliant white field of vision. There was good reason for not rushing over such broken terrain: Nature often sets traps for the unwary in the form of ice bridges over narrow, but deep crevices and Her bridges were frequently too frail to support the weight of a fully-laden explorer. Thus, the advance men on skis wore rope harnesses around their waists and shoulders which, in turn, were roped to the rear man who, in turn, was harnessed to the heavy sled. Should any man have fallen into such a hidden, snow-covered crevasse, he could have been pulled back to safety by his hempen umbilical cord.

Slowly and carefully, probing the ice before him with the handle of his iceaxe, the lead man approached the gaping crack in front of him. Now he removed his skis and crawled on all fours to the edge of the snow. Peering over the edge, he was treated to a vision of eerie splendor. Below him, far below and several kilometers long, were the jagged walls of this narrow canyon of ancient ice and rock, like the wide open jaws of some gigantic, primeval monster. The radiant glow of the sun and ice illuminated the vari-colored walls of the crevasse, revealing the clear greens, vivid turquoise and shaded blues and in the dark depths, the explorer discerned what he thought were pink and brown rocks.

The ice walls of the crevasse were thick, old and solid. The lead man signalled for his two comrades to join him, which they did, remaining still tethered to the sled. For a time, the three lay silent as they studied the spectacle before them, aware that they were mere specks upon the vast white cloak of this huge, ice-covered continent. For a moment they just gazed and

marvelled at the sight of things no human eyes had ever seen and no human hands had ever touched.

Then, called by duty, they reported their exciting find to the ship. Almost immediately, they were asked to investigate the depths of the crevasse and, if possible, to bring up some rock samples.



Members of the Nazi Expedition explore the crevasses.

Swift preparations were made for this vertical exploration. With the stout planks, they bridged the crevasse and, using all the rope available, rigged a boatswain's chair on which they lowered the photographer who shouted his findings up to the rope-bearer who stood above him, his feet and legs braced upon the wooden planks. The ropeman relayed this information to the radioman, who radioed it to the "Boreas" for relay to the "Schwabenland". Suddenly, every man of the "polar pond" expedition, save the photographer, was involved in communications.

The photographer described the layers of ice before him, their thickness, colors and consistency. Again, the thermometer showed a steady rise in temperature the lower he went and the lower he went, the more difficult it became to understand the shouted words of the dangling explorer. Apparently, he had found something interesting, because his two comrades above saw the eerie, other-worldly glow stabbed by the cold, yellow beam of his flashlight. What was he investigating?

His excited shouts became louder, but they were still indistinct to the anxious men above who could only make out something which sounded like "Hoelle! Hoelle!" (Hell! Hell!). Noticing the puzzled expressions on the faces above him, the photographer signalled in morse code with his flashlight: H-O-E-H-L-E.

"Hoehle (cavern)?" The two men above looked at each other in disbelief.

Not only had he discovered one cavern, but there was the mouth of another directly opposite, as if the formation of the crevasse had split a pre-existing tunnel into two sections. Because the explorer was hanging in the air in the middle of the canyon and the cave openings were well-recessed under a rocky overhang, he had no way of obtaining a purchase or foothold into either cavern. Thus, he contented himself with a visual inspection, aided by his flashlight. The light stabbed into the seemingly endless caverns and was lost in the inky darkness. What was revealed, however, was the irregularly sculpted circumference of a natural tunnel, in some places composed of a porous material, in others a crusty, metallic slag-like substance in which there glinted varicolored streaks, some of which looked like copper or pyrites—or even gold. The floor of the cave, for the most part, looked quite flat, as if it had been paved with black mud or concrete. Although the walls of the cavern shimmered with many colors and textures, they seemed dry and there was no sound of dripping or running water.

As his first excitement began to subside, the photographer suddenly remembered that he had brought his camera! To

photograph anything in this murky half-light was virtually impossible, he knew, but he decided to attempt it. By holding himself as steady as possible, using the flashlight beam as an additional light source and setting a long exposure, he hoped that he might obtain some recognizable photographs of the crevasse walls.

After putting his camera back into its leather case, he began to swing in his boatswain's chair. Gradually, his pendulum movements brought him closer to the walls. Soon, he could reach out and touch them and finally, held on long enough to chip off some small rock samples. These souvenirs were better than nothing, but he longed to investigate the bottom of the crevasse and bring up the really important finds he knew must be there.

It was sad, but he was truly at the end of his tether. There was no more rope and worse yet, no more time. Reluctantly, he tugged upon the thin signal cord and was slowly hauled to the surface by his comrades. There, he was treated to a barrage of excited questions. "What had he seen? How deep were the caves? Any signs of plants or animals?"

After the photographer had somewhat satisfied his friends' curiosity, the radio operator tapped out the initial report of the findings. Then began a lengthy debriefing of such detail that it seemed as if every expert aboard the "Schwabenland" had somehow squeezed his way into the radioroom. For the moment, at least, the wireless key fell silent and now the men could enjoy a much-needed meal and a little rest.

But this was not to be. No sooner had the food tins been unpacked, than an urgent message crackled over the radio: The "Schwabenland" reported that its weather probes and reconnaissance flights of the "Passat" had revealed another change in the weather—a change for the worse! The temperature was dropping rapidly. Every hour saw the formation of more ice on the edges of the bay in which the "Schwabenland" lay at anchor. The exploration party was ordered to return to the "Boreas" and thence to the ship, as soon as possible.

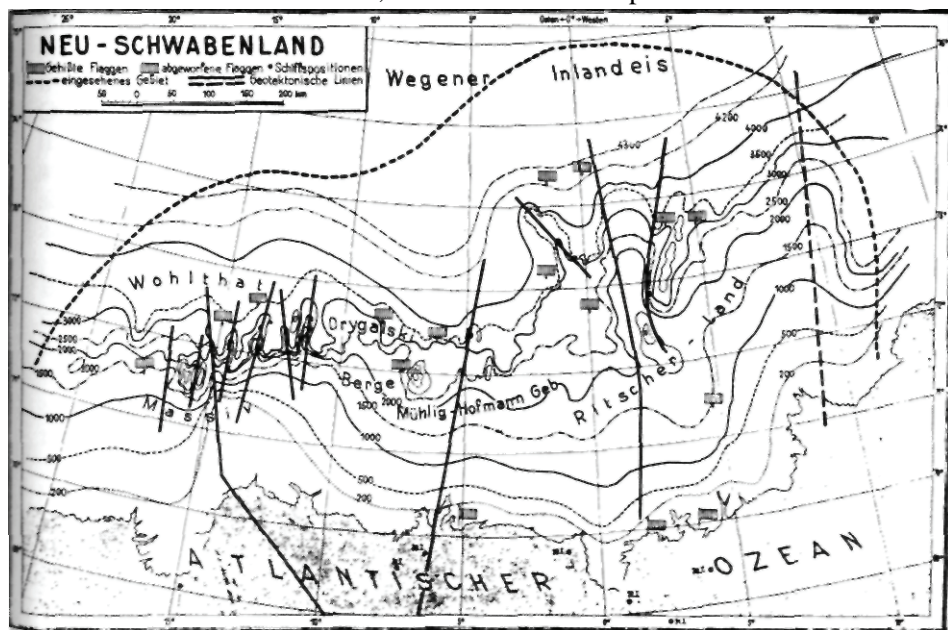
Reluctantly and a little sadly, the men hurried to pack their belongings upon the sled. This task accomplished, they turned back upon their old course and hastened toward the mooring site of the "Boreas". To their amazement, Nature had granted their wish to save time and had left their original tracks, for the most part, quite visible in the snow. The "blizzard" of the previous day had not dropped any new snow, but had merely rearranged some of the old on the surface.

Guided by their own footsteps, the little party made good time and soon, the pilot of the "Boreas" noticed four dots on

the horizon—the men and their sled. Gradually, the dots grew larger and with his powerful binoculars, Schirmacher soon recognized the familiar faces of his three comrades.

Quickly, the pilot set about preparing a welcoming dinner for the obviously hungry sled-haulers. When they arrived at the flying boat, they found laid before them a tasty meal of hot beans laced with thick strips of bacon, a pot of steaming hot tea simmering on the Primus stove and for dessert, peaches straight out of the tin, complemented by sweet ration biscuits and a few vitamin "C" and "A" tablets for good measure. Invigorated by this feast, the airmen soon had their equipment safely stowed aboard the "Boreas".

The anchors were hauled in, the engines roared into life and the "Boreas", now lighter from the expenditure of food and fuel, leaped forward like a hound unleashed. Her grey hull parted the red waters with increasing speed until she rose into the air and turned to retrace the path of the sled team. In a few minutes they had soared over the tracks which had taken so many arduous hours of plodding. The mapping camera photographed the route so that the warm water lakes and the crevasse could be located with ease by a future expedition. Now the men were homeward bound, their mission accomplished.



Map of the principal "banner-bombings" or flag-drops. Do some of them indicate locations of the secret Nazi bases? If not, why were such peculiar locations selected?

The airmen were happy. Spontaneously, they burst into joyous song, a song which had gladdened the hearts of those who were helping Germany to regain her place among nations: "...Es schaun aufs Hakenkreuz, voll Hoffnung schon Millionen! Der Tag fuer Freiheit und fuer Brot bricht an!" "...Millions already look to the Swastika for hope! The day breaks for Freedom and for Bread!"

As usual in Antarctica, the unusual was again happening. An alarming message came from the "Schwabenland". The ship had been forced to raise anchor and was presently steaming out of the bay to avoid being trapped in the rapidly-forming ice. So, it looked as if Antarctica might have the grim, final laugh on these brave aerial explorers, despite their utmost efforts. All eyes turned toward the fuel gages. Had they enough to reach the ship at her new position? How much had they used in their unsuccessful attempts to fly over the mountains on their trip to the "ponds"?

Mercifully, they did not have to struggle so hard to cross the mountain barrier on their return since their lightened load allowed them to fly above their original ceiling. Four thousand meters was no problem this time. The only problem was—would they get much beyond the mountains once they had crossed them?

The navigator went into consultation with the pilot, their calculations taking into account temperatures, altitude, wind force and direction in relation to the new rendezvous point. After re-checking their figures, they announced that it was just possible that they would make it, although they might have to glide part of the way.

The flying boat was designed for slow and economical cruising and now, Schirmacher made full use of the "Boreas" ' large wing surface, which prevented stalling at very low airspeeds. With delicate adjustments of the controls and precise handling he nursed the plane along, stretching every liter of fuel to its maximum.

The minutes lengthened into hours and every cough or backfire of the plane's engines caused anxious glances at the fuel gages. The needles of the indicators seemed to remain at "half full" for a comfortably long time, raising hopes and expectations, but then, with frightening rapidity, the needles sank to "empty".

Pilot and navigator checked their position and reluctantly turned off the engines. The order to make ready the rubber dinghy and don lifejackets was given and the disappointed men set about their unpleasant task within the cramped confines of the flying boat.

The altimeter showed the steady loss of height even as they saw on the distant horizon the dark line which was the ocean. To come so near home and not make it was a bitter thought, indeed. Each man sat alone with his thoughts and listened to the bleak sound of the wind whistling among the metal struts and guy wires.

Another glance at the altimeter proved surprising to the photographer, who was only recently acquainted with flying boats. Somehow, they had not dropped out of the air as he had feared. No, they were soaring like a glider or like a great eagle, high above the frozen continent. In spite of the danger and the disappointment, he was thrilled by the sensation of effortless, silent flight, that is, until the pilot started the noisy engines to gain more altitude.

Minutes passed and the dark ocean loomed ahead of them. Perhaps the gages were wrong. Perhaps there was enough fuel left. A radio message from the "Schwabenland" revealed that they would soon be in visual contact and—there she was! There, in the distance, they could just make out her masts and funnel, her cluttered, ugly superstructure and awkward-looking, protruding launching deck which stuck out like a hottentot's rump. Yet, she was beautiful—she was home!

Their radioed announcement of their arrival was confirmed by the cheering, wildly-waving men who crowded the railings. One of the men, in a burst of patriotism, was standing in a lifeboat, waving the Swastika Banner. Soon, the airmen could see the carnival gaiety in detail and just make out the cheers and shouts over the coughing, stuttering engines, which soon cut out altogether.

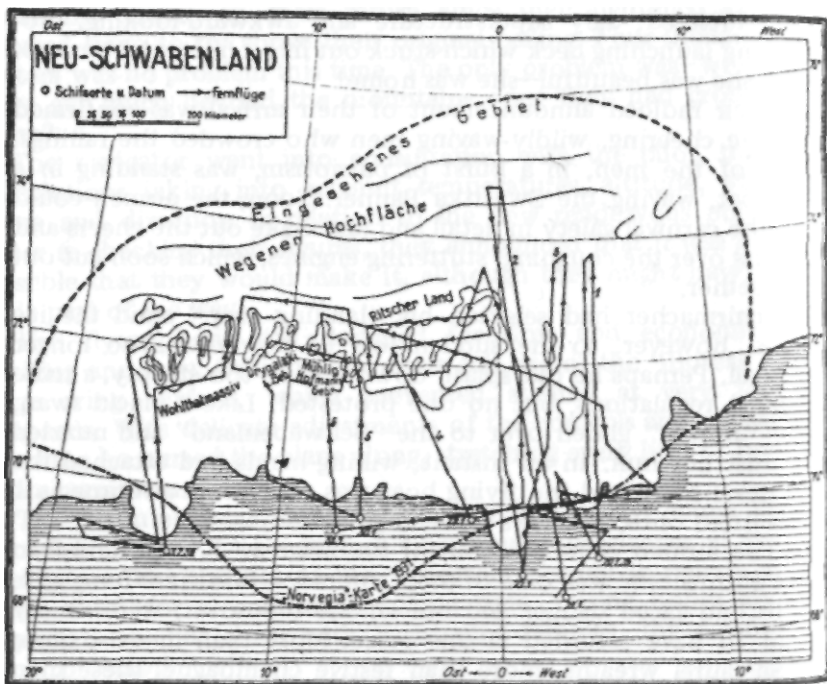
Schirmacher had selected his "landing strip" amid the ice floes, however, so the sudden loss of power was no longer critical. Perhaps he did splash down a little too steeply, a trifle against regulations, but no one protested. Like a placid swan, the "Boreas" glided over to the "Schwabenland" and nuzzled against her hull. In an instant, willing hands had attached the retrieval hook and the flying boat was once more airborne as it was lifted onto the ship's launching deck.

The airmen clambered out of the "Boreas' " cabin and into the enthusiastic welcome of their comrades, but these four men, who had faced danger and braved the unknown, were simply glad to have returned in one piece. More than medals, more than laurel wreaths, more than festive champagne, these men craved a hot shower! No glory-seekers were these. For them, the adventure was reward in itself. Each man now had a greater appreciation of his own capabilities and those of his fellows. Each man had learned something priceless about Nature of

which he was a part. In the words of the ancient Icelandic Eddas, "All things shall pass away, save for the memory of great deeds."

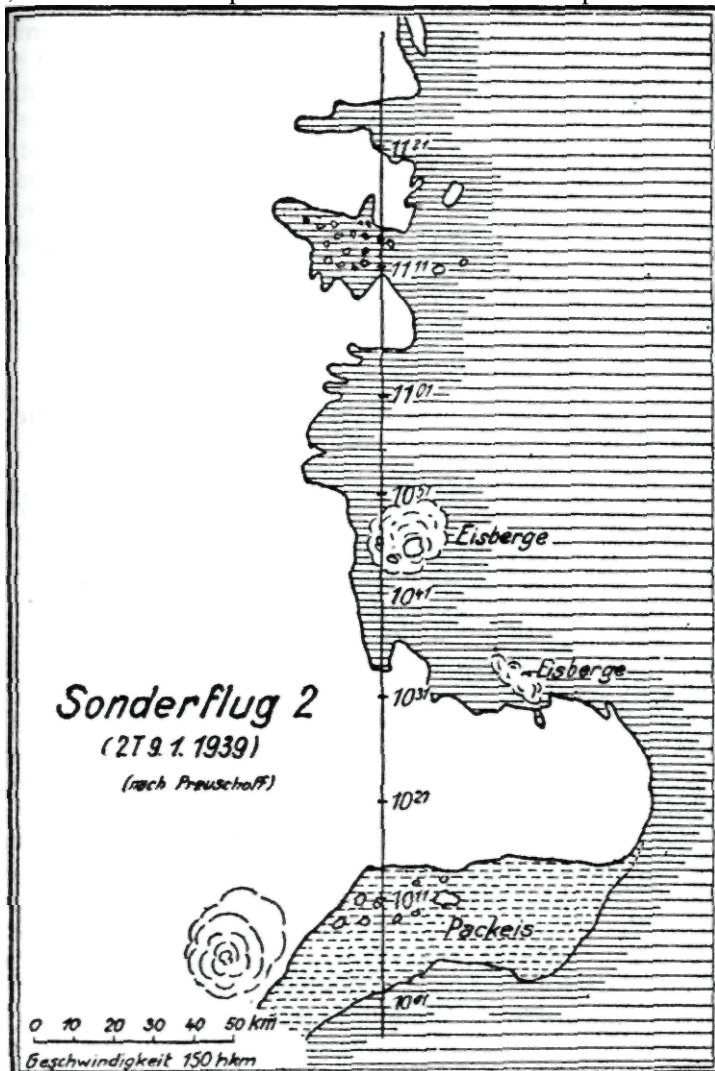
Thus it was that the airmen had their leisurely, steaming-hot showers with lots of soap and thick, fluffy bath towels. Feeling like new men in their fresh uniforms, they were ushered into Captain Ritscher's quarters for debriefing. After listening to their reports which were taken down in shorthand by the efficient stenographer, Kapitain Ritscher briefed the airmen on the latest developments.

The weather gods were forcing the captain's hand. He was going to attempt one more long-range mapping flight with the "Passat" and simultaneously a short flight on the part of the "Boreas". Although the "Boreas" was destined for the previous anchorage of the "Schwabenland", her flight was by no means a routine mission. Her crew was called upon to investigate a most curious phenomenon sighted by lookouts on the "Schwabenland" as she made her hasty departure from the encroaching ice packs of the bay—"steaming ice"!



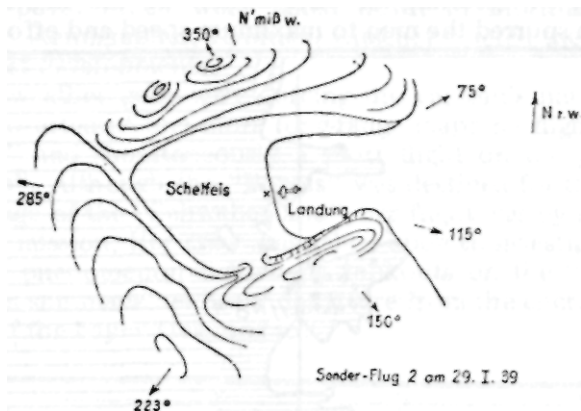
Aerial routes of major photo-reconnaissance flights. The "Schwabenland's" positions are indicated.

The airmen snatched a few hours' sleep while the flying boats were readied, then, still yawning from fatigue, they got into their flying garb and stumbled out to the waiting aircraft. As the "Boreas" and "Passat" sat upon their launchers, engines warm and ready for takeoff, the weatherman ran up with his maps and forecast. It was hardly a bon voyage present he had for them—more winter weather was expected at any moment. But instead of resulting in cancellation of the flights, this information spurred the men to maximum speed and effort.



Special Flight No. 2, investigating mysterious "steaming ice" .

Like triumphant Valkyries rising to Valhalla, the two flying boats soared into the somber sky and flew off on their separate missions. The "Boreas" circled over the area in which the mysterious "steaming ice" had been reported, carefully observing the rapidly-freezing bay. The new ice formations had greatly reduced the size of the bay, leaving only a narrow



The second long-distance flight—another leap into the unknown. Below: Terrain never before seen by human eyes.

channel into the open sea which looked like the long neck of a bottle. In the "bottle" itself, the unfrozen remainder of the bay, numerous ice floes presented a hazard to navigation. Thus it was decided to touch down in the channel and taxi across the water toward the encroaching shelf ice which loomed as a high wall, directly ahead of them. Also ahead, they saw wisps of steam rising from several locations, some of which were occupied by ice floes.

In a patch of water surrounded by several of these intermittent jets of vapor, the "Boreas" dropped anchor. The depth here was between 100 and 200 meters. Dropping the sample collection wire as before, water was brought up for testing and temperatures were recorded, then the "Boreas" raised anchor and taxied to the next steam sighting which was toward the open sea. Depth readings showed a sharp decline in the ocean floor in this new area, where water samples were taken as before. The photographer took many frames in order to have ample filmed records of these mysterious phenomena.

After emptying the shiny scoops into the thermos container and coiling the wire, Schirmacher smiled and gave the "thumbs up" sign. All done. Mission accomplished! The airmen strapped themselves into their seats and the "Boreas", her engines

purring, skimmed over the channel water and soared over the open sea. Soon, they arrived back aboard the "Schwabenland", without incident. This mission had been a welcome change from the harrowing experience of the "ponds"—no fuel or engine problems, no troubles with altitude and visibility and best of all, the weather held good. It seemed too bad that all Antarctic exploring could not be so easy.

The scientists aboard the "Schwabenland" were no longer surprised at the weirdly-contradictory readings of the thermometers that showed warm water in the midst of cold, nor were they surprised to discover that this warm water was fresh and not salt water. They were just puzzled.

One hypothesis ventured in explanation of this otherwise mysterious phenomenon was the possible existence of underwater springs of geysers of volcanic origin. Somehow, fresh water from melted ice was finding its way under the seabed and being jetted up to the surface at a much higher temperature than that of the surrounding sea water. To support this idea, it was mentioned that similar phenomena were known to be caused by undersea geysers in the vicinity of Iceland.

THE CAVERN-HOT WATER LINK

Doctor Ernst Hermann, famous German Arctic geographer and expert-in-residence aboard the "Schwabenland" readily explained the origin of the caves, under-ice tunnels and hot water, an explanation which confirmed his colleagues' initial hypothesis. In 1918, during the eruption of the Iceland volcano, Katla, he related, much ice was melted as the volcano was under a glacier, the Myrdalsjoekull (Myrdal Glacier). Lots of steam and boiling water created, becoming mighty torrents which rushed down to the sea. Some of the boiling rivers were over a mile wide and so swollen that they tumbled four-story high blocks of ice, end over end, into the ocean.

In 1934, another Iceland volcano, the Grimsvotn, erupted beneath the Vatna Glacier. Again, great subterranean lakes of melted ice rose to seek their way to the ocean. When the volcanic activity had subsided, it was discovered that huge tunnels had been made in the ice of the glacier, one of which extended over thirty kilometers. It was this tunnel which went deep under the glacier to the site of the eruption, where there was a large, hot water lake. The original crater itself was a mass of circular holes, emitting jets of steam, hot water and volcanic gases. It should be noted that these tunnels remain today as a massive, durable testimony to Nature's prowess as a fast and efficient civil engineer.

The formation of volcanic caves and ice tunnels on such a gigantic scale in the polar regions held great import for the future, an importance little understood or appreciated by the men of the "Schwabenland" who were completely immersed in the gathering and analyzing of information. Their tasks of mapping, measuring, photographing and report-writing fully occupied their time. Thus, the evaluation of this tremendous quantity of data would be done by higher authorities in Berlin.

THE HUNTERS

While the crews of the "Boreas" and the "Passat" were occupied in their transcontinental explorations, other teams of explorers had sallied forth from the "Schwabenland" to pit their skills against Antarctica in the interests of gaining knowledge. Several of these teams were composed of hunters, trappers, collectors and zoologists who first studied the habits of Antarctic animal life and then, in a massive seize-and-collect operation, brought as many different specimens back as was possible. Other teams of botanists, agriculturalists, plant specialists, micologists, parasitologists, marine biologists, ornithologists, etc. were also busy studying and collecting. Thus, a good cross-section of Antarctic plant and animal life was made available for intensive research not only on the "Schwabenland", but in Germany as well.



Drift ice under the cold scrutiny of Science.



Rare photograph from Kapitean Ritscher's private collection showing Pilot Mayr of the flying boat "Passat", Meteorologist Lange, Biologist Barkley, Pilot Schirmacher of the "Boreas" and Oceanographer Paulsen.

The first live Emperor (Kaiser) and Adelle penguins were brought aboard for subsequent transfer to their new homes in Germany. Several walrus were shot and their bodies dissected. Their organs were examined and the carcasses tested for fat, protein, vitamin and other nutrient content.

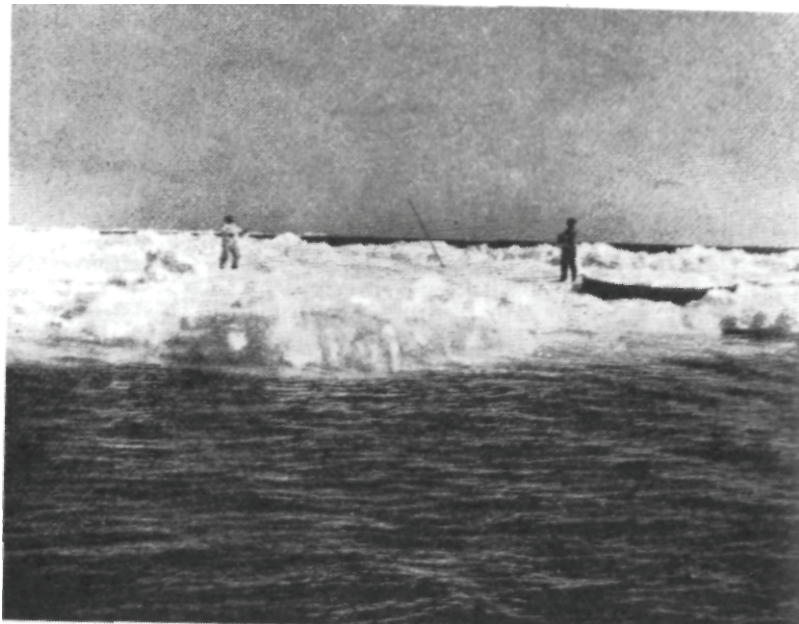
Although most of the findings of this first Nazi Antarctic Expedition are obscured by secrecy, we do know that many specialized departments of German universities were kept very busy months after the return of the "Schwabenland". This is some indication of the amount of data brought back by the expedition for analysis and correlation.

We also know that German dieticians were commissioned to prepare tasty and nutritious meals, using only the Antarctic ingredients available. These recipes were of immediate usefulness to the subsequent Nazi polar expeditions, but, as every exploration party was amply provided with balanced rations, this foray into Antarctic cookery indicates plans for long-term

occupation of the polar regions, for anyone using these dietary discoveries would be self-sufficient and could live indefinitely upon the Antarctic continent.



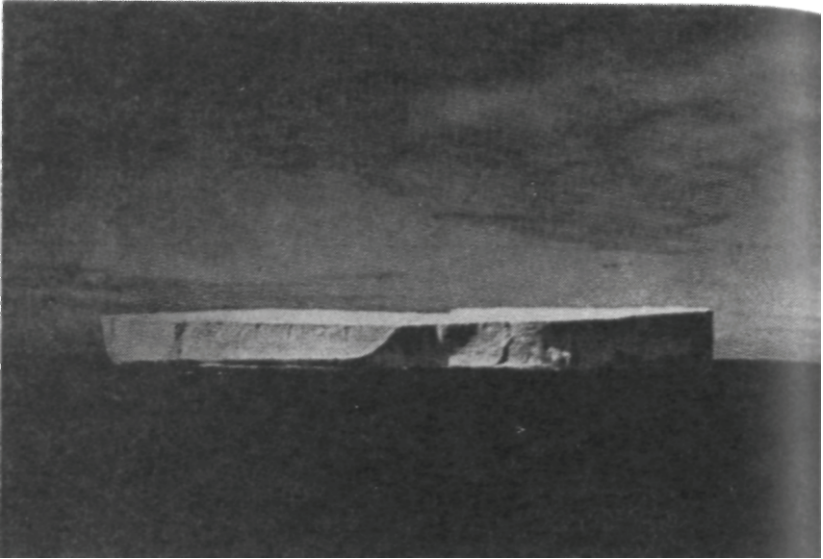
At times, the ice seems impenetrable.



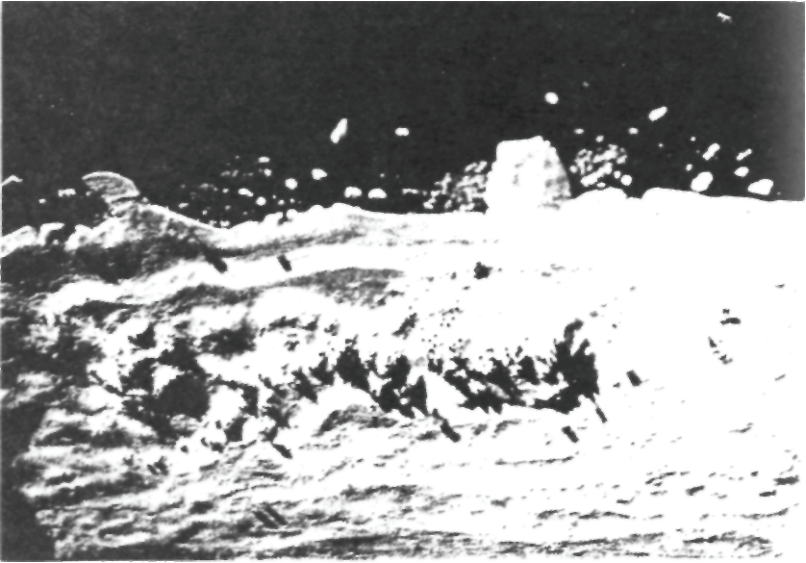


Latest developments in scientific instrumentation assisted Nazi explorers in revealing Antarctica's innermost secrets.





A natural "aircraft carrier"—a huge iceberg.



A mysterious photograph taken in the late 1940's or early 1950's. The area shown is Neu-Schwabenland (German Antarctica); no mystery about that. But how was this photo taken from such an altitude? No conventional aircraft existed at that time which could attain such enormous heights!



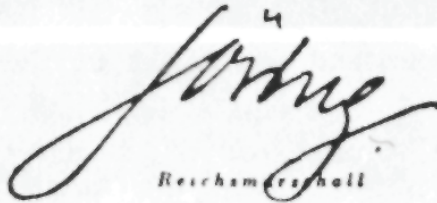
As Antarctic night and winter set in, the "Schwabenland" steams for home.

The Deutsche Antarktische Expedition 1938-1939 had accomplished its mission. With the Antarctic winter already howling about them, the "Schwabenland" raised anchor and steamed northward, leaving the vast new colony of Germany, Neu-Schwabenland, behind them. Through the gales and heavy seas thrust the ship's bow, her two flying boats secured astern, like nesting gulls—the winged eyes of the expedition. This successful use of aviation heralded a new age of polar exploration, something little realized today by those of us who take aerial exploration so much for granted.

On April 10th, 1939, the expedition arrived back in Germany without mishap. Kapitaen Ritscher and his explorers were congratulated by the Fueher and Reichsmarschall Goering on the successful outcome of their venture. Appended to the congratulatory message was the order that Kapitaen Ritscher and his inner circle of experts were to proceed immediately to Berlin for submission of their reports and debriefing.

Au Kapitän Ritscher
Leiter der „Deutschen
antarktischen Expedition“
7. III. 1939

Zu dem bedeutenden Erfolg, den Sie und Ihre Expedition mit der Erforschung eines großen Gebietes der Antarktis errungen haben, beglückwünsche ich Sie auf das herzlichste. Ich bin stolz auf den hervorragenden Einsatz der Flieger, auf die erfolgreiche Arbeit der Wissenschaftler und auf die vorbildliche Haltung der ganzen Besatzung. Sie und Ihre Expedition haben an die große Tradition deutscher Forschung anknüpfen können und eine Leistung vollbracht, die der Stellung Großdeutschlands in der Welt würdig ist.


Reichsmarschall

Reichsmarschall Hermann Goering's letter of congratulation to the heroic officers, scientists and crew members of the German Antarctic Expedition, following their triumphant and safe return.

From this moment on, a thick curtain of secrecy descends over this expedition and its successors. Only by minute checking of multitudinous "news" and watered-down military reports do we receive indications of continued military and scientific activities on the "last" continent on Earth. It may strike the reader as strange that the enemies of National Socialism would desire to keep Nazi secrets hidden from the general public, but this appears to be the case. As we have seen with this brief polar insight into Nature's ways, truth is often stranger than fiction. Thus, we do not attempt to explain the reasons back of the very evident program of suppression of facts and disinformation by the powers that be, but suffice it to say that such a program does exist and has existed for several decades.



The members of the German Antarctic Expedition 1938-1939, with their mascot.

Deutsche Antarktische Expedition 1938/39

Fahrtteilnehmer:

Expeditionsleiter	Kapitän Alfred Ritscher
Kapitän des Schiffes	Alfred Kottas, DLH
Eislotse	Kapitän Otto Kraul
Schiffsarzt	Dr. Josef Bludau, NDL
Flugkapitän	Rudolf Mayr, Führer der Dornier-Wales „Passat“, DLH
Flugzeugmechaniker	Franz Preuschhoff, DLH
Flugfunker	Herbert Ruhke, DLH
Luftbildner	Max Bundermann, Hansa Luftbild G. m. b. H.
Flugkapitän	Richardheinrich Schirmacher, Führer der Dornier-Wales „Boreas“, DLH
Flugzeugmechaniker	Kurt Loesener, DLH
Flugfunker	Erich Gruber, DLH
Luftbildner	Siegfried Sauter, Hansa Luftbild G. m. b. H.
I. Meteorologe	Dr. Herbert Regula, Deutsche Seewarte, Hamburg
II. Meteorologe	Studienassessor Heinz Lange, R. f. W., Berlin

Techn. Assistent	Walter Krüger, R. f. W., Berlin
Techn. Assistent	Wilhelm Gockel, Marineobersvatorium Wilhelmshaven
Biologe	Studienref. Erich Barkley, Reichsstelle für Fischerei (Institut für Walforschung)
Geophysiker	can. geophys. Leo Gburek, Erdmagne- tisches Institut, Leipzig
Geograph	Dr. Ernst Herrmann
Ozeanograph	can. phil. Karl-Heinz Paulsen
I. Offizier	Herbert Amelang
II. Offizier	Karl-Heinz Röbbke
III. Offizier	Hans Werner Viereck
IV. Offizier	Vincenz Grisar
Schiffsfunkleiter	Erich Harmsen
Schiffsfunkoffizier	Kurt Bojahr
Schiffsfunkoffizier	Ludwig Müllmerstadt
Leitender Ingenieur	Karl Uhlig
II. Ingenieur	Robert Schulz
III. Ingenieur	Henry Maaß
IV. Ingenieur	Edgar Gäng
IV. Ingenieur	Hans Nielsen
Ing. Assistent	Johann Frey
Ing. Assistent	Georg Jelschen
Ing. Assistent	Heinz Siewert
Elektriker	Elektro-Ing. Herbert Bruns
Elektriker	Karl-Heinz Bode
Werkmeister	Herbert Bolle, DLH
Katapultführer	Wilhelm Hartmann, DLH
Lagerhalter	Alfred Rücker, DLH
Flugmechaniker	Franz Weiland, DLH
Flugmechaniker	Axel Mylius, DLH
Flugmechaniker	Wilhelm Lender, DLH
Bootsmann	Willy Stein
I. Zimmermann	Richard Wehrend
II. Zimmermann	Alfons Schäfer
Matrose	Heinz Hoek
Matrose	Jürgen Ulpts
Matrose	Albert Weber
Matrose	Adolf Kunze
Matrose	Karl Hedden
Matrose	Eugen Klenk
Matrose	Fritz Jedamezyk
Matrose	Emil Brandt
Matrose	Kurt Ohnemüller
Leichtmatrose	Alfred Peters
Decksjunge	Alex Burtscheid
Logisjunge	Karl-Heinz Meyer
Lagerhalter	Walter Brinkmann
Motorenwärter	Dietrich Witte
Motorenwärter	Erich Kubacki
Motorenwärter	Walter Dräsel
Hilfskesselwärter	Karl Oelbrich
Hilfskesselwärter	Georg Niemüller
Reiniger	Friedrich Mathwig
Reiniger	Ferdinand Dunekamp

Reiniger	Erwin Steinmetz
Reiniger	Herbert Callies
Backschafter	Helmut Dulatsehow
I. Koch	Otto Sieland
II. Koch	Fritz Troe
Kochsm. und Bäcker	Gottfried Thole
Kochsm. und Schlaechter	Ferdinand Wolf
Kochsjunge	Hans Büttner
I. Steward	Willi Reeps
Steward	Wilhelm Malyska
Steward	Rudolf Stawicki
Messesteward	Willi Fröhling
Messesteward	Johann von de Logt
Messesteward	Rudolf Burghard
Messejunge	Rolf Oswald
Messejunge	Johann Bates

GERMAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1938 - 1939 Members

Chief of the Expedition Captain	Flying Boat Captain	Flying Boat
of research vessel Ice Pilot Ship's	Mechanic	Flying Boat Radio
Doctor	Flying Boat Captain	Engineer
Flying Boat	Mechanic	Flying Boat
Boat Radio Engineer	Flying Boat	Photographer
Photographer		
I. Meteorologist	Ship's Doctor	
II. Meteorologist		
Technical Assistant	Flying Boat Captain	Flying Boat
Technical Assistant	Mechanic	Flying Boat Radio
Biologist	Engineer	Flying Boat Photographer
Geophysicist		
Geographer		
Oceanographer		
I. Officer	Electrician	Electrician
II. Officer		
III. Officer	Lufthansa	Parts Depot Chief
IV. Officer	Catapult	Operator Aircraft
Ship's Radio Controller	Ship's	Mechanic
Radio Officer	Ship's Radio	Mechanic
Officer		Aircraft
Chief Engineer	Boatswain	
II. Engineer	I. Ship's Carpenter	
III. Engineer	II. Ship's Carpenter	
IV. Engineer	Sailors	
V. Engineer	Apprentice Seaman	Deckhand
Assistant Engineer	Assistant	Cabinboy
Engineer	Assistant Engineer	

Storekeeper	Oiler/Wiper	I. Cook
Oiler/Wiper	Oiler/Wiper	II. Cook
Assistant Boiler Attendant		Master Cook and Baker Master
Assistant Boiler Attendant		Cook and Butcher Kitchenboy
Cleaner		I. Steward
Bakery Attendant		II. Steward
		III. Steward
Sailors	Sailors	Mess Steward
Sailors	Sailors	Mess Steward
Sailors	Sailors	Mess Steward
Sailors	Sailors	
Sailors	Sailors	Messboy Messboy Sailors

THE WAR!

As the international bankers predicted, they would bring war. In this struggle for its very existence, Germany was at first victorious. Though a reluctant combatant, as proved by the "Blitzkrieg" of the early war years, Germany out-matched her opponents initially with her superior discipline and tactics. But, as Liddell Hart wrote in his brilliant history of the Second World War, the outcome was very soon decided. Germany's encirclement, her lack of resources in both raw materials and manpower threw time on the side of the Allies, or so they thought.

And now comes that nagging, festering thorn of doubt which remains to this day in the side of the supposed victors of World War II: Allied intelligence networks reported Nazi bases all over Greenland. At first, this information was doubted by the Allied High Command who suspected these reports as being another Nazi diversionary tactic, a "red herring" fresh out of Doctor Goebbels' rumor mills. Having been deluded into previous costly wild-goose chases by the wily doctor, the Allied military were not very enthusiastic at first in testing the veracity of the reports.

The Americans, however, with their typical exuberance, born of their usual fantastic surpluses of manpower and material, tried their hand at nipping the "Nazi rumor" in the bud. To their unpleasant surprise, the Nazi presence in Greenland was anything but a propaganda mirage. In one of the first pitched battles between German and American forces, the U.S. Coast Guard cutter "Northland" was knocked out of action by German fire and had to be towed to safety by the U.S. vessel "Eastwind".

Operation followed operation and U.S. forces found ample evidence of Nazi occupation. Gradually, they discovered a network of well-planned bases, ports, airfields, supply depots, radio and meteorological stations. In addition, frequent flights of Luftwaffe aircraft were reported over Greenland.

With standing orders to seize and destroy such installations, the Americans brought up all the manpower and firepower available, only to find the positions uninhabited, an indication that the previous occupants had advance warning of the Americans' arrival. No one knows exactly who warned them or how they were notified, but the warnings were effective, as only a handful of prisoners were taken.

Food stocks captured in the Nazi depots and supply dumps were found superior to the rations issued to the American G.I.'s. The soldiers and sailors who came across such supplies learned to appreciate the proverb, "to the victor belongs the spoils".

While the Americans spent the war years mopping up Greenland, the British were busy elsewhere. Some of the best British Commando Units were thrown repeatedly against secret Nazi bases in Spitzbergen. There was no end to it, it seemed.

Convoys of submarines were reported off the northern coast of Norway, coming from and bound for destinations unknown. Some of these cargo-carrying U-Boats were seen filling their holds in Germany, right up to the last days of the war, just as if business were going on as usual. Many of Germany's best mountain troops and officers, like Hitler's friend, General Dietl, were stationed in these far-northern areas, including Lappland. Obviously, Nazi Germany was up to Something Big, but what?

Was there a short-cut from the Arctic to Antarctica? Did the Nazi expeditions discover a more direct way to Antarctica via Greenland, Spitzbergen or the North Pole? Was this the reason for the Nazis' lavish expenditure of men and material in these regions before and during World War II? Did the Allies find out what the Nazis had discovered? Was this the reason for Admiral Byrd's massive military invasion of Antarctica in 1947?

The Chilean newspaper, *El Mercurio*, quoted Admiral Byrd as saying that he felt it imperative for the U.S. and its allies to ring both the Arctic and Antarctica with radar networks and to institute immediate defensive measures against attack from these regions.

Only time will tell us what really is up there or down there, or should we say, IN there?

Map illustrates the strategic position of Greenland and Spitz-bergen, scenes of feverish Nazi activity during World War II. The Allies discovered some bases and captured some prisoners. Were some never found?



Greenland Gave Vital Weather Data and an Aircraft Way Stop to the Atlantic War
United States forces, put ashore in 1941 and 1942 on the ice-capped island bigger than Mexico, averted ambitious German plans to establish an extensive chain of weather stations and airbases (page 461). Interest of the U. S. Army and Navy in problems of Arctic warfare is increasing. Greenland, like other northern lands in our hemisphere, looms ever larger in strategic plans (or high-latitude defense).



U.S. Coast Guard cutter "Northland" disabled and out of action following engagement with German forces off Greenland is aided by U.S. vessel "Eastwind".



American sailors eating captured German rations found in an uninhabited secret Nazi base in Greenland.



A German supply ship, empty and abandoned, is discovered by the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter "Northland", somewhere in Greenland.

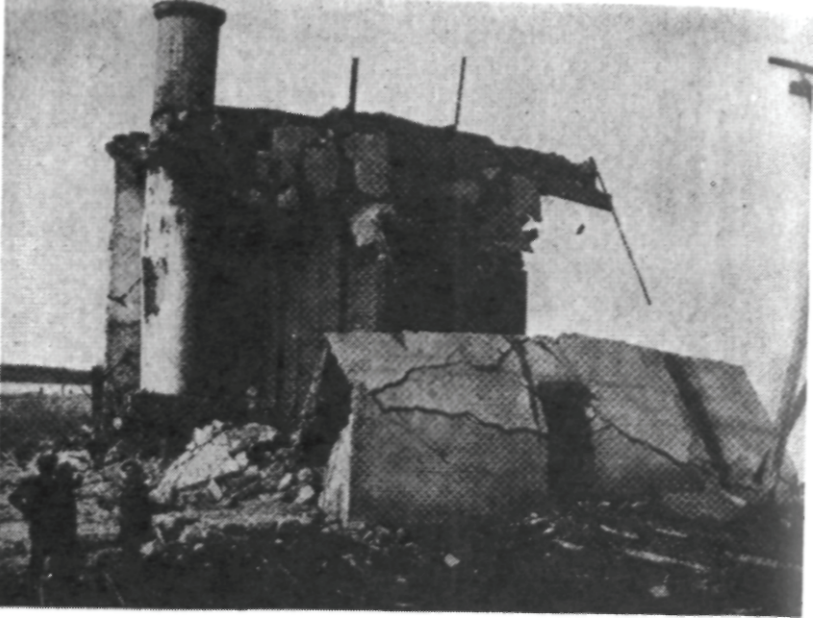




German soldiers captured by American forces at a top secret weather and radio station near Little Koldewey Island. To Allied forces, it looked as if the Nazis were everywhere and nowhere.



Spitzbergen, a thorn in the side of Allied war schemes. British Commando forces came up against Nazi units operating out of large and well-equipped bases throughout the region.



German equipment and installations burn after massive naval bombardment. Many bases were set up in the Arctic region, fully-equipped and well-provisioned. Where were the battalions who used such bases?

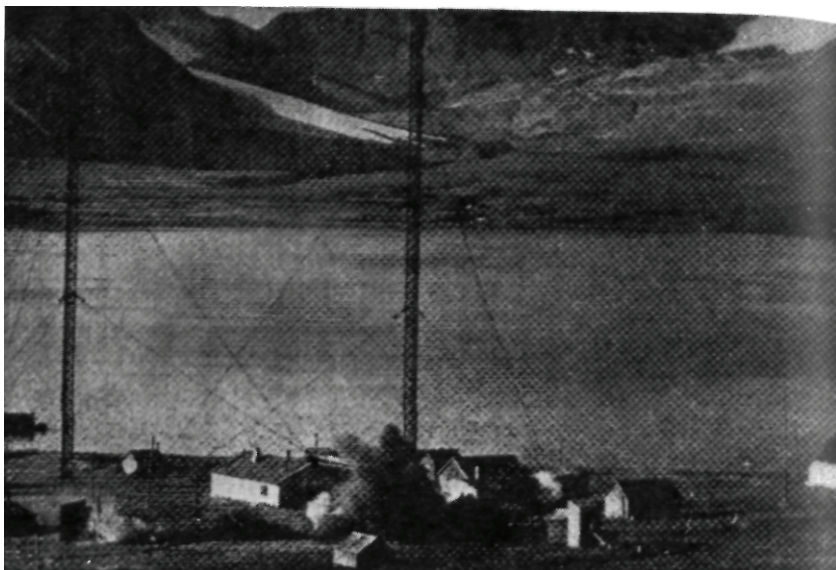




British units capture some Nazi support troops of Project Arctica.



British troops storm another Nazi base. Sometimes they ran into unexpected resistance. The Arctic campaign was never really concluded, at least, not to Allied satisfaction.

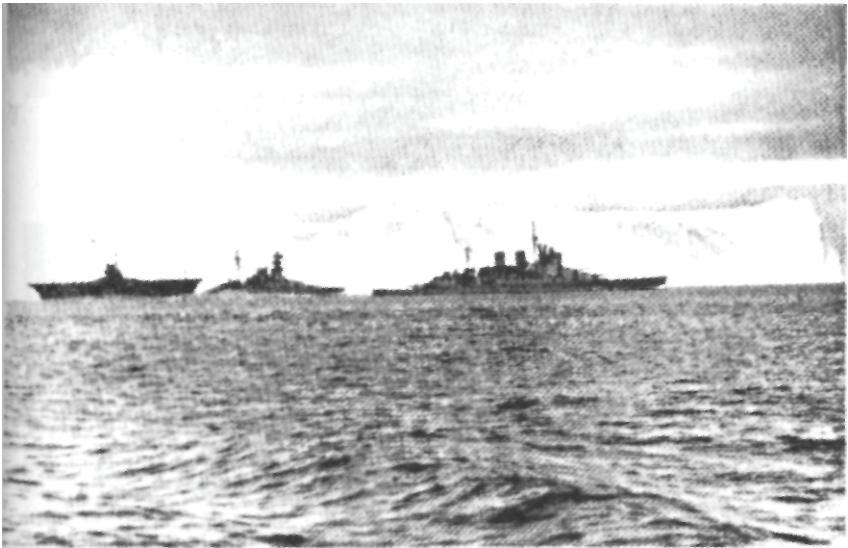


Royal Canadian Engineers destroy Spitzbergen radio installations in sneak attack.

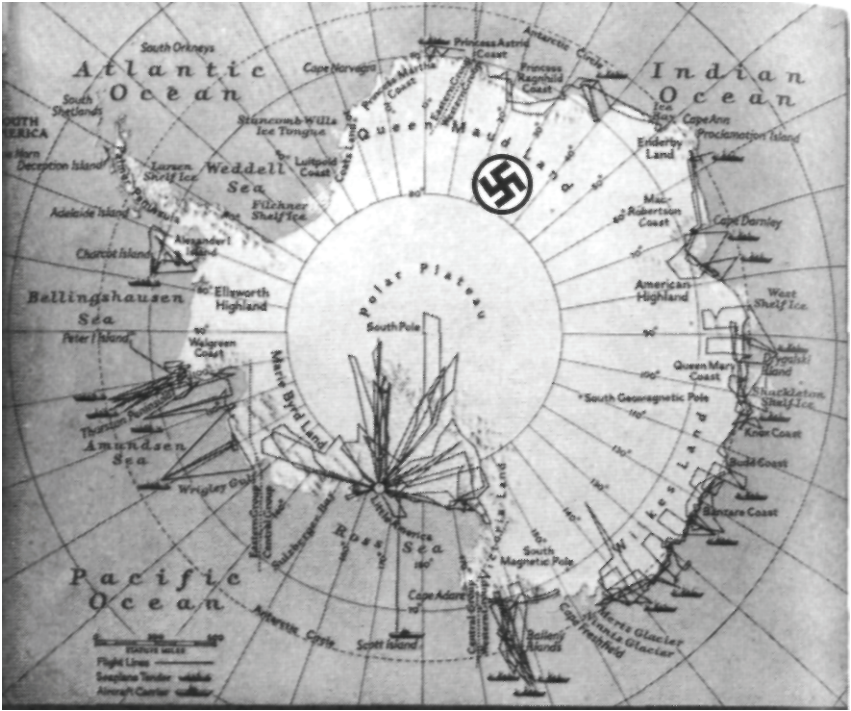




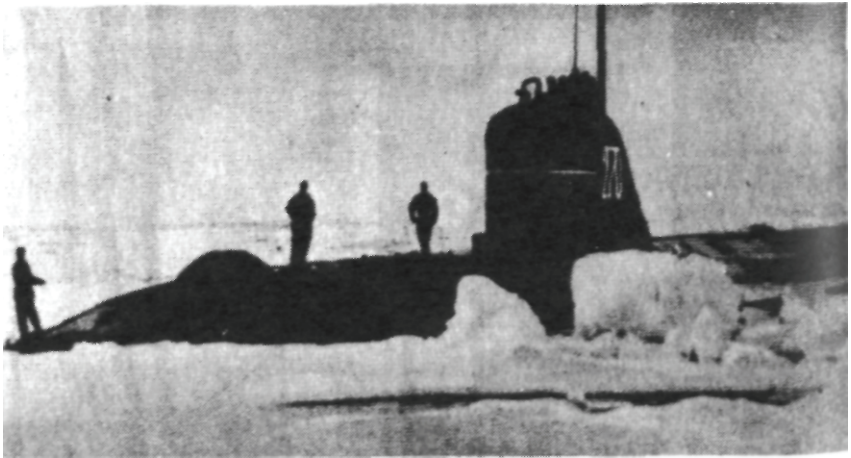
These "battlements" protected Antarctica from prying eyes, that is, until they were breached by the Nazis.



Uninvited guests in Neu-Schwabenland (German Antarctica). This photo, taken from a private collection, was purportedly snapped by a Nazi technician working at one of the secret bases during World War II. The original owner is listed as "unauffind-bar" (untraceable)—like so many other German Antarctic specialists.



Admiral Byrd's 1947 expedition, "Operation HIGHJUMP", shows concentrated attention to those areas outside Nazi Antarctica, site of the secret Nazi Expeditions.



Soviet submarine approaches Antarctica with diffidence. Too many have disappeared without a trace.



Map of Antarctica showing its peninsula pointing toward Argentina and Tierra del Fuego. It was this "Fireland" which figured so prominently in one of Martin Bormann's last coded radio messages from the Fuehrer Bunker in Berlin to Reichschancellor Doenitz.

ANTARCTIC A PEEP FREEZE FULL OF GREAT NEW FOOP

ANTARCTIC—Scientists in several countries are increasingly hopeful that a shrimp-like crustacean, found by the millions in Antarctic waters, can become a major worldwide food source within a decade.

The high protein critters are known as krill, and they're so plentiful that 200-million tons could be harvested annually without significantly affecting reproduction of the species.

One of the American supporters of the krill-for-food movement is electrical engineer John Lohr, who recently spent

15 months in the Antarctic on a National Science Foundation expedition.

In a recent report for Pacific News, Lohr describes how the sonar equipment of his research vessel suddenly went haywire when the ship ran into a huge school of krill.

The school was 15 miles long and packed as dense as an iceberg. Lohr also cites Chilean estimates that the total mass of krill might be a staggering 11 trillion pounds—far surpassing the total mass of the human race.

Although some species live in warmer waters, most krill live in the treacherous Antarctic Ocean. The major problem with krill as a viable food source is that they decompose within an hour of death, and they must be processed on the spot by factory-ships at sea.

The Soviet Union, Japan, Chile and West Germany all have begun research into krill processing. Krill paste already has been test marketed in Japan. It reportedly has a delicate shrimp-like flavor, and contains more protein than either eggs or milk.

EARTH NEWS SERVICE

New animal life is found in Antarctic

CLEVE. PRESS - OHIO
NOV. 5, 1977

WASHINGTON — (UPI) — Two types of previously unknown marine animals have been found living in the mud and ooze beneath sea ice in Antarctica.

The National Science Foundation said the one to two-inch-tall creatures resembling miniature trees were found in freezing water 85 to 100 feet below the surface.

"The animals have no eyes and no mouth," said Dr. Jere Lipps, of the University of California at Davis. **"We think they may feed in one of two ways. They may extend a false foot — tiny filaments of protoplasm — which captures plants floating in the water, possibly stirred by other animals swimming by.**

"They also have a root-like system which may absorb nutrients from the mud they live in — much like a tree," Lipps said.

The grayish brown animals have not been named.

The discovery was made in New Harbor, a bay at the foot of Taylor Valley, across McMurdo Sound from McMurdo Station, the main American scientific outpost in Antarctica.

Scientists brought the creatures to the United States in special cooling containers. They are kept in refrigerators equipped to grow tiny plants on which they feed.

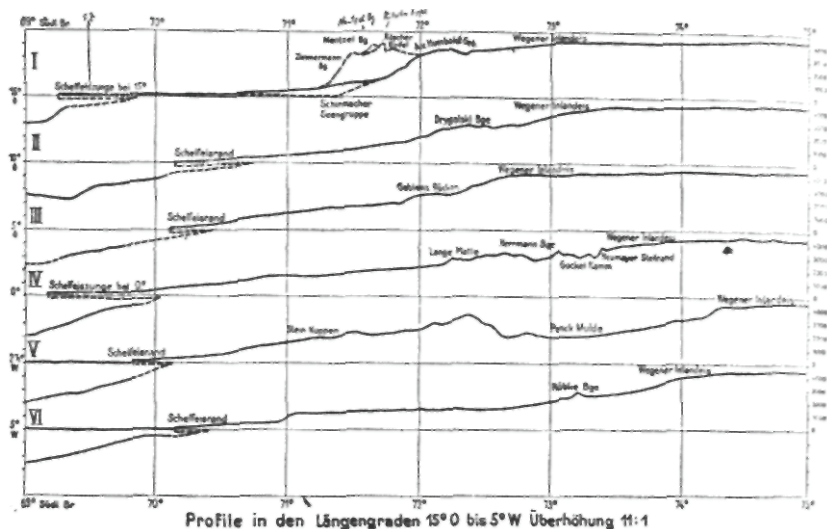
Antarctica, the unknown continent, reveals yet another surprise: animals which look like trees. But the biggest surprise of all is still to be revealed!

Giant Arctic gas discovery

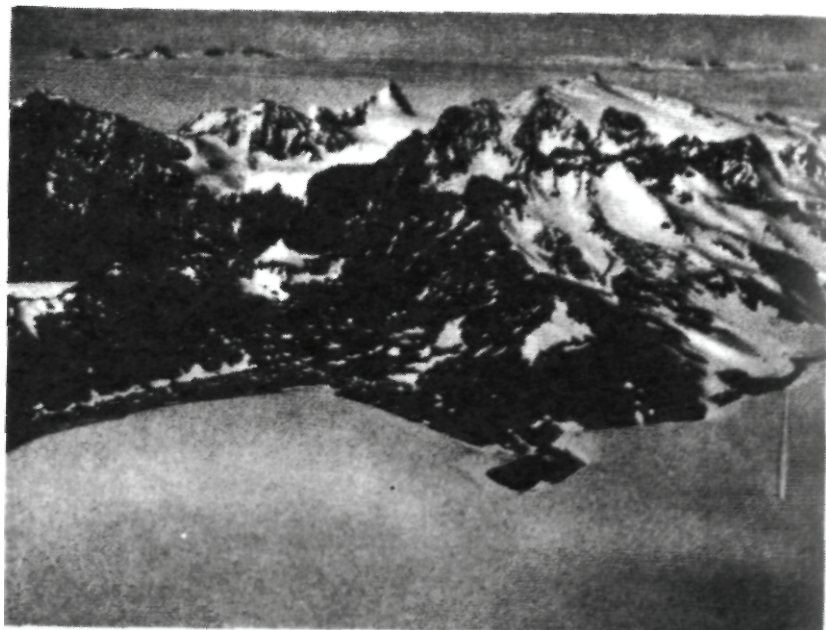
OTTAWA (CP-Special) — **Dome** Petroleum spokesmen said yesterday a test hole drilled in the Beaufort Sea has found a natural gas zone that could in theory contain up to 20 trillion cubic feet of gas.

Company spokesmen say there are indications of gas at all three locations, but Nektoralik is the most promising.

Natural gas in the polar regions—cheap, smokeless energy for Hitler's sub-glacial factories?

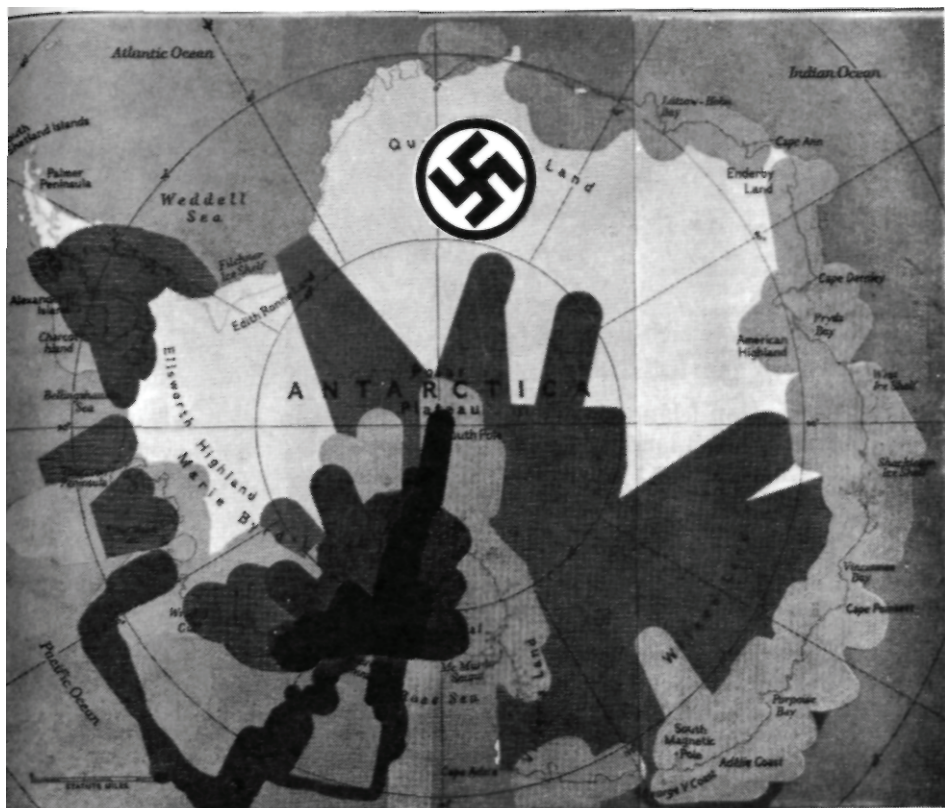


The Nazis found Antarctica to be surprisingly mountainous.



Die hochalpine Bergwelt des Inlandes: Nordostende des Wohlthat-Massivs im östlichen Teil von Neu-Schicabenland. Der spitze weiße Berg ist der Zuckerhut, rechts von ihm der nach dem Leiter unserer Expedition benannte Ritscher-Gipfel und links von ihm der nach dem Vizepräsidenten der Deutschen Forschungsgemeinschaft benannte Zimmermann-Berg

Map showing American activity in Antarctica. They left Nazi Germany's territory unexplored! Why?



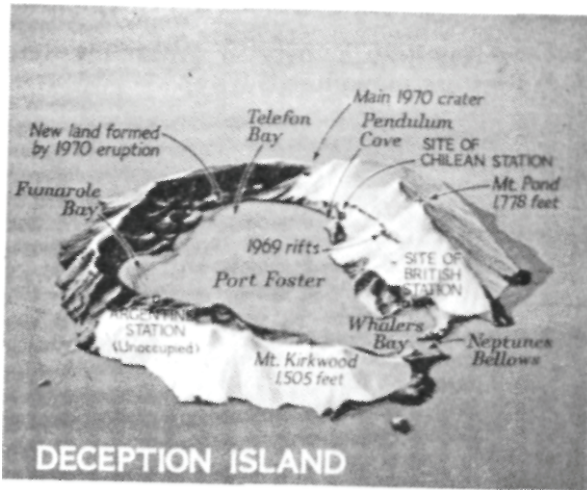
308
Expeditions Led by Adm. Richard E. Byrd Tore the Veil from Half of Antarctica

This map, based on official Navy logs, shows by colors how the Admiral's five expeditions, spanning three decades, successively put out exploring fingers to bare the profile of the vast white continent.

Byrd's conquest of the South Pole by air and the discovery of Marie Byrd Land crowned his 1928-29 venture. By ship and plane, more than 450,000 square miles of land and surrounding waters were explored and mapped by the 1933-35 party. Delimitation of the Pacific coastline highlighted the 1939-41 journey.

Flights during Operation Highjump covered an area more than half as large as the United States and recorded 10 new mountain ranges. Aerial surveys with Operation Deep Freeze I swept across Wilkes Land and from the Ross Sea to the Weddell Sea—a 3,500-mile flight, the longest yet made in Antarctica. Altitude and visibility determined the area seen by observers aboard each flight. In good weather crew men at 7,000 feet could scan the ice sheet for 100 miles on either side.

- Byrd Antarctic Expedition I, 1928-30
- Byrd Antarctic Expedition II, 1933-35
- United States Antarctic Service, 1939-41
- United States Navy Antarctic Expedition Operation Highjump, 1946-47
- United States Navy Operation Deep Freeze I, 1955-56



Deception Island, really the topmost portion of an extinct volcano. Much land above sea-level has been and is being created by volcanic action.



The eerily beautiful island of Fernando Noronha, northeast of Brazil, as seen by the Nazis. But did they stop just to take pictures?



Hitler loved snow. He often mentioned that cold weather made him feel more alive.

OFFICIAL GERMAN GOVERNMENT MAP

New Swabia

Area: approx. 600,000 sq. kilometers

NEU-SCHWABENLAND

Deutsche Antarktische Expedition

Raised 1938-1939

Dropped

geheime Flaggen

Schiffswachen

FLAKS



Notice the locations of the German flags. Do they mark the whereabouts of today's secret Nazi bases?



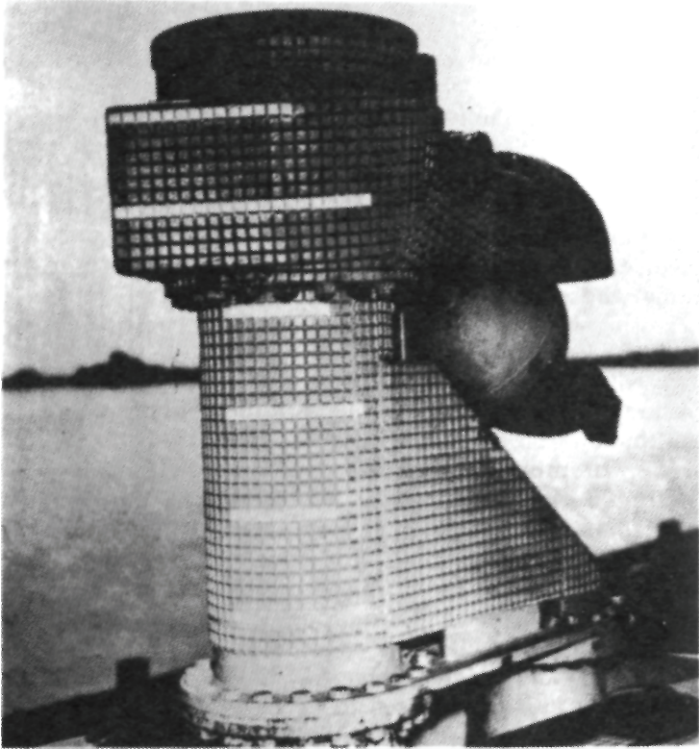
Hitler, man of many abilities and many facets. What is he planning?

Hitler certainly agreed that time was on the side of the Allies in the immediate struggle—provided Nazi Germany remained as were the Allies, locked into the inherent limitations of their conventional thinking and technology. For Nazi Germany the path of salvation was clear: The Party which had provided radical and workable programs for the revival of the German economy and body politic must now provide the radically new and effective weaponry and strategic concepts capable of winning the long-term victory over an enemy whose only defense against an idea—the idea of National Socialism—was war. To this challenge Nazi genius was more than capable.

Among the major break-throughs in the field of weapons systems were the new 'breed' of Nazi U-boats capable of transporting great cargoes of men or material over vast distances, travelling submerged the whole time. Such submarines as these were occupied in the all-important colonization and supply of Hitler's polar bases while time was being bought by the obsolete undersea craft which were fighting the battle of the Atlantic.

The fact that Hitler had a thorough grasp of the strategic impact of submarines on the course of naval warfare cannot be doubted, especially by the knowledgeable researcher. While Nazi Germany's surface fleet was largely used to decoy and distract Allied air and naval forces throughout the war, it was Nazi Germany's submarine fleet which was being used and developed most effectively, right from the beginning of the war in 1939. Nazi U-boats succeeded in mining most British seaports and estuaries at the outbreak of the war, while whole fleets of British ships sank beneath the waves—having fallen prey to U-boat torpedoes. As work proceeded on bigger and better U-boats, under Hitler's orders, the German surface fleet was virtually scrapped, including the almost completed aircraft carrier, the huge Graf Zeppelin.

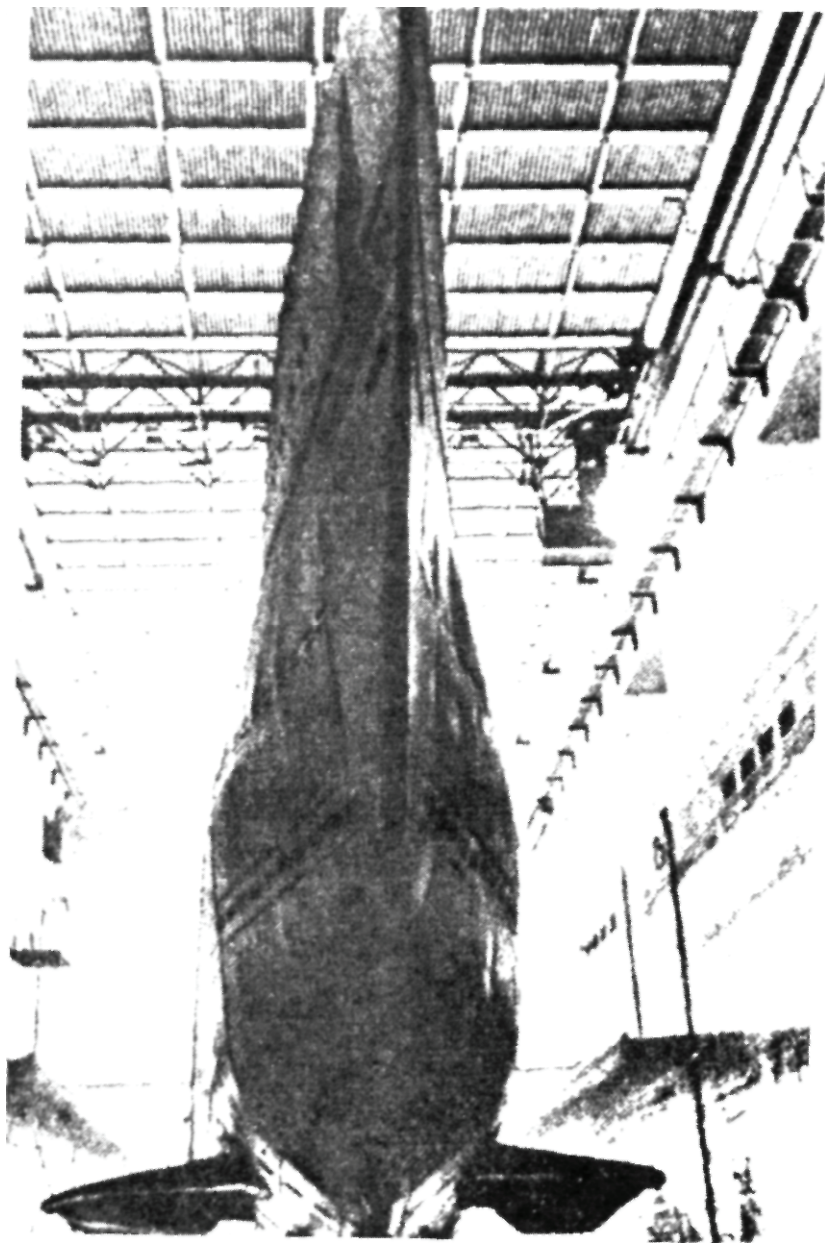
Allied writers of the time believed that Hitler was "giving up" in view of the tremendous numerical superiority of surface vessels arrayed against him. Far from it! We see now that Hitler ordered the massive construction and development of U-boats knowing then—forty years ago—what the United States Navy has only admitted recently: that submarines are the strategic arm of naval forces and as such, have superseded the battleship and the aircraft carrier as the number one naval weapons system. But Hitler knew this 40 years ago. What a gap in development those decades can mean!



The snorkel. With this device German U-boats overcame the necessity for surfacing to recharge their batteries. Raised to the surface on a telescoping tube, it provided an outlet for exhaust gases and an inlet for fresh air. At first, Allied radar was able to pick up the small snorkel 'blip' until German scientists developed the anti-radar coating which appears on this model. Once again, the U-boat became the invisible nemesis of the Allied surface fleet.



An official U.S. Navy photograph of a late-model Nazi U-boat with a range of 30,000 miles and many other capabilities far in advance of Allied submarines of the 1940's and 1950's.



The jaws of Nazi Germany: a U-boat shows its teeth in drydock.

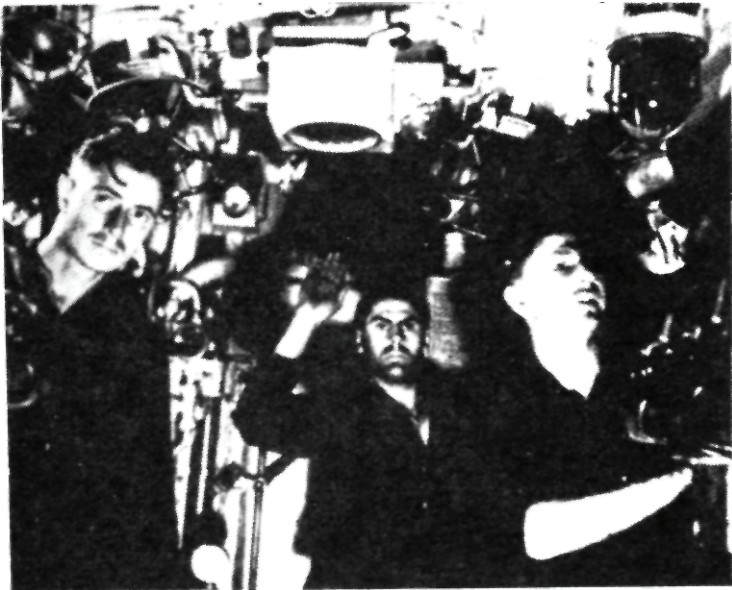
A U-boat riding high. Early models were faster on the surface. More advanced types reach their highest speeds submerged.



Hitler with his U-boat commanders. With amazing foresight, Hitler emphasized the creation and development of an undersea fleet second to none. These commanders and their men were proud to reciprocate their leader's devotion and support.



German U-boat in stormy seas. Unlike surface vessels, submarines can avoid storms by travelling well under the crashing waves—and well under the polar ice shelves!



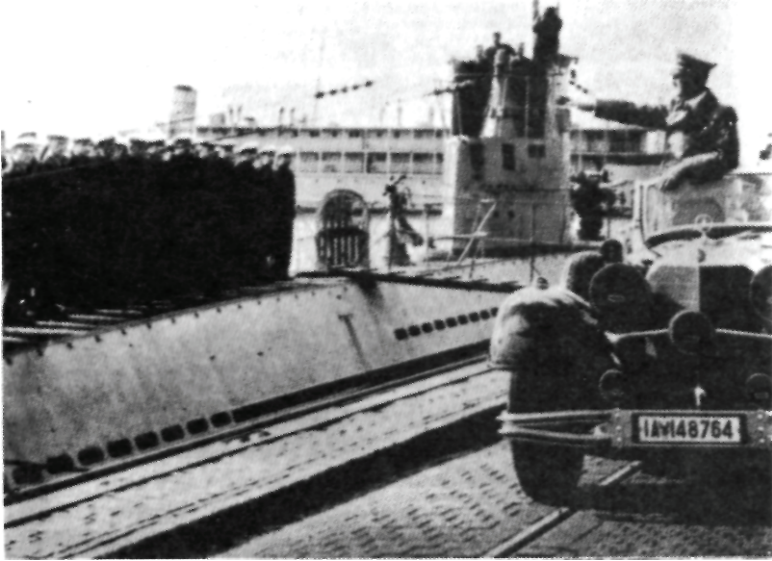
Under attack! U-boatmen bravely undergo an Allied depth-charging. The sea was once more witness to frail ships and iron men, for the submariner had nerves of steel, the prime requisite for his dangerous service.



German U-boatmen: Tough, hardy, with tremendous dedication and esprit de corps. These top-notch sailors and technicians could supply the technological brains and backbone for any 20th century colonization of the polar regions.



Life aboard a U-boat: In the best of times, cramped quarters. In the worst of times, no place to run to—except battle stations.



Hitler reviews his undersea fleet, Germany's trump card against the Allied surface blockade.

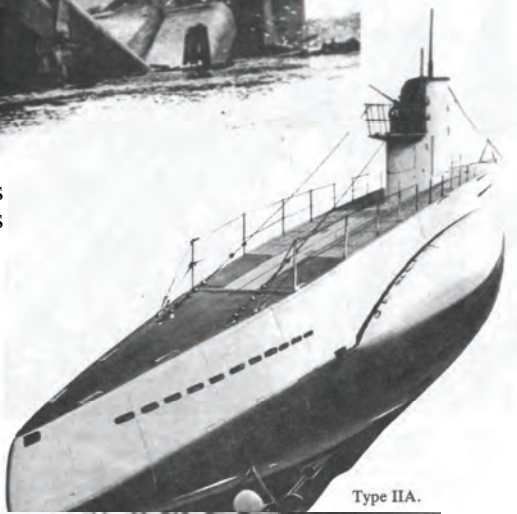


Hitler and his high-ranking staff members in conference with German aviator hero, Colonel Hans-Ulrich Rudel, who makes frequent trips to and from South America, site of Martin Bormann's "Feuerland" or "Land of Fire" (Tierra del Fuego) which points in the direction of German Antarctica. Recently-discovered documents reveal that Hitler had groomed Colonel Rudel as his ultimate successor. Colonel Rudel is very active in German politics today—a frequent guest and speaker in German military circles, much to the chagrin of the Bonn government.



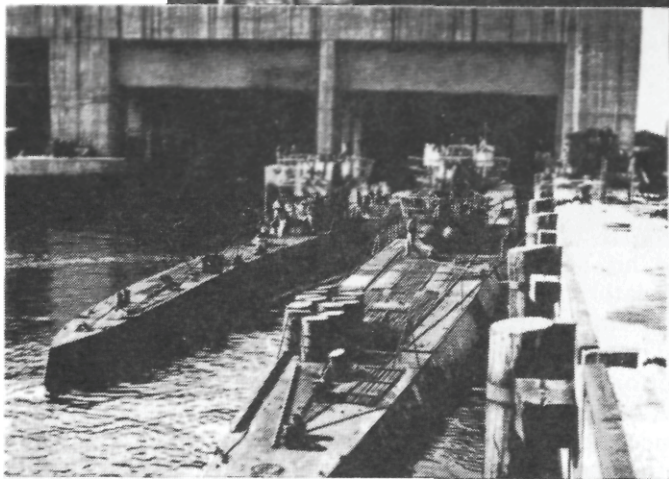
As seen as demolition charges exploded, the Germans destroyed their own U-Boat pens at Hamburg with 22 tons of Luftwaffe bombs. Below left An RAB success - a 1,200 lb bomb penetrated the roof of a pen and destroyed two boats. Below right At the end of the war, some U-Boats survived undamaged in the pens at Trondheim.

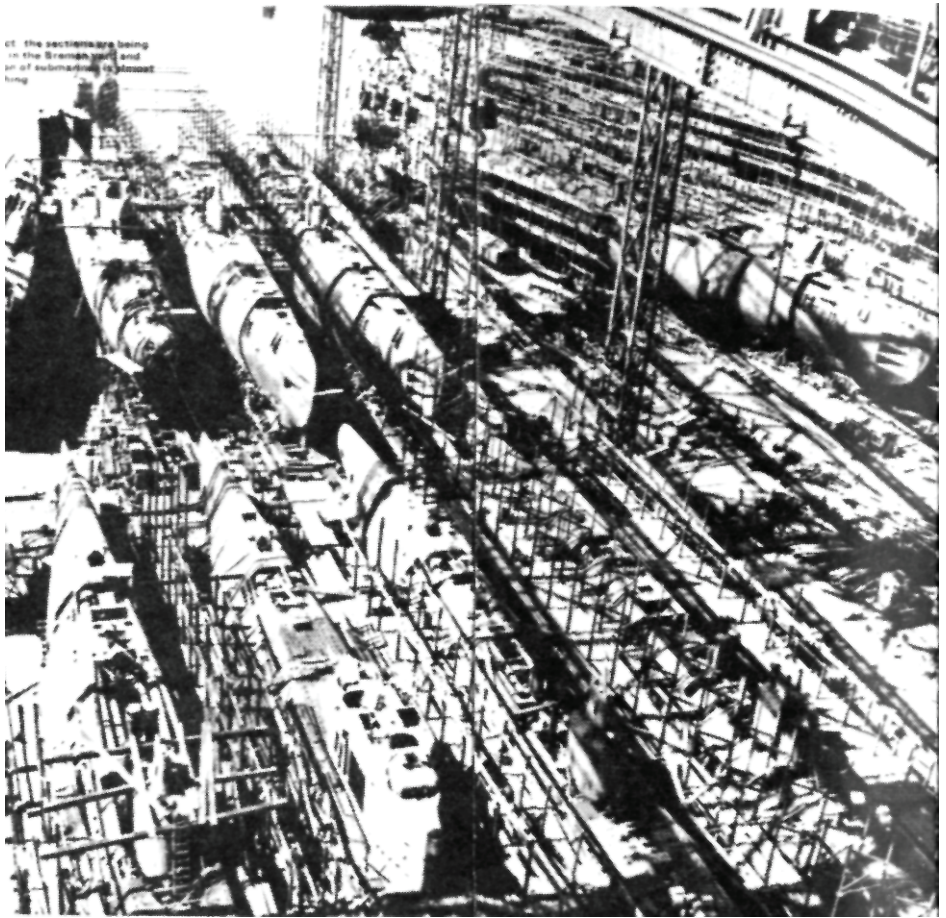
Some of the older model U-boats abandoned by Nazi Germany's undersea sailors.



Type IIA.

Massive U-boat pens demolished in Hamburg not by Allied bombs, but by demolition charges exploded by the retreating German forces.

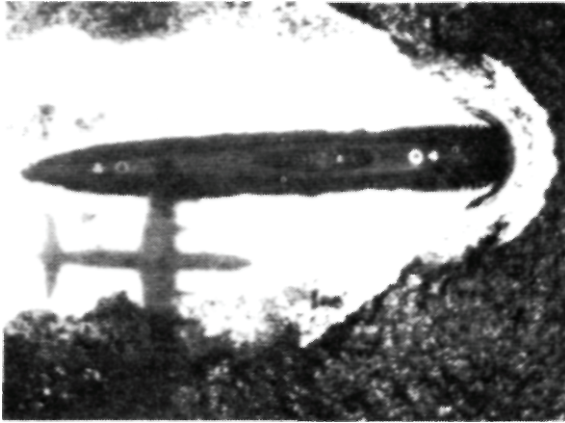




Semi-completed U-boats captured by the Allies in Bremen. New designs revealed a type of long-range, cargo-carrying undersea vessel. Several U-boats of this design arrived in Japan with precious war material after Germany's land defeat in Europe.



Type XXI (1944)



A long-range patrol plane of the U.S. Air Force happens upon a "mystery sub" and captures it crash-diving in this dramatic aerial photograph. Clearly visible in this rare picture are the sleek outlines of the conning tower design illustrated in the diagrams of U-boat types XXI and XXX! Compare this photograph with the official U.S. Navy photo of the 1945-model Nazi sub on page 118



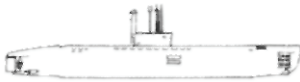
Typ XXII (Entwurf 1943)



Typ XXIII (1944)



Typ XXVI (Entwurf 1944)



Typ XXX (Entwurf 1944)

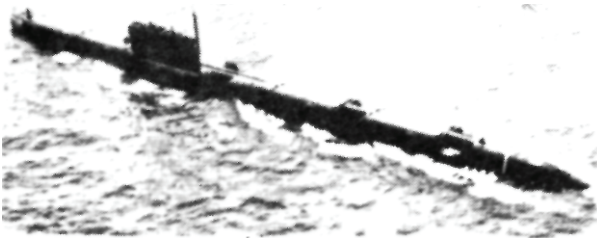


Wk 202 (1944)



Typ XVII B (1945)

Compare this view with the identification chart



An "unknown" submarine of the sixties. Compare hull and conning tower design with known Nazi designs of the forties.

US and British Scientists Baffled After...

Mysterious X-Rays From Earth Blast Right Through an Orbiting Space Satellite

U.S. and British scientists are baffled by mysterious X-rays that shot out from earth and were powerful enough to pass right through an orbiting space satellite.

"I have no explanation for them. I find it intriguing — just one more thing we don't understand," said Dr. Walter Lewin, professor of physics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT).

The strange X-rays suddenly appeared last October 28 and continued in strong, rapid bursts until they disappeared last December 31.

They penetrated, but did not damage, the satellite SAS3 launched by NASA and monitored by Dr. Lewin and an MIT team.

"These peculiar X-ray blasts penetrated the orbiting spacecraft from all directions.

"Half the bursts always came when the spacecraft was near the South Atlantic between Brazil and Africa," Dr. Lewin said.

Dr. Lewin said no event has ever been recorded in the upper atmosphere "which would produce X-rays so incredibly strong that they can... blast right through a spacecraft."

One other satellite — the British Ariel 5 — has recorded these bizarre X-ray signals.

Dr. Peter Willmore, professor of space research at Bir-

mingham University, England, who heads a British team working with Ariel 5 told The ENQUIRER:

"We detected seven of these (X-ray) bursts over the South Atlantic and Pacific. They were very large and quite distinctive — we have seen nothing like this before during our 2 1/2 years of observing Ariel 5. We have not been able to say definitely what they are."

If the X-rays had come from some natural phenomenon in space, other satellites would have recorded them, said Dr. Lewin.

Nuclear bomb tests have been ruled out as a source and so has increased solar activity.

"There have been published reports of Russian-built 'hunter killers'. — spacecraft that chase other spacecraft. They get close, aim a laser beam and then they literally drill a hole in the other spacecraft.

"The rumor goes that the Russians have tried it out and have been able to destroy one of their own spacecraft.

"But no such thing exists to the best of my knowledge. I don't think man has anything to do with the strange X-rays, but there is nothing so complete as saying I exclude it completely."

DEUTSCHE
ANTARKTIK
STIFTUNG



GERMAN
ANTARCTIC
FOUNDATION

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLE

In regard to German claims to Antarctic territory, the German Antarctic Foundation through its various chapters around the world helps to keep alive Germany's rightful claim to the area of Antarctica known as New Schwabenland which is presently recorded in the Antarctica Gazetteer No. 14 available from the United States Board on Geographic Names. For location purposes this territory is listed in the area of 72 degrees 30' south latitude and 1 degree east longitude.

New Schwabenland was explored by German air and surface parties who mapped and claimed this territory, demarcating the entire perimeter of the claim with German flags. Although portions of this area were traversed by expeditions of other nations, Germany's was the first de facto and de jure claim. Eyewitnesses to this claim as well as expedition members are still alive and the Hydrographic Institute of Hamburg currently possesses thousands of feet of film and photographic plates as well as logs of the German Antarctic Expedition.

The German Antarctic Expedition was an official German Government project, authorised by Germany's legally elected Chancellor who acted on behalf of Germany's citizens and tax-payers. As Hitler's government was the only legally and practically recognized government of Germany at the time (1938 to 1939) and was therefore universally recognized as legitimate, the territorial claims which were uncontested at the time they were made are also clearly legitimate. The German Government gave clear and public notice to the world of its intentions to annex this area as German territory and did so unopposed by any other country at that time. The German Government's claim to the part of Antarctica known as New Schwabenland was valid then and is equally valid today.

The only question remaining in the view of the German Antarctic Foundation, therefore, is which German splinter-state or occupation zone has legal jurisdiction over New Schwabenland. Since there is no peace treaty or treaties amongst the current German splinter-states and their erstwhile opponents of the Second World War, the division and/or apportionment of Germany's Antarctic Claim must be held in abeyance until the signing of such a treaty or treaties.

In view of the growing strategic and economic necessity for the development and exploitation of Antarctica's abundant natural resources, the legal title of Germany in whole or in part to New Schwabenland can no longer be ignored. The German Antarctic Foundation serves public notice to the world by means of this book, as well as its program of educational lectures and seminars and its representations to the various governments and interested groups that the German people's claim to this vast and rich territory is still current and valid.

Ernst Zundel,
President
GERMAN ANTARCTIC FOUNDATION