



with
Winifred
Wagner



two
actresses:
Jenny
Jugo
and
Renate
Muller



with
Geli Raubal

HITLER HUNTS A WIFE

BY F. S. K. LLOYD

Not abnormal but subnormal, he suffers the same psycho-physical inhibition that hampered Edward Windsor until cured by Wallis Simpson. Inspired by that example, Hitler seeks a suitable mate who can do the same for him. Dowager duchesses frown on stage folk but with a realm for choice only young actresses attract the aging Hitler, who diets because he fears and despises a pendulous Goering paunch, keeps on hunting hopefully. Goebbels gambles on incurability of Hitler's affliction. Other leaders long for it, to end his moods of melancholy, storms of anger, alternate depression and driving energy, hoping it will make Hitler more human.

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P**OLITICALLY** it was a failure, but personally one of the most important things that ever happened in the life of Adolf Hitler was the German visit of the Duke of Windsor.

Hitler suffers from the same psychological trouble which once beset the Prince of Wales. To call it shyness would be a euphemism. But it is not, as is generally believed, a moral perversion. It is rather a minus quantity. It is largely a mental inhibition that prevents him from living the life of a real man. As Lord Castlerosse so beautifully put it, Wallis Simpson restored confidence to the Prince of Wales. And ever since the Duke and Duchess visited him, Adolf Hitler has had a new determination to achieve the same kind of conjugal happiness.

Der Fuehrer is in the market for a wife. He is shopping around for the right woman. He is determined to find the perfect young thing who will teach him what love is. If he does succeed, it will be the first happy episode in a long and tragic history which has marked Adolf Hitler's relations with women.

H**IS** first love was Geli Raubal. The fate of Germany might have been considerably changed if this young girl, who was the daughter of Hitler's half-sister, had lived to a mature age.

Hitler fell in love with her in 1921, and in the first years of the Nazi movement he was like the man in the old-time dramas, torn between love and duty.

He would disappear frequently. The co-organizers of the National Socialist Labor Party would search frantically for No. 7 member who was fast becoming No. 1 man. They soon found that all the mysterious disappearances were due to one cause: Geli. And whenever Geli insisted, "der Schoene Adolf" would stay with her and the "cause" would be deserted.

But two cold antagonistic currents soon made themselves felt in this passionate affair. First, there was antagonism in the family against Adolf marrying his stepniece, and, after the first few weeks of deep interest, a decided change of heart on the part of the girl. She found she did not love her stepuncle at all. But her conscience hurt because she realized that she had given him every reason to ex-

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pect a favorable answer to a marriage proposal, and she could think of only one way out of this situation. Geli Raubal committed suicide.

Work became the only anaesthetic for the pains of frustrated love; from then on Hitler's first interest has been his party.

For years he never looked at a woman. They did not exist for him. Except as party members. For years the only thing that brought a gay light into Hitler's eyes was the sight of Storm Troopers marching through the German cities. There were also Nazi party girls in the later march-pasts but he saluted them in a perfunctory manner, not with the passionate salute accorded the future soldiers.

ONE girl did succeed in interesting Adolf Hitler in his lighter moments, and she is still to be seen with him, although not so often as formerly. She is Leni Riefenstahl, the motion picture operator and actress.

Leni Riefenstahl started her public career as a dancer in less clothing than is ever allowed in an American music hall. She was popularized by painters and photographers who made much of her figure. Photographs and reproductions of sketches and paintings were to be found in all the leading and popular publications, and Leni soon was nationally known.

When the Olympics were prepared in Germany Leni had no difficulty in persuading the Fuehrer that she was capable of becoming the official photographer of the event. She dominated photography at the Olympics. And she got into fights with almost all the American photographers who had come to record that event. Every time Leni spotted an American getting a vantage point, she would send him a note via her "Picture Service Police" ordering him to clear out. To the American photographic corps at the Berlin Olympics Leni Riefenstahl was known as "that squinting bitch."

The big many-reeled film which Leni took of the Olympics was not shown in public until almost two years had been allowed to pass. But Leni showed it to Hitler in his private motion picture theater, and he said he liked it. Until then, Goebbels had been holding it up.

Goebbels never liked Leni and has always been jealous of the influence

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she has had with Hitler. The little limping big-mouthed propaganda minister, however, is chief of all motion picture actresses and actors of Germany, all of whom must have his good will in order to be allowed to appear on the screen or in the theater, and there is only one man who can override his decisions. That man of course is Hitler.

The war between Joseph Goebbels and Leni Riefenstahl started the rumors that she had fallen from Hitler's grace. These rumors went around the world. There was a Berlin report that Goebbels had publicly insulted the motion picture actress-operator by denouncing her as not quite 100 per cent Aryan. This report had important repercussions in Berlin, and the first person who realized that it might harm the Nazi cause was Goebbels himself, who hastened to make up.

But although Leni Riefenstahl has been reinstated in Nazi graces, it is not true that the Fuehrer is more than platonically interested in her now. He was for a time and is no more. She is a good advertisement for the Nazi Reich and is being useful, that is all.

LENI'S successor in the movie job is a good-looking Bavarian woman named Eva Braun. She is in her early thirties, has a rich husky voice resembling Marlene Dietrich's, but cannot boast the same sort of million dollar legs. However, she gets around.

Officially Eva Braun is assistant to Heinrich Hoffmann. Hoffmann is the maker of all those millions of photographs of the Fuehrer which every family living room and every office in the Reich has to display—or else. Hoffmann has made a world's record: he has made a million for himself out of the sale of just one man's portrait.

Fräulein Braun lives in a lovely little villa in the Wassertorstrasse in Munich. The southern capital believes the home is a present from Hitler. At any rate there is no doubt that Eva lives there and that the Fuehrer's own car, driven by his chauffeur and staffed by two of his bodyguard, calls there often for Eva, all the Nazi officers and soldiers saluting as they come and go as if the rider were a high official.

Sometimes Eva's trip in Hitler's car takes her to his country home in Berchtesgaden, where she remains as

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a guest for a week or ten days at a time, making artistic photographs of open windows, draped curtains, the Alps in the background, flowering trees in the middle distance, and frequently the Fuehrer himself making the scene historically complete. All these photographs are filed away in the official archives.

Eva's hobby is perfumes, and in this field she has succeeded in winning the interest of Hitler. The dictator has found time recently to buy a whole outfit of bottled odors, and Eva has spent delightful hours with him matching his personality with a scent. What the flower is, rose, lily-of-the-valley, or violet, she will not say, but she insists that there is a distinctive perfume for each person and she can always hit upon it even without seeing the man: all she asks is a knowledge of the character and his activities in the political or other fields. She then chooses the flower, or crosses several flower odors to match the man.

Munich believes that the relationship between Hitler and Eva Braun has been platonic even if delightfully so. But Berlin, the harder city, has more suspicious thoughts. Berlin knows that some time ago Eva was known as one of the girl friends of Brueckner, Hitler's aide, who only recently married a Baden Baden girl in her twenties. Eva does not seem to mind. This last Christmas it became widely known that the Fuehrer ordered a lot of lovely lingerie from a very well known Unter den Linden shop, and as a result no tough Berliner will believe that Platonism and lingerie can co-exist in a purely Nordic atmosphere.

THE case of the Wagners is something else again. Shortly after he came into power Hitler showed a tremendous interest in the English-born widow of Siegfried Wagner, the son of the great Richard. Siegfried and his wife Winifred were among the earliest followers of German Fascism because the Hitlerian racial theories were akin to that of the Wagnerian friend Houston Stewart Chamberlain, one of the originators of the numerous myths of racial superiorities.

After Siegfried Wagner died, the visits of the Fuehrer to Winifred in Bayreuth became more frequent. In

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those years I was also an occasional visitor. At a tea party at the Wagner house one time I met the flapper granddaughter of Richard Wagner; she was then fifteen or sixteen, and very bright. I got a chance to talk to her alone for a few minutes.

"What," I asked, "is the truth about the rumor of a marriage between your mother and Herr Hitler?"

"Mother would love to marry him," she replied without hesitation, "but he is not biting."

And she gave me such a sly look that I realized her secret enjoyment in seeing her mother's plans frustrated. Many spoiled brats act like that.

Today Frau Wagner discusses Nazi philosophy and Wagner music with the Fuehrer. She is fiercely loyal to him, and fearful that one or another of Hitler's aides may try to dupe him, or "exploit his idealism," as she once told me. With pride she shows her American visitors the small bedroom which Hitler occupies when he visits her—the simple iron bedstead in this chamber is in striking contrast with the elaborate furnishings of the room which Propaganda Minister Goebbels occupies when he comes to Wannfried.

Fräulein Wagner has now grown up. She is a frequent visitor to Hitler's White House. She is now a very self-determined uninhibited young lady who thinks highly of herself and her prospects when she stalks through the private apartments in the Chancellory. Recently she told one of her dearest friends of a horrible experience she had when calling on the Fuehrer. It was last Autumn. The Wagner belle was all dolled up for lunch with the Fuehrer—that is, she was prepared to watch him eat raw vegetables while she sampled the production of Hitler's twenty-seven cooks who work under the direction of the Gestapo, the secret police.

Hitler's private guests walk into the Chancellory through the main door which is flanked by two of his bodyguards, huge fellows of about six feet four who look even taller in their black uniforms and black steel helmets, holding their black guns rigidly. Like all German soldiers on guard duty they are not allowed to budge from their posts; they are not even supposed to move their eyes. Fräulein Wagner was stepping forward proudly, marching along, elated by

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the feeling that millions of German women were envying her, when, just as she stepped by the guard her heel caught in the iron grating, and she made a wild grab. . . . All she could get her hands on was the seat of the pants of the Hitler guardian.

But the man with the gun never moved. He merely braced himself. He never turned to watch the lady go plunk on the floor. He did not shift his eyes to watch Fräulein Wagner having a lot of trouble trying to rearrange her skirts in a hurry. And the most embarrassing part of it all, she told her bosom friend, was to see the blush that spread from the guard's black steel helmet to the black uniform collar. Even Hitler's guards cannot control involuntary reactions.

Fräulein Wagner got up staring anxiously into the Chancellory to see if Herr Hitler had noticed the mishap. Apparently he had not. But he did inquire why she appeared to limp. She was minus a heel.

Hitler likes Fräulein Wagner very much. He also likes Frau Wagner very much. But his greatest interest in women is in those of the screen and theater. He is also intolerant of elderly women. Goebbels and his wife, Magda Goebbels, the former Frau Quandt (stepdaughter of Herr Friedlaender who presented her with a fortune although his 100 per cent non-Aryan blood has sometimes embarrassed her) realize that whenever feminine youth is present the Fuehrer is happy. They make it a point to crowd their receptions with all the beautiful movie stars they can command, and Hitler always arrives on time.

The Goebbels family, which has been so insistent in throwing movie queens in Hitler's path, naturally expected that he would make one of them either his mistress or his wife, since they seemed to be the only group of women who interested him. They were not prepared, however, for a tragic sequel.

THE movie star who appealed most to Hitler was named Renate Mueller. He was really infatuated with her, the first real sign of love, intimates say, since the days of his first affair and frustration.

Both Goering and Goebbels noticed at the same reception that the Fuehrer had cast an approving eye on

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the sweet and innocent looking movie star with the baby stare. That was enough for them. Each hoped to be the medium for furthering this romance.

The episode that follows is word for word the story Renate Mueller told an intimate friend, now in America, who has kept it secret until her death released him from the ethical conventions. This is Renate Mueller's story:

"Shortly after I met the Fuehrer for the first time Herr Goering invited me to a reception at which he would be present. Herr Goering said to me 'Be sure to give HIM—(he always spoke of the Fuehrer as if he was speaking of the Deity)—the pretty eye; you understand?'

"And Dr. Goebbels took me aside and added: 'Please be *very nice* to the Fuehrer; your whole future rests on how you entertain him today.'

"Goebbels underlined his words and looked at me out of the corner of the eye. There was no mistaking their meaning. Both these gentlemen wanted me to make love to the Fuehrer. Both of them were doing their utmost to interest Hitler in a woman.

"On the night of the party I was introduced to Hitler. His greeting was lifeless. I smiled my prettiest and tried to get him to talk. The group, chaperoned by Goering and Frau Goering, went from room to room. However, I noted that after we had been in a little room for a while Goering, Frau Goering and several others who were in the little party disappeared. The Fuehrer was left alone with me.

"Well, I thought, here is where I have to play my part: here is where I find out how the Fuehrer makes love.

"Of course it wasn't up to me to make advances. All I had been instructed to do was to accept them. So I sat by smiling, waiting for Adolf Hitler to take my hand—or even to attack me. I wasn't afraid. He didn't look like a strong man and he was so timid I did not expect more than a little holding of the hand, or—as I had been warned by others who had seen him at parties—a little picking at garters or pawing over—you know what I mean. I was quite excited. Imagine, I was alone with the greatest man of the Reich. I felt that it was a

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historic moment.

"The Fuehrer got up and stood before me. Now it begins, I thought. I didn't know what he would do.

"Suddenly he stretched out his hand in the Nazi salute. Straight and high. And he held it steady.

"'Fräulein,' he said in his harsh voice, 'I can keep my hand that way for two whole hours.'

"I was too amazed for words.

"'Fräulein,' Hitler continued, 'when my Storm Troops parade, when I stand at the salute, I never get tired. That sheep Goering with his big belly and his soft hands:—I enjoy watching him out of the corner of my eye. I stand straight and erect, but he wilts away after half an hour or even less. He collapses. He takes his hand down. He is played out. But not I. I stand like this. For two whole hours if necessary. I am very proud. I can outlast that sheep Goering by four times. I am four times better than that sheep Goering. It's true.'"

Whereupon the Fuehrer ended his salute and walked out of the room, meekly followed by the bewildered motion picture actress.

That was all their lovemaking for that day—and forever.

Renate Mueller, however, paid tragically for that decision.

She did accept, it is true, the present from Hitler of the very fine riding horse which loyal Nazis had given him on the first anniversary of his chancellorship. He never rode the horse. Renate did. Inclined to put on weight at the hips, the movie actress found riding in the Tiergarten the most pleasant way to keep her figure trim. She rode Adolf Hitler's gift horse gaily.

But she did not encourage any further lovemaking from the donor.

On the contrary, her gallops took her into the arms of a sleek, dark-haired, handsome Semitic looking young man who did not have a drop of Aryan blood in him.

This young man is known to me personally. I do not care to mention his name. But I know him and also his father, a millionaire electrical appliances manufacturer, who in the first decade following the Versailles Treaty was known to American and foreign diplomats for his services to Germany on numerous missions as a participant in diplomatic and economic affairs.

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Mr. X, the manufacturer, died shortly before Hitler came into power, and his son X Jr. inherited enough of the estate to make him a millionaire. Being that rich the young man was able to get out of Germany, and left before any rumor reached the Wilhelmstrasse of his romance with the girl on whom Hitler had cast an eye. Otherwise he might have ended his career in Dachau or another concentration camp with his poor racial colleagues.

Renate flew to her love in Paris. Since she had told no one about him, she imagined herself safe with her secret, but she was surprised, on returning to Berlin, to receive a warning that her career in the movies was at an end if she ever saw her Jewish lover again or communicated with him in any way.

At the same time everyone boycotted Renate Mueller.

For a while Renate Mueller did the conventional. She drowned her sorrow in champagne. Every night of her life she was to be found in one of Berlin's many joyless night clubs spending all her money or letting others spend theirs while she got more or less stupefied with drink. But in that period she did not communicate with her Jewish lover and as a reward she was taken back into the movies.

However, love was stronger than all other forces. Again Renate Mueller thought she could go to X Jr. secretly. Last summer she escaped to Monte Carlo. That was the happiest few weeks of her life. She was with her lover.

When she returned to Berlin she received a summons from the police.

Her passport was confiscated. She was informed that her career in the movies was over. She was warned of worse to follow if she continued her affair with the young Jew. She was told of the Fuehrer's anger.

On arriving home Renate Mueller went to her room on the second floor and threw herself out of the window.

She was taken to a hospital where it was found she had broken bones and internal injuries, but the doctors were certain they could save her life.

The story made quite a sensation. It touched the hearts of certain people. Dr. Goebbels sent a bouquet of flowers. When this fact got out the movie directors took it as a hint and they arrived with their flowers and

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promises of a high place in the movies again.

Renate Mueller said to her nurse:

"They are doing everything to save me. But I don't want to live without the person I love. Don't these doctors realize that if they get me into such shape that I can walk again, I will go straight home and jump from the third floor, and make a good job of what I started?"

She never got a chance. A sudden hemorrhage of the brain, and she died in her plaster casts, the victim of the passionate folly of preferring a Jewish lover to the attentions of Adolf Hitler.

Not only movie stars but all artists have a distinct appeal for Hitler: you can see it when he greets a singer after she has completed an act in one of his preferred operas. He regards her as the embodiment of the role she has sung. He watches an opera with intensity, all the emotions registering on his face. He is never more revealing than when he listens to a love song. His face becomes dreamy, sometimes ecstatic, he looks as if he were being carried away by passion, as if he were a boy in his teens in the midst of his first love affair.

The movie producers know Hitler's weakness. Whenever one of their films is banned by Goebbels they re-examine it to see if there is something that will appeal to the Fuehrer, some love song, or some reference to nerve-racking loneliness, something which can be pointed out to Hitler, make him sympathetic, and cause him to overrule the film czar.

That is what happened in the case of Pola Negri, another movie star with whom Hitler's name has been linked frequently. The Germans had decided that Pola was not Aryan and therefore could not appear in their films. But her manager was astute. He knew of two chords that could be played: the diplomatic and the sentimental. The latter was equally effective. He arranged for a showing at the German White House of one of Pola Negri's best films in the weekly program arranged for Hitler's delectation. That film contained the heart pull which got Hitler. At the same time the Polish ambassador made the suggestion that a boycott of Pola Negri would be taken amiss by the Polish public, and since German-Polish friendship was the order of the day, Pola won. An order was issued by the Goebbels ministry stating that

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"Pola Negri is Polish and thereby Aryan." Pola, who has been flashing her lovely eyes in many directions in Germany, was reinstated, but she has not been able to interest the Fuehrer personally, as so many reports have had it. It was her press agent who was responsible for those stories.

Those who know what is going on behind the scenes say there is only one simple test for any interest Hitler may show any woman. It lies in the answer to the question "How old is she?" Like most men of around fifty Hitler likes them young, and Pola is no longer that.

No, there is nothing to the stories of a romance between Herr Hitler and Pola Negri. But, on the other hand, there is more than a rumor which links the Fuehrer's name with that of Jenny Jugo.

Jenny Jugo is petite, scintillating, a dazzling little brunette. She is of peasant stock, of good family, a very healthy and happy girl, and not too unlike that other little brunette peasant girl who was the first love of the Fuehrer.

Fräulein Jugo is a motion picture star also. She was introduced to Hitler at one of the smaller "artistic" parties which Goebbels frequently throws. Shortly afterwards she flashed a diamond bracelet easily costing \$10,000, and did not attempt to deny the rumors that it was a present from Hitler himself. Germans of the old school recalled that his predecessor, Kaiser Wilhelm, also provided diamond bracelets for ladies who pleased him, ladies of the opera and stage in the pre-movie days. Broadcasts, audible in many European countries, of the secret Communist station which cruised through Germany last year raising no end of trouble, made this repeated announcement:

"Achtung! Achtung! (Attention! Attention!) Frau Magda Goebbels: If you are wondering where your husband spends much of his time, why not watch the home of Jenny Jugo."

This was a base calumny, the Nazis said at the time, and shortly afterwards the cruising automobile radio station broadcast a correction, stating the diamond bracelet given Fräulein Jugo came from the chancellor himself, not from Goebbels.

OF COURSE there are numerous pretty ladies who go around

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boasting of their meeting with Hitler and dropping broad hints that they have been pinched or slapped or spoken to in more than a disinterested way.

In Berchtesgaden Hitler entertains numerous guests, including many women, and has provided a number of villas for them. All guests usually come to Hitler's mansion for lunch or dinner, and many join him in his walks. The blond Valkyrie-like young ladies, Unity and Verity Mitford, English girls with solid underpinnings, long golden hair and beautiful British complexions and no inhibitions to speak of, are among the glamor girls who have been boasting about their visit to Hitler's home. It was in Berchtesgaden that they met Julius Streicher, the anti-Semitic king of Naziland, the bald, hawknosed, bowlegged, potbellied editor of one of the filthiest newspapers the world has ever seen. The English sisters were enthralled. They are now two of the loudest disciples of both Hitler and Streicher, fanatically shouting their hopes at Berlin cocktail parties that the Fuehrer might choose one of them as the mother of an heir to the Nazi throne.

The Nazis of course shake their heads and say that the British girls are too enthusiastic and that their interest in the Fuehrer must be discounted, but I myself have noted that in public receptions when the Fuehrer shakes hands with the two Valkyries he holds their hands in both of his for a long long time and looks deeply into their eyes in just the same way as he did fifteen years ago when he was arousing the devotion of his first Storm Troopers.

ESPECIALLY since the Von Blomberg uproar, Hitler does not want to be caught in a marriage that could be considered undignified. He is not at all certain that marriage with one of the baby film stars is the right thing although it is obvious that this is the type that has over and over again appealed to him. He has as a result of his doubts appealed for advice to several white haired old ladies who were socially prominent in the days of the diamond-necklace presenting Kaiser.

He did not consult Frau Heinrich Himmler, wife of the all-powerful police chief, or Frau Goebbels or

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Frau Goering because he is smart enough to realize that each has one or more candidates for the place as First Lady of the Reich, and that their advice would be prejudiced whereas the duchesses of the Kaiser's day might be disinterested. But the old dowagers know little of the factional wars within the Nazi party since 1921, and their system of choosing spouses for princes of Prussia might not prove the best in the present circumstances. However, since I have known several of these court ladies for many years, I can say that those who in 1921 and even in 1931 spoke of Hitler disdainfully as "that Austrian corporal trying to run Germany" are now elated over the idea that they can help the Great Hitler in his search for a wife, and they speak of the chancellor with the same hushed fond admiration with which they once spoke of their Emperor.

Goebbels tells his friends he is not worried about a future Frau Hitler because he believes that at the last moment the Fuehrer will shy, like so many other bachelors. However, Goebbels watches with dismay the intensity with which Hitler keeps up the quest and keeps himself slim and youthful.

Hitler, as the whole world now knows, is a vegetarian, but there are numerous vegetables and fruits which he will not touch, or take only sparingly. These are the starches. He is terribly afraid of raising a Streicher or a Goering paunch. Explaining his diet he told one interviewer some time ago, "I believe in my vegetarianism because nature has demonstrated that it is the best. The elephant is the strongest animal in existence. It thrives on hay. But the lion thrives on meat and has no power of resistance."

That statement is all very well for the public. Privately Hitler has said that he cannot imagine anything more humorous than a fat-bellied middle-aged man walking about with a beautiful and slim young wife. And of course he wants a young wife. The vegetable diet is therefore part of the search for conjugal happiness. The proof of it is that Hitler has only recently abandoned his favorite food—the pastries and puddings which the twenty-seventh cook of the White House, the special Austrian cook, and the most important person in the kitchen, had been preparing for him.

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This pastry cook wrote to her Viennese relatives how badly she felt now that only the courtiers but not the Fuehrer devour the marvelous things she makes. The cook undiplomatically hinted that it was Hitler's bridal quest that caused his decision to forego his favorite food. The letter never reached Austria. It was taken from the mails by the Gestapo who called in the cook, called her down, destroyed the letter—and told the story.

It is most interesting to note that the quest for a wife has been renewed more seriously ever since the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Hitler long ago realized that he suffered the same "malady" as the former King of England. Now that Hitler has seen the happiness that came to the Duke of Windsor when the right woman was able to awaken the normal human emotions, he is determined to go and do likewise.

Of course Hitler's choice will have to be a younger woman.

At the present day the favorite in the betting is Jenny Jugo. But the dowagers are still frowning on the stage. An opera singer, perhaps. They expect that the decision will come very soon. Hitler is growing old.

A marriage of course would change Germany's destiny. For one thing, leaders in the entourage say, it will end those fits of depression, those storms of anger, those periods of melancholy and the following periods of driving energy. It would make Hitler much more a human being.

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