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Online  
ISSN 1440-9828



August 2014 No 794

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## Remember the propaganda war against Germany's LEBENSBORN ideal? It was "secret" and it was "terrifying"! Think of who loves "secrets" and "mysteries" .....

"**Lebensborn**" translates to "wellspring of life" or "fountain of life." The Lebensborn project was one of the most secret and terrifying Nazi projects. [Heinrich Himmler](#) founded the Lebensborn project on December 12, 1935, the same year the [Nuremberg Laws](#) outlawed intermarriage with Jews and others who were deemed inferior. For decades, Germany's birthrate was decreasing. Himmler's goal was to reverse the decline and increase the Germanic/Nordic population of Germany to 120 million. Himmler encouraged [SS](#) and Wehrmacht officers to have children with Aryan women. He believed Lebensborn children would grow up to lead a Nazi-Aryan nation.

The purpose of this society (Registered Society Lebensborn -*Lebensborn Eingetragener Verein*) was to offer to young girls who were deemed "racially pure" the possibility to give birth to a child in secret. The child was then given to the SS organization which took charge in the child's education and adoption. Both mother and father needed to pass a "racial purity" test. Blond hair and blue eyes were preferred, and family lineage had to be traced back at least three generations. Of all the women who applied, only 40 percent passed the racial purity test and were granted admission to the Lebensborn program. The majority of mothers were unmarried, 57.6 percent until [1939](#), and about 70 percent by [1940](#)". = as per <http://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/jsource/Holocaust/Lebensborn.html>

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**Now, to put the above quotation into context of Jewish propaganda against Germans, remember what German philosopher Martin Heidegger said about the Jews and their own practice of racism:**

*The Jews, with their marked gift for calculating, live, already for the longest time, according to the principle of race, which is why they are resisting its consistent application with utmost violence.*

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Here is an extract from Wikipedia – note the propagandistic slant had to be watered down because of lack of factual proof of the premise on which the defamatory comments are based. Also note that exposure to sunlight was supposed to be good for babies, something today's health educators attempt to discredit by covering children with sunscreen cream. Or, note how many mothers cover their strollers with a blanket... Also note how lies about Lebensborn are excused and explained by reference to sloppy journalism on the subject in the early years after the war. In matters Holocaust-Shoah sloppy journalism continues to this day!

>>**Lebensborn e.V.** (literally: *Fount of Life*) was an [SS](#)-initiated, [state](#)-supported, registered association in [Nazi Germany](#) with the goal of raising the [birth rate](#) of "Aryan" children via [extramarital](#) relations of persons classified as "racially pure and healthy" based on Nazi [racial hygiene](#) and health ideology. Lebensborn encouraged anonymous births by unmarried women, and mediated [adoption](#) of these children by likewise "racially pure and healthy" parents, particularly [SS](#)-members and their families.

Initially set up in Germany in 1935, Lebensborn expanded into several occupied European countries with Germanic populations during the Second World War. It included the selection of "racially worthy" orphans for adoption and care for children born from Aryan women who had been in relationships with [SS](#)-members. It originally excluded children born from unions between common soldiers and foreign women, because there was no proof of [racial purity](#) on both sides.

At the [Nuremberg Trials](#), no evidence was found of direct involvement by the 'Lebensborn' organization in the kidnapping of Polish children. However, [Heinrich Himmler](#) directed a programme with other segments of the Nazi bureaucracy, whereby thousands of Polish children were kidnapped and subjected to 'Germanisation.' Germanisation involved a period at one of the 're-education camps,' followed by being fostered out to German families. ...

### **Post-war sensationalism**

Himmler's effort to secure a racially pure [Greater Germany](#) and sloppy journalism on the subject in the early years after the war led to false assumptions about the programme. The main misconception was that the

programme involved coercive breeding. The first stories reporting that Lebensborn was a coercive breeding programme can be found in the German magazine Revue, which ran a series on the subject in the 1950s. The 1961 German film, Der Lebensborn, purported that young girls were forced to mate with Nazi men in their camps.

The programme did intend to promote the growth of Aryan populations, through encouraging relationships between German soldiers and Nordic women in occupied countries. Access to Lebensborn was restricted in accordance with the Nordacist eugenic and racial policies of Nazism, which could be referred to as supervised selective breeding. Recently discovered records and ongoing testimony of Lebensborn children—and some of their parents—shows that some SS men did sire children in Himmler's Lebensborn program.[13] This was widely rumored within Germany during the period of the programme.[14]

After Germany's surrender, the press reported on the unusually good weight and health of the "super babies". They spent time outdoors in sunlight and received two baths a day. Everything that contacted the babies was sterilized first. Nurses ensured that they ate everything given to them.<sup>[15]</sup>

Until the last days of the war, the mothers and the children at maternity homes got the best treatment available, including food, although others in the area were starving. Once the war ended local communities often took revenge on the women, beating them, cutting off their hair, and running them out of the community. Many Lebensborn children were born to unwed mothers.

After the war, Lebensborn survivors suffered from [ostracism](#).



**Formation** 12 December 1935

**Extinction** 1945

**Headquarters** Munich, Germany

**Membership** 8,000 (1939)

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lebensborn>



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**And now a recent story – how adoptions were handled in Australia.  
 If you do not silently weep while reading the story, then you have no heart!**

## The baby Meg Hale was forced to give up: one mother's story

MEG HALE, [THE AUSTRALIAN](#), AUGUST 09, 2014 12:00AM



Trauma: Meg Hale. Picture: Keturah de Klerk Source: Supplied

### **AN antiseptic hand pushed hard against the girl's chin, twisting her head to one side and pinning it to the rubber pillow.**

No one spoke but everyone in the delivery room knew it was to stop the girl from looking at her baby when it was born. Almost suffocating under the weight of the nurse's arm, the girl gave one last push and the baby was delivered. As quickly as it arrived, the muffled cry of new life disappeared behind a closed door. Resigned, the new mother focused her eyes on the clock on the wall and saw that her child had been born at half past two in the morning.

There was no point asking again why she had to give up her baby. The answer never changed. "You're not married," the official would say. "If you really love your baby you'll do the right thing and let it be adopted by a married couple, who will give it a life you would never be able to provide."

After days of asking, she was allowed to see her baby daughter for two minutes. She touched her tiny wrinkled hand and instinctively the fingers curled around her own, clinging tightly in a primal reflex. She stared in awe. "You've got long fingers like me," she whispered. "I must remember that."

The girl's head whirred as another hand pushed a Consent to Adoption form in front of her. A stiff voice said, "Sign here," and it snapped when the girl asked if it were true that she had 30 days to revoke her consent. "It would be selfish of you to change your mind. The baby will be with its new parents and it would be cruel of you to take it away from people who already loved it, now wouldn't it?" The girl signed the paper and thought how ironic it was that it should be called a consent when she felt she had been forced into it from the beginning.

She left the grey government building and stopped on the footpath. She thought about the tiny baby she had left behind and how cruel it was that she should have to give up her child simply because she was unmarried. As she disappeared into the anonymity of the crowd she muttered under her breath, "One day somebody will do something about this. This is so wrong." And, to her

newborn daughter, she whispered: "When you're grown up, please come and find me if you can."



Meg Hale and her daughter in 1988. Source: Supplied

Seventeen years later, in 1985, I was sitting in a social work class in my South Australian university, waiting for the lecture to begin. A fellow student I knew fairly well leaned across and started chatting about a phone-in two of her friends had held recently. It was to see if women whose children had been adopted out had any issues around giving up their babies. "They got hundreds of calls," the student said. "And nearly all of them were from women who said they had been pressured into adoption."

I could feel my stomach start to churn. By then I had married and had another daughter but I'd told most of my colleagues that I was the mother of one child. I heard the student say her friends were holding a public meeting to gather the relinquishing mothers together. "Sorry, what did you say?" I asked, feeling something between wanting to vomit and thinking I was going to pass out.

The woman went over her story again and I made up my mind that it was time to confess my own experience. Despite my feelings of terror, I desperately wanted to know about all these other women who had rung in and I was intrigued about how many of us were out there. I had thought I was the only one.

Over lunch I told the student my story. I did not look up until I had finished, and when it was done I felt drained and vulnerable. Whenever I told my story to

anyone I was always left wondering if I had told them enough of what happened for them to really know what it was like. Did they really understand the immense pressure on me to give up my baby? Did I remember to tell them that my mother would not let me come home and I had nowhere to go and no way of supporting my baby? Could anyone really understand how I was browbeaten into believing I would be the most selfish person on Earth to keep my baby? After all, I had already put shame on my family by becoming pregnant. The woman touched my hand and told me that the only difference between us was that her mother had helped her and she had a home to go to after she had her baby. I knew she understood and I felt relieved and wanted to cry. The conversation turned to the phone-in and my new friend told me how callers had talked about being tied down during delivery and that some said they were given a general anaesthetic so they could not see their babies being born.

The vast majority of mothers said they had been told they would soon put the experience behind them and get on with their lives. None of them had. As the day of the meeting grew closer I became more and more paralysed with fear at the thought of being in a room with other mothers. Along with many other people I had swallowed the myth about what kind of woman would give up a baby. I was genuinely afraid of them – even though I was one of them! More than that, I simply could not cope with my own feelings. I decided not to go and missed the beginning of the Australian Relinquishing Mothers Society in South Australia.

ARMS soon became an important place for mothers seeking contact. An increasing number said they needed to talk about what had happened to them and the chairperson, Valma Gay, and the others simply could not keep up. I decided that as both a relinquishing mother and a social work student I would be the perfect person to counsel these women. Valma suggested that I should come to a support group meeting first. She already suspected I might not be as cool about my own experience as I had been letting her think I was. And of course, I went and bawled my eyes out. But eventually I was accepted as a volunteer counsellor and did my final-year social work placement there.

By December 1987, in the middle of writing up my thesis, I was a little surprised to get a call from a social worker in Adoption Services saying she needed to talk to me about something important. I knew her well and thought it was curious that instead of her usual calm voice she sounded excited in a way I had not heard before. "I have just spoken to your daughter, Meg," she said. "She wants to meet you."

For some reason I tried to be "professional" and I replied as though I had been expecting her call. I imagine it was some strange need to stop myself from bursting into tears and screaming with joy – and relief. In any event it was a surprise and when I put the phone down I began to shake uncontrollably. "She's found me," I thought. It was the thing I had dreamt about for as long as I could remember and against all odds it had actually happened. I could not believe how lucky I was.

My daughter, who I had named Shannon at birth, had turned 19 on November 1, 1987 and she had put her name on the Adoption Contact Register on the off-chance that I might do the same. What she did not know was that I had been on it for years. I knew she could not look for me before she turned 18, but I wanted to leave a letter for her in case something happened to me in the meantime.

I sat in the waiting room at the Adoption Services Department with my legs crossed at the ankles and my hands clasped together in my lap. I was trying to stay calm but there was a constant flutter in my chest reminding me that in the very next room was the baby who had wrapped her tiny fingers around mine all those years ago, and that now she wanted to meet me. The social worker opened the door and asked if I would like to come in. And there my daughter stood, smiling and holding in her arms a huge bunch of purple everlasting flowers – the symbolism was profound.

We hugged and stared and talked, and after a few minutes the social worker discreetly excused herself. We chatted for a little while longer and then decided to escape the confines of the office. We found a lovely restaurant on a lake and sat in the sunshine eating from a fish platter, talking and laughing like we had known one another all our lives. I was fascinated by how much she looked like me. And when she got up I noticed how she walked with a slight bounce in her step, as if walking on the balls of her feet. It was just like her birth father's walk and I was struck by the fact that adopted children, even though they may never have met their parents, inherit many more traits than just looks.

After a long lunch we went to my home and I introduced my daughter to my husband and her seven-year-old half-sister. We looked at old photos and shared histories. And when she left we hugged and exchanged numbers. We knew that we meant it when we promised to call one another soon. I passed my final year of social work and my two daughters, my husband and my mother attended my graduation ceremony. We celebrated my older daughter's 21st birthday with her parents and not too many years after that we all attended her wedding. She and her husband now have a glorious daughter and we have known the family for more than 26 years.

When I signed the consent form in 1968, I had hoped beyond hope that one day my daughter would come looking for me. I felt immensely proud of her. It was as if she were a small child who had got lost and had found her way back home.

On the evening of the day we met I had rung Valma and cried like a baby. I was so glad to have her, and ARMS. I did not have to say a word. She knew I needed to cry for all the years I had not known my daughter, with relief that she had survived her childhood, and with joy that she wanted to know me.

*Mothers in ARMS, by Meg Hale, is published by Wakefield Press, \$24.95*

<http://www.theaustralian.com.au/news/features/the-baby-meg-hale-was-forced-to-give-up-one-mothers-story/story-e6frg8h6-1227016909229>