



# Hitler, My Father

A Novel of World War Two

Rod Merten

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## “How I have missed you, my angel.”

Tante Lotte's Diary  
13 March 1938

YESTERDAY WAS ABSOLUTELY THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE!!!

*It all started in the old school in Braunau am Inn, my dear Fuhrer's home town. Our church choir had been chosen to present a special concert just for him, and were we ready! The old priest, Father Sohn, wanted us to sing a bunch of old church hymns, but we knew that would not please Hitler. Only patriotic songs would do.*

*Our choir has many good voices, but only one great one—me! I knew that if we did well we might have a chance to actually meet him!*

*My only competition came from Gerta Beyerlein, that old cow. Mein Vater said I had the voice of an angel and he should know—he talks with them every day. Mein Mutter, for her part, dressed me as well as she could working night and day to finish my dress, all white with red trim and a black swastika right over my heart. I just knew I'd be fantastic, and I was!*

*Poor Herr Hitler did not seem too interested in our singing. Probably he was still excited by the Anschluss and all. Anyway, he applauded at all the right times and especially after my solo. He even stood when he clapped for me. I saw him whisper to one of his men and point at me.*

*I was putting away my music, feeling pretty good, when the man, the one Hitler had been whispering to, came up to me. He was short,*

stout, not at all good looking. He said Herr Hitler was so impressed by my singing that he wanted to meet me. He said this in front of everybody, even Father Sohn.

What could I do? One does not reject the Fuhrer. I did protest a little saying I would have no way to return home as the rest of the choir was leaving. He assured me that would not be a problem.

Sofia and Heidi were poking me, telling me to go, telling me that this was my chance to get out of Oberschwarzenberg, to make something of myself. Father Sohn asked the man would I be safe. The man said of course. The old priest asked him just how was I going to get home. The man said a Party member would deliver me to my home later this very day.

Well, what could I say? I said yes! I followed the man across the street to Hitler's hotel. We went right up the stairs to his room. The man knocked and we heard from inside, "Yes?"

The man said, "I have the girl."

The door opened into a fine room. Thick green carpets, creamy walls and a blue ceiling complimented the heavy brown leather couch, matching chair and a wood framed four poster bed. The sun streamed in through windows framing Herr Hitler as he sat on the couch. He rose as I entered and said, "Fraulein Schoener, how nice of you to come." Like I had a choice!

I was in awe. Was I to curtsy? Shake his hand? Faint? Or run away while I still could? All I did was to stand and stare. Never in my eighteen years of life had I expected this moment. How does one prepare for this?

"Fraulein, please have a seat."

That I could do. I sat on the chair as far away from him as I could. A handsome man gave us each a cup and saucer, served us tea and a Linz torte. He bent over the Fuhrer's cup and poured in a powder he said would "help you calm down," then took his leave. Herr Hitler sipped his tea in a most delicate manner, not manly at all. I drank only a little,

*afraid I'd spill it being so nervous.*

*The more he drank the dreamier he acted. His eyes focused above my head and his breathing slowed. I thought he was falling asleep until he said, "Come, my Geli. Sit on your uncle's lap again."*

*Geli? That was not my name. Who was he talking to?*

*"Geli, come here! I've missed you so much."*

*Then it dawned on me! He thought I was his niece, Geli. This was creepy. She had died years ago! Yet, he was the Fuhrer. Who was I to correct him?*

*I did as he ordered. Rising up on unsteady legs, I walked slowly towards the sofa and stood before him.*

*"Sit here, dear child." he pointed to his lap! This was too much!*

*"Herr Hitler, I am not Geli. I am Lotte."*

*I had heard that "his Geli," born Angelika Rabaul on June 4, 1908, was Hitler's half-niece. Over a six year period it is alleged that he repeatedly molested her, forced her to perform unusual sex acts, held her a virtual prisoner though well-provided for, wined and dined. On September 18, 1931 she either committed suicide using Hitler's own pistol or, as some thought, she was murdered by someone using Hitler's gun.*

*This seemed to rouse him from his dream. His eyes began to focus on my face which was okay. But then they slid down my body all the way to my shoes, then slowly they rose until once again he was looking me straight in the eyes.*

*"Lotte? Your name is Lotte? Are you sure?"*

*"I am quite sure."*

*Dreamily, he continued, "You look just like my Geli. You even sing like my Geli. Humor an old man and for now pretend you are Geli. Would you do that for me?"*

*I would die for this man! Pretending to be Geli was not that much to ask. I wanted to be a movie actress anyway. Why not start now for the man who could make my dream come true?*

*“I was just teasing, Uncle. Yes, my Fuhrer, I am your niece, Geli. What would you have me do?”*

*“Sit here,” motioning again to his lap, “and sing to me.”*

*I was not sure it was all right to sit on a man’s lap even if he was the Fuhrer. But, I was not sure it was wrong either. His eyes continued to look into mine and I felt my resistance crumble like stale bread. His eyes pulled me closer until he reached up, grasped my arm and eased me down.*

*Immediately, I felt secure, held safe in his arms, nuzzling my head under his chin, feeling his legs under my hips supporting me. I was overwhelmed! Nothing had ever prepared me for these feelings. Sure, Erich Schwimmer had kissed me a little but that was not the same. This was so much more.*

*I sang to him, softly, a lullaby from my youth. I thought, perhaps, that it would have been a song Geli would have known. His hand on my shoulder tightened, then slowly released and rubbed up and down my arm. His other reached in front and caressed my waist, wandering up to feel my diaphragm move in time to my music.*

*I must have sung to him for over an hour. Every song I’d ever learned that did not involve church. The more I sang, the quieter he got, but the more he rubbed me. He caressed my arm, then my back, and neck until his gentle hands reached my hair.*

*He interrupted my singing to remark, “You are just as I remember you. Your soft body and gentle voice. How I’ve missed you, my angel.”*

*Here it was. The greatest leader the world will ever know touching me, a poor country girl. Or was he still thinking of his dead niece as he touched me? I had to know. Gently, I gathered his hand from my diaphragm, holding it between mine, I asked him, “Is it Geli or me whom you are loving?”*

*As if from afar, “It is both.”*

*That was enough for me. He knew it was not just Geli, but me who loved him. I turned into him, reached up with my hand and pulled*

him down to my lips. My first real kiss! And it was with Mein Fuhrer. The world's greatest kiss. Beyond lay uncharted territory. I rose off his lap and let him lead me to the bed.

He perched on the edge of the bed standing me right in front of himself. A simple, "Take off your clothes," was all he said, all he had to say. Buttons popped, skirts fell, shoes dropped until I was standing in just my chemise.

I was twitching, shaking, scared and shocked by my behavior. I waited for his next command. My friends and I had talked about boys and love, but we had never discussed what a real man would expect or want.

Hitler just stared at me still using his hands to caress me from my knees up to my arms and back. Why was he still dressed and me almost naked? Was he shy or just waiting to see what I would do? I took the challenge! I started to undress the Fuhrer!

First his jacket and shirt, each button was a challenge for my fumbling fingers. He sat still as I struggled. I laid his clothes on the chair next to the bed. Now what? His top was bare so I started at the bottom. Kneeling, I untied his shoes and raised each foot to pull them off and then his hose. Top and bottom were done. Now the middle. I did not know if I was to continue. This was all new to me. My parents would kill me if they knew I was undressing the Fuhrer.

Well, as Mein Vater always said, "In for a pint, in for a gallon." I raised my hands to his waist and started to work the buttons. They were stubborn but I was determined.

"You will have to help me, my Fuhrer."

He placed his hands on the bed to lift his bottom up just enough so I could pull his trousers down, and then off. He raised again and I removed his drawers. I thought to myself, "not as big as I might have guessed." Yet, he was a great man and soon would be my lover. Who was I to judge?

"What is this?" I asked pointing to a dark square smudge high on

his right thigh.

*“Only a birthmark exclusive to my family,” he said.*

*He put his hands on the hem of my chemise, caressed my knees as he raised it above my waist. He continued higher and higher until it was over my breasts which my left arm and hand immediately covered. Then back to my waist, hooking fingers into my panties and rolling them down until they puddled at my feet. My right hand plunged to cover my womanhood. I could not help it.*

*“Child, such modesty is charming but most inconvenient.”*

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**12 December 2008**  
**Heidelberg, Germany**

I put aside the diary, dusty with age. As a Professor of History at Heidelberg University, I had never seen such. Seated in my study, I was surrounded by boxes of letters, the diary of my long-departed Great Aunt Lotte Schoener, and my own research spanning almost twenty years. How many times in one’s life is a person presented with documents such as these?

My wife, Hilde, poked her head in from the hallway. “What are you going to do with this mess?”

“I think I am finally going to write my book.”

“Took you long enough. I’ve been cleaning around these piles for two decades.”

“I had to wait until I retired and had the time.”

“Then I’ll let you get to it.”

A letter from Lotte’s friend Erich Schwimmer had arrived at my door in 1991. I was her only living relative whose address he could find—and the only one caring enough to record and understand her story. I planned to take a short, or so I thought, sabbatical to begin my search in Oberschwarzenberg to discover my Tante Lotte and story.

My family’s history told the tale of Tante Lotte from



Oberschwarzenberg, a bumpy point of land between Czechoslovakia and Germany in northern Austria, about a hundred kilometers from Linz, itself off the beaten path, being far from Vienna—the Austria the tourists flock to.

Every relative who knew Tante Lotte had disowned her. Who wanted to admit that even a far distant relative was convinced that Adolf Hitler had fathered her child? Here I sat, almost seventy years removed from the beginning, trying to make some sense of her tale. I hoped to understand this most amazing woman within the context of her times, her village and her obsession. (Author's Note: I have taken the liberty to translate the original documents into modern English and, as a history professor, added as much historical background as necessary).

Lotte Schoener was just fourteen years old when in 1934 Adolf Hitler came to power in Germany, at first invigorating a beaten-down people ruined by hyper-inflation and fear, then taking his people down to the hell of defeat and occupation.

In 1934, however, all this history had not yet happened. It was a time of renewal for all Germans reeling from the betrayal of World War One, and the visceral fear engendered by Russia's Communists. Onto this stage stepped her dear Adolf, her Liebchen, to whom she wrote almost five dozen letters before her death.

Adolf Hitler, like Tante Lotte, began his life in Austria, not Germany. He was born in a hamlet, Braunau am Inn, quite near the German border. Having left Austria as a failure he returned to Vienna, a hero. He took time to visit his birthplace and grade school. On March 12, 1938 in a schoolroom in Braunau am Inn, a choir from an even smaller village came to perform for their new leader. The soloist of that small choir was my Tante Lotte, whose diary and letters I now reveal.