



(Tribune Studio photo.)

I Choose America!

"The more I think of myself as a housewife in Germany the more fantastic the possibility seems. I shrink at ever coming again in contact with the mass emotion, the egotism, the fear, and the force of the Reich. Even less could I bear to have my children grow up to be Nazis.

"Always I think of the children. I can remember the cold Sunday mornings in Hamburg when troops of boys in the dark blue Hitler Youth uniforms marched by singing lusty songs taught them by the Nazis. Their thick shoes clattered on the cobblestones, and the little fellows had to run determinedly to keep up with the big ones.

"Would I ever be willing to turn a 6-year-old son of mine over to the Hitler Youth, to let him be trained through adolescence and into manhood by the government? Millions of German mothers must make this surrender.

"My husband has made his choice, and I have made mine. I choose the land where mothers will never hear their children cry 'Heil Hitler!' nor any other pledge to dictatorship.

"I choose the United States of America!"

—Margaret Porter Reinke.



I

Married a Nazi!

The True Story
of an
American Girl
Who Found
There Was No
Place for Her
Love in the
Creed of a
German Nazi

I MARRIED a German. **By Margaret Porter Reinke** was inevitable. The pain of it cut deep but healed quickly. I do not regret that I shall never see my husband again.

When I first met him he was a resident of the West Indies, a tolerant and charming gentleman, and a moderately successful business executive. He had left the fatherland in his youth and knew little of post-war Germany.

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Now Karl Reinke is a Nazi. He subscribes fanatically to the creed of the National Socialists; and in that creed there is no place for the love of an American girl. He has become so thoroughly Hitlerized that everything in conflict with Nazi notions of race and politics must be eliminated.

The transformation from what he had been to what he is took place while we were on a belated honeymoon in his homeland. I do not think I have been to blame for the wreck of our marriage; certainly I prayed and worked to make it a success. I even swallowed my American pride and gave formal acknowledgment of German superiority, in the vain hope of preserving our romance as the beautiful thing it was in the beginning.

But Karl made it too obvious that he despised America and all it represents, spiritually, politically, and socially. Our separation

Bridal couples remarrying under the ritual prescribed by Nazi leaders. The scene is in Berlin.

(Associated Press photo.)

July, 1935. The good ship Hansa was plowing the Atlantic, Hamburg bound from New York. The night was warm and clear, and I was standing at the rail stargazing when two men approached. One was a German journalist with whom I was already acquainted.

"Let me introduce Herr Reinke from the West Indies," he said. "Fräulein Porter, Herr Reinke."

We shook hands. Herr Reinke's tanned face was keen yet kindly. His gray-green eyes twinkled. I knew then that I would like him very much. My first thought was: "I hope he will sit by me at the movie tonight."

He did. For the rest of the voyage we were much together. We played the piano, we sat in deck chairs, we tried our luck at shuffleboard, we listened to music. Karl's years in the tropics had made him a cosmopolitan. He could converse in perfect English of philosophy and art, of Europe and the islands, of himself, and of me. Just to know that he was near was comforting.

The Hansa became a ship of enchantment, and one sunlit day as we were passing the Isle of Wight we made long, long plans for the future. Some of them came true. We met several times in Europe. I visited Karl's parents in their Hamburg home. He came to Chicago to see me.

In February, 1937, we were married at Miami, Fla., with the members of my family attending the wedding. Immediately after the ceremony we boarded a plane and were soon in Haiti.

At Gonaives, as members of a little German colony, we settled down to married life. The social round was not exacting, and we stayed much (Continued on page four.)