



German girls in a Nazi youth organization camp getting their early training from the state, not the home.

● In the previous instalments Mrs. Reinke told of her early experiences in Germany. She had gone there on a belated honeymoon with the young husband she married in America. Nazi politics intruded into her domestic life, but she loved Karl Reinke and was still hopeful she could become the true German frau he demanded. In a little Bavarian village Mrs. Reinke and her husband saw German troops marching through to the conquest of Austria. As the story is taken up she is in Hamburg, ready to leave for the United States. Her German husband is to follow a month later.

By MARGARET PORTER REINKE  
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EARLY IN APRIL, I sailed on the S. S. Manhattan. Many of the passengers were Jewish refugees, driven from the Reich by the cruelty and exactions of the Nazi government.

My month of separation from Karl passed swiftly and happily. Here in the United States I felt a new and deep security that was missing all the while I was in Germany. And I was sure that if Karl remained in America we would be very happy together. Here, I told myself, he would be quickly weaned away from Nazi ideas.

He arrived on May 20, and I met him on the dock in New York. Joyful as I was, I could not help seeing that he was depressed, but he explained that he had had a rough passage and was not feeling well. At the time this had a logical sound.

He made little effort in the following week, however, to adapt himself to American life. In Chicago I had obtained a number of letters introducing him to executives in New York, but he demanded a short period in which to orient himself to new surroundings.

Then, after we had seen most of the famous sights of the city, he grudgingly went out to hunt a job. At the end of the first day he returned to our hotel room in a bitter mood.

"You have disappointed me," he said in his precise English. "Why did I give up my position in Haiti? To come here and walk the dirty streets of New York, begging for work? These letters are a waste of time. It is embarrassing to ask for a job when there is no definite opening. You have made me start again at the bottom."

I tried to make Karl understand that he could not expect a place at the first asking, but he remained dissatisfied and querulous. After presenting a few more of the letters he refused flatly to continue on the rounds.

"I am too proud for this," he said. "I don't deserve such treatment."

Thereafter he devoted much of his time to reports of Germany published in the New York papers, and also to the comments of radio announcers. Once, after hearing a critical broadcast on Hitler's plans, he demanded:

"Is there no fairness, no decency in this country? Must you always allow the tongues of Jews to speak for you? Must you always lie about the aims of the Fuehrer and Germany?"

Next he instructed me meticulously on the Hitler plans. He said the democracies of Europe would never dare interfere. He outlined a course by which he said Hitler would eventually make France pay for the humiliation heaped on his country at the end of the World War. Much that he foretold has been accomplished. Karl always seemed to be able to guess what was going on in Europe. But he never achieved any understanding of America.

Perhaps this was because he did not like my country. Certainly it was not long until he began to lament he had come over. He talked of having been tricked. Why, he said, had my family refused to pay a dowry? Why did they consent to let him beg strangers for work?

After several weeks of brooding he announced early in July that he had booked passage for Germany, and that he would go alone.

"It will be disgrace enough to face my family without you, confess my failure and tell them that your people have not carried out their agreements," he said.

I could not remember any agreement that was not kept. But I had become weary, too weary to fight. I told Karl then that his happiness should be the first consideration and that the decision to go or stay was his alone. This lack of opposition seemed to have more effect than pleading or tears would have had. My husband canceled his booking.

We stayed on in the hotel. We seemed to have reached an impasse. Karl was doing nothing toward getting work. We had, temporarily, ample funds, but it was time we were looking to the future. The situation was unpleasant, and Karl made it worse by his frequent recriminations and his talk of German superiority.

When my mother telegraphed us an invitation to come and spend a vacation in the family cottage in Minnesota I felt much relieved. We accepted and started west almost immediately. On the way Karl talked about his rights to a dowry. Then when we stopped at the family home on the Chicago north shore (no one was at home at the time) he complained about an investment he had made in America.

"You are all working against me," he shouted. "You are stealing my hard-earned money. I will not stand it. Tomorrow I shall leave for Germany."

The strain of the constant clashes was growing too heavy for me to bear. I collapsed and went to bed. Karl called my mother in Minnesota and told her good-bye. He explained in soft, untruffled tones that I was unable to get to the phone.

Something mother said must have soothed him. Perhaps he thought that she would side with him in the dowry matter. At any rate he changed his mind about leaving immediately. He came upstairs to me.

"I cannot leave you in this condition," he said. "There is no telling what you might do. Your mother was insistent that we come to Minnesota."

We put his suitcases back in the closets from which he had dragged them. Another crisis was ended, and we went on to the lake country.

Our happiest weeks in America were spent there. In the pine woods Karl was too busy working and playing to pay

much attention to the German political situation. He chopped firewood, mended the boat, tended the garden, and went on long walks with me. The environment suited him.

The relatives and friends who visited us found him charming. They were all impressed with his well chosen remarks on Europe's problems. He presented the German case in a light that made a splendid impression, and I was proud of him. I had reason, I felt, to hope that he would forget his longing for the homeland and his devotion to Nazi ideas.

In September we returned to Chicago. We had talked things over with my father and mother and Karl was on the surface content that we should work things out ourselves and not look to any one for support. He accepted with outward gratitude a position that was offered him, and we rented and furnished a small apartment.

Before long he was complaining that any simple clerk could do his work. Once more the American urban scene was finding him antagonistic. His gloom increased as the Czecho-Slovakian crisis developed. Even to Americans that was an out-



A German teacher points out to students the effect of the Versailles treaty on their country. (Acme photos.)

standing news event. To Karl it was the most important event in present-day history. He read everything about it in the papers. He listened to the radio reports. Again these angered him.

From the time Hitler made his speech excoriating President Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, through the Chamberlain-Hitler interviews, and the signing of the Munich pact he accurately predicted the moves.

"There is no danger of war," he said. "Germany's people are not excited. Most of them know little of what is going on. You Americans are excited about war in Europe, just as you would be by a baseball game. You believe what you see in print and what you hear on the radio."

He was much pleased with Chamberlain's first air trip to Berchtesgaden, Hitler's mountain retreat. The British prime minister, he said, was a real diplomat, and added that this proved Germany was being recognized as "the first power on the continent."

Shortly before the agreement was reached at Munich, Karl informed me he had obtained the forms for first citizenship papers. "There is a clause," he said, "that I must swear to take up arms in defense of the United States. Be assured I shall never sign such an oath." That was anything but encouraging.

We moved into the new apartment on Oct. 1, the day the first

German troops marched into the Sudetenland. We hung the pictures, stamped the rugs into place, and bought everything we needed to complete our domestic establishment. But Karl never was happy in it.

His evenings at home he spent with his ear at the radio, whence came the stirring story of the Nazi victory. Occasionally we had long hours of phonograph music, and even more rarely went to the movies. Music always eased the emotional strain under which we labored. But as soon as the fundamentals of politics or religion or education were discussed we were antagonists again.

Always we divided, as German and American views clashed. I was sure we still loved each other, yet I wondered how this could be so. We were so different. My belief that Karl was unhappy because he was homesick was worn threadbare. Yet I made all the allowances I could for the cutting remarks he made.

Gradually the situation reached a point where I could do nothing about it. It was impossible to speak clearly with my husband. Unless I would second his opinions he took the position that I was insulting him or insulting Hitler and Germany. I began to see that I was only hanging on to the last shreds of loyalty to the marriage vows I had taken in Miami.

One Saturday evening in late October we sat down as reasonable beings and discussed what we should do. Karl was frank. He was debating whether he should return to Germany. This time I was definite in my answer. This I have never regretted. That evening was the beginning of a new freedom for me. I returned to my status as an individual and made it plain to Karl that whatever happened I would guard my self-respect.

My decision was that he must do as he pleased, but that I would no longer consent to suppression of my own views on any subject, nor to admit inferiority. Then Karl, without rancor

ever heard of dowries except in story books. It was useless to ask him why he wanted to break up our home so soon after the lease was signed and the furniture purchased, or to demand why he had bought and insured an automobile.

His only reply was: "I do this because I love you so much I must be true to myself." I can translate this into other words: "If I am to love my wife she must be a reflection of myself and my own National Socialism." I could not fulfill the requirements.

Karl sailed on Nov. 3. From the ship he sent a message: "Leb wohl. Beheut dich Gott. (Live well. God bless you.)" That was all. Something told me that his transformation into a true Nazi was quite complete. His brief emergence from the German shell had been too swift and too startling. The vivid workaday American democracy had frightened him with its energy and its free thinking.

As the distance between us widened the possibility of reunion grew less. American freedom meant so much to me that I could no longer consider ever being a "true Nazi frau" under the Hitler banner. I would never bother about being a "pure Aryan." I was free!

Why hadn't I seen that a German marriage would mean for an American woman the crossing of almost insurmountable barriers if she was to retain any individuality? To be fair, a German husband under the circumstances has a tough assignment, and I wondered if Karl, far out on the Atlantic, shared my feeling of release. I think he did. I hope he did.

He had done his best, I am sure. But I was not easy to make over. Americans may seem casual, fun-loving, and frivolous; underneath they are as firm as lamp posts when their freedom, their original modes of thought are challenged. I was as proud of my country as Karl was of his. But I had not been trained, as he had, to show that pride.

"Never mind," I said gayly. "There are many views in America. As Americans we have no dislike for the German people. We just hate to hear the word 'dictator.'"

# I MARRIED A NAZI!

## American Girl's Romance Wrecked by Hitlerism

Karl put down his knife and fork. "There is something I must tell you," he said quietly. "I shall go to Germany at once. In a year or two I will send for you, but if you come you must change a great deal. You must be ready to become a true German wife, receptive to National Socialist ideals." Then he added a strange and to me almost a comic request. "You must investigate your family tree for generations to see that you are pure Aryan."

Continuing, he said he could no longer overlook the dowry. "The withholding of it was a trick," he asserted. "May I assure you that the marriage would not have taken place if your position on this matter had been clearly explained either by you or your father."

So this was what Karl, the fine, sensitive gentleman of the Haitian days, had become. This Karl at least was real. Perhaps that other man I had fallen in love with was an ideal projected by my own imagination.

It was useless to tell this man that neither I nor my father had

The reasons why I can never go back across the sea and become a German wife are easily analyzed. First of all, I think of children. I can remember the cold Sunday mornings in Hamburg when troops of boys in the dark blue Hitler Youth uniforms marched by singing the 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? Mentally, morally, and physically he would have to be the property of the Nazis. Millions of German mothers make the surrender because they have been persuaded by propaganda that only through such an educational system can the fatherland survive and become great.

At 10 the Karl Jr. of the future would be taken into the active service of the Hitler Youth.



Field Marshal Goering visits a group of German boys being raised under Nazi party auspices.

Great emphasis would be put on his physical fitness and his capacity for leadership. He would have to go on long marches and take camping trips so Germany could estimate his value at this tender age.

If he proved he was worth training for leadership he would be put in one of the special Hitler schools. These institutions educate boys from 10 to 18 years old and are separate from the regular school system. Of course, pure Aryan citizenship and good character would be needed to qualify.

At 18 Karl Jr. could apply for membership in the Nazi party, which takes charge of the most promising youths and trains them for the government service. Accepted, he would have to take oath: "The Fuehrer is always right." He would have to pledge himself to absolute obedience, to avoidance of time-wasting chatter and self-gratifying criticism. He would have to go over wholly to the cause, govern his appearance and behavior to the dictates of the government, and suppress his own thoughts.

But if the hypothetical Karl preferred to take up a professional career, or even to get a job in business, he would still have to report at 18 to the Arbeitsdienst (labor service) and undergo six months of shovel work and then two years of military training. The Arbeitsdienst members carry shiny shovels instead of guns.

All through this period a selective process would be going on. Each year a thousand young men are chosen to become members of the Order of Leaders. They are the thousand who best answer the questions: "What have you done for the party? Are you sound physically, morally, and mentally? Is your family tree in order?"

Through this system Germany is preparing the succession to Hitler and the perpetuation of National Socialism through many generations.

Our little girl would be regimented at 10 into the Jungmaedels and at 14 into the Bund Deutscher Maedel, or League of German Girls. These organiza-

tions would train her, with millions of other little girls, for the two professions—and two only—that the German government recognizes for women—motherhood and nursing.

When she married, probably very young, she and her husband would be given, if they needed it, a thousand-mark loan to furnish and equip their household. This loan would have to be repaid in ten years, but credits against it would be given for each child born to the couple. Germany is overcrowded now, but the Nazis want more children, always more, that their dreams of military conquest can be carried on for decades.

Meanwhile what sort of a family life would Karl and I and our children lead? We would address each other and our friends and the butcher, the grocer, and the milkman with "Heil Hitler!" a dozen times a day. We would sign letters, begin and end telephone conversations, and greet the postman with the same phrase. We would hear it when each radio program began and ended. The home in Germany is no refuge from propaganda.

How would religion affect us? Hitler always says that he has given Germany a renaissance with the aid of God. When he marched into Vienna he went to the radio and spoke fervently of God's help to the Reich and the *anschluss*. In "Mein Kampf" he has written that in persecuting the Jews he is "doing the Lord's work."

He will not, however, permit his countrymen to worship as they see fit. That in his view would be to encourage mere hysteria and the outcropping of international propaganda. The brotherhood of man, good will, tolerance, and understanding are regarded by the Nazis as moral weaknesses. They agree with Nietzsche that Christianity is "fit only for shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen, and other democrats."

National Socialism is striving gradually to convince the German people that religion is not a sanctuary from the cares of life. The leaders retain familiar words and names connected with the Christian faith, but carry on a campaign to substitute the state for the church. Propaganda Minister Goebbels has asserted that the Nazi party is a political church which will last for a thousand years. As political priests the party leaders teach that only through the elimination of "Judaism, communism, and democracy" can civilization be saved. It is the doctrine of hate.

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 hate, and the force of the Reich. Even less could I bear to have my children grow up with the Nazis.

What does it matter if it be true that under Hitler there is no starvation and little unemployment? Must all the intellect, all the spirit of a great people be subordinated to the physical needs and material welfare of Germany? Must Hitler and his like hold on forever, keeping German minds and souls in leash by propaganda if they can, by prisons and concentration camps if they must? I think they will hold on, and for a long, long time.

Would I like to be part of the great German world offensive? No. And yet I believe that Hitler will proceed as my husband said he would; that he will go on absorbing one after the other of the territories cut away from Germany after the war. If you have not been in Germany you cannot understand the power of propaganda—a power that makes devotion to the nation transcend love and family and all the things we hold most dear.

When the victories come Karl Reinke will rejoice. He 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!

(THE END.)