I married a Nazi

American Girl's Romance Wrecked by Hitlerism

Karl put down his knife and fork.
"There is something I want to tell you," he said. "In a year or two I will send for you and we will make a great change. You must be prepared. I am going to become a man of action."

He paused to consider his audience. The young woman was quite dazzled. "You mean, my love, you are going to resign your post and become a politician?"

"Indeed, my dear. I have long been considering the political situation. I have decided to enter the fray." He paused again, and added, "But I will not do it if you are not prepared." He leaned back in his chair, and his voice became more assured. "I think you are prepared."

American troops marched into the Dominican Republic. The United press, according to the Associated Press, and the newspapers in the United States, were carried with the newsworthy event. Karl never was happy in it.

"As a matter of fact, my dear, I am not quite sure that I can do it. I don't think I can do it." He leaned forward, and his voice became more urgent. "But I will try. I will try my best."

The woman was startled. "You mean...that you will try to become a politician?"

"Yes, my dear. I will try."

The woman was silent. She had never thought of it before.

"I will try to become a politician," he said, "because I love you." He stared at her. "And because I love you, I will do my best to become a politician." He leaned back in his chair, and his voice became more assured. "I will do my best to become a politician," he said, "for you.""