



... from which perhaps 150,000 of Germany's elite ... have fled or are fleeing ... "

By Jay Allen

Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), Germany.

FROM Paris to this westernmost frontier of Hitler's Reich to the Deutschland that in Nazi verbiage is now "awake," is a mere seven hours by any low class train.

By the elegant and expensive Nord express which pants into Friedrichstrasse in the capital of the third Reich only thirteen hours and eleven minutes after its flight from the Gare du Nord in the capital of the Third Republic it is of course much less although the distinguished passengers of this flyer rarely stop off at Aix-la-Chapelle, capital of Charlemagne's Holy Roman Empire, for some centuries now defunct.

But the Nord express like others of Europe's great "blue trains" called that by the Wagons Lits company for the reason that they are enameled blue, is not the sort of train that a tourist and much less a conscientious correspondent ought to take in these times.

It is not expense, it is because the blue trains are out of date. Striking as they do across frontiers, passports being examined on board, while passengers sleep in their *art moderne* compartments, and baggage at the terminus, they keep alive an antiquated conception of Europe. They are survivals of

## HERE'S A WORD PICTURE OF GERMANY UNDER THE BROWN WAVE OF HITLERISM

a distant area, of years long ago between 1925 and 1930, when it was actually believed that by bringing people closer you could make them like each other and that thus the rising flood of wealth and easy communications between the nations would soon blur these frontiers of evil memory.

In those years long ago the French and German peoples sat down at table together in the persons of two prehistoric characters, Briand and Stresemann, and ate good food and sipped fine wines. A literary school grew up in which the blue train came to stand as a sort of a symbol of the new internationalism. The French writers of this period, Paul Morand, the most notable, stressed, as they would, the sleeping car appeal. German writers and film directors of the period were not averse to adopting this pleasant symbol of international comprehension.

During those years people never said that they were taking a train; it was always the Nord or Sud or the Orient or the Silver Coast; and nobody spoke of arriving in London or Paris or Berlin; it was at Victoria, or the Gare du Nord, or Friedrichstrasse.

But it is all over now. The spell is broken. Distances have lengthened. Capitals that, to Americans used to vast distances, seem almost suburbs of each other have grown far apart in time and space. Frontiers have again become vivid realities in western Europe, particularly this one that for centuries was the gateway to the west. In the "blue trains" travel survivors may be even ghosts of a lamented epoch.

So your correspondent took not the Nord but a humbler train, time-tabled to show proper respect for the frontiers of Europe. And so, between eleven at night and six in the morn-

ing, he was obliged personally to show his passport to the French, to the Belgians, and at last to the Germans, who were kind enough to discern through a lather of shaving soap his resemblance with the picture on the document.

And this was no hysterical train wearing the blue of Briand's time. It was an honest train composed of various sizes, shapes and colors of French, German and Polish cars. There was even a Polish coach marked for Niegoreloje on the Polish-Soviet frontier, which used to be Europe's question-mark until Hitler came to power.

This night there were Poles, more Poles than there have ever been seen anywhere in one place outside of Warsaw or Chicago. They were going home on a cut-rate excursion arranged by the official travel bureau to show them their ally and benefactor, France, from whom they are separated by a mere sixty-five million "awakened" Germans.

A French train in the night is a fearful thing. It drives along at speeds that vary but are always desperate. It is the huge railway yards like Creil and St. Quentin huge because of their military value, that the best synchronization of speed and clatter is achieved. In France, trains always get a running start to take the yards. And at top speed they do a demonic thing. (Continued on Next Page.)