

Youth Under Hitler!



(Acme photo.)
German boys learn warfare with a real machine gun.



(Acme photo.)
Girls at work during their year in labor camps and country households.



The boys play fighting games. When they get bumped they don't cry, for that would disgrace them for life.

(Continued from page one.)
too sleepy to do his home work for the next day. That made his father scold, but mother said it didn't matter and made him take a bath and go to bed.

Two week-ends a month the boys give to marching. The other two week-ends are left for home and, if the parents are so inclined, church. Hans has only been on one week-end march so far. He started out on Saturday after school—his knapsack on his back and his little aluminum tin packed tightly with sandwiches—and met his troop at the station. They took the train to Bernau, some ten miles out of Berlin. From the station they marched singing through the old streets into the woods outside the old city wall. They met another troop there, and the two had a battle.

At 7 Ernst gave orders to

How Children Are Trained to Serve the State

march, and then they marched to the youth hostel—an old electric plant remodeled. They trooped up the old factory stairs and unloaded their knapsacks in the dormitory. Then they came downstairs to the dining room with the long oak tables and benches. When Ernst made a sign every boy emptied his tin of sandwiches into the great plate before him. Ernst turned the plates. The boys all joined hands and sang. With the last note of the song they all loosed hold and grabbed for the plate.

Little Hans got a sandwich spread with goose grease, and he didn't like it. His mother put ham in his—but Hans under-

stands it's share and share alike in the army.

After the dinner of sandwiches was over they played games. One boy lay down on the floor. Another took a glass of water and a funnel made from a rolled newspaper. "My captain," the second one called through his paper tube, "we are on the high seas." "It doesn't interest me," the boy below answered sleepily. "My captain, an English ship is approaching."

"It doesn't interest me," again the captain replied. "My captain, the English ship is drawing her guns." "It doesn't interest me." "My captain, the English ship has fired on us and we are

sinking!" at last the exhausted watcher cried, and he poured the glass of water through the paper funnel. Ernst tells Hans that this means that the nation which is not prepared will be lost.

At 8:30 they all climbed into the hard double-deckers that stood in straight rows in the dormitory. At 6 o'clock they were up again and off to the woods for more maneuvers. At noon they each had a huge bowl of macaroni and tomatoes— it cost 50 pennings, or about 20 cents—served by the hostel "mother." After dinner they went home.

Although he has been a member of the organization for only a few weeks, Hans already is well grounded in *weltanschauung*, or philosophy of life as taught by the Nazis. He honors and reveres the Fuehrer as a god. He knows that he is a

Full House for an Aerial Breakfast



Part of the 101 private planes lined up at Curtiss airport.

By WAYNE THOMIS

THE BROWN folder asked in bold type, "Can you get up Sunday morning?" The particular Sunday was Aug. 13. Every airplane owner and pilot in the Chicago area was challenged not only to get out of bed but to fly an airplane to Curtiss airport, Glenview, Ill., and join other early-from-bed birdmen at a breakfast gathering.

Came Sunday morning, bright and clear. At 7:30 the airport at Curtiss field was deserted, lonely. A forlorn mechanic and the anxious promoters of the "fly-in" breakfast paced the apron. Apparently Chicago flyers couldn't or wouldn't get up early on summer Sunday mornings. J. B. Hartranft Jr., executive secretary of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots' association, who issued the invitations, began to be anxious. Eight o'clock was the hour set for the fast breaking.

The minutes ticked away. Then at 7:45 the hum of an airplane motor was heard. The first arrival, a Piper Cub, drifted over the airport fence and settled smugly. Another light plane, a gleaming Luscombe with an aluminum fuselage, followed.

Then suddenly and unaccountably the air was thick with planes. More Cubs, several Aeroncas, a Stinson, Porterfields, Rearwins, Taylorcraft, several Wacos, and even a badly frightened Douglas DC-3. The big Douglas droned around and around the airport as smaller and more agile planes ducked from its path and turned in ahead of it to land simultane-

ously in droves—and not in formation.

When the rain of airplanes ended about 8:15, and the last propeller had ceased to turn, the amazed oldsters who long since have virtually abandoned hope of arousing a spirit of coöperation and camaraderie among private pilots and owners in the middle west counted 101 airplanes parked along the southern boundary of the airport.

Three hundred and two persons who arrived in the planes—ranging in age from an infant of 1½ years to a chipper white-haired grandmother of 67 years—trooped into the newly completed army air corps barracks beside the big hangars. In three sittings they downed tomato juice, ham and scrambled eggs, rolls, and coffee.

Then they spread out throughout the hangars, inspecting the army primary training planes and the naval reserve corps ships housed at the field. They filled the parachute room on the second floor seven times to see a sound picture that illustrated the principles and practice of radio and instrument flying. The film also demonstrated radio range beacon orientation procedure.

A final count showed the following types of ships and the numbers of each:

Aeroncas, 7; Rearwins, 5; Fleets, 3; Aristocrats, 2; Swanson, 1; Porterfields, 4; Fairchilds, 5; Arow sport, 1; Wacos, 6; Taylorcraft, 13; Stinsons, 5; Buhl Sedan, 1; Spartans, 4; Cessnas, 3; Luscombes, 4; Cubs, 18; Monocoups, 7; Ryans, 4; Robins, 2; DC-3s, 2; Howards, 3; Eaglerock, 1.

These planes came from the following points:

Wisconsin—Milwaukee, Wauwatosa, Janesville, Elm Grove, West Bend, Beloit, Kenosha, West Allis, Racine.

Indiana—Michigan City, South Bend, Anderson, Hammond.

Michigan—Detroit, Roseville.

Iowa—Dubuque.

Illinois—Danville, Freeport, Polo, Dixon, Sterling, Bloomington, Aurora, St. Charles, Brookfields, Rockford, Berwyn, Harvey, Antioch, Maywood, La Salle, Winnetka, Westchester, Waukegan, and from the following Chicago airports: Air Activities,

Palwaukee, Ashburn, Curtiss, Stinson, Chicago municipal.

What, you ask, is all the shouting about? Suppose 302 persons did get up early Sunday morning to fly to Curtiss field in 101 airplanes?

Never in the history of flying in the middle west have so many airplanes turned out for a similar event. This gathering of pilots and interested passengers—they had to be interested to get up early enough to get to Curtiss by 8 o'clock Sunday morning—gives us a barometric reading on the tremendous reawakening of general interest in flying.

hair in two long, fair braids. Now she pulls it straight back and winds it in a knob on the back of her head. She did not go and do "land service," as her brother did. She already had fixed upon her profession. She is going to be a nurse. Germany needs nurses.

But a profession is not all that Germany asks of her daughters. Gretel has been taught since she was 12 years old that the first duty of a woman is to give her country children. Just because she is choosing a profession and doesn't intend to get married immediately, Gretel sees no reason to postpone her duty to her country.

All this worries Gretel's mother—more especially since Gretel is leaving her next year to spend six months in a labor camp and a year in a household, as the law requires she shall do. Mother has seen many girls come back from labor camp, and she doesn't like it.

But Gretel—like every other eighteen-year-old—knows mother is hopelessly old-fashioned.

child of the "new time," and he is told that is a great fortune. He knows, too, that on the little knife which every boy is entitled to wear when he is 11 years old is inscribed "blood and honor," and that means that the greatest honor which can come to a man is to shed his blood for his country.

Hans' brother Fritz and his elder sister, Gretel, have been in the youth organization for six years. It has so completely encircled their lives that they have no idea what life would be without it.

Fritz is an earnest boy of 16. Last year he spent six months in the voluntary "land service" of the Hitler Jugend. That means that he went out in the country and lived with some thirty other boys in a "land service home of the Hitler Youth." Every day the boys went out and worked on the surrounding farms. They helped the farmers gratis and incidentally learned whether they liked farming.

In spite of the fact that he knows Germany needs farmers and that he would be given a plot of land, Fritz didn't like it. He is a studious lad, and the vocational guidance board of the Hitler Youth told him that Germany needs physicians, and he has chosen that instead. He will study for his profession as soon as he has completed his six months at the labor camp and his two years of military training. In the labor camp he will shoulder a spade and march out daily to build roads.

He has no fears as to the future. He is perfectly sure that Germany will get what she wants and that she will take care of him. But there is a suggestion of strain on his face. He has had no time to play—and on week-ends he would love to go to the dances, but he hasn't time. Of course, he does not complain. He is too well disciplined, for one thing—and if he did rebel



(Acme photo.)
Boys in "land service" help the farmers in the fields.

he would lose any hope of professional success. The better recommendation he can get from the Hitler Youth the better it is for him.

Gretel is really a better soldier. When she was younger she was not so enthusiastic. She could see no sense in the long hours of sewing for the winter poor relief—and she hated gymnastics. And mother didn't like her uniform. She was plump, and the little blue skirt firmly belted with leather and the white blouse made her look a bit tubby. Now at 18 she has grown tall and slender. Mother says her uniform makes her look gawky—but Gretel doesn't care. She's proud of it.

She is a member of "Faith and Beauty," the older girls' division of the youth organization. "Faith" means belief in National Socialism and "beauty" means the irradiation of that belief through the young woman's personality.

Gretel never wears any makeup—and above all no earrings. Until a year ago she wore her

Voice of the Movie Fan

Letters published in this department should be written on one side of the paper. If you wish a personal reply please inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Dear Miss Tinée: At the risk of being torn limb from limb and anathematized by the score I am going to offer a few criticisms of "Dark Victory."



BETTE DAVIS
Fine actress, but "overemphasized."

I was a little slow in getting around to see this much-talked-about picture, so it wasn't until last evening that I attended a performance.

First let me say that I was much moved—in fact, the tears were streaming down my cheeks at the last. However, it was later, in analyzing the direction, etc., that I felt there were certain weaknesses.

Miss Davis is a great favorite of mine, and her acting all the way through was fine, realistic, and intensely moving. Nat-

urally her producers realize that she is a great actress and drawing card, but unfortunately, in my estimation, they over-emphasized her in the picture, so that the impression of almost overacting was given. It wasn't a case of restraining Miss Davis, but rather of allowing the rest of the cast to come up to her—to raise their own performance to her level—reach her heights. Miss Fitzgerald broke through the restrictions more than any one else in the cast, but I have a feeling that she was not encouraged. Mr. Brent was kept down—almost as if he, like the story, was afraid of Miss Judith. He was almost stiff and in some places failed to seem human—stood off looking at Miss Davis too much. I don't think this was his fault, but the director's.

Another weakness, strangely enough, was the continuity of the story. It isn't particularly apparent at the time, but afterward one realizes that there was a lack of smoothness. Poor Mr. Bogart, who can do so well, was bewildered by his part, and rightly so, for I failed to see why he was there at all. He didn't advance the plot, and every scene with him was vague and without point.

I am sure if you can look back and recall the picture you will see that Miss Davis held the entire thing together by the sheer force of her acting and personality, pushed on in this way by the director. The picture would have been really a better vehicle for Miss Davis if a better grasp of the whole thing, with the consequent proper perspective, had been felt by those at the helm.

Sincerely,
A. C. M.
Editor's note: A thoughtful criticism. As I see it, much you thought unnecessary is essential as background. "Dark Victory" is basically the character study of one woman. Naturally she would dominate the action.

Dear Miss Tinée: We are girls just entering our teens and are very interested in movies. We have just seen the "Dick Tracy" serials and would like to know who played the part of Junior. Thank you.
ELAINE KAPLAN and
BERNICE ZEVITZ.

Editor's note: I guess we can help you out, girls. Jerry Tucker played the rôle of Junior.

Dear Miss Tinée: I read your column every Sunday and am very much interested in it. I hope your column will continue to be of service to all the movie fans of Chicago and vicinity.

One of my favorite movie stars is Jackie Cooper. I would like it very much if you could please print a short biography of him.

Wishing your column the best of luck and hoping you do not fall me, I remain,
AN ARDENT
READER.

Editor's note: Thank you; I will not fail you. Jackie was born in Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 15, 1923. He has blond hair and hazel eyes. Educated by private tutors.



JACKIE COOPER
A short biography is written.