

# All Nazi Germany Burdened by Rules and Regulations



At top: German peasant women working in a potato field. (Acme photo.) Center: The flag section of a Nazi parade in Berlin. (Associated Press photo.) Right: Typical German schoolboys. These, like all other classes, are under Nazi regimentation. (Acme photo.)

(Acme photo.) One of the modernistic office buildings built in Berlin since the war.

At left: Berlin women taking part in a gas attack drill, which is a part of their air protection activities. (Acme photo.) Center: Hitler the center of adoring thousands at a Nuremberg demonstration. (Associated Press photo.) At top: More woman field hands. (Acme photo.)

## Story of How an Average Family There Lives

(Continued from page one.)

be a third official appointed by the party, the "wellfare" representative, whose mission it is to help neighbors in distress, collect donations, pass on authentic news about poor who need help and rich who must donate for the relief of the poor. In smaller houses the block warden, who frequently is the janitor, holds all three jobs. He must also collect every week from every tenant as many pounds of foodstuffs as the tenant has agreed to donate to the "winter help."

The rich occupant of the biggest flat, the little seamstress who has rented one of the unoccupied maid rooms in some dark corner near a garret or a cellar, the owner of the little downstairs shop—they all must conscientiously study the house bill-board and comply with its orders if they want to avoid getting into trouble. Trouble in this case means more than getting in difficulties with the neighbors—it may mean jail, confiscation of property, or concentration camp if one incurs the wrath of the Nazi party through his warden, to cite only a few examples. Hoarding of soap or any other goods of which there is a shortage and failure to donate sufficiently for Nazi welfare funds have brought serious trouble to quite a number of German citizens.

Herr and Frau German Average Citizen don't mind this much. In fact, they rather enjoy this regimentation. The little man in the house sees in it a tangible proof of his belonging to a national family and gets a satisfaction out of it. Those high-spirited up to the neck in "folk" and are doing their duty to raise the fatherland out of a trough of despondency and depression. The poorer mixers grumble, but seldom loudly; too many have been punished for careless remarks. This new-found German unity as symbolized in the "house cells" still holds glamour and hope for millions of Germans.

Let me take you to a big Berlin apartment building erected some time in the nineties, with its newer wings sprawling backward into the heart of the block, with trees and patches of grass brightening the courtyards. The house is in the "old Westend" of Berlin, proper, half an hour's walk from the heart of the city. In the eighties and nineties a vast belt of buildings was built in prosperous Berlin to house the steadily growing number of Berliners.

They are densely populated houses now. The truly rich have left them for villas along the Tiergarten or in the outlying swanky suburbs. Some really poor will be found huddled in dark little rooms built as servant quarters in the pre-war days—but most of them are down in the east and north ends of the city in houses that might correspond to tenement districts if it were not for even a poor German's passionate devotion to soap, tidiness, and new paint.

If you walk through a hall past the instruction board into a some what dark court you will find the little home of my special friends, the carpenter and his wife. He is a small, dark, somewhat shriveled, elderly man with shining black eyes. In the good old days he and his frau saved their pennies, hoping some day to be able to start a shop of their own. There he would have been "Herr Meister," or "Meister Master," directing his "gesellen" or "work-ers," training his apprentices, ac-

### Regimentation!

How the people of Nazi Germany are burdened with regulations can be seen in the long list of rules that must be obeyed, a few of which are cited here:

- They must belong to a whole string of Nazi-controlled professional guilds.
- They must attend parades when ordered.
- They must reorganize their plants, their work, and their production to suit the wishes of the state.
- They must employ old Nazi party members.
- They must dismiss their male and female employees who are less than 25 years old to send them to "voluntary" labor camps and replace them by married men with big families.
- They must donate to charities as dictated by the party.
- They must buy German goods.
- They must belong to Nazi semi-military organizations if they are of the right age.
- They must send their children to the Nazi Hitler youth organizations.
- They must send their sons and daughters to labor or country camps before allowing them to enter universities.
- They must be full-paying members of the air protection society.
- They must buy only German newspapers.
- They must buy the books recommended by the propaganda ministry.
- They must allow Nazi party officials to go through the books to determine how much they should donate to any cause.

According to the age-old German guild tradition.

Melster Bormann is an efficient worker if there ever was one. It is a joy to watch him take apart some old, beautifully carved cabinet, renew the broken parts, then rebuild it with meticulous care, with the love and enthusiasm of the true artist.

He would have had his shop if there had not been a World War. He and plump Frau Marie had a thousand dollars all saved up for the purpose in 1914. With the forty-year-olds, Pa Bormann stepped out to defend the fatherland. Mutter Bormann stayed home with the three children. She went to work in a factory, leaving the oldest girl, Grete, to tend her younger brothers. She wanted to earn extra money to buy milk and butter for her children beyond the amount allotted officially.

Her work and lack of proper food weakened her. Her baby born in war time lived only three weeks, and those three weeks were pitiful. Good milk could have saved it. But there was none. There is no doubt Father and Mother Bormann don't want to live through another war, but he likes to talk about his war experiences.

There was no hope for an independent carpenter or cabinetmaker after the war; so many had died; their furniture was standing around. The savings of Pa and Ma Bormann frittered away. What was left disappeared in inflation days. When Hitler's men began talking about the return to the old glories Father Bormann was an eager listener. Mother Bormann was slightly skeptical. He had a job. The family was in an illness insurance. The children were getting special treatments in school to help them get over the after ef-

fects of undernourishment in war time. They were becoming strong and healthy. Several times Bormann was laid off, but he was in an unemployment insurance and entitled to regular insurance for at least twelve weeks. He was supposed to tell the authorities whenever he did some extra work, but Pa Bormann was not very conscientious about that.

The Nazi state came. Pa Bormann, as a skilled artisan, still has his job. He belongs to the guild of German carpenters and to the Labor Front. He may even wear a brown uniform of "E. O." (party organization) and march in the parade. He is one of the mainstays of the N. S. B. O., which stands for National Sozialistische Betriebszellenorganisation or Nazi Factory Cell organization, and of the Labor Front.

Sixty-year-old Pa Bormann is rather pleased. His wife is less so. Officially his pay is only a little less than it was before the Nazi regime, but Pa Bormann is a great joiner by nature, and joining up with organizations makes you popular in Nazi Germany, consequently Pa tells Ma he is joining associations out of wisdom, and if she rebels he tells her that women don't understand such things.

Ma Bormann was an independent woman in lean war years; her thrift and energy and peddling of Pa's handwork in inflation days saved the family, and Ma resents such yokes. Not bitterly—after all, he is her man, and she, too, rather enjoys seeing him go out to his important meetings. She is lucky. Her three children are grown up. They never get into conflict with Nazi authorities: her elder son has a small job for life as a postman—her younger son couldn't find a job and is working as a labor volunteer in a camp. Both boys wear uniforms, and her heart swells with pride at sight of them—but when it comes to balancing her slender budget she is worried.

Pa's pay envelope is much thinner than it used to be, and most prices are getting higher and higher despite all price control. In fact, she



(Acme photo.) Off for camp! German boys bidding good-bye to Berlin as their train is about to depart for a government training and work camp.

tells me that before she can get her fingers on the family money Pa has paid nine different contributions and taxes, taking 30 per cent of his pay. In their first Nazi enthusiasm Pa Bormann, his employers, and his colleagues in the shop agreed to make a "voluntary" contribution to create jobs, and it comes out of his pay envelope before he gets it. His different cuts go under headings of:

"Voluntary" contribution to create jobs, income tax, unemployment tax, Labor Front dues, guild dues, "Strength Through Joy" dues (free time organization of the Labor Front), illness insurance, old age insurance, winter relief contributions.

This, Mother Bormann showed to

me in black and white, eats up almost 30 per cent of Pa Bormann's income. This is not all. Party members must donate at least a "token sum" for important events, such as the national party meetings in Nuremberg. Occasionally they must buy extra tickets for the shows of the Strength Through Joy organization, whether they are interested or not.

Once the money is in the hands of Ma Bormann, it still, if she wants to rank as a true Nazi, has to tend to some official duties—Ma Bormann is convinced that wicked foreigners are just smarting for the moment to pounce on "defenseless Germany" and drop bombs on Berlin. She has

heard of the German-Polish agreement, but her distrust of the Poles ranks deep and consequently she insisted that the family belong to the Luftschutzband, or air protective association.

Until a short time ago Grete had a nice little job in an office. She paid a small monthly sum for bed and board which helped mother make both ends meet. But when the Nazis came into power she and many other girls who held a little better than average jobs were fired to make place for Nazi men. Grete had always planned to marry some time, but none of her suitors seemed quite the right boys to Mother Bormann.

Grete picked the one suitor who seemed the best bet and they got married. It ranks in mother and Grete's minds that she had to pick a meal ticket—and a slim meal ticket at that—and could not wait for romance. For weeks Grete and her fiancé ran from office to office to secure a wedding dowry promised by Hitler to all brides who gave up their jobs to get married. Finally they were told they were not poor enough to get a state loan.

Mother Bormann hopes that when the baby comes life will be happier for Grete and make up for her for the absence of romance.

There is one consolation: The Nazi state sees to it that the arrival of babies in this world is accomplished at a minimum cost. Hospital charges, for expectant mothers only, are about one-third of what they used to be. Every new baby means a reduction in the young couple's tax bill, and young fathers and mothers will gladly introduce their "great money savers," and every German will smile and immediately start talking taxes—except old spinsters and bachelors.

Without daughter's monthly contribution the family's income is extra slim. The sons don't cost any real money now, but the day is near when the younger will be out of the labor volunteer camp looking for a job. The older is married, and Mother Bormann would like to be able to help him and his young wife

## First Hand Observations in Hitler's Capital

### Intolerance!

German gentiles under the intolerant dictatorship of Hitler must turn against Germans who are not gentiles, no matter what sentimental or friendly ties of long standing are broken. Among the rules bearing on this subject:

- German gentiles must dismiss their Jewish employees or any person who displeases the Nazi chiefs unless they want to face trial in a public court.
- They must associate only with Aryans, and they should not fraternize with their old Jewish friends if they want to respect the orders of the party.
- They must go to Aryan doctors and abandon their old Jewish doctors if they want to be in good Nazi graces.

and baby with an occasional present, but she can't. Father Bormann is an exceptionally good worker, and he gets more than the average worker, yet, once his taxes and duties are paid, there is just a bare 100 marks, or \$40, left for the family expenses.

There are compensations. Father pays his Strength Through Joy dues, and he is looking forward to the day when he and his friends will go on one of the cruises or a trip to the mountains at the expense of the movement. It's all regimented. In their Sunday best the men march out together, brass bands playing, to make everybody see how active the Strength Through Joy movement is. Father was in the Rhine-land last year with the boys. This year mother hopes there will be some trip on which she can go along, too.

The members of the German Labor Front can go to shows for very little. Sports and language lessons and other schooling may be enjoyed by ambitious members of the Strength Through Joy movement, and preparations have been made to enable all members to indulge in the sports they learn. Lectures on racial and political questions bolster up the faith of the weary. Occasionally party members help arrange a demonstration or a festival.

Mother Bormann can tell us all about her neighbors. The owners of the more expensive flats in the house must do their share, too. Well-to-do families must employ as many servants as possible in Nazi Germany.

If you are a good housewife you must adopt a girl for one year to teach her all about housekeeping. These household "volunteers" don't meet with Ma Bormann's approval. They are to be treated as members of the family, and if they are really pretty the complications are many, as is to be expected.

The owners of the more swanky flats used to do a lot of traveling, go to foreign lands. Now, unless they have a very special Nazi pull, they cannot leave Germany; you might say they are prisoners free to move within their own land.

For men and women accustomed to mold their own lives the new regime is hardest to bear, and you will hear most complaints in better-to-do homes.

This brings us to the core of the problem: National Socialism, though deploring communistic leveling of incomes, tends toward that same aim by compelling its citizens to "donate" on top of paying taxes. In the richer flats we visited it is as-

serted that those popular with Nazi officials are compelled to give fewer big donations than firms and persons who failed to ingratiate themselves in time. Independent well-to-do circles see in this "teacher's pet" policy another Nazi strangle hold on what is left of independence.

The formerly rich non-Nazis don't begrudge the sometimes sudden affluence of their Nazi friends as bitterly as they do resent the estrangement between themselves and their children brought about by the Nazi-fication of all education.

The Hitler Youth, of which they talk much, is only one factor in a whole string of developments.

For Pa and Ma Bormann and their ilk Hitler Youth is grand. It takes the children off the street; they learn discipline. But for the lonely mother who is all set to devote her time to her children it is less of a blessing. I called on one of them in Ma Bormann's house. I have known her for years. Her boy is a tall, strapping fellow of fourteen with a rank in Hitler Youth. Johann is accustomed to command in his organization, and he wants to command at home. Mother and father are just old fogies. They are Nationalists, but they'll never understand that youth will command, Johann told me.

He spends just one afternoon at home, his mother complained, and when he comes home he shows that he has adopted all the bad manners of the little ruffians he "commands." Johann says that officially he need not go to the Hitler Youth as often as he does, "but you rank higher if you appear often at headquarters." Once a month his group goes out to the old military training grounds in Doberitz for "maneuvers." "Do you learn to shoot there?" I asked him. "Not officially," said my cautious young friend, and grinned joyfully. He and his friends are having a grand time, and very soon they plan to run the country. The brighter among them are very systematically trained as leaders, and no dyed-in-the-wool soldier could be more scathing in his analysis of achievements of the Nazi subleaders than these youngsters as they talked to me about the lesser Nazi chiefs who are in their thirties and have not reached the peak of power.

The older generation that has known the joys and blessings of individual enterprise and personal liberty is chafing at the bit at regimentation in all walks of life. You hear much of restlessness and outspoken criticism among the working masses, but fear silences them quickly.

As I look at this newly painted old house in the old Westend of Berlin the grumblers may seem to be in the majority, but when it comes to making a sacrifice for the sake of the community, for the dream of better times, most of them pitch in to give Hitler and his men a chance.

What happens to those who don't can partly be gleaned in the German papers, which daily print reports of arrests, expropriation, defamation of persons charged with "sabotaging the resurrection work of the Fuehrer." It is hard even for a foreigner living in Germany to estimate just how big a part fear and terror play in everyday life. The casual traveler will detect it only rarely, because only people who have known you for years will speak frankly with you as a foreigner or a visitor, which explains the discrepancy sometimes noticed between straight news reports about facts and happenings and rosy reports of a few tourists.



Sons and daughters of Germans must attend labor or country camps before they are allowed to enter universities. Here are students at Heidelberg continuing the outdoor activities begun at camps. (Acme photo.)