

hop-scotch over a thousand clicking switches while the whistle achieves the ultimate in screech.

In Wagons-Lits compartments there is a blue light, called *veilleuse*, to turn on at such moments to complete the hideous illusion, but many people prefer the ordinary reading light at the head of the bed and the newspapers. Some have been known to have recourse to prayer. The papers this night were interesting to a correspondent en route to Hitlerland.

In each of those smudgy Parisian journals I saw a Havas dispatch which seemed as carefully worded as it was underplayed. It was of course underplayed on the suggestion of Quai d'Orsay, not only because so much space was taken up by the hair-raising developments in the case of Violette Noziete, the girl parricide. This dispatch concerned M. Daladier's visit to the famous "Magnet line" of ground works that are said to make France invulnerable to an invasion from the Belgian to the Swiss frontiers.

"M. Daladier, who, as is well known, is making a tour of inspection of our eastern frontier, declared," it read, "I have had the occasion to appreciate the effort that has been made to protect our frontiers from the danger of a sudden attack, and with all my heart in the name of France I thank all those who have contributed to the construction of these ramparts. . . . M. Daladier today visited the regions of Biche and Lauter, where he inspected the formidable underground fortifications there, comfortable, modern labyrinths as deep as a hundred meters under ground, but marked above only by powerful, armored, reinforced concrete turrets. . . ."

And another Havas dispatch from Brussels quoting M. Devez, Belgian minister of national defense, as saying that the reconstruction and modernization of the fortresses of Liege and Namur, pounded to pieces during the German advance in 1914, was about to be completed and that a new fortress, Eben-Emael, is nearly open for business.

"There are two distinct problems to consider on the frontiers," said Devez. "The first is the organization of the Herve plateau, and expropriations are under way. The second is the creation of a 'line of destruction' that would constitute a barrier to advance bodies attempting a sudden attack that would be sufficient to cover our mobilization and our getting into position where we could await the appearance of the armed forces to which we would have appealed (Belgium's allies) and thus prevent the battle taking place in the interior of the country."

As a French general at maneuvers not long ago said: "In 1914 we were perfectly prepared for the war of 1870 and now we are preparing for the war of 1914."

The train shrieks and hurtles through a railway yard of vast proportions. Compiegne, Noyon, St. Quentin in quick succession. By St. Quentin was the Hindenburg line, and



(Associated Press photo.)

"... a little man with a Chaplin mustache and a voice . . ."

going, in either direction, in these parts in the years between 1914 and 1918, was very sticky. The battleground has healed, but hardly a week passes without a two-line item in the papers telling how a peasant plowing or a child playing has been blown to pieces in a belated explosion meant for the four years' cannonading now long stilled.

When the roadbed gets bumpy and full of curves you know you are in Belgium. Charleroi, of unhappy memory to the French who made their first stand here in 1914, looks like Pittsburgh in the night. Blast furnaces bare their red maws.

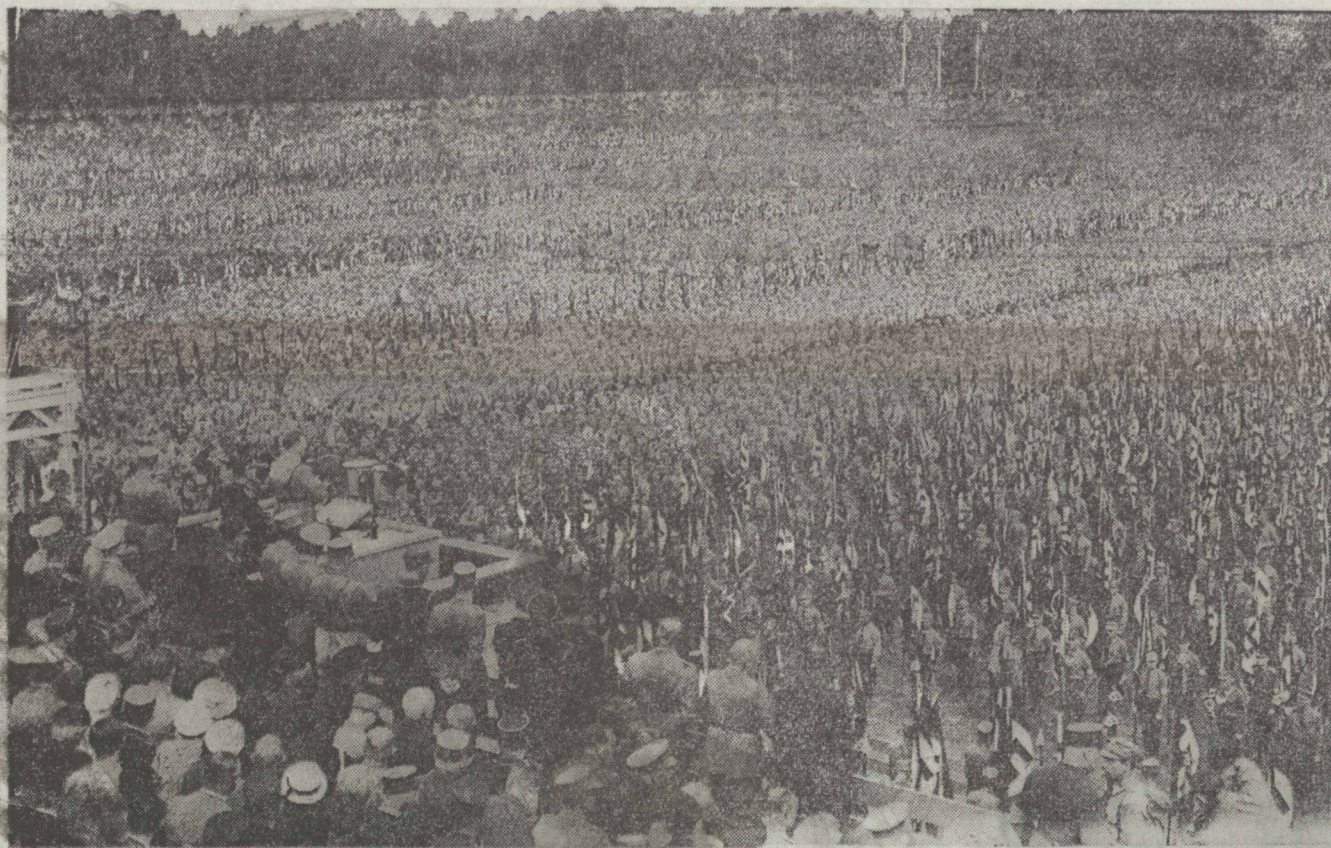
And then Liege, where there is a long stop, while a new assortment of cars from Ostende and Brussels smash into and presumably are attached to this caravan which must be by now hardly presentable. Above the town, barely visible in the morning mist, rises the heights which were deemed invulnerable until the Skoda siege guns were brought up. Then Herbesthal, the last station in Belgium.

After a long halt our flyer gets under way again, and for twenty minutes trundles through a wooded country of rolling hills. Suddenly it gathers speed, careens down a long grade roars under a reverberating train shed of gigantic proportions and comes to a shattering stop.

Aix-la-Chapelle, otherwise Aachen, Germany. German trainmen in their shabby blue uniforms and saucer caps are holding a raucous confab out on the platform. What they decide to do, to make about it, makes no difference to this correspondent, who is getting off anyway.

On the platform there is not a Nazi uniform in sight, which is a disappointment. Customs men in green wear red arm-bands with a black swastika in a white field. They are formally polite as always, and, as always, nosey only about irrelevant things like in bottles. And I had been warned not to take into Germany anything in the way of books or papers that the new regime might consider seditious.

Riding high in the open Benz of 1924, one of those long cars with a cruiser bow and a caravel stern, one would be conspicuous anywhere, but in a German town, where there are so few automobiles, one feels positively grand. German staff officers are always pictured in such cars. This morning there are practically no cars to be seen in Aachen, but there are flocks of bicycles with deeply dressed men and women sitting straight-backed pedaling to work.



(Acme photo.)

"... 600,000 men in uniform like himself . . ."

Everything is so orderly in German towns. The cyclists move along in battalions respectful of the stiff gesturings of policemen in high peaked helmets, showing the backs of their heads freshly shaved. Even the street cars proceed with dignity and with no clanging of bells, and the passengers sit stiffly, hats squarely on their heads. In Aachen as in every German town, there is a Wilhelmstrasse and a Kaiserplatz. In these the grass and the parkings have been clipped almost as closely as the necks of the police. There are innumerable yellow metal signs in the streets telling people just what to do, what not to do, and where. "Verboten" is a word occasionally used.

Gray stone houses obtrude their heavy placidity on the street. The only loose touch in all Aachen is in the flags. There are flags everywhere. From the railway station hung a blood red streamer with a white field and a black swastika. On every trolley there are three, the swastika flag, the red, white and black of the empire, both of which are the official flags of the Reich, and the red and white of the town. From hotels and banks, handlebars, fenders, windshields—flags.

For Germany, we know, is in revolution and a third Reich is in process of building.

It takes more than a revolution to ruffle the calm, the hushed and almost mortuary dignity of a fine German hotel. Here at seven in the morning the cleaning has been done. Gentlemen in morning coats bow you in and help you to pass the examination.

Getting a room in a European hotel is like joining a club. They want to know, for the police of course, so many personal things. German hotels are admirable institutions.

The gentlemen in morning coats are affable. They hope that the world outside understands what Hitler is doing.

"Germany is quieter today," one of them said, "than at any time in the last three years. A week before Hitler came to power we had a communist riot in the street in front of this hotel. Think of it!"

I looked around and wondered if perhaps I was not the only guest here to enjoy this new-found stability. Apparently not, for through the door came a little English girl bawling with mama. "I don't want to go to a museum to see Charlemagne's skull," she howled. "I want to see a Nazi parade."

Me, too.

It was almost noon, however, before I did see a parade, but during the afternoon I saw some two-score, big and little, and am now ready to pay my respects to Charlemagne's skull.

My first Nazi I saw almost at once, in front of the hotel. We got on a street car together. Hands were raised all around in the Nazi, now called officially, the "German" salute, and a few voices in the ritual "Heil Hitler." I only tipped my hat, which nobody seemed to resent, and sat down to observe the first Nazi who, to my knowledge, had ever come under my eyes.

My Nazi was a paunchy, bespectacled fellow of about forty and wore the regulation garb of the Storm-Troopers, the S. A. (Sturm-Abteilung), brown from head to foot save for the red swastika brassard on his arm, brown boots, brown breeches, brown shirt, Sam Brown belt, brown miner's cap. He carried a brief case.

The brown they have chosen is definitely not khaki. It is a clear, bright brown and certainly no more bilious a shade could be devised even by the versatile German dye industry. What struck me next was the Sam Brown belt, a fixture not adapted to all middle aged architectures. And the brief case did not enhance my subject's military appearance either. He looked to steal an image hit upon by another Tribune correspondent, to circumvent the censor, like a duck hunter. Like a duck hunter all dressed to duck hunt after work.

He sat planted between a girl of fourteen in pigtail and a *hausfrau* with a market basket, and did not look at all like a soldier. But soldier he was, nevertheless, of National-Socialism, a doctrine preached up and down this land for years by a little man with a Chaplin mustache and a voice, and suddenly now dominating Germany and striking alarm through all Europe.

We know the tenets of that heady faith, of course; how the shame and slavery of the peace treaties is to be wiped



"... heroic or frankly martial inspiration . . ."

out, how Germany and all Germans are at last to be united in one great community, how the race is to be cleansed of Jewish blood and Jewish thought, how the thralldom of interest is to be abolished and how democracy, parliamentarism, internationalism, pacifism and all such doctrines are being extirpated and now Germans, following the leader—and *Führer* in German means just that—are to rise to the new liberty that consists, we hear, in the negation of liberty.

I could not catch from him any of the vibrations that, emanating from this Reich, from his chief, from 600,000 men in uniform like himself, from millions of party members, are shaking Europe.

Yet when I saw his kind, marching interspersed with younger men whose Sam Brown belts were under no strain at all, I began to feel it. An S. A. battalion, one of the "brown battalions" we have heard so much about, marching through the streets is a common sight. They had no band but they chanted, as they tramped, scraps of a marching song. They tramped heavily, a cadence both quick and hard. They pounded out a line of their song at a time, marched in silence an equal number of beats, and sang again. Their song went like this:

Hebt hoch die roten Fahnen!
Raise high the scarlet banners
Der deutschen Arbeit wollen wir
For German toil we shall
Den Weg zur Freiheit bahnen!
The path to freedom break!

Not that the words meant anything, but it is the mood of this little army which was not a military army, but what Hitler now calls "propaganda" army. Where they were going I don't know, and maybe they didn't, either. Maybe just marching off energy.

People stepped to the curb to watch them pass, and, although they carried no flag, raised their arms in salute, and, having caught the rhythm of tramping feet, went a little more energetically about their business, or so it seemed to me. These marching rhythms resound through all Germany; radios can be tapped at almost any time to a surge of Hitlerian rhythms, bands blaring, and orators thundering cataracts of words.

German streets have a special quality, even without the picturesque. People have a way of crossing only at intersections without any policemen in sight. There are so many blonde girls striding hatless, their taffy hair bleached white in front by the sun—the same girls who wear floppy hats and feminine adaptations of the storm troopers' uniforms when they march in Nazi parades. And the men with what are probably sport coats, of gray flannel with green facings like the Bavarians wear, and sometimes of white or blue crash, always too short and pinch-backed.

There are the bakeries with their quaint signs and all the fine things that are come under the heading of *Bäckerei*. There are the barber shops with the little brass platters hanging outside, reminding that barbers were once surgeons and used bleeding dishes. There are the *Dachels* being, of course, those long, low dogs with the Louis Quinze legs which Americans call Dachshunds, although apparently that isn't quite exact. Being period dogs they are by the way very expensive. And then there are the sausage shops. In one I counted twenty-four varieties of *wurst* in one window, artistically coiled and looped according to size, color and manner of coupling.

And now there are the uniforms, S. A. men all in brown, S. S. men, the elite of the Hitlerian bodyguard, all in black and very smart. Boys and girls of the Hitler youth, here and there a tiny tot in brown; girls who are party members wearing short brown chamois jackets.

In Germany the news stands always have been appetizing. There is vast variety, papers from all over the country with portentous black gothic headlines, countless weeklies and reviews arrestingly gotten up. The illustrateds with this week run almost unanimously to cover pictures of heroic or frankly martial inspiration. But there is something missing.

The nudist magazines, of course. No more naked culture and no more naked culture literature. In the Third Reich the new beauty of the purified race is for home consumption only. And the tourists used to enjoy it so!

In the Alexandrastrasse I saw a crowd before a house smothered in flags. In a second story window sat a frail old man amidst red flowers and red Nazi banners. He was celebrating his hundredth birthday it seems.

This old man in all his hundred years of life had known only fourteen years of even relatively democratic rule in Germany. And if the flags about him meant anything he did not approve of those fourteen years. They are past now. And the revolution now under way is extirpating even the memories of democracy.

Revolution? The flags, the marching-duck hunters, somehow still don't look like revolution. This does not look like a thing from which one would flee, from which perhaps 150,000 of Germany's elite, both Jew and gentile, have fled and are fleeing. It is doubtful if any of the great revolutions ever looked like revolutions to the citizenry of the time.

In Germany no one is allowed to forget, what with the parades and the speeches, that things are happening. For most, however, it appears that the revolution already took place on the day when Hitler assumed full power.

Foreigners must not believe these "*Greuelingen*" (atrocities) lies, my hotel manager found the occasion to tell me. "They are spread by the Jews. The revolution is over. Germany has been saved from communism."

He suggested that I have a look at a Nazi dance at the Kurhaus, a noble pillared structure built around the waters where the Romans bathed for their health. There was a brown shirt band hacking away at marches, polkas, German waltzes and other wholesome dances, nothing sinister like the foxtrot and the tango, which are frowned upon in the Third Reich. So are powder, rouge and lipstick, but some of these pretty girls in homemade frocks seem not to have heard of the interdiction. Doing these strenuous dances with young men in boots and hot uniforms a girl needs at least powder.

There was beer on tap and steaming frankfurters. There was that giddy atmosphere that always comes from a mixture of girls, uniforms, waltzes, and refreshments in quantities. I note that even the privates in the S. A. and the S. S. sometimes wear very smart tunics cut like those of the British officers during the war, high waisted, and that to what was undoubtedly intended to be a rigorously simple uniform have been added all kinds of peacock fixtures, gold braid, parti-colored braid and collar tabs of velvet in all the colors of the rainbow. The boys of the motorcycle corps, which is apparently rather swell, wore their goggles slung around their necks or pushed over their caps while dancing. The tunics, a young Nazi assured me, are only worn out of formations and the rainbow colors are to denote the various ranks of the *Führers*, which was what I thought. I asked a waiter who these boys were in life. He looked at me sharply for a moment and then said: "Nothing much; most were unemployed."

The brown uniform and the brown hierarchy are now their career. They are, incidentally, Germany's new masters.

Back in the hotel the orchestra was playing a waltz, too, a Viennese waltz song. In the forlorn bar I ran into a Jewish business man with large interests in the Rhineland. "There



(Associated Press photo.)

"... wear floppy hats . . . in Nazi parades . . ."

is much exaggeration about events in Germany," he said as the barman hovered near. "We Jews have no complaints to make." The barman walked away.

"The Nazis do this (he raised his right hand), and the Jews do this (he put his fingers to his lips).

"And rightly," my Jewish friend went on, and although his wife looked worried, he gave me the addresses of prominent Jewish friends in the Rhineland. "Go and see them, although I can't guarantee that they are still in Germany," he said: "don't telephone and don't use the mails."

A page brought me a note. I had tried to get in touch with an old acquaintance, a liberal professor of some renown, vacationing here. I had sent word. This was the answer. It was signed by his wife. "Please don't try to see my husband. He is in a very delicate situation."

In Germany we know that people are sent to concentration camps on suspicion. And that the spreading of *Greuelingen* is punishable by death. It is not surprising that Germans in "delicate situations" don't care to see foreign correspondents.

"Atrocities," my Jewish friend went on. "Of course . . . but what are they beside the ruin and humiliation of more than a million people?"

The barman came back. "My wife and I wouldn't think of leaving Germany, we are here for a cure."

Aachen is twenty minutes from the Belgian frontier by street car. (I have since received a postcard from him in Paris.)

A real frontier, that one, where the highway and the street car line cross into Belgium, into Eupen, that with the neighboring district of Malmédy is part of the farflung Germania Irredenta.

In the cafes of the toy village of Eupen I found radios blaring programs from German stations, but not much comment from the customers. Eupen and Malmédy, preponderantly German speaking communities, are now less German in sympathy. The local labor group, long a thorn in the side of the Belgians, is violently anti-Nazi. One of their leaders, who used to be called a traitor in Brussels, now has a price put on his head by the Nazis across the frontier.

In Herbesthal is a cafe by the bridge over the railway tracks. This bridge used to be the frontier between Belgium and Germany. It is no longer, but the once German railroad with some forty tracks is there intact and a hundred yards on the Belgian railroad. Oddly enough nobody in this cafe could tell me just what happened here on that day in August when one of the most fateful troop movements in world history took place.

A Belgian *gendarme* explains this phenomenon. "Most of these men were reservists then and most of them Germans, and so weren't here watching troop movements."

And it was, of course, twenty years ago and human memory is so short, my *gendarme* went on to explain.

Another article on Germany by Mr. Allen will appear in an early issue.