

DICTATOR HITLER ORDERS EVEN WOMEN AND BABES OF GERMANY IN NAZI UNIFORM

In a recent issue appeared Mr. Allen's first article on Hitlerian Germany. Two further dispatches are reproduced here. The second of these, from Frankfurt, was one of three of Mr. Allen's articles which were confiscated on the Orient express.

By Jay Allen

Cologne, Germany.

COLOGNE has two main thoroughfares, one the wide Rings, which follows the line of the old fortifications, and the other Hohestrasse or High street, which just manages to squeeze through the Old Town. Hohestrasse, being narrower, looks busier and brighter than the wide, more elegant Rings.

In Hohestrasse it is pleasant to stroll at nights when everybody is out. There are so many brown shirts and so dressy. Nearly every one is wearing the new tunic, which is understandable, as nights are cool now. Two young Fuehrers stroll along, their breeches elegantly flared, their tunics wasp-waisted, their caps jauntily placed, and with swagger sticks! They push nobody off the streets. They seem as pleased with themselves, and as raw, as officers in a college cadet corps.

A straggling army of boys in brown shirts goes by, two little lads struggling under the bass drum. They are the Hitler Jugend (Youth), home from one of the mass demonstrations in which even the kiddies are convoked.

Something for everybody in Hitler's reich. In a lighted toy store window I saw a magnificent set of tin soldiers, brown shirts, both S. A. and S. S. marching.



Aryan youth, as portrayed in a Nazi film.

Hitler himself in a heroic pose. Old Hindenburg reviewing troops. Reichswehr, French and English soldiers, very realistic, lunging with bayonets, sprawled beside machine guns, with gas masks fixed, wounded and tended by delicious Red Cross nurses, working trench telephones, trenches with sandbags, dugouts, dressing stations, soup kitchens, even barbed wire. For fifty marks you can have a modern war. And to think that in some countries little boys are still playing with Napoleonic grenadiers, or with northerners and rebels, or, at the best, French zouaves with red pantaloons, all so very old-fashioned!

There are toy helmets for sale, bright Pickelhauben with spikes, the black bounets of the Death's Head hussars, aigrettes and all. And little Nazi uniforms for tots not big enough to join the Hitler Jugend. I have seen many of them so clad about the streets, gravely saluting their seniors in the bond while their parents look on fondly.

In this same window there are Nazi dolls for little girls, and in an embroidery shop close by a swastika bedspread for mamma. And for big sister I see the brown dresses with the round white collars of the Hitler girl.

Night life in the third largest German city is not wild. In Germany there are cafes and beer halls. In cafes you can get anything, sweets and the filthiest drinks, and in the beer halls honest beer. Cafes are thus rather sweller than beer halls. In Cologne there is a place that is the last word in cafes called the Germania. I went there because I saw so many Nazis. I learned that in uniform they go only to nice places and never to dance bars. The Germania has vaudeville of sorts.

The Germania is crowded. There are a good number of Nazis. And these are very important Nazis, because they all have beautifully tailored tunics and wear bright velvet tabs in their collars. They look disapprovingly at the female impersonator and seem to deplore the clown who, though very amusing, is rather silly. It is said to be difficult to laugh in uniform when in the society of ladies.

It was in the Germania that I saw my first atrocities. I saw there a number of girls who didn't look like home girls. They were all blonde. Some of them, however, had that unmistakably brunette manner, and of these some were very southern, even southeastern, in profile. Can it be that under the strain of all this race talk honest brunettes turn ashen overnight in Germany? Whatever the cause, they were atrocities.

When wandering in the streets of German towns, after you get over your first shock and interest in Nazi uniforms, you begin to notice something else—that people when not in uniform, or very, very smart, are poorly dressed. So wanly neat and clinging so pitifully to middle class standards of dress. For a whole class was ruined by the inflation, and since then, save for a brief flurry, there has been no relief. Hitler, they say, collected the debris of a society in collapse.

The real pulse of Cologne, unlike that of some other medieval cities, always was commercial. For centuries Cologne, once the greatest port in Germany, was in decline, and it is recorded (in the Encyclopedia Britannica) that its decline dated from the expulsion of the Jews in 1414 and was accelerated later on by the exclusion of the Protestants, a wealthy group, from public posts.

Wandering down some narrow street in the Old Town, however, you turn a bend and there suddenly hanging over you is the cathedral, an imposing reminder of the medieval ideal of the all-embracing church-state. Of a society in which the immediate interests of the individual were simply not relevant.

Not for five minutes in a stroll through the Old Town can you lose sight of this soaring reminder in stone of that ideal, any more than you can lose sight of reminders in flesh and brown shirts that an ideal is now dominant in Germany which is essentially medieval itself.

Tourists have long been in agreement that nowhere was there such a contrast offered as the extreme modernity of Germany against the rich clutter of her past. Medieval Nuremberg stands intact, mummified in the midst

of the most intense modernism. From the five cornered tower of the Burggrafenburg, where I had visited the torture chambers and seen the "Iron Maiden," I once looked up and saw the silver Zeppelin gliding low and was reassured that the middle ages so vividly recalled in those dungeons were only a bad dream.

But luring the traveler there was ever that great octopus Berlin, for ten years certainly the most modern city, in the ultra sense, on earth, in architecture, in art, in morals. There was freedom almost unexampled. Socialism, communism, pacifism, all kinds of experimentation in living. The debris of imperial days had faded almost out of sight. And then suddenly the German kaleidoscope was shaken up, and we find that what we thought was gone turned out to have been there all the time! The medieval is renescent in Germany.

To label Hitlerism medieval one doesn't have to rely on its evocation of ancient glories, its uniforms, or the acts that here in official circles are called overzealousness and abroad atrocities, although it is true that when I saw the Zeppelin from the Burggrafenburg I could not have imagined that within a few months a girl would be made to walk through Nuremberg, her head shaved and bearing a placard around her neck: "I have offered myself to a Jew."

It may be medieval in its flavor; it is also in its essence, for it means the restoration of the all-embracing authoritarian state, the disappearance of the rights of the individual.

It is that in its essence, and the return to this state of society is being accomplished at a vertiginous rate. There is going on in Germany a process called *gleichschaltung*, which word is next to impossible to translate, but as a process can and must be described, since it is certainly one of the most significant developments of our time.

Frankfurt on the Main, Germany.

IT IS difficult after even a brief look at this thing that has happened in and to Germany not to realize its magnitude and its portent and not to want to go on and see at first hand how it ever could have happened. And the Rhineland probably is the most fruitful place to quest in.

It was of course out of Munich that Hitler broke over the land. And it was of course in Berlin that the tragi-comedy was played.

But it was here in the Rhineland, in industrial Germany, that were loosed the forces that made possible his awesome progress.

A tourist in the Rhineland discovers two things right away. One is that Germany is a country literally bursting at the seams. And the other is that, for all she offers in the way of the picturesque, she has attained a degree of mechanical organization unequalled on earth.

Germany is bursting at the seams.

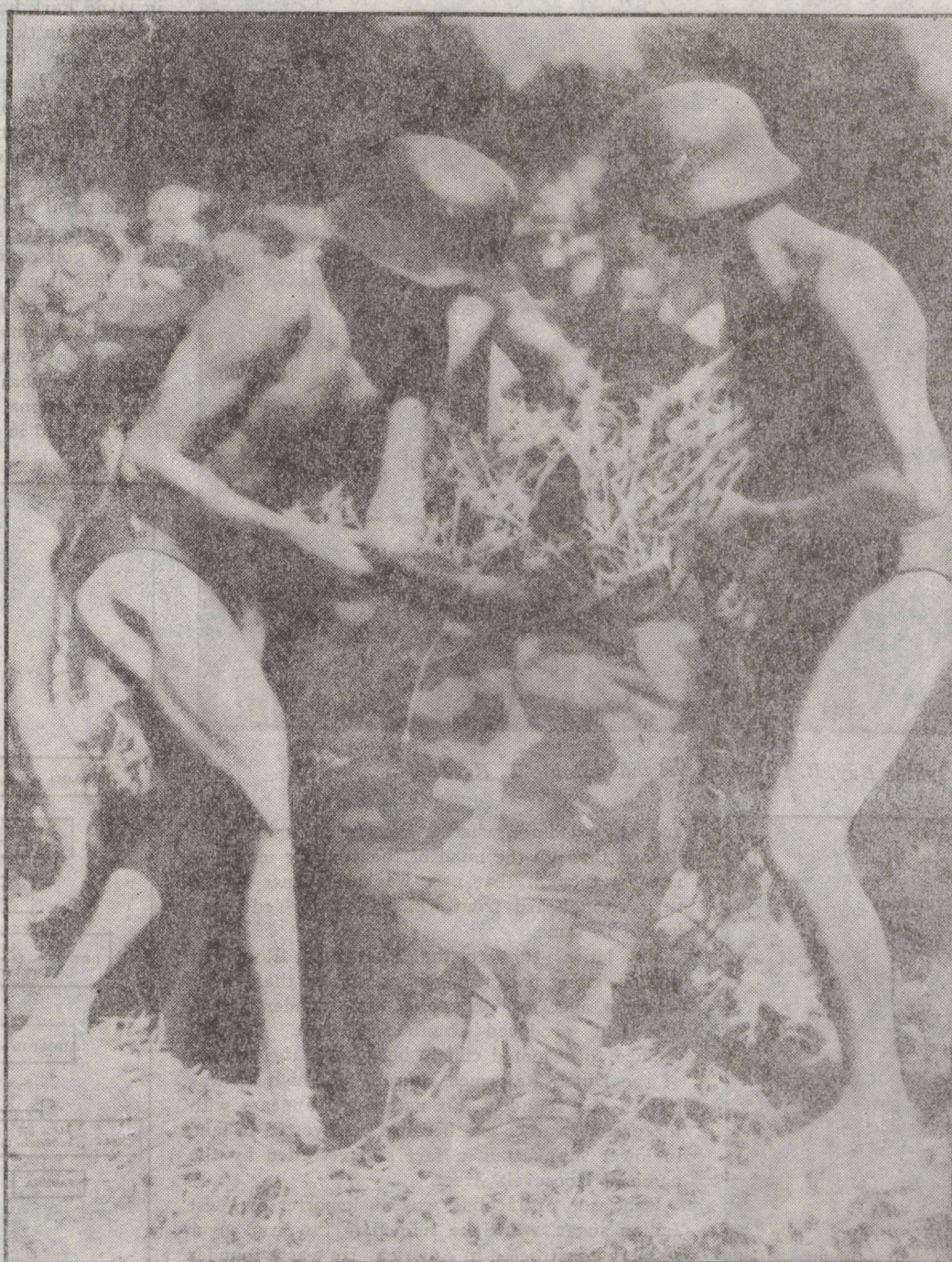
The almanacs can be manipulated into revealing that in an area not as great as that of Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, and Indiana there live 65,000,000 Germans—more than half as many as there are Americans in all the forty-eight states. Few tourists go to the Ruhr, certainly the most terrifyingly beautiful of all the great industrial regions of the world. But there they would find out something else—that the mechanical beehive that is Germany is suffering not from mere depression, but from a fault deep down in the works. And they would have clews a-plenty to explain this most hair-raising development—Germany casting off democracy and begging for her chains again. The Romans may have been the first, but the French were the last to garrison colonial troops on the Rhine. It has not been forgotten.

France dreamed of establishing a Rhineland republic, splitting off all of the left bank of the Rhine from Bismarck's empire. They plotted, and that is how it happens that there are other tombs along the Rhine that could be called the tombs of French hopes. They are, some of them, in Speyer, where one night boys swam the river from Heidelberg across the way, burst into a hotel dining room, and shot up five customers. These five happened to be Herr Heinz, provisional president of the "autonomous Palatinate" that was to have been part of the Rhineland republic, and his cabinet.

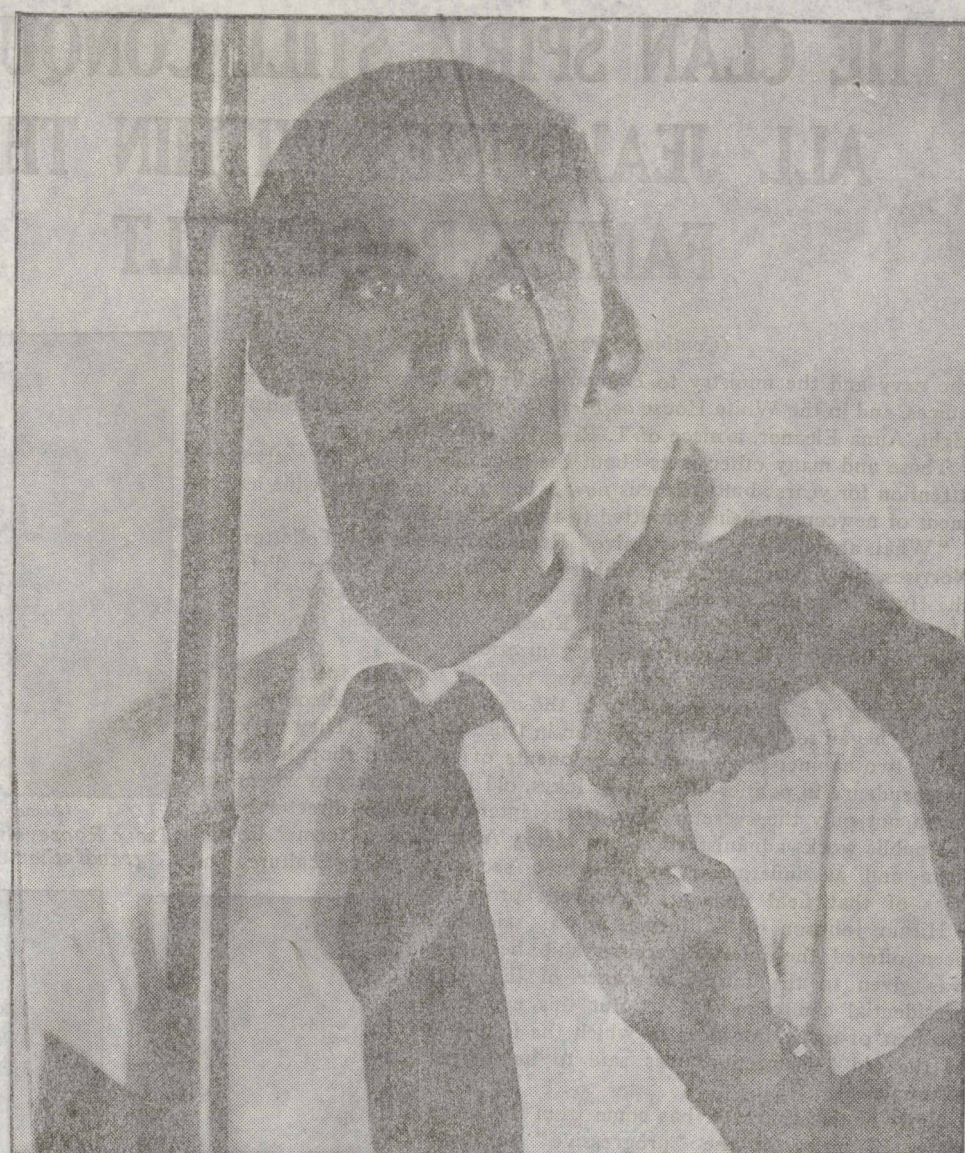
On the S. S. Mainz, plying the Rhine, there is a plaque recording President Hindenburg's triumphal tour on this very ship of a Rhineland liberated. Liberated five years before the treaty date. But still too late. Deutschland was "in chains." Hitler long since had been preaching. The chains were being stricken off one by one—military control, the Rhineland occupation, and reparations—but was it up to Hitler to call attention to this fact and ruin his flourishing business? Apparently not.

The damage was done.

So Deutschland remained one and true when, if the interested parties had played their cards properly, it might have been split many ways. Who doesn't remember the animosities so bitter after the war between Bavarian and Prussian, Saxon and Prussian?



The storm trooper, displaying brawn in a military tournament.



Movie idealization of Nazi girlhood

Some day there may be another monument along the Rhine—to the Versailles treaty, without which there might never have been a Hitler.

The Rhine is old, but the Rhine legend that so exalts Germans is young. Like the empire of the Hohenzollerns, it was a creation of the nineteenth century. But of the first half. The romantics of the early eighteen hundreds discovered the scenery of the Rhine when romantics everywhere were beginning to discover scenery—but too late, because the French already had blown up most of the castles. The old Rhine had to wait for Wagner to be set to music in the grand manner.

The Rhine legend came along in time to help out with the Prussian dream of a united Germany, which Hitler is at last accomplishing in his own way. And the Rhine legend is useful to Hitler, and he doubtless will be useful to it. Already his one man brain trust or bright idea, Herr Doktor Goebbels, minister of enlightenment, has suggested in a speech at Niederwald that the Rhine ought not to be a frontier but a German river, which would seem to imply certain changes in the vicinity of Alsace where the French have the idea that one side of the Rhine is theirs. By adopting Wagner, or his memory, Hitler has in a sense adopted the Rhine.

Down below Cologne, where the Rhine flattens out to match the Dutch landscape not much farther on, is the Ruhr. It is the finest cell of the mechanical beehive that is Germany. There, in an area of less than a thousand square miles, 4,000,000 people toil (when they can), and there isn't a town of more than half a million. But the towns elbow one another. The whole region bristles with chimneys. The factories seem more modern than factories anywhere else. They are hallucinations like terrifying shrines to the machine you see in modernistic films.

They are modern. On the Krupp factory last year two and a half million marks were spent for improvements, and over three million are being spent this year. The Rheinische Stahlwerke at Essen have spent over four million marks.

New as towns nowhere except in the United States are the industrial towns of the Ruhr—Essen, Duisberg, Elberfeld, Barmen, and Duesseldorf.

In any of these towns you can stroll about and follow the course of Germany's mushroom growth. There always is a core, sometimes very beautiful, left over from medieval times and little changed until a century ago.

After the core there is the body, the great, sprawling, exuberant growth that came with Germany's belated effort to catch up with the big parade of world trade.

This was the eagle phase. You see it in the factories, in the flamboyant banks and office buildings perpetuating in stone the hollow splendor of that empire.

And then there is a third, the Weimar phase, 1918 to 1933—or should it be 1932?—marked out by beautiful and expensive refinements of industrialism, modernistic plants, gorgeous public baths, vast new schools, new postoffices, all sorts of costly socialistic enterprises.

In some countries a dead age is a dead age, leaving legacies but no representatives in the flesh. Not so with Germany. These three ages cohabited.

Feudal Germany survived the industrial expansion of the nineteenth century and exists today.

The kaiser's Germany survived in the republic. In fact, everything survived by the republic.

The eagle phase was all wrong, says Hitler.

The emperor, the all-highest, allied to Mammon!

The German nobility, a nobility of the sword, succumbed to a nobility of commerce.

Germany could have chosen among four courses, Hitler figured out for himself during those years of meditation in the fortress of Landsberg, that have had such world shaking consequences.

The first, birth control. Impossible! The death of the race!

The second, interior colonization. A limited solution.

The third, acquisition of new territory. Hitler does not mean colonies. He means land for the whites. Russia. This would have called, he says, for an alliance with Britain, and there wouldn't have been any world war.

The fourth was economic expansion, the commercial conquest of the world, to earn money for a growing Germany, turned into a vast factory, to live on. The results of this policy, which was the one chosen, could have been foreseen, says Hitler.

So Germany now is a vast machine. It could flood the world again with German goods. Three-quarters of its population is dependent on trade and industry.

In 1913 Germany exported 82 million tons of merchandise, valued at 10,892,000,000 marks. In 1926 and 1929 it attained this pre-war level. Today, or rather in 1932, its exports have fallen to 43 million tons. Before the war Germany had no unemployed to speak of. But oddly enough, in 1926 and 1929, when it was back at its pre-war stride in exports, it had around 2,000,000.

Why was that? Because it had mechanized its industries so completely. It copied American factory methods. It used its money to improve its factories, anything to keep it from going out in reparations.

In the Ruhr, only 5 per cent of the coal is mined by manual labor. Economists figure that, even if Germany were to recover its world markets on the 1929 scale, it still would have 30 per cent unemployed. And even if it recovered its colonies, which took, however, a very small percentage of its export total.

Germany's export trade was, nevertheless, the oxygen tank of an ailing economy. When the supply was halved this economy got sick indeed.

The most obvious complication was the unemployed, the raw material of dictatorship everywhere. Two million of them even in the fat years; more than five million in the lean years. Hitler made the obvious use of them; he enlisted them as janissaries in his private legions, the Storm troops.

But Hitler's real achievement was not in luring hungry men with the promise of a uniform and food. Had he been disposed to conquer the state by force, as Mussolini did, that might have been enough. But he chose the legal way, through the polls.

And he managed to win the votes he needed from those who had not necessarily lost their jobs but had lost their hope. From the middle classes,

(Another of Mr. Allen's articles on the Germany of Hitler will appear in an early issue.)