

LITERARY DIGEST

January 2, 1937

p.12

WOTAN'S NAZIS:

Germans Tighten Belts to Slogan,
"Guns Instead of Butter"



Hitler and his friends dine while considering food shortage in Germany

"I was much perturbed in former years because bad Marxists attacked me, but then the dear Lord sent us the *Fuehrer* and everything was changed."

The speaker, an old man in a red robe and long white beard, was *Weinachtsmann*, the German *Santa Claus*. Instead of a bishop's crook, he carried a gilt swastika, and from a loaded pack gave poor children an anti-Semitic picture-book. The Leader himself proved more generous, sending three million poor families a gift of sausage, herrings, coffee, cheese, cookies, sugar, canned milk and vegetables, and his photograph.

For the great mass of Germans, however, the most serious food shortage since the war cast a pall over Christmas. Housewives got orders to specify their favorite dairy store, and to patronize it exclusively. By prohibiting any shopping around, officials found it possible to limit the distribution of butter and other fats. A census of the size of families has already been taken, and, beginning January 1, every housewife must limit fat purchases to at least 80 per cent. of her October buying.

"Guns instead of butter!" was the slogan Gen. Hermann Wilhelm Goering, Commissar, sounded for the Four Year Plan destined to control production and slash imports as an aid to the Reich's fantastic rearmament program. Now, according to Frederick T. Birchall of the *New York Times*, people mournfully ask: "Will it soon be guns guns instead of bread?"

Crusts—Last week they got orders to save crusts. The wheat crop, which totaled 5,800,000 tons in the bumper year 1933, when Hitler seized power, amounted to only 4,000,000 this year. The Government will have to allot some of its hoarded foreign funds for the purchase of at least a million more, and some experts believe that this expenditure in a rising market will drain the last of the Reich's gold. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which published news of the shortage, was obliged to accept a Nazi official as editor-in-chief, under threat of suspension. Peasants who contributed to a 1,000,000-ton rye deficit by feeding the grain to pigs rather than sell it at Government-controlled prices, recently got notice that this constituted treason—which in the Third Reich merits the hangman's ax.

Restaurateurs must limit their menus to comply with official decrees. Across the Rhine, some restaurants feature a hundred *hors-d'œuvres*; Germans may serve only four hot and six cold. Four soups, ten main dishes, six kinds of eggs, vegetables, salad and game in season, fifteen cold dishes including fish, and unlimited cheese and desserts. Even the number of lemons used

Rime—A current ditty runs:

*“Der Hitler hat keine Frau,
Der Bauer hat keine Sau,
Der Fleischer hat keine Fleisch;
Das ist das Dritte Reich.”*

Meaning Hitler has no wife, the farmer has no sow, the butcher has no meat; that is the Third Reich.

To distract the populace from conditions at home, Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Propaganda Minister, ran a full-page picture of a ragged old American woman saying grace over a Bowery hand-out. “Bread! Meat! Vegetables!” the caption said. “Even an apple! It's been months since she's had such a meal—and, afterward, back into the street to disappear with thousands like her, until pity again brings her to a warm fireside.”

Last week diplomats nervously wondered whether the Leader planned some coup to distract the people further. As a portent of approaching mobilization, all male citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five learned that they may not leave the Reich without a pass from their military commanders. Paris and London feared that Hitler might test the truth of Benito Mussolini's classic prophecy: “The thin peoples will eventually triumph over the fat peoples.”

Snow fell deep over the week-end, hushed every sound about *Der Fuehrer's* mountain-side cottage at Berchtesgaden. What the Chancellor planned in the silence kept the fat peoples in a quiver of suspense. Anticlimax was a practical ultimatum demanding release of the 1,000-ton German freighter *Palos*, held by Spanish Loyalists