

KEN

June 16, 1938

TOMORROW THE WORLD IS OURS



**German mother, bony hand
around her child, waits—**

But today there is no laughter in Germany. There are only smiles of disdain, contempt, conceit and strain. There is no humility, no pity, not much mercy. There is an odd sort of honor, an amazing chest-thrusting, burgeoning courage and an astonishing egotism. But there is no will power, nor need there be in a nation that knows but one man's will.

You unconsciously say: "I'm going INTO Germany" as though there were a wall around. There is not one wall. There are three. All of them are as solid and substantial as a house of ice in the land of ephemeral snows. It will melt, if summer comes. IF summer comes.

There is one wall, high, imposing and brusque around the frontier. There is another around your own eyes. There is a third encircling the hearts and minds of the citizen-victims of the Third Reich.

Nine years ago when Russia was still a diplomatic outlaw I went into the Black Sea area. One word then, as now, described all the Russias. That word was *bayazna*. It means dread or fear of the unknown. The effect of that word zooms and whips, crows and crushes, lashes and cuts across Germany from hustling Hamburg to medieval Munich, from the Wotanized Wilhemstrasse to bucolic Berchtesgaden.

As in entering Russia, you open a door into Germany and step from the Paradise of France, England, the United States—or the Black Hole of Calcutta—into Hell.

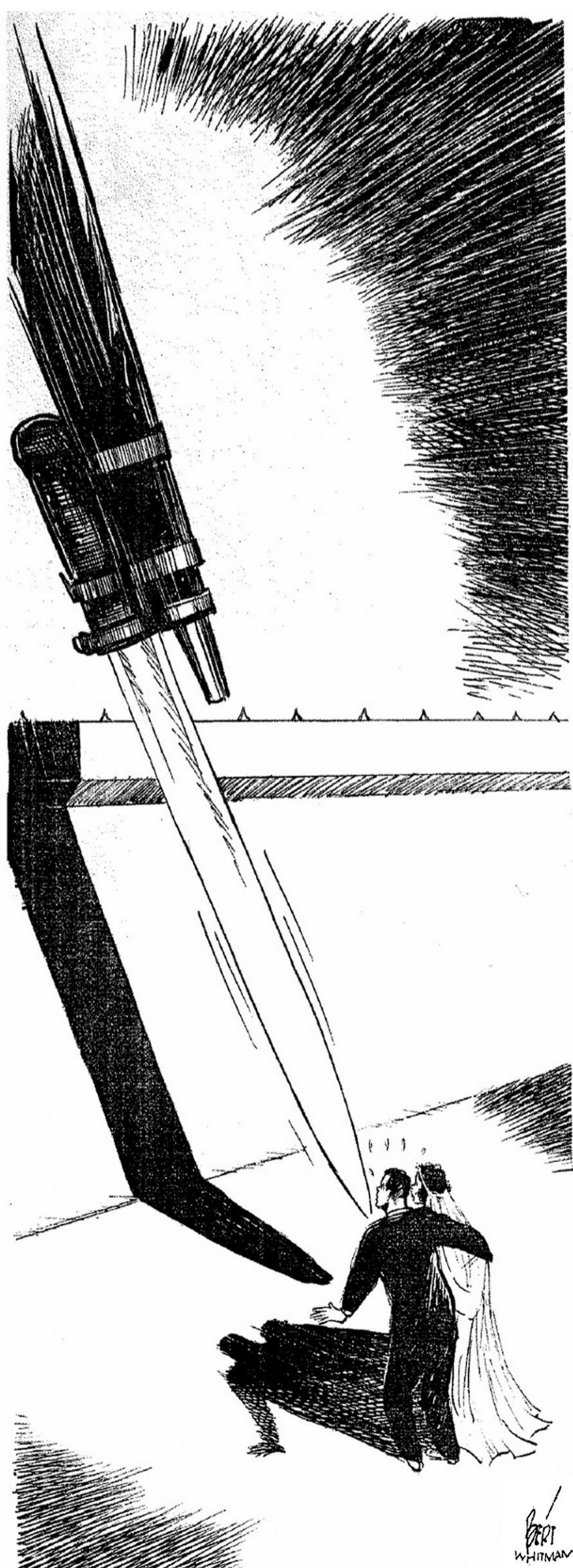
What makes it a Hell? The sun

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hind him. Roads being laid down and buildings shooting up. Competition of the Jews eliminated. A constant quickening of the pulse from the hypodermic of the clever Goebbels that makes him think he is individually responsible for this rebirth. He reads how all the world fears Germany. He sees 200 million people allied into a Berlin-Rome-Tokyo agreement.

He sees rearmed Hungary, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Poland, Greece drifting away from "hated democratic government" to totalitarianism. He sees Czechoslovakia boiling toward civil war. He sees Austria and Danzig safely tucked away on the Nazi shelf. ●



**Love, Honor and Obey—
German Style!**

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shines. It rains and snows. There are books and papers, carousals and cinemas. The people have two feet, two arms, two eyes and no horns. They eat with a fork, converse in an intelligible language. They ride in autos, have typewriters and don't kick their grandmothers in the shins. Or do they?

There are great catalysts at work in Germany, on the soul, the mind and the stomach of the German. You see it in the eyes of the bus conductors in Berlin, in the small merchant in Cologne, in the puzzled artisan in Dresden, in the farmer of the Elbe.

Those forces are hunger for substance, a growing paganism, a vapid-ity of mind, a rubberized will and a certainty that the German is the chosen people of Wotan, a being superior to God.

They are vastly important influences. You quickly see that in them, not in armaments, or in the *Drang nach Osten*, or in the determination for colonies, or in the extension of the Nazi Comintern, lie the roots of the next war.

You are riding from Cologne to Berlin. An elderly couple comes into your compartment near Essen. He is a printer; she a former lady of the Junker class. They have lost heavily by National Socialism. He lowers his voice, furtively:

"We are Catholics but we are afraid to believe."

Once he had a beautiful Kaiser mustache. Now it is pruned to a Hitler smear across his upper lip. In his coat lapel he wears a Nazi button.

"This cannot last," he breathes.

You are trying to buy an English newspaper in Dresden. A man sidles up to you and soon you are sitting with him in a café. He, also, will soon be in Italy. On a holiday. Why Italy?

"I want to breathe some free air," he whispers. For the first time in your life you realize how relative the word freedom can be.

Pictures of Hitler and Goering have replaced God and Christ as the symbols of the new Germanic faith. You sit in a café with a group, including a German girl. Someone asks why Hitler doesn't take a wife, as that sort of subject would be bound to come up. The German girl is incredibly shocked.

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"I shudder to think," and she shudders awesomely, "of any woman thinking of herself as a physical being worthy of being with the Fuehrer. It is sacrilegious to mention it!"

You look into the eyes of that young storm trooper standing his four-hour trick in front of a government building in Wilhemstrasse. You see in those enraptured eyes the mysticism that will one day metamorphose Hitler into the god of the Germans and Goering into his prime disciple.

In the eyes of millions of youths like him, in the grey-green uniforms of conscripted soldiers, in the bright green of labor-camp workers, in the black shirts of the Guard, there burns an eloquent pledge to live for Nazism and to die for Hitler.

The German you pass in the street may be a Catholic resenting persecution; he may be a soldier fearful of being a pawn of Nazi demagogues; he may be a farmer wanting only to be left alone, but he is by hypothesis a Nazi.

Either he has found out, or will learn all too soon that in an authoritarian state there is no room for two opinions. The Catholic braves his bishop for daring to speak out—but the extent of his personal daring is to hear these pulpit denunciations.

Being obliged to work, the German for once in his life doesn't need to worry about a job. Fifty per cent of his friends are in a labor camp or in the army. But that's work, he says, and proudly adds that in all his country only the physically or racially disabled are jobless.

He is busy, even though he gets something less than a starvation wage and about the same as on the dole. Finances alone don't rule that policy. The busy, hungry man has time only to think of his work and his stomach.

That terribly plain typist, with artificial silk dress, cotton stockings, a "wool" coat made of wood-fiber and carrying an imitation leather purse believes herself fortunate. It neither makes much difference to her that every man getting on the bus shoves her in the ribs so that he may sit first, nor that she makes 15 marks a week. That is about \$7.50 in a country where any sort of a meal that the average German eats costs about two marks or 80c.

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She needs many things, but even a foreigner whose travel reichsmarks cost him but 25c, doesn't buy anything but bare necessities in Germany. She buys less than that—but her eyes shine with the goodness of things to come.

That husky, blond Nazi you see strolling down Kurfurstendamm in Berlin with his wife and three children doesn't belong on that street of cafés. A man who has five mouths to feed and makes \$10 a week has no business sitting down in a café where it will cost him at least a mark.

He isn't much concerned. His rent is about \$9 a month. He gets a reduction in taxes because he has three children, and soon he will have another child and get a further tax reduction and a slight boost in wages. He knows he is a notch in the Nazi wheel. But he has implicit faith that the wheel is carrying Germany—and himself—to a new destiny.

One day, too, he will have an auto and radio. Didn't Hitler say that every family must have both? Wasn't the government starting to make them cheap enough for the common workman to own? Soon there would be cheaper fuel, not made of oil, but another *ersatz*. Ho-hum, there were so many substitutions now, one more wouldn't make much difference.

His "wool" scarf is made of fish. His suit is made of straw and wood. The "cork" caps on his beer bottles are made of potato peelings. The gasoline used by the bus with those screaming air brakes is made of brown coal. His coffee is made of ground and roasted corn. His bread is made of corn. Soon there would be "viking eggs," which never saw a hen but which were made of fish.

He is allowed only a quarter of a pound of butter a week, but he doesn't accept the privilege. He can't afford to. He loves oranges and bananas but they are scarce, poor and costly. His children want chocolate, but it is out of his pocketbook's reach. The once famous pastries he ate before 1932 now taste like tissue paper.

Usually, he eats dumplings twice a day. They lie heavy in his stomach and convince him he can't eat another morsel. He is like the burros of Northern Africa, fed date pits by the Arabs for the same purpose.

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This year he will get a holiday from the Strength Through Joy movement. Nine million got them last year. His friend Fritz was sent to Naples, all expenses paid. Maybe even Sicily. He even knows a bank clerk who was sent to Libia. Of course, he doesn't like the Italians, but they are Hitler's friends now and you can't despise Hitler's friends.

But he doesn't wish too hard for anything—a car, a choice piece of meat, a vacation abroad. There are no such things as individual wishes in Germany. There are only hopes—and bleak resignations.

IF you go to the out-of-the-way restaurants, where the poorer people eat, you get eggs which taste of fish, and why not? The chickens are fed fish, nothing so precious as grain these days. You get butter that never saw a churn. You get milk which would make an African cow blush with shame for the bovine family. You get

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an incredible amount of cabbage and potatoes.

There is much spaghetti to be had, though. You sit in a restaurant watching a German soldier struggling with the long strands. By now, that soldier should be more proficient. For six months he was in Spain with the Italians, whom he cordially hated and suffered the reciprocation.

There are more uniforms per square foot in Berlin than there are rabbits in Australia. The school children wear them, the *Jungvolk*, the *Jugend*, the newspaper vendors, the girls and boys labor corps. There are black uniforms, grey uniforms, green uniforms and tan uniforms, all adorned with the swastika of course. Nobody wants to think. They all want to wear a uniform and be told when and how.

It is a serious problem, too, what with the best brains "liquidated," as they coyly say in Russia, from the world of accomplishment, and everyone itching to march in step and hold a rifle.

Out of 18,200 university graduates in the country, 10,000 of them said recently they intended going into the army. This report was intended to show how much everyone loves militarism. It succeeded in that, but the real import was that there are enough men for brawn and battle, but fewer and fewer for brain work.

Every German boasts to you of his army. He should. In two to four years it will be the strongest in the world.

They used to say that Prussia is not a country which has an army but an army which has a country. The German makes no bones about admitting that this is a cardinal and laudatory Nazi aim.

Gossip, endless gossip, in a country fissured incessantly with rumor, tells him many strange things about the army though—how the soldiers hated to go to Spain, detested the Italians, think them strutting dummies of soldiers; that every soldier, not merely the conscripts, abhor the Nazi persecution of the Catholics, are indifferent to the attacks on the Jews, and will resent political control of himself as a soldier. But your informant says:

"Our army will always be loyal to the Fuehrer. He stands for Germany and the soldier is faithful to his country."

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GERMANY can't be so poor, visitors say, when the cafés, restaurants, cinemas and theaters are so crowded. But then Germany is a peculiar country, and its finances are a tricky affair. Germany is a huge bowl and the money spins in it like a dozen eggs whipped by a giant electric mixer. None sprays over the side, but the mixer whirls faster and faster.

The same money is passing around at a maddening rate. Its volume in Germany since 1929 increased only 10%; in Great Britain and France the increase averaged 33% and in the United States 42%.

"Why should I save money," the German says, "even if I could lay aside a few marks a week. I get taxed out of it."

So the German lives to the hilt, and the hilt reaches up to the knees of a grasshopper.

Yet, with this quixotic attitude toward money, the average German laughs at talk of collapse.

He has no better and no worse idea than the American, Englishman or Frenchman what a collapse is. Or a financial crisis for that matter. Or a catastrophe. A German who has been through the "turnip" winter of 1917, the "collapse" of 1919-23 when he used a billion marks to light a cigarette, or the "smash" of 1931 when loan payments were suspended, looks at you blankly when you ask if Germany is on the verge of a "collapse."

Especially the German knows that countries don't collapse. They simply have stringent times when great social and economic changes take place, new regimes come in and there is a redistribution of wealth.

IT is almost impossible to get a smile out of the businessman. He has much less freedom than a polar bear in a zoo and is watched as closely. He cannot go out and buy a pound of wrapping paper without government approval. He cannot raise or reduce wages, can't float new loans without the Reichsbank's approval.

The Nazis tell you they have no intention of nationalizing industry. They call the present plan "leading, not controlling industry." When a businessman is told when he can order a pound of twine, and from whom, or reduce wages, or borrow money, or

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what he shall do with the very last cent of his profits, his business is nationalized.

But if you ask six businessmen if they are contented, all six will say, "perfectly."

He would kind of like to know, though, how much the government is spending. He can't find out, because Germany is the only country in the world which does not issue figures on its expenses.

Anything Goes was an excellent name for a musical comedy. It is also excellent as a cardinal rule in the endless repertoire of Nazi brutality.

No more heinous than *Der Sturmer*, is Dr. Robert Ley's labor camp "matrimonial bureau." He deliberately places the boys and girls labor camps in close proximity. Liberties are arranged so as to allow nature to take its course. Naturally, an issue results. The boy is shamed into marrying the girl, or terrorized into it, and is offered the additional bait of a two weeks' holiday with expenses paid.

Since mercy is eliminated in Germany, love has little place in choosing a wife. As in Italy, the slogan is: "We want more babies, but make them Aryan."

You search the faces of women in Berlin, one of the great capitals of the world, for a pretty woman. You scan the faces in cafés in Munich, in Hanover, in any city. They are drab, expressionless, peering out from under an antiquated hat, made even uglier by a remarkably unmodish coat.

The faces of the girls are red-checked, round, healthy, bovine. They dare not use cosmetics. Their hands are rough, thick, masculine. They've served their "sentence" in a labor camp—and they loved it.

Soon there will not be a pretty hand left in all Germany.

To halt this onrush to unhandsomeness, now every girl between 18 and 21 joins the "Work, Beauty and Faith" movement. She is to become beautiful, without cosmetics, by physical culture and rhythmic dancing.

THERE is not much to make the German laugh or think too deeply. Some smile now as they read their tirading newspapers, as full of life as a discarded mattress. The cinemas exude propaganda. *Mein Kampf*, Hitler's bible for the German people,

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is required reading and the consistent best seller. All the fatuous books of America and England which portray the spinelessness of those nations, exhibit their decadence, or condemn them, are translated.

The average German likes Goering, for all his grandiose titles and flamboyant uniforms. He delights in telling jokes on "the fat fellow's" lion cubs, his outrageous temper. The man in the street hates Goebbels, and fears Dr. Rosenberg. Even the secret anti-Nazi admits that "Goering is probably the real patriot of the bunch."

The farmer is the true peasant. He loves and wants his land and his cattle. Like the urban dweller, he feels the continual strain on life, but it was always so. He shrugs his shoulders when you tell him the meat tastes bad.

"What am I to do?" he demands sourly. "They are always in such a hurry. They don't let it hang long enough."

He considers it a personal tragedy that the Nazis tell Nature how to run her business. Instead of saving cattle for breeding, he has been forced to fatten them for early slaughter. He knows that this year there will be a great shortage of pigs because in 1937 he had to kill almost his entire stock.

"Berlin said they needed the meat," the farmer groans, "and anyway we didn't have food for them last year."

He has seen his farm ravaged by a policy of self-sufficiency just as surely as he, as a young man in grey uniform, helped to ravage Belgium. He has seen a 22% decline in the number of sows bred and a 42% slip in the number of young sows.

"Well," he says shortly, "let 'em eat potatoes."

They will too. There may be malnutrition, but their stomachs will be full. Germany grows four times as many potatoes as the United States.

The industrial and intellectual German, for all his hardships—he's had those before—has tremendous pride in the Third Reich.

"Why shouldn't I be proud," he demands belligerently, "I live in a reborn country."

He feels the surge of great events, great activity, even if he is such a minute part of it and doesn't comprehend it. He sees a powerful army be-