

**E**RICH MARIA REMARQUE is a blond, blue-eyed German who looks like a halfback on an American football team and might have posed for a statue of Stover of Yale. After the world-wide success of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, he threw up his job with a newspaper, built himself a house on the shores of Lago Maggiore in southern Switzerland and went into retreat.

On the face of it this was a singular performance for Remarque, who had hitherto been a bouncy young gentleman with a terrific yen for high-powered motorcars and a miraculous ability to tear down a motor and throw it together again without having stray parts left sticking to his fingers. At one time or another he had traipsed all over Germany, but after his book appeared he found he couldn't stick his head out his front door without being welcomed by his devoted admirers in a way to knock him loose from his molars. So he hunted out the Maggiore spot, built the house in 1932, and settled down in peace and quiet to gaze at the snow-covered peak of St. Gotthard, which reared up at one end of the lake.

Remarque had never been interested in politics and paid little attention when Hitler took over power in Germany in 1933, but gradually it began to dawn on him that his hideout was no longer as exclusive as he had imagined. He knew he had been damned by the Nazis as a "pacifist" and that his books had been burned along with other "subversive" literature, but the meaning of change became apparent to him when old friends began showing up at Lago Maggiore to ask his advice and help. Among them were other pacifists, liberals, Jews, Catholics and radicals—all refugees from the Nazi regime.

But the real shock came last year in the shape of a telephone call from London. A newspaperman was calling to tell him that they had just received a dispatch from Berlin stating that Remarque's citizenship had been revoked.

"What have you to say about it?" asked the London reporter.

"If you'll pardon me . . . nothing," answered Remarque and held the receiver a moment in stunned silence and then hung up.

#### What Nobody Can Take Away

For he realized that he was a refugee now himself, one of that vast, pitiful legion who roam the globe like lost souls, dependent on the kindness of some friendly nation for a little slip of paper that will afford them a few months or years of peace. By no means does it allow them to remain in a country indefinitely and in no case does it permit them to get a job.

Although he is one of the most fortunate of all the refugees because of his world fame as a writer, Remarque is no less a man without a country. As one who traces his pure "Aryan" blood back centuries and was reared in a devout Catholic household in Osnabrueck, Westphalia, Prussia, he is no longer a German in the eyes of the Nazis. But he repudiates this doctrine:

"They have taken my citizenship away, but that is nothing but a piece of paper. They can't take away what is part of me, the fact that I was born in Germany and am a German no matter what any person or group of people says. It won't always be this way. Then I can go back home."

His latest book, *Flotsam*, which you may begin to read in next week's Collier's and on which he started work almost immediately after the phone call from London, is the story of the refugees. When Remarque arrived in March for his first visit to America, it was rumored that he was traveling on a

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# My Heart's in the Homeland

By Kyle Crichton

Although Mr. Remarque has been exiled and his books have been burned by the Nazis, he maintains, "Germany is still my home." He means, of course, the Germany he fought and bled for during the World War. Here is the dramatic story of an outcast hero's career



Erich Maria Remarque renews an old friendship with Marlene Dietrich on his last visit to Hollywood

Beginning next week  
the new and epic novel of a tragic decade by

**ERICH MARIA REMARQUE**

As eloquent and moving as his *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *The Road Back*

**'FLOTSAM'**

is the stirring and vivid story of courageous men and women deprived of the means to live, who can laugh and love and refuse to die



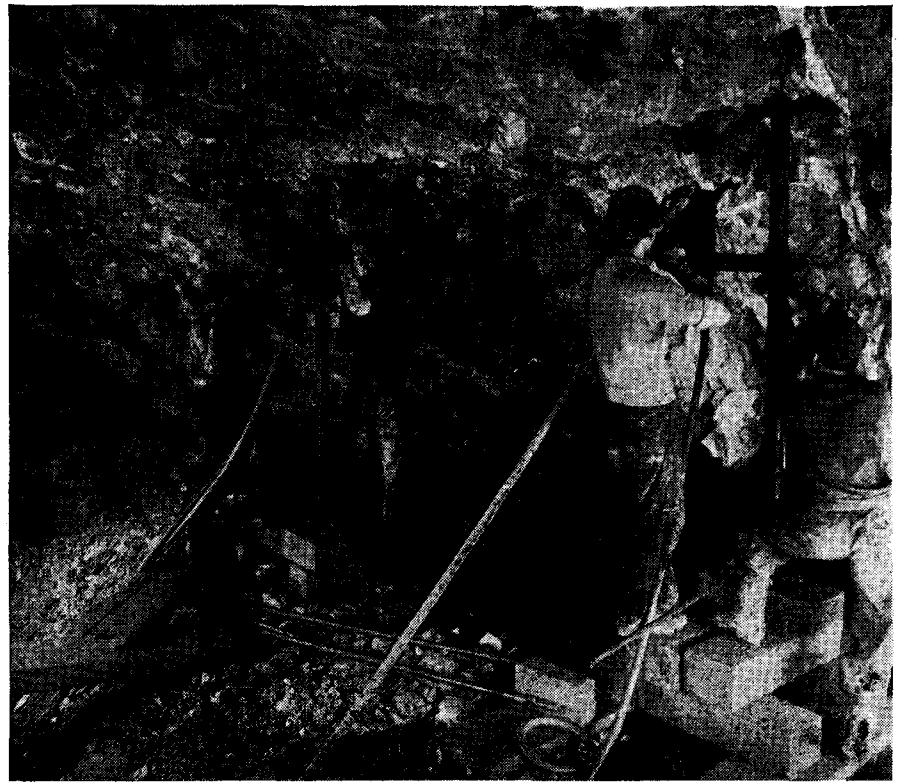
# Can We Hold the Richest Land on Earth?

By W. B. Courtney

If we held and developed the Philippine Islands, we could become the only self-sufficient nation in a hungry world. Is it realistic policy to toss into the international grab bag a possession whose fabulous wealth has barely been surveyed?



Manila hemp rope from the Philippines is the finest made and the islands have a monopoly on this product, which is used throughout the world



Mining has barely begun to tap the Philippines' gold fields. In addition, there are vast deposits of iron, manganese, chromite and other minerals

**D**AVE is a young American businessman, and he lives as you wish you could live. I am envious of Dave, and so will you be when you hear about him.

Often you dream of a fair and easy land, where all days are pleasant and the women are beautiful; where you and your friends are youthful in spirit, and gay; when your life is of your own free will and making. Yes, you know all about this building up a nest-egg stuff, but you wish you could have it all—now.

Dave has it now, and he has just turned thirty-three.

Dave is one of those fellows who have come upon the substance of romantic books you read as a boy. But Dave's paradise is up to date, with electrical refrigeration, airplanes and a private bartender who mixes the best gimlet you ever tasted. If you had a Magic Carpet, an Aladdin's Lamp and a fairy wand you could not fix yourself up in better style than the Philippine Islands have fixed up Dave.

Dave is so rich he can buy anything he wants, work or loaf or play, pick up and go to Europe or New York in the best suite on the best steamer, without counting the cost. His office and plantation managers are well paid to do the counting and the worrying. His private airplane and pilot are ready whenever he wants to tour his far-lying enterprises; or go up to his mountain home in the pines of Baguio, to escape Manila's heat. His wealth is based on substantial, progressive business activities. Besides more money than he knows what to do with, Dave has several children who will go to the best colleges, and a beautiful wife. She is part of the opulence that never would have happened to him at home.

She is a cosmopolitan, Dresden born, who speaks five languages, all with a charmingly bad accent, has degrees from several European universities, and is the gracious blond queen of Dave's abundant table.

Dave's parties have made history in Manila, where parties are wetter and held oftener; are bigger, showier, more lavish, and last longer, than in any other place in the world. Durability is required of guests, as well as wit and charm.

Dave's affairs usually start with cock-

tails at an exclusive club, drift to dinner at his town house, gain momentum and members at a wee-hour hot spot, breakfast at his luxurious country estate, lounge all day beside a private swimming pool that would make Cecil B. De Mille's gaudiest screen one seem like a tenement-hall bathtub. By that second evening the party begins to follow individual bents—on yachts, sailboats, in cars. It may be a week before the last traces of it fizzle away.

Dave's parties are not exceptional in this affluent land. Neither is Dave. He wasn't born either rich or lucky. There is no reason why you shouldn't do as well. If Dave had stayed at his little country-town job in Maryland he would still have been drawing \$27.50 a week.

## Dave Is No Exception

No, the answer to Dave's life of ease and wealth does not lie in a secret business genius. He has the qualities that are the common American heritage: good sense, a little foresight, a reasonable amount of industriousness, humor, politeness, fairness.

When he first came to Manila he got a job at his trade. "It was like a guy with a 1939 knowledge of automobiles turning back the clock and getting a job in Detroit in 1900," Dave explains. Dave saved a little, borrowed a little more, went into his own business on a thin-dime margin. For the rest of his story, I can shorten that for you—real estate and mining.

Every old resident out here can match Dave's story with a dozen similar favorites of his own. There is the large family, numerous in the Spanish way of cousins, nephews and aunts, on one of the southern islands. Each member has his or her separate air-conditioned mansion and miniature estate, with food and wines you could not beat in the finest Parisian hotels; with radios and refrigerators and motorcars the best that America can produce. There is a scheduled air line that is supported by, and was founded merely for the convenience of, the family. Ultramodernity set down in jungle clearings on soil so lush, amid forests and mines so bounteous that the money pours in faster than a large and openhanded tribe can devise ways to spend it.

But men like Dave are stepsons of a