

Alan

BY JOHN LINEAWEAVER

A Story

THE lodge stood on stilts near the summit of the bank facing the lake, and at twilight after supper even on fine evenings pine branches brushed against its walls, making a sweeping noise like that of a dozen new brooms, in the sharpening breeze of oncoming night, while from the lake twenty feet down sounded the lapping of waves against the smooth rock bar which formed the swimming pier.

On this evening there was also a third, less soothing sound: a distant chorus of excited children's voices wafting down from the Recreation Hall and striving comically with the more usual concert of the frogs in their pools under the lodge.

On a cot in the locker room on the second floor Bob Hansen lay watching with ironical eyes while his fellow counsellor and friend, Alan Whitaker, for the second time unknotted and began reknitting a new, lavishly colored necktie; and as he watched he found himself half-consciously trying to pick out individual voices in the Recreation Hall chorus, just as a moment before he had been engaged with that of the frogs. That shrill piping one—corresponding, it occurred to him, to that of the oak toad—was young Penny's; he was almost sure of it. That other, the one full

of a deep intimate laughter, suggesting a Negro's, belonged indubitably to the elder Jenkins, brother of the kid who was in his cabin. He could pick out others but of these two he was certain, or almost certain, and for a fleeting second he thought of walking up to the Recreation Hall, where the play which Alan had coached was about to begin, in order to verify his detections. But immediately he thought: what kind of a fool idea is that? . . . Well, he answered himself a moment later, it's damn good practice anyway.

Meanwhile Alan, the joints of his fingers pale from effort, continued to work with the tie. His teeth bit into the side of his full lower lip, his free chin jutting pugnaciously, and he was frowning now, making whitish creases in his otherwise sun-browned forehead. Regarding him impersonally Bob thought for perhaps the thousandth time: he sure is a good-looking devil. You can't get away from *that*.

Then at last it was done. He pulled the ends and leaning forward, eyes intent on the little steel mirror hung on the wall before him, gave the knot a final critical look. After his eyes left it they traveled upward to linger a moment on his face—an action which did not escape Bob's notice, and sensing

this he straightened at once and crossed to an open army trunk, pasted with labels announcing that its owner had traveled Tourist Third on the French Line and was a student at Princeton, where he fell to rummaging under several books and cartons of cigarettes to bring out at last a pair of gray- and white-checked woolen socks. Sitting down on the bench against the wall, he prepared to draw them on, saying:

"Damn if this primitive life doesn't get you. Even tying a tie and putting on socks gets to be an operation. Matter of fact, I don't believe I've had either on since I went into Northport last Wednesday."

"Oh yes you have," Bob answered from the cot.

"Had I? When?"

"Outdoor chapel, Sunday."

"That's right. I had. I took them off right after lunch, though."

"Of course I wouldn't remember the finer points," Bob said, "but one thing I'm sure of—Camp Skyles hasn't bothered your tie-tying any. You never could tie a tie decently. In the original well-dressed man that's always struck me as odd, sort of."

"We temperamental people," Alan replied, reaching under the bench for his shoes. "You've got to make allowances for us."

As he drew the first shoe on the distant chorus suddenly ceased, to be replaced almost instantly by a tumult of hand-clapping, whistling and stamping, and shortly thereafter by comparative quiet.

"My little darlings are evidently about to get under way," Alan commented. "How can I bear to be away from them? I ask you, Hansen, how can I?"

"As a matter of fact," Bob said, "I

should think you'd want to be there. Strange as it may seem, you've hurt some of those kids' feelings. Starting them off in a whirl of enthusiasm like that, they don't understand it."

"If you don't look out," Alan answered, "you'll have me feeling bad."

"Oh go to hell," Bob said.

For answer Alan laughed. He slipped his belt through the final strap and pulled it tight—a bit too tight for comfort, Bob would have thought—and stood up. "There," he said. "Now for my cloak. . . . What the hell? I could have sworn I took it out of the locker. . . . Oh," as his glance fell on the coat, flung over the end of the bench.

While he got into it Bob regarded him silently. He said suddenly:

"One thing you can't complain about's that tan you got up here. Much as I hate to tell you, it's very becoming. A great improvement."

Alan bowed. "Granting that improvement was possible, of course."

Bob regarded him expressionlessly. "The awful thing is, you really mean that," he said.

"Of course I do," Alan answered. "I'm the handsomest thing in this neck of the woods."

"And you mean that too."

"But naturally, sir. It's true, isn't it?"

"Probably it is."

"Then why not say so?"

"No reason, I guess—except of course that nobody would but you."

Alan smiled amusedly. "I suppose you're right."

"Well, try it on Esther," Bob said. "It ought to go over big with her. You might tell her it's just an old guy custom."

Alan's fingers paused in the process of buttoning the coat, then went on, while his smile broadened. "You

know," he said, "I'll never get over giving thanks I know you, Hansen. You're a positive education—all the mass reactions. Why, talking to you's as good as reading a tabloid!"

"Seems to me we've had that before."

"Well, you see, it never ceases to be a miracle to me. Why, my boy, you're *perfect*. A specimen, no less. You ought to do radio scripts."

"Oh go to hell."

"Precisely the answer anticipated."

Bob raised himself on an elbow and met Alan's gaze straight on. They continued thus for several seconds, Alan smiling the superior smile, and in spite of himself Bob felt the old familiar surge of irritation. They had known each other for five years—four spent in the same house at Lawrenceville and one in a boarding house on Bank Street in Princeton—and still he let himself get ruffled. He turned, punched the pillow behind him, and let himself fall heavily back again. He was large and the ancient cot creaked menacingly.

Alan crossed to the locker and lifted his hat from the hook. He slammed the locker door closed and settled the hat on his head. "Well," he said, looking about him, "I guess that does it. We'll continue this enlightening discussion later when I'll prove to you how dumb you are."

"That will be swell," Bob answered.

"It will be something for you to look forward to."

At the door he turned. "Don't forget to kiss my kiddies good-night for me," he said, and went whistling on down the stairs.

For several minutes after he had gone Bob lay motionless. From the Recreation Hall sounded an uproar of laughter and he thought how, a few weeks ago, Alan would have been up

there rushing about behind the scenes wild with enthusiasm, getting the same sort of kick, in some obscure way, that he was going to get out of this evening before him—and both kicks equally false and yet honest. Strange fellow. He turned his eyes to the ceiling and automatically began scratching his chest. He hoped the ape had not forgotten to put oil in the Dodge anyway.

II

Alan let in the clutch and with something less than the usual sputter and fuss the Dodge started down the hill. He steered as usual with one hand, his right arm resting along the back of the seat, grinning in recollection of the station wagon parked clandestinely in the trees behind the kitchen. The station wagon belonged to the camp director's family, who stayed in a cottage a mile or so down the lake, and once or twice each week it visited the camp after nightfall to stock up with provisions. Good old graft, he thought. The great American sport.

As he came out on the road and entered the gully, pitch-dark between high weed-grown banks, he felt the damp vault-like air separate the hairs on the back of his neck and he stepped on the gas and shot bumping ahead. During the day, passing through this stretch made him think of entering Broadway movie houses on August afternoons, but at night there was something sinister about it and he always experienced an absurd feeling of relief as he put it behind him.

Leaving the road for the highway, he slowed down again, going slower and slower until the car was merely creeping along. It was going to be a splendid night, he saw. Overhead a pale moon was already showing in the smoke-col-

ored sky and there was an invigorating snap in the air, just enough. He wondered what time it was. She had said any time after nine and he doubted whether it was now much later than eight-thirty, for the play had been scheduled for eight and had been running, he calculated, not longer than half an hour. Then he thought of the conversation with Bob. Good old Bob. He was really fond of him, he supposed, tiresome as he could be at times—"dumb but faithful." And Bob, he felt sure, was fond of him in his mildly disapproving way. He smiled tolerantly to himself. No doubt many people wondered what he saw in Bob, but he'd never believed in knowing persons of one type only. . . . And he began to go over in his mind the variety of types with which he had at one time or another been intimate.

After a while his thoughts turned to the evening before him. Esther had issued the invitation only the Tuesday before. He had asked her to the Saturday night public dance at Belmont Mills, the single spot about the lake where Jews were welcome. He had been a bit hesitant, uncertain as to how she might take it. But either she had not considered that angle or she was a talented actress, for she had simply answered equably that she would love to go but that her father was coming up from New York for the week-end with friends and her mother had invited some people in for the evening—not a formal party by any means, but she would have to be there. They would be glad to have him, Alan, also, however, if he cared to come. She had given the invitation quite casually, just as if he were another Jew and wouldn't be the only Gentile there—as of course he would be, for the other summer resi-

dents were growing increasingly resentful of the thriving Jewish colony and made a point of having nothing to do with it. And this had pleased him; proved, if proof were necessary, that he actually was broad and without bourgeois prejudices. . . . No doubt, however, she was being rather nervous about the success of the evening. How, indeed, could she help it? And he resolved once more that he would set about putting her at ease immediately.

She was a good sort really, he thought, quite intelligent—and not at all bad-looking either, if you were without bias and could see beauty in the physical characteristics of another race: something he was glad to know he had never had any difficulty in doing. Which reminded him of Bob's almost violent reaction when, several years ago, he had raved for days about a Negress he had met on a party he had managed to join in a Harlem speakeasy. He chuckled aloud in recollection. She had been damn good-looking too, for a Negress; could have passed for Spanish anywhere.

But to get back to Esther, she was really a bit of all right. He liked her. Yes, honestly liked her: he'd admit it to any one. And what a kick (though I says it, he thought, as maybe shouldn't) she must be getting out of all this attention from him. Possibly, living all her life in New York, as she had, and getting away only to places like this, she had never before known a Gentile so well. He only hoped she would not become too serious about him—though, as a matter of fact, why shouldn't she? And, for that matter, why shouldn't he? This wasn't the Seventeenth Century, after all, or Nazi Germany.

For several miles he played with that idea, examining it from every liberal

side, and then his mind turned back to the first time he had seen her—sitting alone on the miniature dock in front of her cottage dangling her straight smooth legs, copper-colored in contrast with the white of her swimming suit, in the water and letting her almost breathtakingly abundant black hair dry glistening in the sun. What a body! he'd thought, and on the impulse had rested his oars and spoken to her: "Hello." "Hello," she'd answered. And then they both had laughed and he had headed the boat in toward the pier. Fifteen minutes later they had been deep in an argument about Ernest Hemingway and an hour after that, as she had prepared to go in, he had made a tentative swimming date for the following morning—which she had kept so that he had made another and then another; and now he was going to her home.

The thing he kept remembering, however, was a little incident that had taken place the third time he had seen her. They had been sunning themselves on the pier when a child belonging somewhere in the Jewish colony had passed in a canoe and called to Esther. She had laughed as the canoe passed out of hearing and said: "What a terrible voice! But of course it's mean to laugh, since there's nothing she'll ever be able to do about it: it's simply racial." It was the one reference which had so far been made between them to The Question and he had been wishing ever since that he had seized the opportunity to make his position clear. Since then he had been on the alert for other openings but she had never given him one and he supposed he would soon have to take the bull by the horns and make one himself. "By the way, is there anywhere around where I could get some unleavened bread? One of my friends at school gave

me some last winter, during your New Year—was it?—and I've been wanting more ever since."—Something like that, only polished up a bit of course. It wouldn't matter that the Jewish school friend would have to be purely imaginary. . . . As a matter of fact, however, it ought to be unnecessary for him to have to say anything. His behavior toward her must have told her by now, and his acceptance of the present invitation especially. Why, there wasn't another Gentile on the lake who would have been caught dead at a party given in the Jewish colony! . . . But perhaps that was it! Perhaps she had asked him as a sort of final test. Now that that had occurred to him he was almost sure of it. He felt a sudden thrill of anticipation. Well if it was, he'd show her. "Who is that charming boy, Esther, and tell me, is he Jewish? He doesn't *look* Jewish. . . ."

Suddenly the Dodge began to rattle and he reached down quickly and changed gears, seeing that he was starting up Pine Mountain. Not much longer for the old boat, he thought. Probably Bob would agree to leave it here when they went back. Then the lake appeared again, a vast dark mass which shortly would be shimmering in the light of a three-quarters full moon, and along the edge of the lake, just below him, there now shone a little cluster of lights—Stratford Landing, one of the finest situations on the lake. Trust the Jews every time, he thought, and fed more gas.

Seven minutes later he was entering the wooded driveway which led to Esther's house and shortly thereafter he saw Esther herself, standing on the porch with a man. She looked down as he appeared on the circle and waved to him, motioning him to go on around

and park at the side of the house in a space where, he observed now, stood other cars of various expensive makes. He was surprised at how eager he was to have the evening begin.

III

She came halfway down the steps to meet him. She was wearing a simply made, close-fitting gown of some peculiar shade of red and her hair was arranged in two tight glistening coils which covered her ears and formed a kind of exotic cap. Waiting in the pool of light from the doorway above she achieved an effect that was almost dramatic.

As he approached she smiled her slow smile—smiling more with her eyes than with her lips, like an Oriental—and said:

“So here you are. I’ve been on the look-out for you.”

“Not late, am I?” he asked in pretended anxiety.

She dismissed the question with a toss of the head. “Of course not. There wasn’t any special hour.”

He stopped below her, smiling into her eyes and thinking again, or rather continuing to think, how beautiful she was—really beautiful.

An instant later he was telling her so. “You know, you’re looking very elegant tonight.”

She bobbed her head in mock gratitude. “Thank you. The dress is mother’s contribution, if that’s what you mean. I wasn’t at all sure about this particular red but I seem to be getting away with it.”

“You’re doing a bit better than that,” he answered.

For a moment, surprisingly, the smile vanished and she regarded him oddly. Then she laughed and said, turning away:

“Come along. I’m a working girl to-night, you know—just took a little time out for a cigarette.”

“But you just now told me you were watching for me!”

“Well, I was doing that too. Now come along. Don’t argue.”

He reached for her hand but she had already started back up the steps. There was nothing to do but follow. But as he dropped his hand to his side he grinned significantly. Just you wait, young woman, he said silently—just you wait. For in the past few minutes he had reached a decision.

They crossed the porch to the open door just inside of which a colored butler was standing. So they kept a butler. For some reason he was amused. She walked into the dimly lit hall and he trailed after her, glancing surreptitiously about him. There was disappointingly little to see: against the farther wall a small early American table holding a bowl of roses, above it a mirror, and on the nearer wall an oil painting, a landscape, in no way spectacular but obviously good.

When they arrived at a second doorway, from which came the sound of voices, she paused and said:

“Nearly every one’s already here. Do you want me to take you the rounds or introduce you to a few and let you circulate?”

Alan hesitated an instant. Which would she prefer that he did? Perhaps there were some people present whom she would rather he didn’t meet. “The few by all means,” he said. “I’m really a swell circulator. Don’t make me feel like a visiting duke.”

She looked at him and he felt himself flush. What a stupid thing to have said! But she only remarked: “Which ever you please,” and moved on.

He found himself entering a large room, rather too brilliantly lighted, full of cretonne-covered furniture, flowers and people. She led him at once to a group standing nearest the door. He had time to notice a tiny, almost dwarf-sized woman with astonishing lemon-colored hair, around whom the group seemed to be formed, before the introductions began. "This is Mr. Whitaker, all of you. Alan, this is"—and the names came crashing into his ears. "Miss Hotzman, Mrs. Baumann, Miss Zweisig, Mr. Sondheim, Mr. Goetz. . . ."

Every one bowed and the two young men shook hands with him. The little bleached woman who had been speaking when they came up nodded briefly and went on. "To me," she was saying, "he suggests unlimited talent, really in the strictest sense genius. The most promising alive, I think—though I grant you this last book is disappointing after the others."

"Some one told me he doesn't think so well of *The Orators* himself any longer," one of the other women put in. "Was that you, Sam?"

"Not I," Sam said.

"Well, it was some one; or perhaps I read it somewhere."

"I'm not surprised," Dwarf-size remarked. "But he'll like it again later. Somebody said of it that it's a book poets twenty years from now will be reading. I agree with that estimate perfectly."

The young man beside him explained: "We've been talking about W. H. Auden, the young English poet."

"Oh, yes," Alan nodded, wondering who Auden was. Some Jew writer, he supposed. No telling by names nowadays. Must look him up sometime. He turned toward Esther as she was taken in tow by a cruising middle-aged pair.

He wondered whether he was expected to join them. But doubtless she would return in a moment. He became conscious that Dwarf-size was staring at him. When he faced round, meeting her gaze, she said:

"Been here all season, Mr. Whitaker, or did you come up with Sol?"

Sol! That must be her father's name. Good God, he thought. And then: Well, after all, why not? He smiled and said:

"I've been here since June. I'm one of the governesses over at Camp Skyles, you know."

She did not notice his joke. Not, he admitted, that it was so awfully funny. "Camp Skyles?" she said. "Is that somewhere around here?"

He felt his smile stiffen. "It's a boys' camp run by a master from my former school, Lawrenceville, over near Northport." He stressed Lawrenceville and was rewarded by feeling the whole group's attention rivet upon him. He guessed *that* would hold her.

But whether it would or not he had no chance to discover, for the moment was summarily shattered by the sudden approach of a large waddling bald man, flat-footed and absurdly hook-nosed—a veritable caricature—whose name, from the cries of greeting which instantly went up, appeared to be Julius. "Hello, Julius"—"Evening, Julius"—"How's the boy, Julius"—"Haven't seen you since the *Morning In May* opening, Julius"—this last from the young man, Sam Sondheim, who had first spoken to Alan. No one bothered to present him and Julius said:

"That *was* a show. I had six seats for that opening and it hurts me to say they cost me twelve bucks per. It was worth it, though—if any show is."

"Oh, do you think so?" Dwarf-size

said. "I was disappointed. Anna's settings were nice, though."

"For myself, I had a better time at the Ritz afterward," one of the other women said. "Julius here did it up brown, you know, and afterward we went on to Michener's. It was one swell party—and I'd say it even if you weren't here, Julius."

"I'll bet it was," the second young man said.

This was more like it, Alan thought. This was the sort of thing he had expected. He set himself to listening carefully, but just then Sondheim said something about Untermeyer and the conversation veered off to Germany.

And then suddenly Esther was beside him again. "I want you to meet mother," she said, nodding vaguely behind him. "She's sitting alone over there on the divan."

"That's fine," Alan answered. "I've been wanting to meet your family."

"Well, come ahead," Esther said. "Or could you do with a drink first? There's some sort of punch I haven't tasted and champagne."

"Sounds grand," Alan said, "but I'll wait until after I've met your mother."

"Just as you say."

She led him across the room, threading a way through various groups, to bring up at last before a massive divan upon which in solitary splendor a plump white-haired woman with dark, intensely living eyes and a dry cracked skin the color of leather was seated. She had observed their approach when they were still some distance away and when they stopped before her she put out her hand without waiting for Esther to speak. "So this is Mr. Whitaker, is it?" she said as Alan pressed it, and with her free hand indicated a place beside her. "Do sit down, if you can spare a mo-

ment for an ugly old woman who no longer even tries to keep up. You too, Esther. I've been watching you and you haven't once sat down all evening."

They took their places to left and right of her, Alan thinking amusedly that Esther and he must be resembling an engaged pair—family group. She continued:

"I've just been lazing here. There was a day when I was as energetic as Esther, but now I'm content to sit quiet and look on. My guests must come to me and if they can't amuse themselves with what's before them—well they may blame me, if they like."

Alan smiled his most charming smile. "I think it's much nicer that way," he said. "Every one has a better time." He considered mentioning those professional hostesses who had made such nuisances of themselves at debutante parties a few years back. But before he could decide whether the allusion would be tactful or not Esther said:

"Oh, dear. There's Sam paging me again." She rose. "I'll be back just as soon as I find what he wants."

Mrs. Goldman and Alan were silent, watching her progress across the room. Again Alan thought: how lovely she is! He said:

"I want to tell you how nice I think it was of you to let me come, Mrs. Goldman."

She laughed lightly. "I'm awfully glad you did come, though of course it's Esther's party really. My idea, that is, but Esther's application. I thought it would be pleasant for Mr. Goldman and now this evening he isn't feeling any too well and hasn't come down."

"I'm so sorry," Alan said. "I had looked forward to meeting Esther's father." He wondered why Esther had not mentioned to him that her father

was ill. It occurred to him that Esther had really talked very little about herself and her affairs during their several meetings.

Mrs. Goldman regarded him speculatively for a moment, then said:

"Well, there will be other opportunities, of course. You must come to see us—less formally, shall I say?—some-time soon again."

He smiled. "You will probably be seeing more of me than you care to," he said. "I've grown most awfully fond of Esther the short time I've known her. We've had some marvelous talks."

"Esther's a splendid girl," Mrs. Goldman remarked.

"She is," he agreed.

"And a splendid daughter," Mrs. Goldman added. "That's not quite so usual as it once was, I realize, and I flatter myself that I am wise enough to value her."

Alan nodded soberly, suppressing a chuckle. This was coming just a little too close to suggesting Alert Mother and Eligible Young Man.

"Yes, a splendid girl," Mrs. Goldman went on. "We're going to miss her terribly, her father and I. But Sam is a splendid boy also. We've known him all his life. His mother and I are friends. Esther and he played together as children. . . . So it's not as if we are actually losing her."

For a moment Alan sat rigid. His ears had recorded each word of Mrs. Goldman's speech and after she had finished he experienced a curious sensation, as if it were being played back to him. He felt nothing. It was as if he were standing outside himself, looking on. . . . And then suddenly he was angry, deeply, crazily angry. Why, the goddam kike, the damn dirty kike. . . . He began to realize that Mrs. Goldman was

staring at him, that he was flushing, that his face must be telling her everything.

And then he looked up and saw that Esther and Sondheim were coming toward them and he felt himself go cold, waiting for them. They were standing above him. He raised his eyes and saw Esther more clearly than he had ever seen her before, as though the rest of the room were in darkness and a white light was playing upon her.

He stood up, facing her. "Your mother and I have been getting on famously," he heard himself say. "Just one more reason to make me sorry I made the date I unfortunately did make to dance tonight over at the Rock Lake Inn." That for you, his tone said—the Rock Lake Inn, you kikes and your filthy ghetto! And he saw that he had made himself understood.

He bent down and shook hands with Mrs. Goldman. He smiled at Sondheim and Esther. Then he turned on his heel and left them, trying to remember how Esther had looked, whether she had said anything. . . .

Once outside the house he ran for the Dodge; jumped in; banged shut the door. Deliberately he backed on to the lawn and into a large flowering shrub of some sort, hearing the crunch of twigs with pleasure. Then he pressed down on the gas and the Dodge leaped ahead, narrowly missing a second bush as he swung into the drive. The sight of his cold eyes in the mirror pleased him.

IV

It had been a long, noisy evening but within the last half hour the kids had been quieting down and Bob was beginning to think of turning in. He closed the book, a treatise on the herpetology of southern New England, stretched yawning, slid back his chair and was

about to rise when footsteps sounded on the porch outside.

He turned as the screen door opened and shut, finding himself staring at Alan.

"Well, well," he said after a moment. "What's the meaning of this? They didn't throw you out, did they?"

Alan grinned and came on into the room. He walked to the cupboard and pulling open the doors, said casually:

"Sure. How did you know? I got caught trying to kiss the butler."

Very deliberately he took down a tin and began working his fingers around under the lid. "As a matter of fact," he said, "it was a very amusing evening. Even you would have appreciated some of it."

"Thanks," Bob said, and waited.

And finally it came. "The fact is . . . You're going to have a hard time getting it; I've had myself . . . I kept thinking about the show back here. Couldn't get it out of my mind. I must be getting foolish or something . . . How did the thing go anyhow?"

For perhaps forty seconds Bob simply looked at him. Thoughtfully he lifted the glasses from his ears and thoughtfully polished them on a tail of his shirt. Then he looked up again, bringing Alan's reddening face into focus.

Well, he thought finally, he believes it himself anyhow—now. He said:

"You needn't have worried. They say it went off perfectly."



The Nazis Meet Some Obstacles

BY GEORGE GERHARD

The carefree theorists of earlier years discover that financial problems refuse, after all, to be waved aside

THERE was a time when the Nazi sky hung full of promises. That was the time when Hitler registered the largest gains in his membership drive; when the swastika banner emerged from the *Bierkellers* of Munich first to confound and then to sweep the whole nation. Promises and slogans are as a rule the backbone of any political campaign, and as such one is wise not to take them with the tablespoon of unlimited confidence but with the teaspoon of critical doubt. Many of course predicted that Hitler, back in 1931, would soon find out the difference between carefree political campaigning, where theory can fly as freely as the swallow over the fields and forests, and the hard, practical and tremendously troublesome business of politics, once he was in power. The discovery, they said, might shortly be followed by his downfall.

To be sure, he still is in the saddle—and may be there for a long time yet. But the Nazi sky has lowered its clouds. In several fundamental ways the campaign pledges have not been realized. Take the “tyranny of interest” which was to be abolished. Instead, the war against the bankers has been called off. Then there is the back-to-the-land move-

ment which can succeed only if the big landed estates are divided among the millions of unemployed, as was promised in former years. But though some of the higher voices have come out time and again with the insistent demand that the land-owners must make place for the mute and miserable, the Government itself has done nothing to divide the estates—with the result that the Junkers are still holding the heritage of their forefathers. Obviously, they are still powerful behind the scenes, as they were 300 years ago, and know how to prevent the division of valuable properties. It may be taken for granted that the Junkers also know just how much the Government has to rely on their wealth and generosity to swell the party fund, the armament fund, the propaganda fund and various other funds.

Another important item in the Nazi leaflet of campaign promises was the planned overthrow of big business in favor of the small man. However (and luckily for the Government), German heavy industry in and around the Rhineland seems more securely placed now than at any other time since the days of Versailles. Not only is there no talk of the abolition of big business, but