

pride which had suffered so much humiliation after the treaty of Versailles was signed. They had gone to this meeting with idle curiosity. They had nothing else to do, and they grabbed for everything which appeared to offer a way out of their plight.

The admission to this rally was free. The workmen were impressed by the orderliness with which the ushering was conducted. Men in brown uniform shirts led them to their seats. There were many of these brown-shirted storm troopers, as they were called. They appeared to be very well disciplined, and their vigilant eyes wandered continuously over the crowd. The walls were decorated with great red flags in the middle of which was a black swastika on a white circular field. The atmosphere was loaded with expectation because the leader of this new party, a certain Adolph Hitler, was scheduled to speak. Suddenly the brass band struck up a catchy marching tune, the storm troopers took positions along both sides of the center aisle, and a group of men, all clad in the same brown uniforms, marched down the aisle toward the speaker's rostrum. After some introduction, Hitler had the floor and began to speak with his well-sounding voice and compelling manner. "He is one of our kind," the men thought. "He speaks our language; during the war he was just a corporal as we were; he understands our problems." The speaker developed very appealing ideas, and was frequently interrupted by long applause. He promised to bring the workers back to their jobs; he promised to stop the French from taking away more than half of the coal production of the Ruhr Valley; he promised to restore order and security in the disorganized economy. He appealed to the pride, the self-respect, and the patriotism of the audience. Before the speaker finished, the men who had come with idle curiosity were very enthusiastic about Hitler's ideas; they were ready to follow the invitation to support the party; they were certainly willing to vote for Hitler in the next election.

This is an example of the countless rallies and meetings which were held from the very beginning of the National Socialist German Workers Party until Hitler's victory in January, 1933. The excellent oratorical abilities of Hitler and his helpers persuaded and convinced the masses of desperate, humiliated, and hungry Germans to follow his banner. He offered a better and more compelling program than other political adventurers, reactionaries, and opportunists did. The masses, however, did not know how Hitler would react once he got into power.

If I Had My Life to Live Over

Joyce Mullery

FAR be it from me to say that I dislike the life of a human being; I love it. However, if I were told that I might live my life in a non-human form, my choice would be simple. I would want to be the sea. For some the sea holds no beauty; it is a thing to

fear, lest it upset their systems or drown them. I, more fortunate than these people, see the oceans as the most beautiful and forceful parts of nature; they offer everything.

No longer would I have to keep my emotions locked inside me; my every thought could be tossed freely about and exposed to the world, without a soul suspecting its nature. I would be able to view man in his pitiful attempts to conquer nature in one of her most powerful forces, and laugh silently at man's inadequacies, for he cannot hope ever to completely control the sea. There are some men who realize the strength of a great body of water and travel on it humbly, knowing they are at its mercy. These men I would cradle in my arms, as protective as a mother with her first-born. Those who showed their respect for me, I would respect in return.

If I had occasion to be angry, I would be free to release my anger through physical demonstrations, letting the foam rise on the crests of great waves just before they broke upon jagged boulders. Never again would I be restricted by the social conformities of man's society; my ulcer-giving anxieties would be unchained as I banded them about from the peak of a wave down to the depths of its valley. Then, if I were to fall into a mood of contentment, I could lie peacefully back, allowing my undercurrents to subside until my surface became placid and serene, and my swirling waves smooth once again. Should I be amused at something, I could let my laughter be visible to all who watched, as I playfully slapped the bottom of a schooner and gaily splashed my spray over the bow of a skiff. Happily I could frolic, without any concern for what people would think of my actions. Though human life is enjoyable, its limitations are often exasperating and keep one's inhibitions at a high level. If I were the sea, no one would care how I behaved; I would be blamed for nothing.

A human being can be beautiful; his features may be perfect and his body may be strong, but there is no beauty similar to that of the sea; its every mood is a work of art. The grace of its rolling waves as it moves happily under the skies, the fearsome violence of its anger, the lovely serenity of its calm moments are all part of its beauty. As a human being, could I be more beautiful? I think not, for its beauty cannot be surpassed. Nature cannot be equaled by man, and the sea is one of nature's most glorious forms.

Would that I could, but I cannot. It is merely a dream that shall never come true, but there is compensation. Just to be able to sit close to the sea by the hour, watching it as it stages its great dramas, is reward enough. This in itself can help me better to understand the forces of nature. It brings me to the realization that I am just a minute part of the world, surrounded by many more powerful things than I, over which I have no control. Let me be able to watch the sea in its full majesty and not only shall I be content, but I shall come away a wiser person.