

quite different way. This is the reason why the Radicals, and the Socialists with them, prefer him to the more brilliant, but less reliable official party leader, M. Daladier.

M. Camille Chautemps has the ambition of a man who knows that not only his personal qualities but also his family name, which is already attached to the history of the Third Republic, entitle him to play a leading part in ruling his country. But he is apparently not satisfied with being considered a master of home politics. His desire is to prove that he is also a statesman of international scale. He would have liked to become M. Blum's Minister of Foreign Affairs. As this was not possible he was satisfied with remaining behind the scene, the main inspirer of M. Delbos (and the friends of the Spanish Republic will perhaps add, not always for the best). As a Minister without a portfolio he had no Ministry to administer. But he chose to settle in a room of the Quai d'Orsay, from which he was in permanent contact with M. Delbos.

Henceforth his influence on foreign politics will be more direct and more official. As a man who lost two of his brothers in the war, and whose two grown sons are students, one may be sure that he will do everything in his power to maintain peace in Europe, as M. Léon Blum did before him.

Let us only hope that he will not allow his determination to prevent war to be misunderstood by the Fascist Powers as an indication of French weakness and cowardice.

MILAN STOYADINOVICH

By EGON HEYMANN

Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, German Coördinated Daily

YUGOSLAVIA'S Premier is tall and handsome, and possesses the physique of an athlete. One is not surprised to learn that boxing is his favorite recreation. His almost inexhaustible energy is a heritage from his sturdy Serbian ancestors. A sound body, and in it a sound and brilliant mind which has matured through zealous study and exacting experience since early childhood. To these is added a personal charm which no one who has dealings with him can escape or forget. But even this splendid endowment is not all. For Milan Stoyadinovich has another quality which makes him the superior of those statesmen who are merely experts. This quality we may call creative intuition, or better, a sense of guidance by destiny. Stoyadinovich himself believes in his destiny—in *Kismet*, as he calls it—which has designated him as a *Batlja*, or luck-bringer.

In the presence of such strength and confidence, one feels that here is a man who knows exactly what he wants, a man who has the will to get what he wants. Whoever has him for a friend may feel secure; but whoever opposes him can expect to be struck down.

Kismet has thus far cast Stoyadinovich's career in an ever rising curve. He was born on July 23, 1888, in Chachak in Shumdiya. His father was a Judge of the Supreme Court; his mother was the daughter of a rural minister. While still in school he attracted attention and when he studied in Belgrade, Stoyan Protich, the Finance Minister, was informed of the boy's great talents. At the suggestion of the University he endowed Milan with a State fellowship in political science, enabling young Stoyadinovich to study in Munich during the winter of 1910-11. There he attended the lectures of Lotz and Brentano, and in the summer of 1911 those of Adolf Wagner in Berlin. Simultaneously he worked in the Prussian Comptroller's office in Potsdam. That same year he was graduated in Belgrade with the degree of Doctor of Law. His dissertation was entitled *The German Budget*. He was then assigned to the French Ministry of Finance in Paris and a year later, in 1913, he went to London. During the First Balkan War he reported as a volunteer, but was told that there were not sufficient guns even for trained men. He volunteered again during the Second Balkan War, but saw no service as the war was short. Thus Stoyadinovich's war experience was limited to the Censor's office in the Ministry of War.

He served his year of compulsory training with the artillery in Kragujevac with enthusiasm. When the World War broke out he still lacked two months of the field exercises necessary to a reserve officer's commission, and he was obliged to remain in the Ministry of Finance which he had already entered as a junior barrister. Few people know that it was young Stoyadinovich who saved the Serbian national treasure. Accompanied by only one official and a servant, he transferred the funds to safety during the bitter Serbian retreat, at the same time leading his younger brother and sister to safety. 'There was not much in the treasury,' Stoyadinovich confessed with a smile. Yet there were many valuable documents and some silver money. The latter was important for the Albanians would not accept Serbian notes.

On January 20, 1916, he embarked for Corfu, with the Serbian treasure still in his possession. One of the many exciting incidents in his life occurred on this trip, when his boat escaped undamaged from violent air attack. On Corfu, Serbia's Government 'beyond the borders' began work anew. The Ministry of Finance, which in the beginning consisted merely of Stoyadinovich and a few officials, grew rapidly, and toward the end of the War Stoyadinovich, now promoted to the post of Director General, was in charge of a department of one hundred officials. While

on Corfu he made the acquaintance of his bride, whose father was Greek and her mother German.

Dr. Stoyadinovich and Minister of Finance Protich reëntered Belgrade with the first Serbian troops in November, 1918. The Ministry of Finance was reopened. Room by room the old building was repaired—today the State Courts are quartered there—and a new building was erected. At the end of 1922, Dr. Stoyadinovich for the first time became Minister of Finance; and he again held that office from 1924 to 1926. These were years of recovery and prosperity. The name of Stoyadinovich became linked with economic success. Good judgment and a sound political instinct warned him against casting his lot with the dictatorship which began on January 6, 1929. He knew better than others how to interpret the symptoms of the time; depression followed prosperity—until 1935. Now, he said to himself, the ‘seven lean years’ have passed, and he accepted the Premiership. Even if the years 1935 and 1936 were by no means ‘prosperous years,’ yet who can deny that they were incomparably better than the preceding ones? And who will deny that today Yugoslavia holds a more important, independent and self-reliant position in the international political scene than ever before?

ONE is justified in suspecting that this active, determined life has little room for personal hobbies and avocations. A ‘private’ Stoyadinovich does not exist; everything that resembles a private activity must serve his work and his goal. Even boxing; for boxing utilizes not merely the arms and the body, but also the head. Boxing requires the tactics of a hand-to-hand fight. Hunting, too, is only in part pure pleasure for him. While he loves to stroll through the woods and meadows hunting also affords an opportunity for informal conversations with visiting statesmen.

Milan Stoyadinovich is not musically inclined. His keen interest in science finds expression in improvements in industry and in the Army. He likes to read and he reads much, as much as his time permits, but no novels. History, politics, finance, tactics and strategy—these are his favorite subjects. His library contains books in four languages, and all the great memoirs—Bismarck’s, of course, and among the more recent works, those of Lloyd George, Hindenburg, Foch, Poincaré and Hitler’s *Mein Kampf*. He is a great admirer of Clausewitz, the scientist of war, and while this article was written he was immersed in the study of Otto Groos’s *Naval Warfare*.

Dr. Milan Stoyadinovich has one secret love—Munich. He likes to travel. He knows all Europe and has been in the United States twice, but wherever he goes he tries to arrange to pass through Munich. ‘For I have to have a stein in the Hofbräuhaus at least once a year,’ he explains. And

chuckling he recounts his college years, when toward the end of the month there would be only fifty Pfennig to provide his day's fare. 'That was easily done; one stein was 23 Pfennig and the rest was sufficient for bread, cheese and tips. . . . That is still my favorite meal.'

Although Milan Stoyadinovich is an arch-Serbian, who knows the West sufficiently well to deal with it on equal terms, he is also bound to the East by his belief in *Kismet*. And when people speak of him, they may grumble as they used to grumble about Nikola Pashich. But then they will say what they said of Pashich. He is a *Batlija*. He brings luck.

THE GERMAN FOUCHÉ

By N. KORNEV

Translated from the *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

HENRICH HIMMLER, the head of the German Gestapo, or State Secret Police, once wrote a little pamphlet entitled *The Schutzstaffel* [Special Guard] *as a Weapon Against Bolshevism*. World history is described in it as the 'eternal struggle of "Man" with the "Underman",' and the class struggle as an attempt on the part of Jews and Bolsheviks to exterminate the Aryan race. According to Himmler, Bolsheviks and Jews (Esther and Mordecai) were responsible for the murder of Haman the Aryan; they brought about the Thirty Years' War and are now ready to undertake the wholesale destruction of the German race. The Gestapo chief's mind seems to be filled with the dregs of pogrom literature.

Himmler was born in Munich of a well-to-do merchant family. He failed to get his degree at the university and became so incorrigible that his parents soon washed their hands of him. He joined the Nazi Storm Troops and began to lead the carefree life of a freebooter. Even the National Socialist papers used to hint about Himmler's embezzlements before Hitler came to power. But his crimes and immorality were regarded by the Party leaders as a guarantee that, with such a record behind him, Himmler would serve the cause all the better.

In 1927 Himmler was taken up by Gregor Strasser who, in view of Göring's intrigues against Hitler, had begun to create a Special Guard for the person of the Führer. Strasser was not at all dismayed by the numerous reports about the criminal activities of his protégé. On the contrary, he thought that a man who was ready to commit a crime at a hint from above was ideally suited for the post. Himmler would be as devoted as a dog to the master who stood between him and prison. Strasser miscalculated in one respect, however; unlike a dog, Himmler was al-