Berlin twilight. [1947]

BERLIN TWILIGHT

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Greek Trilogy

The author surveys the ruins of a deserted and destroyed area of the Russian sector of Berlin in a Germany on the brink of moral and economic disorder.

BERLIN TWILIGHT

by

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
W. BYFORD-JONES

With 29 Illustrations

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Daniel looks ahead at the Court of Belshazzar

"And the king (of the north) shall do according to his will; and [1]he shall exalt himself and magnify himself above every god . . . and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished: for that that is determined shall be done.

"Neither shall he [2]regard the god of his fathers, [3]nor the desire of women, nor regard any god: for he shall magnify himself above all. But in his estate shall he [4]honour the god of forces.

"And at the time of the end shall the king of the [5]south push at him: and the [6]king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots and with horsemen, and with many ships, and he shall enter into the countries and shall overflow and pass over. . . .

"He shall stretch forth his hand also upon the countries; and the [7]land of Egypt shall not escape. . . . And the [8]Libyans and the [9]Ethiopians shall be at his steps.

"But tidings out of the [10]east and out of the [11]north shall trouble him: therefore he shall go forth [12]with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many.

"And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the [13]glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, [14]and none shall help him."

[1] The stories of Hitler's melagomania to be heard in Berlin are many and magnificent.

[2] Hitler eschewed the Roman Catholicism of his fathers.

[3] His life-long show of indifference to women renders the entries in Eva Braun's secret diary (see Book II) more incredible.

[4] Hitler placed too much confidence in his armed forces even in his last hours (Book II)

[5] Britain declared war on Germany.

[6] "Came against him like a whirlwind" aptly describes Hitler's *Blitzkrieg*.

[7] He penetrated deep into Egypt.

[8–9] Libya and Ethiopia were surely at his mercy.

[10] These "tidings out of the east"—news of the great Russian offensive.

[11] "And out of the north"—North America's declaration of war.

[12] His "fury to destroy and utterly to make away"—the V1 and V2 bombs.

[13] Berchtesgaden.

[14] In a wonderful economy of words this describes Hitler's desperate end.

The Book of Daniel: Chapter XI, begins verse 36.

BOOK I

MEETING THE PEOPLE

CHAPTER I

1

IF a man builds a high wall round his house, locks his gates, refuses to admit his neighbours, he should not be surprised if the building becomes the centre of morbid curiosity. If a few wild-eyed people who scramble over the wall gain their liberty and tell ghoulish stories of what happens within, the owner of the house has only himself to blame if the worst is believed.

This illustrates the situation in which the Russian zone of Germany found itself in the first eight months after the war's end. The anonymous Minister of Political Reticence in the Government of the U.S.S.R., who had performed so ably in the early days of the republics suppressing news and building up undesirable legend, was let loose again after the war in Europe was over.

Officers of the Allied forces, with whom Russia had been co-operating in the world's greatest war, were suddenly treated as would-be saboteurs or spies, and were refused admittance into the Russian zone, the frontiers of which, adjoining those of the American and British, were closely guarded day and night. No news, excepting from Russian agencies, came out of the area. Journalists and broadcasters belonging to Allied and neutral countries were forbidden to enter.[1] In Army parlance, a blanket was dropped over the frontier, the kind of thing which, during the war, nations were wont to do before launching an attack.

When Berlin became a tripartite—later a quadripartite—responsibility, occupied by troops of the Allied Powers and governed by a council comprised of their generals, the Russians were placed in the situation of having to harbour an Allied force, together with its Intelligence branches, its diplomatic and political ancillary personnel, right in the heart of their zone. The Minister of Political Reticence was equal to the situation. He turned Berlin into an "island", put an unscalable wall around it with one free access 113 feet wide, through which British, American, and later French service and civilian personnel, who had traversed a Soviet-sanctioned corridor for 117 miles from the British frontier, had to enter and leave.

Allied visitors travelling by road could see not more than a few miles to the right or left on their monotonous journey; they did not pass

[1] At the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Paris on May 16, 1946, M. Molotov demanded more information about what was going on in the British zone, and Mr. Bevin replied, "I would also like to know what is happening in the Russian zone."

through a single hamlet, village or town; they were not allowed to make detours. Those who flew from the other zones had to go along the same route and were restricted not only as regards the width of the air lane, but also the height at which they could fly.

Little wonder that early travellers made the journey with apprehension, and that when they stopped, remembering the innumerable stories from refugees of raping, looting, larceny, arson, murder and abduction, strained their ears for sounds of the Terror, and hearing none, regarded the silence of the innocent countryside with its dark forests and woods as something even more sinister.

It was not surprising in these circumstances that a new Crusade seemed imminent, that officers talked of little else at one time in their British and American messes over strong Schnaps and Steinhaeger than "the coming conflict". There was something too "cloak and dagger" about these conversations. One did not mention the words *Soviets* or *Russia*, or even *the Red Terror*; one spoke of "they" and "it" in appropriately lowered tones, and everyone had the key to the code. Also it was not surprising that these Anglo-American officers, whose minds had been attuned for six years to matters of security and strategy, misunderstood the manœuvres of the Russian Minister of Political Reticence.

"There we are," a Guards officer with an M.C., three battle stars and an Order of the Nile (Second Class) told me, some time in early August 1945, "hundreds of kilometres from our base, stuck in Berlin, right in the heart of the Russian zone. Would the Russians bring important generals, troops, weapons, documents into the heart of our zone, through which they could only travel along one road, which, incidentally, would be of no possible use for a withdrawal, since it is so obvious from the air and could be strafed at almost any point? The answer is No. We are running a frightful risk. Why are the Russians keeping us out? Are they building defences? Some refugees say they are. Are they massing troops? Only the other day ex-*Wehrmacht* personnel said they had seen vast formations of Russians in wooded areas. Are they liquidating the opponents of a world proletarian revolution and of their intended land reform, etc., etc.? People talk of shootings. . . ." He shook his head. "No, as Brigadier —— said the other day, the situation is untenable. All round the completely isolated headquarters of Britain and America are thousands upon thousands of Russian troops. Think of it—surrounded! At any moment of the night and day the Russians could decide upon a siege, just because of some slight—real or imaginary—or because of something the Press says, and how could we possibly raise it, with our bases hundreds of kilometres away?"

Such was the conversation I heard in London as well as in the British zone. As I heard it I remembered meeting members of that vast fraternity, the Second/Fifth Column, in Athens, Damascus, Cairo, among other places; people who saw the Red hand of Russia in all their domestic troubles whether they rose from political, economic, or merely constitutional questions. I had several times been in Russia, the last time not long before the war, and, as my work as an Army officer on

Field Marshal Montgomery's staff in Berlin would bring me into touch with the Russians and would enable me to meet them daily, I was determined to study them closely, to try to find out as much as possible about their attitude.

II

I had reached Germany from London by air, as I left it nearly six years before. In the interim the air lane over which we flew had been raked day and night by German flak, for it had been one of the routes taken by 18,500 R.A.F. bombers which dropped 450,000 tons of explosives on various centres and cities of Germany.

The aircraft in which I was travelling had bombed Berlin, and it was to Berlin I was returning after so long an absence, though not all the way by air.

The chief news from Germany at this time concerned the German *Fräulein*, the Mystery of the Russian zone, Werewolves, the fate of Hitler, Potsdam, the prospects of winter for the Germans. Of these topics easily the first was the *Fräulein*. The very morning I left England the newspapers published pictures of long-limbed German girls, wearing wind-blown, skimpy summer dresses, Bemberg silk stockings and wedge-heeled shoes. The captions told already irate soldiers' wives and sweethearts that the German girls, who were better dressed than the English, were intent on fraternizing with the British troops. There could rarely have been a better selling-line than this, blending as it did sex, troops' welfare, domestic fear and German *Mädchen* in the nicest possible proportions.

The bomber came down at Bückeburg within a few feet of middle-aged German women, who were picking potatoes from fields which came right up to the runway, and I remember noting how calmly these women unbent and regarded us, as also did a small group of farming ex-*Wehrmacht* prisoners of war, still in uniform. In the marquee, where we waited for transport, plump German girls from Westphalian villages, dressed in cheap print dresses, served us with tea and said "Dank you" and "Please, sur."

This return seemed so unnatural. No sign was betrayed by these Germans that we had been their mortal enemies for nearly six years, that we had been bombing each other's towns, sinking each other's ships, destroying each other's railways, houses, churches and industries; and mutually maligning each other hourly by radio. As I stepped off the airfield, passing these Germans, as I was served with tea and as I was directed to my car it did not seem possible that so much had happened since I last saw Germans in their own country, on another aerodrome.

We motored to Bünde through many small towns and villages, which had suffered from the bombing, creeping over temporary bridges, built

to replace those blown up by the S.S. rearguards, and as we did so it was impressed on us that the Germans in the countryside studiously ignored us, looked through us, pretended we were not there.

The atmosphere was such that I began looking over my shoulder, but not for would-be fraternizing females, such as I had seen in the Press. Where were the Werewolves? I wondered.

The attitude of the population was just the same in Bünde, where I stayed while awaiting orders for Berlin, although the Germans whom we employed at 72 Pfennig an hour to cook our Army rations and keep clean the middle-class semi-detached villas which we had requisitioned for our billets, were as friendly as we would allow them to be.

III

The first normal conversation I had with a German in six years—during the war, acting as Intelligence Officer to a Guards Brigade in the Western Desert, I had interrogated many German prisoners—was with a middle-aged woman in whose requisitioned house I was living. I was in the garden of the house, which at that time had no other occupant, and was admiring the pear, plum and apple trees which were loaded with fruit, when the woman came up to me, explained that she had permission to cultivate her garden and asked if she might go into the cellar, where rain water was accumulated, so that she could get water for the flowers and vegetables. I told her in German that I had no objection and she commented at once, and with a smile of which there had earlier been no sign, on my knowledge of her native language.

During the next few days while I waited, in the hot, dry weather that so brought to perfection the fine Herford fruit crop, I saw the woman several times, always on the same mission, and she became more and more communicative.

"It is all we have, that home," she said, very sorry for herself, nodding in the direction of the villa into which she dared not go.

It was obvious, before she told me, that she had no real experience of war. Bünde, which might have been a small fruit village in the depths of Worcestershire, had never had a bomb dropped upon it, and had heard distant gun-fire and bombs only on rare occasions. I explained to the woman that Germany had lost the war, asking her if she knew what had happened to many small nations whom Germany had defeated in the first three years.

"We are not responsible," she said. "My husband was not in the Party, we were not supporters of Hitler. We had to keep quiet. What could we do? My husband was already retired; he wanted to keep his pension. It was all he had. It was Berlin and the big cities that made the war for Hitler, not little places like Bünde or Lohne; or even Hanover, where I was born. We didn't do anything for the war—make bombs, or ships, or tanks. We tilled the soil, grew fruit, brewed beer, rolled cigars, made furniture and looked after our children."

"And your children fought?"

"As they had to fight. Do you think we wanted war? Country people never do. Look at us now—not a house from which there is not someone missing. They had to go."

"Is that why the people pretend not to see us as we go through the streets of the country villages and towns?"

"They *do* do that," she said. "It is all agreed upon among us. Perhaps it is wrong, but the reason exists."

"And that?"

"Not that we have lost our sons."

"Then what?"

"The Order."

Her face was grim as she spoke those two words. I knew that Germans took orders very seriously and, as I watched the woman, I wondered which one she meant, the order of non-fraternization, the requisitioning of some fifty odd villas in the best part of Bünde, or the curfew at 10.30, signalled first by the unholy wail of the alarm siren and finally by the "All Clear".

"Which order?"

"The order by your general that you must not smile when we wave our hands or say 'good morning' in the streets; the order that your soldiers must not play with our children. It is very hurtful to us, who did nothing to start the war.

"We here are really Hanoverian. Until a century before the war started the King of Hanover was, by descent, King of England, and it was only because of our law about women that Queen Victoria was not Elector of Hanover, but the Duke of Cumberland instead. We here know all about our connection with England, and were proud of it, especially in Hanover itself, until you more than three parts destroyed it in more than a hundred heavy raids. Even that we could forgive you because we know we had destroyed London; but we cannot forgive the Order."

I told her that Field Marshal Montgomery, in his June order to the Germans, had explained that, after the last war, although the Army was defeated and the generals had surrendered and the rulers had admitted in the Peace Treaty of Versailles that Germany was guilty of starting it, the German rulers soon began to spread the legend that their armies had never really been beaten, and later denied the war-guilt clauses. Field Marshal Montgomery realized that many Germans had believed that nonsense merely because the war had not *come* to Germany. The surrender was made in France and the German cities were not damaged like those of France and Belgium. Now, after what the Field Marshal saw as five years of waste and slaughter and misery, the German Armies had again been defeated. This time the Allies were determined that Germany should learn the lesson that she had not only begun, but lost, the war.

"When our troops came many Germans thought that they could at once be friends with them, as if nothing had happened," I said.

"Yes, yes," nodded the woman, who had been staring fixedly before her. I waited and she went on. "Especially here, in this part, did we think that. We were not against England here in 1939; even after the hundredth air raid on our lovely Hanover we were more sorry than angry. When British troops came we were all pleased because we had suffered much under Hitler, although we had at first also gained much. Then we saw that we were being ignored and that hurt our pride."

"The Field Marshal knew that we could not be friends," I said.

"It was the Order," said the woman. "The troops would have been friendly. Go down into the quiet lanes after dark, about ten, before the sirens go, and see the Englishmen linked arm in arm with our girls. They are much the same people, with much the same blood. Some of your boys look like our boys; you *must* see the relationship between us and yourselves."

And she continued to water her garden, a little hurt and full of Hanoverian pride.

CHAPTER II

I

THE journey from Bünde to Berlin is a long one and my travel orders indicated that I had to stay overnight at the rest-house at Helmstedt, which is on the British-Russian zonal frontier—in front of Mr. Churchill's iron curtain. There was an order that British military personnel would not travel through the Russian zone at night due, I was assured, to the danger of vehicles going over broken bridges in the dark, and not to the innumerable horrific rumours about what happened along this narrow corridor in the Allied no man's land.

At Helmstedt I found two red-and-white ringed frontier poles, separated by a couple of hundred yards; the British guarded by troops without any kind of arms, the Russian by slant-eyed Eastern troops with automatic weapons. On each side of the road, flanked by deep, dark woods, there were buildings devoted to troops' accommodation and welfare, one new block of barracks being built of wood on our side. The night was fine, the moon was coming up and there were distant sounds of people chopping wood, of the clatter of mess cans. A Russian was singing a melancholy folk-song in the woods. The place had an isolated look.

After dinner I went into the yard of what was once a farm, but had now been transformed into a garage and repair shop by the R.A.S.C. In a small warm mess, fitted with a radio set, its walls draped with pin-up girls, I drank tea with British troops while they told me of life on this new frontier.

"The Russians often come over to us," an N.C.O. said, "but we never go over there. The Russians can't understand why we are not always armed. They seem to be afraid that someone is going to shoot them as they go through the woods. They are always armed. At night there is often a burst of machine-gun and automatic weapon fire in the forests, but we do not know why. One reason given is that the Russians do it to frighten away D.P.s who might be hanging around with the idea of slipping over the frontier. There is no doubt that thousands are smuggled across along the entire stretch of the boundary, but not many here. We get authorized people coming over by day in a perfectly orderly way."

For ten minutes that night there were shots audible in the distance, but apart from these disturbances the area was quiet.

II

The Russian guard lifted the red-and-white ringed pole without having first looked at my movement order or identity card, saluted smartly, and we were on our way in Russian-occupied Germany. The

sun had been up a couple of hours and the green fields, the woods, the distant hills on either side of the 133-yard width of concrete looked as peaceful as the English countryside at mid-summer.

As the morning wore on, we met thousands of people carrying sacks, bags, rucksacks and portmanteaux, who had obviously been on their way for days along that some long, weary road, sleeping at night in barns or on the roadside. I spoke to several groups at intervals. They were fragments of families, or the entire survivors of hamlets and villages, including tradesmen, farmers, squires, policemen who had been turned out of Eastern German towns and villages and were walking to the British zone, where they once had friends or relatives.

Flotsam and jetsam! Women who had lost husbands and children, men who had lost their wives; men and women who had lost their homes and children; families who had lost vast farms and estates, shops, distilleries, factories, flour-mills, mansions. There were also little children who were alone, carrying some small bundle, with a pathetic label tied to them. They had somehow got detached from their mothers, or their mothers had died and been buried by other displaced persons somewhere along the wayside.

"You can keep travelling, sir," a man who had once been a Junker landowner of 600 hectares of arable land in Saxony told me, "and you will see these streams of people moving west—millions of them. So they will continue to come like streams of ants throughout the summer, the winter, next summer and next winter. And on the way, in villages, you will find those who have been left behind because they are too old, infirm, ill; and on the side of the roads you will find graves that are unmarked except by wood crosses made from branches of trees. They are ironically the victims of Hitler's *Lebensraum* policy, the new dispossessed, without homes, without hope, destined to wander from place to place, ever being pushed on."

The forlorn hopelessness of these dispossessed wanderers was thrown into relief by sight of innumerable convoys of lorries which we now overtook as they travelled towards Berlin. These lorries, decorated with red flags and with branches torn off the wayside trees, contained Hitler's "slave" workers, brought to Germany from the defeated countries to operate the Nazi *Rüstungs* machine. I saw some of the lorries standing by the wayside. The people spilled out of them all over the *Autobahn*, and I went among them.

They were Russians, Poles, Czechoslovakians, Lithuanians, Latvians and Estonians, and they were dressed in odd assortments of civilian and service clothes, the latter including soldier's and airmen's caps, tunics and trousers. Each of them had a small bundle, with a label giving the name of the place whence they had come years before and to which, joyfully, they were returning, hoping to find intact the homes and families of whom they had not heard in the long, terrible years.

One man with whom I talked was from the Ukraine, and he spoke bluntly.

"Do not think of us all as 'slave' labourers," he said. "Many of us,

German women were clearing away rubbish from the ruins in the centre of Berlin in July 1946

These Germans have arrived by road in Berlin after a ten days' journey. Early in 1947 many Germans were found frozen to death in cold trains or in the ruins.

Transport difficulties were increased by cuts in electricity early in 1947. Here is a Berlin queue waiting hopefully for a bus.

The Gedachtsnishirche: on left is Ulwa, a fashion shop, built in 1946 out of the rubble with a plaster facing, to provide one of the innumerable contrasts in this tragic city.

thousands, came to Germany after we had been conquered—and I refer to French, Belgian and Dutch as well as those of us from the East and from the Balkans—of our own free will. True, a certain proportion were demanded from each locality, and if the *Gauleiter* did not manage to get enough by voluntary means, people were pressed into service. Many of us were paid good wages—better wages than we ever had in our own countries. The conditions of life were better. We were free to live our own lives, except that we could not go more than ten miles from the town in which we were working. We frequented the cafés and the restaurants, and went with German girls.

"Many of these so-called 'slave' labourers do not want to go back home now, even though Germany is laid waste and they have dodged the convoy. They prefer the freer life of Germany with the great opportunities for living on one's wits among the ruins and the disorganization. Hitler has turned thousands into outlaws and they will terrorize Europe for years."

"But yourself?"

"I want to go back. I am proud that I belong to the Ukraine. I want to get out of the sight of ruins and of Germans. We are not all the same. But one must not make big labels and stick them on masses of people. Just as you must learn that all people who have been in concentration camps are not all brave democrats who have opposed Hitler. Oh no, far from it!

"That is the one big mistake your big-hearted soldiers make. During the war, as the restrictions increased and as the bombing destroyed more and more prisons, there became a peculiar social phenomena in Germany of too many prisoners and not enough prisons. So the Germans began to put the ordinary criminals into the concentration camps originally used for political prisoners. In a camp where I was kept were many men imprisoned for homosexuality. That was near Dachau, the first concentration camp—opened on March 21, 1933—to hold the leading Communists."

Maybe I should have got other tips on the German situation from this embittered man, but the British R.A.S.C. sergeant in charge of the convoy ordered all passengers aboard. Soon the convoy was rolling East again, passing, as it set off, another straggling line of German refugees going West. Judging from the glances of silent hate and contempt the two streams of refugees gave each other, I thought it was just as well that east was east and west was west and that never the twain should meet.

III

As we approached Berlin, we saw large posts erected along the centre of the road, giving pertinent excerpts in German from Stalin's wartime speeches, proclaiming that the Red Army's strength lay in the fact that it had no race hatred; that the Red Army did not want to exterminate

the German people; that Hitlers come and Hitlers go, but that the German people go on for ever.

A puncture near Potsdam, while still in the Russian zone, enabled me to spend half an hour observing life at a busy Russian junction.

The crossroads provided a study in contrasts likely to lead observers to such dangerous assessments of the Russian as Hitler made in 1940. There was a movement of Russian troops, not in motor-lorries, but in wagons, spilling over with straw, drawn by horses with cow hocks. In the wagons besides troops, these dirty, unshaven and untidy, was much loot of mattresses, bedsteads, furniture, settees and armchairs. Behind them came a ·75 mm. gun drawn by a ramshackle old Chevrolet motor-car, its radiator steaming. I was conjecturing how such troops could ever have contributed to the smashing up of fifty German divisions—as the Russians did under Zhukov after the November offensive in 1941—or have held out in a twenty-one-weeks' Stalingrad battle and won through, or carried out the great offensive of 1945 on a front of 640 kilometres, advancing at 30 kilometres a day and 480 kilometres in one period of 18 days, when the scene changed with theatrical swiftness. First came a Russian colonel in a high-polished Mercédès Benz with a liveried chauffeur, and, a few minutes later, a troop of giant infantry tanks moving in perfect order, and giving one an horrific glimpse of some Wellsian mechanized age to come. A Russian girl had already taken up her position as traffic policeman on the crossroads and was performing perfectly.

What one has to remember is that Russia is a vast land of extreme contrasts. As I saw this apparent contradiction, and, later, many other things which were irreconcilable, I told myself that the Russians came from Kamtschatka as well as Moscow, from the shores of the Amur Sea as well as from the Crimea. One had always to remember the size of Russia, and that if one travelled at 1,000 kilometres a day from east to west it would take ten days and nights to pass through Russia, with all its contrasts in habits and in culture.

We continued through the outskirts of Potsdam, centre of German militarism, where, not long before, at Schloss Cecilienhof, former home of ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm, the Big Four had mapped out[1] the future of Germany. After travelling for so many hours along an important *Autobahn*, without seeing any kind of building except destroyed petrol stations, one's mind was the more receptive to the many signs of life and activity, mostly Russian, which were now revealed. There were red flags, stars, and hammers and sickles, and slogans in Russian and German; there were innumerable Russian troops, all armed, some with both automatic weapons and pistols; there were Germans, well-dressed girls in the majority; there were massive drawings of Stalin and Zhukov, and many clear signposts which said "*To Berlin*", signs similar to those which, three years before and three thousand miles away, we of the old Desert Rats had stuck up in the soft sand at El Alamein.

[1] *See* Appendices.

IV

It will be a long time before I forget my first sight that day of the city of Berlin. Memory was still fresh of June days in 1939, when, with the threat of war on the horizon, I stayed in the capital with friends. I remembered the Schloss, the Dom, the Brandenburger Tor in the sunshine; the Tiergarten, with its rushes and reeds, its fir trees, growing on what once were swamps, its graceful alders on the shores of peaceful waters, and its formal French gardens with sweet-smelling flower-beds. I remembered afternoon visits to the garden cities, many like overgrown villages, part of the German Marches, which formed a garland round the city; I recalled the Unter den Linden, along which German troops marched with clockwork precision, with fiercely pompous Prussian music, to change the guard at the old Guard House, where, behind massive ancient columns, lay the Unknown Warrior; I also recollected the Kurfürstendamm with its fashionable night-clubs, where one danced in surroundings as elegant and in the company of women as *chic* as could be found anywhere in the world; and where the steep tower of the Gedächtniskirche raised its head to spike the sky, illuminated by the reflection of a thousand neon signs and the dazzling lights of fleets of smart cars that encircled it day and night. Next I recalled the many opera houses packed with music lovers, the cafés with their striped awnings and their leisurely customers, the great boulevards like the Charlottenburger Chaussee, the Bismarckstrasse, the Ost-West-Achse; the new, almost boastful, magnificence of the Tempelhof Aerodrome, the Klingenberg Power-station, the Exhibition grounds and the Olympia stadium.

So many poignant memories flashed through my mind as I began to see what war, bombs and artillery could do to a vast city, as clean, as well organized, as comfortable, and as stately as any of its age and size. The sun shone, but it glittered only on broken glass that was strewn everywhere, amid such ruins that they might have belonged to some fossilized region where life no longer existed.

As in a dream I saw all these remembered scenes and places, again in the sunshine of a summer's day. I saw Kurfürstendamm, a miserable colourless heap of ruins, and the Gedächtniskirche destroyed. I saw the Schloss smashed and bespattered with mortar bombs and small-arms fire; the Dom, its copper dome that shone among many *Türme* and *Kuppeln* to lend grace and dignity to the Berlin skyline now stripped, its broken ribs spiking the sky; the Brandenburger Tor now decorated by pictures of Lenin, with red flags, stars, hammers and sickles, its six massive Doric sandstone pillars bespattered with bullet marks, its anachronistic Quadriga of Victory leaping suicidally into the road beneath; the Tiergarten, littered with wreckage, its elms and firs blasted and shattered, its gardens churned up, its pool grey and smeared with oil; the Unter den Linden, now embankments of burnt-out buildings that once were stately palaces, the pavements littered with wreckage.

Between these embankments, where the proud *Wehrmacht* had marched, were hundreds of ex-*Wehrmacht* prisoners, unshaven, unshod, filthy, tattered, empty food tins tied to string that girt their waists, their eyes empty. Like an army of Zombies they moved silently, their feet bound with sacking, as if propelled by some external power.

That was what I saw in a quick tour, and then I hastened to the mess to which I had been allotted, deciding to see it all again in detail when I had recovered from the initial shock.

CHAPTER III

I

BERLIN virtually was destroyed. Naturally the bombs and the artillery and mortars had missed buildings here and there—as they had missed the Hotel am Zoo, in Berlin's Piccadilly, where I was quartered—but Berlin as I knew it had disappeared.

Gone were its Bond Street, Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Hyde Park, Whitehall. Gone also its cathedral and churches, its Rathaus, castle, university, museums, its great hotels, its fine shops, its impressive avenues.

Not only the city centre had suffered. While Tiergarten and Mitte, two central boroughs where the Russian and British sectors joined, had been nearly obliterated, the outlying suburbs, which had once been like garden cities, had also been wrecked. Never for a second could one forget the destruction and tragedy of Berlin.

The city had been partitioned between the victorious Powers in such a way that few of the difficulties which might have been thought inseparable from the cutting of an organic whole into four parts were apparent. As nearly as possible it had been divided geographically, Russia taking eight boroughs in the east, America six in the south and the British (who later gave a wedge of two boroughs in the north to France) six in the north-west. Movement was free between the various sectors, both for troops and civilians. The only apparent differences between the national areas were the flags flown, the language used as an alternative to German on traffic signs, and the nationality of the point-duty military policeman.

No matter in what department of Military Government or Control Commission one worked in those early days, immense difficulties, most of them apparently insuperable, stared one in the face. Everything was chaotic. Disaster, starvation, disorder and disease seemed unavoidable.

To attempt to sketch an outline of what the city was like would involve a vast statistical survey, but I will give a few telling facts. Epidemics were rampant.[1] The water supply was polluted—there were 521 major breaks in pipes of over 21 inches in the British sector alone—and 80 per cent. of the sewage was not reaching the sewage works. All but one of the 44 hospitals in the British sector were badly damaged, and the 5,817 beds available were all filled, with long waiting lists.

There were no medical supplies, not even anaesthetics, heart stimulants, or sulphonamides. Food was poor and at starvation level, and nutrition

[1] In April 1946, for instance, 427 bodies were disinterred from buildings in the British sector ruined in the Battle of Berlin over a year before, although only a very small percentage of such buildings were cleaned out.

was bad. The death-rate was high[1] and continued to be high. There was a vast and uncontrolled movement of epidemic disease-carrying refugees from the East, who were living in ruins, in cellars and places with no sanitation. An undetermined but vast amount of venereal disease existed among the girls, thousands of whom roamed the shattered streets, homeless, friendless, without food, seeking favours from the troops and giving themselves in return.

There was on the one hand a paucity of policemen, administrators, doctors, judges, builders. On the other there were all too many thieves and burglars, prostitutes, Black Marketeers, unrepentent Nazis, desperate refugees, displaced persons and maimed and wounded men. Consequently there was an incredible incidence of disease, poverty, despair, crime, suicide and murder.

If one could recruit enough doctors, where were the drugs coming from? If the drugs were forthcoming, who was going to build the surgeries, and provide the doctors with telephones and transport? If there were doctors in plenty, fitted out with everything desirable, who was to solve the basic health troubles, obviously due to insufficient food, fats, vitamins?

The children were scattered, orphaned, homeless. If the education authorities could get them together, where were the non-Nazi teachers coming from? If the teachers were there, what about the schools, mostly destroyed or damaged? If these were available, where were the books—even sums set in books on mathematics to practice children in the working out of percentages compared unfavourably Germany's share of world goods with other nations! Was it possible for the children to be taught history, especially in Berlin? Which of the Four Powers would provide the authorized version of the Russian Revolution, the rise of the British Empire, American capitalism, the Boxer Rising, the Battle of Waterloo?

Next there was Frederick the Great. One can't go very far in history without meeting that formidable gentleman.

Then should geography be taught? If so, where were the new maps? Would they be Russian, British, French or American? And who would draw in the new frontiers? Right, no history or geography, rather than partition Berlin culturally and intellectually. Still there remained the children's minds, already warped by Nazi doctrine. Who, of the Germans, even if rabidly anti-Nazi, knew enough about democracy to handle that delicate task? And, incidentally, which democracy was it to be: the Anglo-American brand, or the *real* democracy, as the Soviets referred to their own political philosophy in the Soviet-sponsored German newspapers?

[1] Joint medical officers and officials did much to improve matters after six months' occupation of the city, but the death-rate and disease figures, particularly epidemics, were still high. In the month ended January 5, 1946, for instance, the death-rate among children up to the age of one year was 246 per 1,000 in the British sector. (Comparative rate in one borough in England in 1939 was 39 per 1,000.) It was higher still in the entire city. In the same period as many as 2,211 *new* cases of venereal disease were reported in Berlin among the civilian population alone. Of epidemic diseases the incidence in the same period was: typhoid and para-typhoid 1,023 new cases, 186 deaths; diphtheria 2,193 new cases, 135 deaths; typhus 119 new cases and 18 deaths.

The new arrival in Berlin very soon found himself, as I did, sitting in his half-ruined windowless office, head in hands, staring dismally in front of him. Every problem had to be approached from a quadripartite point of view. It had first to be the subject of endless discussion in three languages, and of a decision translated into a fourth. Then the decision had to be put into action by men generally with little experience but that gained on battlefields in the past six years, assisted by Germans who were willing but inexperienced, with few, if any, tools, and who were often stupid because they were not getting enough food.

The Four Powers started to work. The Germans began to clear up the roads. An Ammunition Control unit began to blow up the 1,400 tons of ammunition—*Panzerfausts* among them—that were being found every day in cellars and ruined buildings, and so rid the city of enough ammunition for an army, and certainly enough to have turned Berlin into a Stalingrad. The health authorities started to de-louse and care for daily invasions of thousands of lost people. An army of men dug mass graves for the casualties of the coming battle of the winter while they had enough strength, and the ground was not yet frozen.

Divers went down to repair flooded stretches of the underground railway, in which corpses of the entire personnel of a Nazi hospital were to be found. The post-office was working again, delivering letters months old. The evil, exotic flower of the Black Market cabaret and night-club began to bloom amid the ruins. Newspapers appeared, written by Germans under the orders of the various Allies, to tell German readers how they welcomed decrees that they detested. The Allied Kommandatura took over the rule of the city with a sycophantic city council beneath it. The Control Council began to rule the country as a whole, or was it as four affiliated parts? Maybe we must ask the French, or the Russians.

II

My room, from which I could look out north, east and west over the grey ruins of the city and watch, among them, the troglodytes creeping over piles of rubble or burrowing their way into cellars, was on the Kurfürstendamm, which was Berlin's Piccadilly. It was a small room and, like all those which had remained habitable in the city centre, it had a cracked roof and cracked walls, ill-fitting doors and glassless windows.

From this room I looked down on to the once proud avenue which is known the world over for its erstwhile smartness, for its gaiety, its luxuries in food and drink, clothes, *objets d'art*, for its rich German merchants and noblemen, its smart officers, its beautiful and *chic* girls. The skyline was jagged with burned-out buildings. The sky was visible through holes that were once neatly curtained windows. Jagged, black-scarred gaps which once were doors, opened silently by smartly uniformed, white-gloved commissionaires to let m'lady into exclusive gown shops, beauty parlours and hairdressers, now revealed to the eye heaps of

burned woodwork, scraps of twisted shop-fittings, baths and wash-basins that had crashed down through four floors.

From beneath it all, rising on the heat of the day to my bedroom, came a hideous smell of dampness, of charred remains, of thousands of putrefying bodies.

The pavements, once lined with glass cases that contained the latest designs of the world of fashion in hats and shoes and ornaments, and on which had sprawled open-air cafés with coloured tables and chairs under striped umbrellas, were now disfigured by ten-feet-high stacks of broken masonry, bricks and scrap-iron.

On the trees that flanked the pavements were many thousands of little cards and envelopes bearing desperate messages in pencil, ink, or typescript, some embellished with a crude drawing, asking people to change luxury articles for something that could be eaten or worn, or appealing for work of any kind, or offering marriage, companionship and more doubtful liaison. Everywhere there were these pathetic appeals, literally tens upon tens of thousands of them, and around each tree from early morning until late at night crowds gathered, making notes. Some buildings were completely down and then little placards, stuck on a piece of wood like primitive epitaphs, told you whose premises had been there and where the survivors could be found, just as broken walls had chalked on them the new addresses of the families who had lived there. One shattered building opposite to me had the chalked legend on a miraculously surviving door portal: "Else, where are you please. I am back."

Not far off, over the wall of the Zoological Gardens, came to my bedroom on the quiet night air the hollow, piteous whine of hungry animals, and the trumpeting of the only elephant who had survived when the Zoo was bombed.

There were people everywhere. They walked aimlessly, from tree to tree, ever searching for something, and looking pale, dazed, tired. Men who once drove their own motor-cars picked up cigarette-ends out of gutters and put them carefully into tins. Children ran after soldiers and pleaded for chocolates or sweets. Girls walked slowly along the pavements hoping to catch the eye of a soldier, though not one of their own, many of whom having marched triumphantly to the proud *Deutschland über alles* or *Wir treten zum Beten*, now hobbled along the streets minus a leg or an arm.

III

To me, from my bedroom window, the Kurfürstendamm was a world in itself, and so I went down amid its ruins to learn its secrets. The first discovery I made was that although its small patched-up coffee-shops, its bars and its dance-halls and the many shell-scarred apartment houses belonged to two distinct worlds, which had been kept apart by war for six years, there was now an air of freemasonry about the place.

No one in this thoroughfare was ever introduced formally. You

just went up to anyone in the street, or at a café table, and began to talk. All formality had been removed—just as it always is among survivors of any kind, whether of a train smash or of a battle. You asked Germans what the war was like, talked about the air-raids in Berlin, and they replied openly, and not without a sense of humour. They asked you inevitably to tell them how much London was damaged by the *Luftwaffe*, and when you told them they cursed the way Goebbels had deceived them.

There were thousands of Germans who had come to Berlin for the first time, leaving bomb-ruined towns and cities all over the country. There were Americans from Washington and New York, and there were "small town guys" from Brownwood, Texas, or from Albuquerque, or Santa Anna. There were Russians from Moscow and Leningrad, from villages in Siberia, and from the Steppes. There were all kinds of Englishmen and Frenchmen. There were also a score of nationalities classed as displaced persons, people who lived no one knew where or on what. I mingled among these very different people for several weeks, talking to them wherever they were, and then I tried to summarize what they told me.

The Yank (or G.I.) buys you a Koke, and you will see that he has plenty of money, German Reichsmarks instead of the Allied money. He has a Leica camera round his neck, perhaps two.

He likes Berlin, or what is left of it. It must have been the most American city in Europe with its apartment houses, wide avenues, its night-clubs, bars and electric gadgets. True, it had grown rapidly, perhaps too rapidly. It was so different from Dresden and Hamburg, which were comparable to Boston and Philadelphia in the sense that they were old, even though the two American towns had only four centuries behind them. It was very different from London, where one went out a few miles and got into the 17th and 18th centuries. In Berlin all had been new.

The most surprising thing was the German girl. She was so like the girl back home, the girl he had met in England, so unlike those in France, who were just exotic, or those in Holland, who were dull. After all, something like twenty-five per cent. of the people in the States were German. That girl with the blue eyes, fair skin, corn-coloured hair—doesn't she just look like a Jane from back home? Gee! that was a surprise. Take this as a cross-section of the American idea, which I collected from the very many G.I.s I encountered:

"Somehow or other we'd been led to believe that a German girl was fat and ugly, with fanged teeth, who beat her fist on *Mein Kampf* and shouted Heil Hitler, I am a Nazi." (Psychological warfare and scientific orientation had told him everything about the Germans, except that they were human beings.)

"When we came up against our first 19-year-old Rheinland blonde with blue eyes, pink cheeks, plaits, and very desirable, we were just clean bowled over. There's no doubt about it, we just had our Frat. Nice word that. Just four letters, and you can use it anywhere.

"No one could help it, biology being what it was. The girls were pretty and they didn't wear much, just light-coloured summer frocks, and we'd been through hell, living hard, in the open. Yes, it wasn't long before Army Div. was worn out.

"Back in the States the folks got het up. Articles were written about 'Fratting' and they were syndicated, so we began to get wave after wave of public opinion against 'fratting', just as you always get after these syndicated articles appear. They wrote that the *Fräulein* were Werewolves. We were being turned into Nazis by these little girls in bed; they were turning us against the French.

"Well, I ask you—our dislike of the French was born in Normandy, and neither God nor Eisenhower can change it. . . . The French in Normandy said they fared very well under the German occupation and they compared our troops with the *Wehrmacht* to our disadvantage. They said grudgingly: *Glad you came to liberate us, but why did you have to land here?* They might have said that later, but not so soon; not while we still had blood on our hands and our pals had to be buried. Then some French people stole our tyres and tapped our oil and gas lines, to make money on the Black Market. Not only that, they left the stuff running away after they'd got what they wanted themselves. Some of us were in a white heat about it.

"Next we hear is the *Fräuleins* are still teaching us things in bed, this time to hate the Russians. Now that *was* just hooey! The dislike of the Russians is greatest with the 82nd Airborne Division occupying Berlin, who have had most personal contact with them.

"Then they were teaching us to hate the American negro. Well, we've had our race problem for two hundred years. True, we don't like the negro any better for seeing him with white girls in England as well as here. The negro swanks about it. He says, 'See, I've got a white girl,' and he tells you all about. We see red. Yes, we've shot each other up. But the *Fräuleins* haven't taught us *that.*

"Here's another crack—the girls are keeping alive the idea that, despite everything, the Germans are still a master race and that they are teaching us to be anti-Semitic. That doesn't hold water. If one per cent. of the German people could not be assimilated by 99 per cent., then where are the qualities of the Master Race?

"And as for the Jews, well, those of us who said anything against them disliked them before; except those who found Polish Jews coming out of Poland to try to take advantage of mass movements of peoples to get into the democratic West, London or New York for preference, through U.N.R.R.A.

"Well, we'll take all that, but let's get back to the girls. They (our folk) began by subtle methods to turn us against them. That just caused us to brace ourselves against the Army, which after all is just a totalitarian institution. We didn't listen to their lectures. They were lectures on chastity from a whore, so far as most of us were concerned. These little girls in bed were not winning Hitler's battle for him—they were just being damn' nice.

"Then they say we are giving our Post Exchange goods to the girls, or that we are selling the goods on the Black Market. Well, it's true you can't sleep with a girl who lives in a bare, cold room without bringing her some food or some chewgum or some candy bars or cigarettes. It wouldn't be human. Of course some fellows went further and stole things to sell or to give to the Janes.

"Yes, there *are* things we like about the Germans. They were idiots to go to war. They had their New Deal in the Bismarck period. They didn't have any real slums. They had just the best in the way of sports—look at the sporting grounds of the Reich.

"When we saw things in England we liked, well, honest, we'd always got them at home, and they were better.

"The first thing that impressed us in Germany was, naturally, the roads. Our drivers sat in silence on the *Autobahnen* for hours fighting against the admission that they were encountering something that was better than we had in the States. Then they said, 'These roads are good'; later, 'When these people make anything they make it good.'

"Yes, you're right. Same with crematoriums. Of course the German wireless set isn't so good as the American, or even the British, nor are the cars.

"And these people have guts. You British took it all right in the blitz but, Gee, how well the Jerry took it! Look at this, just ruin after ruin.

"Then the Ruskies came. Some of them raped right and left. Who told me? Why, the women. Hundreds of cases, raped twenty times a night. Mothers have told us that they and all their daughters, some as young as ten, were raped. D'you think they'd say such a thing if it wasn't true? An actress told me she'd been raped fifteen times by Mongol-type Ruskies. A real movie star, and, Gee, was she a beauty! She was in bed for a month, torn and lacerated. She visited one doctor after another and they said she was all right. Then, weeks later she felt so low she went again. She'd got a packet.

"Thousands on thousands were infected. Ask the doctors. Syphilis and clap, all over the place. That's why a guy's got to be careful.

"But these girls tell you. They say, 'I got a disease from a Ruskie but I've been cured.' True, some drowned themselves and their children, after what happened to them, but others lived on. What they went through no one knows; diseased, no home, not enough food, no work, no money, except what they could make by selling things they'd salvaged and wanted to keep; husbands, brothers dead or prisoner, no future . . ."

IV

The British Tommy had plenty of money, too, but he didn't show it. He doesn't mind Berlin. The people are better than the Germans back in Hanover, or even Hamburg. They try to enjoy themselves. There are also many cinemas and quite a bit of life. He fratted, of course, but he kept his distance a bit more than the American G.I.

There is the British soldier's point of view.

"Of course quite a lot of us go to bed with the *Fräuleins*. They are nice, and they are so well-developed physically by sport. You only have to compare the thin, small English working-class girl with one of these. A bloke who keeps away—and, of course, there are many—has a strong head.

"These girls will take any treatment and they treat you like a king—doesn't matter if you keep them waiting half an hour—and are they thankful for little things, a bar of chocolate or a few fags! Back home a lass wouldn't look at a threepenny bar of chocolate. It's like giving these girls the moon, and they won't eat the chocolate unless you stand over them.

"Of course I agree we are being spoiled. When we get back home and lose the power we have here with our N.A.A.F.I. rations we may not cut any ice with the girls.

"It's a queer set-up. Nowhere is so queer. There are about 100 German men to 300 women, and the men are too young or too old. Those of the reproductive age, between 18 and 50, say, are dead, invalids, or prisoners of war. Don't forget four million killed and about four million P.O.W.s.

"Very few girls have been killed, except in the air-raids, very few taken prisoner. They didn't have a lot of women in the Army, as in ours, the Russian and the Yank. Only the Blitz *Mädchen* for telegraph work. Add to all that the shortage of men brought about by the last war and you have got the picture. Lonely girls. No future. No hope of marriage, or a home, and the men broken, no work, maimed, those that do exist.

"Here you've got girls competing for you. Strewth, you could have a dozen if you wanted, and I don't mean prostitutes.

"They are clever. They talk two or three languages, some of them. Many I've met have been to University. They've had all sorts of jobs girls don't have in England. I picked up a girl, a children's doctor, the other day, and she treated me as if I was a king—tried to please me with everything she said and did. It spoils you. Those of us who stay here for a long time will be hopelessly ruined.

"One reason the Germans in Berlin like us, and the Yanks, is because they hate the Russians. The way they've raped and stolen and shot up people is ghastly. Ask any girl you meet. No need to ask, it's the first thing she'll tell you.

"Yes, I must admit I like the German girls. The way they try to make the best of everything is wonderful. You should see what they do in their homes, what they make.

"Of course many of the girls sleep with you for what they can get because they are hungry, and that makes you feel a bit sick when you've cooled down a bit and take a look at them. They don't look ill in the street, but when you are with them alone, you learn. You know most of them are missing their periods now through under-nourishment; they scratch their bodies all over because of dry skin, due to lack of fat;

they suffer from glands, they swell under the arms and in the face. It's awful.

"They are semi-prostitutes, but you don't feel that way about it, because all you give them is a tanner's worth of chocolate or cigarettes, and they're as happy as children. That means food for them off their ration cards for a month.

"God, it's queer. By our weekly N.A.A.F.I. goods alone we are the equivalent of millionaires, as compared with the average German girl. She knows exactly what we get: 120 cigs., part free, part bought, every week, a bar of toilet soap, a bar of chocolate, and other odd things. Those alone can be sold as easily as blinking for 1,000 marks, which is £25 at Occupation rate of exchange.

"The girls want to cash in on that, for they have a will to live. There's nothing left but their bodies, and so they try to get a regular friend, British or American, and feel they're well set up for the winter. They know if you like them you'll not let them starve, even if you have to steal food from the mess or have to go without your cheese and bread and meat and wrap it up, or make a frat sandwich, as some of the chaps do before they go out."

V

A Russian officer talked official opinion. Total war meant total loss of money, stocks, everything. What the Germans had suffered was no worse than what the Russians had suffered during the invasion, which, after all, was a cowardly one. There was much criticism of the Russian soldier, and many jokes, some exaggerated, others cruel.

This is what the Russian officer told me, and I know he was completely sincere. I am not quoting him, but the following is a summary of a conversation that lasted for hours.

True, the Russian troops in Berlin were not the best. Many were peasants from isolated villages, and they had never seen a bicycle or a wristlet watch or a camera in all their lives, nor had they ever had such purchasing power as they suddenly acquired in Berlin, where they were paid for their first time in several years. Though they knew nothing about commerce or capitalism they soon began to understand the Black Market, and they acquired food the Germans wanted and got more money, and then they bought from the Americans the miraculous things like watches, flash-lamps, lighters, spy-glasses, which delighted them. They were often cheated, because the watches were cheap.

It might be true that the Russians had not behaved themselves on the whole as well as the troops of the other Powers, but it should not be forgotten that the Russians came into Berlin fighting, and the city to them was a battlefield on which they would die if they did not kill. The behaviour of the best of soldiers in such circumstances is very different from that of the troops who come in marching or in lorries after the fighting is all over and the place is safe.

The barrier of language was a great hindrance to the Russians, who had not been encouraged to learn any other language than their own. There was no point of contact between the young Russian soldier and the German girl, but he was just as lonely and had the same biological urge as any other soldier. The American and the British could often make themselves nice and understood, for the Germans spoke a good deal of English.

The girls went to bed with all of them, and the only difference between the Russian and the British and American was that the latter achieved their ends by "sales talk" instead of by the desperate act of rape.

The fact that the Germans had been taught for years that the Russian was uncivilized made it worse. He could see what they thought and the decent ones were furious.

On the other hand the Germans living in Berlin had the Russians to thank that they were still alive, because it was the Russians who brought them food and transport and helped to make the city a place in which they could live, taking precautions against more epidemics which otherwise would surely have broken out.

The Russians, too, were attacked by Germany without any declaration of war and in contravention of a treaty, whereas England declared war on Germany and really turned what might have been an Eastern European incident into a world war. The Russians had also suffered more from the Germans than any other nation. They had lost more in men and materials, in burned towns, in the destruction of all the things of which they were so intensely proud, built up with so much sacrifice during the years when they lived in poverty, isolation, self-abnegation.

The Russians felt that they had done most of the fighting in the war, although they came into it later than the British and had concluded a treaty of friendship with the Germans while the Germans were fighting Britain, which then stood alone. They felt that they had done more to beat the Germans, and perhaps they did not know all about the help that was given to Russia by the Allies; did not know, for instance, as a British officer from Bushire, in Persia, had told him, that over the route through Persia and Iraq went five millions of tons of aid to Russia in three years.

The Russian soldier was very simple and he wanted everyone to realize what he had done, and he had done a very great thing. The American soldier did not like the Russian because he also was direct and downright, and he also was convinced that he had done most of the fighting and won the war.

It was not easy to understand the Russian. Their way was, in the official sense, reticent, mysterious, suspicious, but then something should be done to get together the soldiers of all four nations and make them see each other's point of view. Why was it that American, Russian and British films only had German captions? Why did they not have captions in Russian and French, just as films had captions in Greek, French and Arabic in Egypt?

The Russians were not so bad as they were painted, and it was going

to be a very serious thing for Europe and the world if the Russians and the Americans and the British could not get together, reach some understanding and respect one another. The Russian felt himself held in contempt by his Western Ally, and that made things worse.

No, the Russian soldier did not forget that he captured Berlin and that in doing so, many died. He also did not forget that Berlin was in their zone, the territory he had captured, and that it was an island in what was now Russian territory, to which the British, American and Frenchmen came through a long corridor from their own far-away zones. When he saw an Englishman who looked at him as though he were some animal, because his uniform was dirty and maybe he had not washed so regularly, and certainly not bathed, he took it badly.

When Russians were sold watches which stopped working after an hour, or would not keep time, they were also annoyed.

The men had not heard the jokes current about themselves, but many officers had. These jokes had been made up by Germans, though there was a modicum of truth in them. They made the Russian soldiers look contemptible and ignorant.

There was the story about the Russian who, finding a German girl sitting on an upturned bucket playing a squeeze-box, had taken her along to their mess, together with the bucket, on which she was again compelled to sit because they thought the bucket was connected with the power of producing music. Such a story is childish, but there was a devilish purpose in it.

There was also the story of the Russian who had learned to ride a new bicycle he had "liberated". He was riding it down the Unter den Linden when he saw a German riding an old bicycle without holding the handlebars, his hands folded in front of him. The Russian was amazed to see the German with his arms folded and, thinking that the bicycle was something newly invented, different from his own, compelled the German to change his old crock for the new one. The German rode away. The Russian jumped on the old bicycle, folded his arms, and began to pedal, only to fall in a heap to the ground. The story might be funny, but it was malicious, and Americans or British who laughed at such jokes were not good Allies.

It was true that the Russian peasant bought watches if they ticked loudly, and paid enormous sums for watches with luminous dials, or which had a sticky-back of Mickey Mouse on the case. It was also true that cameras were new to them and that alarm clocks were like toys, but Russia was a vast country, and the Russian State had had more important things to do in the various Five-Year Plans than to make such luxury goods.

Much of the thieving that was attributed to the Russian was nothing to do with him. Other Slavs, chiefly Poles, who were slave workers were responsible for a large part of the lawlessness, although they were often joined by Russian deserters.

The Russians knew all about the stories of low morale and poor discipline in the Russian occupation forces, and they knew they were grossly exaggerated. It was true that the peasant Russian soldier had

learned of many things in the course of the war which he never dreamed existed, and this knowledge had not improved him. They had found huge stocks of liquor and drunk it, and they had found women in large numbers at the same time. Many had a dislike for the bourgeois, and some of the working-class houses they had attacked had been mistaken by the Russians, used to a very much lower standard of living in their villages, for capitalist apartments. With the working man, when they recognized him, they had a real sympathy, and they had no race hatred. They embraced the idea of the common humanity of man, but they knew that their own country had been ravaged and pillaged and raped by the soldiers of an autocratic capitalism.

It was not true that the Russian officers were chosen only because they showed exemplary bravery or because they had survived suicidal attacks. Russian officers were chosen for their education as well as combat ability, and it was a libel to say that these officers, who had led their men into battle, now led them into lawless raids.

Berlin had two possibilities: of becoming the city in which, on the basis of the Potsdam Agreement and the years of comradeship at arms, the Eastern and Western Allies could learn how to work together in peace by co-operating in the government of a former enemy city, or the place where all future co-operation could be torpedoed, where all international relationship could be poisoned, with dire consequences for the future. It was for the English and Americans and the French, just as much as for the Russians, to decide which was going to happen.

It would help the Western troops a little if they remembered how Russia had suffered, how 1,710 towns and 70,000 inhabited places and villages, comprising six million buildings, had been destroyed by the Germans, rendering twenty-five million people homeless.

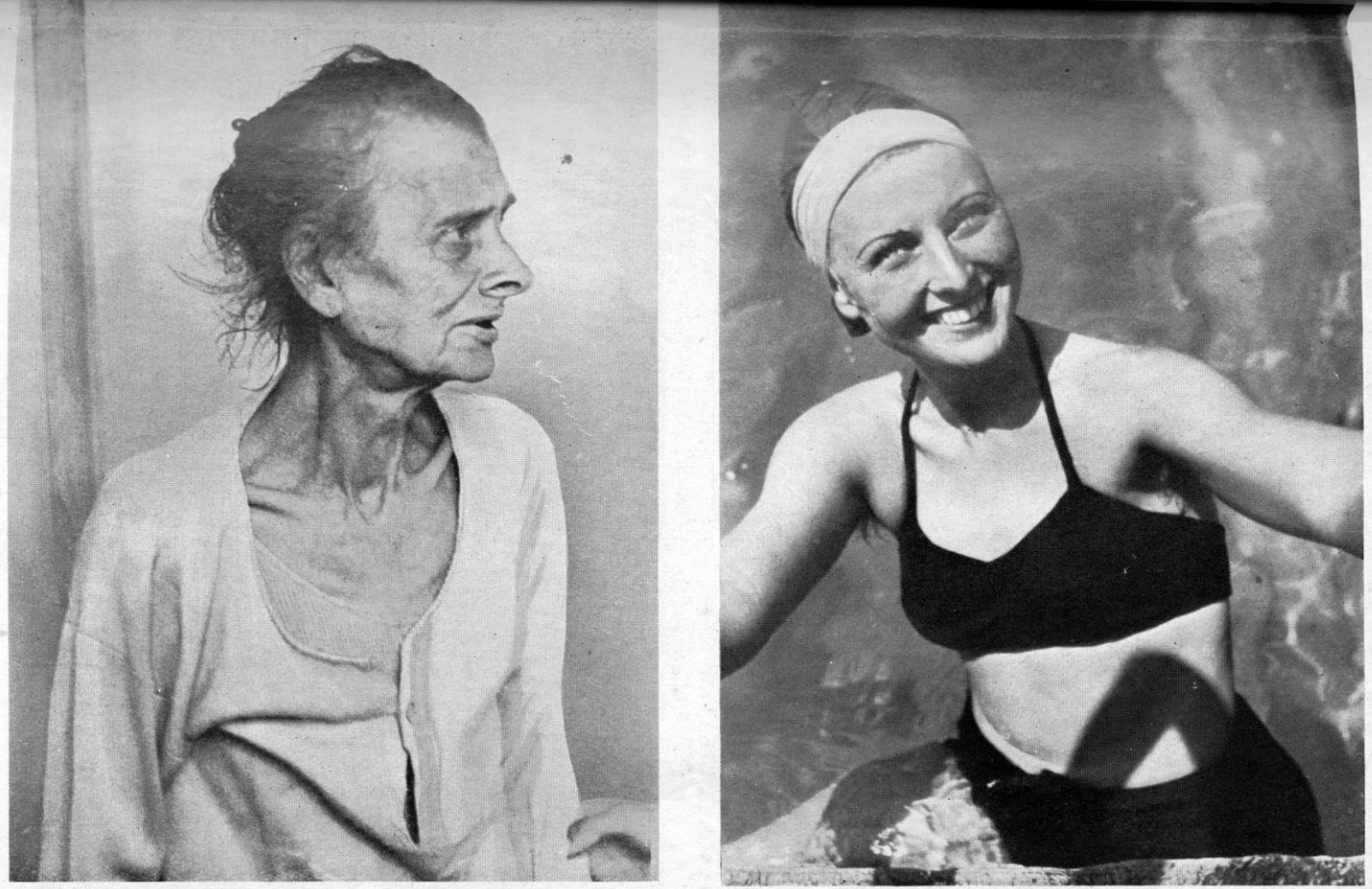
VI

A French officer—he was a combatant and had fought on the Western Front—summed up the French attitude in rather an abstract way.

A great deal was being written about the German body, the calorific value of its daily sustenance, its weight, its clothing, its cleanliness, or otherwise. Not so much was being written about the German mind. This is a great mistake.

The body of the German procreates itself; it dies but another has been born again to replace it even between one war and the next; the German mind, inscrutable to us, goes on and on for ever, or so it seems. Nietzsche, Mueller, Fichte, Rosenberg, Goebbels and the Metapolitik which inspires Germans prove it.

The German mind is the greatest single argument I know in favour of the theory of reincarnation of the spirit. We should, as humanitarians, worry if the German cannot keep body and soul together. We should, however, see to it that the soul as well as the body is nourished, that the "calorific" value of the sustenance to the mind is high, is pure



Misery and jollity—contrasts seen on the same day in Berlin. The young girl belonging to a well-to-do family manages to keep fit and, at the bathing pool, happy despite the short rations. The old woman, a refugee from the East, is exhausted, homeless and in despair.

Two Russian girl traffic police at a Berlin cross-roads.

A German ex-prisoner of war comes on foot to his ruined Berlin home.

and is digested: it is not enough that it should have been approved by the democratic dietician.

We should not spoon-feed the German mind: it had been spoon-fed too long, and was suffering from mental dyspepsia. We should sharpen the edge of its appetite and also make the German more discriminating in his mental diet.

The war has been fought in the minds of the bulk of the people for freedom; freedom of Press, speech and assembly. The greatest academic complaint against the German was that he consistently denied these facilities to his own people and those who came under his domination.

What better example of our intellectual integrity and of our faith in democracy could be provided, therefore, than by an uncontrolled expression of free speech?

Germany would better be a great debating society than a place where people were coerced into silence or agreement, thereby continuing the darkest phase of a system we consistently condemned.

In medicine it is recognized that disease allowed to lie dormant will almost inevitably one day strike a deadly blow. Better stimulate latent disease into activity and then treat it. We must treat the disease from which Germany has been suffering for so many centuries organically, not symptomatically.

The most deadly symptoms of Nazi philosophy is war. We have cured that symptom for the second time in thirty years. Other symptoms are war criminals and monsters of Belsen. We can hang them, but that will not do away with the disease. In the same way that the old medical practitioners with half a dozen specific diagnoses cured people symptomatically, and temporarily banished their headaches and body pains, at the same time leaving the causative organic disease hiding beneath the surface. I would like, on this principle, to see a totalitarian German and a democrat express their views freely on the same platforms in city, town and village all over Germany and leave the verdict to the people. I would appoint, after the excellent principle of a paid leader of the Opposition in the British House of Commons (which no German can understand), an academic counsel for the defence of totalitarianism, with deputies in every *Kreis* and *Gemeinde* of Germany. I would guarantee them protection in the end from their own people after they had tried to crystallize every now inarticulate argument for totalitarianism against democracy.

This would demonstrate the sterling fact of democracy that we have nothing to fear from public discussion, that right is might. I would further have twin exhibitions in every city demonstrating by models, diagrams and simplified explanations the two forms of government and the results, good and bad, of both systems, and I would have sister exhibitions under the Tolstoyan title of Peace and War. All this would introduce the element of discussion and disagreement, would incite intellectual curiosity and activity, would light again the torch of freedom.

The disease, which for a thousand years has erupted in various symptomic guises, should be incited into full activity and then attacked in the open.

CHAPTER IV

I

THE Roxy Kabarett, which was opposite to my mess, boasted the sign outside its doors: *ALLES FÜR 10 ZIGARETTEN.* It was the title of a moderately funny revue, which, as I discovered on visiting it after dinner one night, made fun of the fact that the cigarette had ousted the Reichsmark as the unit of exchange in Berlin.

The Reichsmark was suspect. That was clear both from what the artistes said, and the way the audience laughed.

The Germans were more than apprehensive about inflation, and the loss of the savings they had hoarded at home in the last year of an already lost war. They had experienced inflation after the last war and the older people remembered its horrors, but yet they laughed at the jokes.

They knew, of course, that in theory a state of potential inflation had existed in Germany for twelve years. They knew that the note issue had been rising until it reached flood-mark. Added to that was the fact that German industry, and the power which Germany had commanded in that area of Europe where it ruled by force of arms, was gone and that the country was bankrupt. Schacht and other financial jugglers and tricksters had averted inflation so far as the individual consumer was concerned, by rigorous control of prices and wages, and by large Government subsidies to agriculture.

The four Allied Powers in occupation had continued the policy instituted by Schacht, and virtually inflation had again been avoided. The mark's value depended only on the goodwill and mutual agreement of Germany's erstwhile enemies.

Whether there was any conscious thought devoted to the selection of the cigarette as the alternate unit of currency or not is difficult to decide. The cigarette had had the same role before, particularly in Greece, where it played a villainous part in the fall of the drachma.

There was more to be said for the cigarette than for any other avilable object, as one of the comedians said, and so possibly the decision was a logical one. The cigarette was small and in regulated supply, and German men had only been able to buy an aggregate ration of 48 cigarettes between April 1945 and October 1946; women over 25 only 24; and girls under 24, the heaviest smokers, none. The cigarette was also capable of being stored in compact containers, was not quickly perishable, providing care was taken in storage; and one could always find a consumer. As a last resort it could be smoked as a means of allaying hunger pangs.

The cabaret made me curious about the role of the cigarette in Germany, and as I began to look into its post-war history I uncovered a sordid and sensational tale. Soon after the Occupation troops of the Four Powers had taken up their zonal duties at the beginning of July, the

quest for the cigarette began. The Russian weed was at once in disfavour because it was not universally liked; the French cigarette was slighted. Those demanded, therefore, were the English and American, and of these it was computed that no fewer than 6,000,000 were issued, either on payment through N.A.A.F.I. and Post Exchange, or as free allowance every week.

The price paid for each cigarette by the Germans oscillated between seven and ten marks.[1] The weekly stock of cigarettes in circulation in Berlin were, at the Occupation rate of exchange, the equavalent of between £1,000,000 and £1,500,000. In addition to these cigarettes there were sometimes another million sent each month to troops in Germany, duty free, until the British Government withdrew the facilities.

It was not long before the Allied soldier realized the vast purchasing and persuasive power he had in his possession of cigarettes. The war was over, and Berlin might well be the last station. He saw that he could make money on which to have a good time, that he could not only keep his pay intact but could also acquire fountain pens, cinematograph apparatus, jewels, watches, antiques, diamonds and binoculars. The demand for cigarettes was so great that many inveterate smokers rationed themselves, or even gave up smoking, to take advantage of the market.

The first soldier I spoke to on the subject gave me the history of a packet of 500 Gold Flake cigarettes, plus one week's free issue, which literally turned into gold. The cigarettes were sent to him for his birthday, and arrived a few days after he had given up smoking. He sold them to a hairdresser on the Kaiser Allee for 5,000 Reichsmarks (£125). Before the war he was an assistant river bailiff at 42*s.* 6*d.* a week; during the whole of the war he had been a private soldier. He fondled the thick wad of notes, wondering what he could do with them. By making inquiries among his friends he discovered that it was possible to send a small sum of marks, exchanged into postal orders at the rate of 40 to £1, to his wife, and, although he did this, his 5,000 marks grew rather than diminished, because each week he sold his issue and N.A.A.F.I.-purchased cigarettes for between 600 and 700 marks.

"After a while I became worried. I hid the money in all kinds of places, in my kitbag, in old socks, in the lining of my tunic. The money began to get on my mind, and I couldn't sleep. I used to go into the latrine and count it. I remember one day counting, to my horror, eight thousand marks. That came to £200, and I had never had more than £5 in my life. I decided that I must get rid of it, and at a faster rate. Don't forget, it represented nearly two years' peacetime wages.

"I had already begun to visit cabarets, cinemas and coffee-houses in my free time, but the best seat in a cinema and a cabaret cost only two to ten marks, and it was the same in a theatre. You couldn't spend much at a night-club unless you bought a bottle of wine, which I don't like. So I set off round the shops. I found many where they had small things displayed: beer mugs, ashtrays, book-ends; and I bought as many as I could pack away.

[1] One mark is equal to sixpence in Germany.

"I spent 2,000 marks, by which time another 500 cigarettes arrived. I became a very worried man.

"It was really a nightmare! It seemed to me that money was no use after all, yet everyone said that there were people in Berlin who had not enough money with which to buy their rations, and the food rations cost the Berliner only 40 marks a month; their average bill for the month for everything they could get on coupons and for rent was about 100 marks.

"It was with this thought in mind that I spoke to a girl. Up to then I hadn't taken much notice of them—I'd only been married two years. The one I spoke to was only eighteen. She looked every bit like an English girl of twenty-two or -three, and was fair, with blue eyes, but was pale. I'd seen her several times in the same café drinking coloured water, and she'd always been alone. We sat together, I paid for her drink: and then she had some tea. She couldn't speak a word of English and I couldn't speak any German. I took her to a dance and I paid for her meal on her coupons. This cost me five marks sixty and she had soup, one slice of bread, mashed potatoes and carrots. I felt like a millionaire! I took her home on the tram. That cost half a mark.

"I met her several times and we always did the same thing, went to a cinema or had a drink or danced. All the time I could see she was hungry and all I could buy her to eat was her meagre evening meal and, about twice a week, a bit of meat,[1] as you could not then get Black Market meals without coupons as later.

"Somehow I began to be sorry for her; then I felt responsible for her. She was so nice, so pathetically gay. She reminded me of a stray dog I'd picked up which wouldn't leave my heels, and would starve if I didn't look after her. After a bit we could exchange a few words, and for the rest we made signs.

"It was forbidden to go into German houses, but one night, because it was raining, she took my arm and led me to the block of flats where she lived. The block had been hit by artillery, the two top rows were burned out. She lived on the third floor. There were two rooms and a small kitchen. There were no panes in the windows and cloth and boards were put up to make the place private. One room was a bedroom, but there were no beds, only two settees, which she pushed together.

"She had lived with her mother, whose photograph was there. Her mother had poisoned herself on April 25, when the Russians were attacking Berlin. There was a photograph of her father. He had been killed.

"The Russians had taken much of the furniture for their barracks. The place was cold—no wood or coal.

"I made a sign to ask if there was any food in the house, and she thought I wanted to eat. She went to a cupboard and I followed her. In the cupboard were a few potatoes, a cupful of flour and some salt. Half a loaf was wrapped in newspaper and she offered me that. I shook

[1] *See* list of Black Market prices in Appendices.

my head. It was not easy to make her understand that I did not want to eat anything. They think everyone is hungry.

"She picked up a potato, and made me understand by signs and words that she had to go to the countryside to try to get some more potatoes. I gathered she might be away two days. I couldn't stand this any longer. I took out some money and gave her four 50-mark notes. She did not want them. She cried.

"I felt a bit sick at times about the power I had over that girl. If I gave her a threepenny bar of chocolate she nearly went crazy; also if I gave her a piece of N.A.A.F.I. soap. She sold that for 50 marks to buy bread on the Black Market. She was just like my slave. She darned my socks and mended things for me. There was no question of marriage. She knew that was not possible, so did her aunt. It was obvious that my bars of chocolate and soap, and the tooth-paste I could spare, together with the occasional few notes, made all the difference to them.

"After a while I began to realize that she and her aunt had nothing to do with the start of the war. They knew nothing about politics. Neither of them, nor the girl's parents, had been in the Nazi Party. I'm still seeing the girl, and she now holds my money. She's got me a camera, a Leica, in exchange for cigarettes, and she knows where there is a diamond ring. . . ."

Many British and American[1] soldiers could relate similar experiences, experiences which in part explain why the administration of our zone cost the taxpayer between £160,000,000 and £180,000,000 a year, until, in the autumn of 1946, the British introduced a special currency for use in official canteens and organizations.

II

One of the minor industries in Berlin, and at the same time one of the most profitable ones, was the collecting of cigarette ends and the manufacture from them of cigarettes.

Enterprising people who had a corner in cigarette paper, or had acquired superfine toilet paper, employed hundreds of people, children among them, to collect cigarette ends. These people, called *Kippensammler*, all had their beats like the prostitutes. They made arrangements with cinema and cabaret managers, with head waiters and chamber-maids, to purchase cigarette ends at so much a glass tumblerful. All strategic points, such as the entrances to messes, troops' clubs and cinemas, had their

[1] In the first four months of the occupation U.S. military personnel in Berlin sent home 11,078,925 more dollars than they were paid. In one month (October) 5,470,777 dollars in excess of pay were sent to home banking accounts. The Berlin-U.S. Air Command in October were, for instance, paid 2,521,101 dollars and sent home 7,991,878 dollars, notwithstanding that the G.I. spent money recklessly on the high-priced drinks in night-clubs and bars. In November 1945 the army was paid 1,677,559 dollars, and 3,376,112 dollars were sent home. In December the figures were 879,009 dollars (due to decrease in garrison) and 1,008,814 dollars.

hawk-eyed collectors. Many waiters kept a small bag into which they put the ends they assiduously collected from the ashtrays, just as, in the old days, they had put away their tips.

Small cigarette factories were installed in bombed buildings, where men and women worked sorting tobacco, rolling and gumming cigarettes. Empty cigarette boxes were also collected and filled. Such cigarettes were sold at three marks each, sometimes four.

Often did I debate the vexed question: "Who, among the Germans, actually smokes the cigarettes?" In the more exclusive cabarets, such as, for instance, the Royal, and Henry Benders, one saw well-dressed young men smoking Camel and Lucky Strike and Players. Each cigarette they smoked represented one day's pay for the German waiter who served the smoker. Such people had either sold valuables or were Black Market dealers. One also saw girls smoking, but they had had the cigarettes from servicemen friends.

The truth of the matter was that only an infinitesimal proportion of cigarettes were smoked by those who first bought them. They were passed from one person to another at a profit, or in payment for glass for windows, for wood, food and clothes. One packet of cigarettes might change hands a hundred times and, in its travels, bring to a succession of people the things on which their lives or their health depended. The history of a Berlin cigarette was as chequered as that of any pound note or dollar bill, and its final chapter is still shrouded in mystery.

Little wonder that the Roxy cabaret staged its show—*ALLES FÜR 10 ZIGARETTEN*! A grim joke was missed—that it had been left to a non-smoker to reduce Germany to this.

CHAPTER V

I

IT was easy to come to the conclusion that the German girl was utterly demoralized if you studied her in the cabaret or night-club, from the point of view of the cigarette racket.

Such places were recognized as the happy hunting-ground for girls who were in search of cigarettes. The real professionals, of whom there were officially computed in the early Occupation days to be 25,000 in Berlin, had their own well-known beats in areas where there were dark apartment-houses, or half-damaged buildings in which sometimes, without the knowledge of former owners, they had installed themselves.

To discover if the German girl was really demoralized it was necessary to look in the less obvious places, to analyse the outlook and the character of those who made no effort to glamorize themselves.

The future of Germany was as dependent on its women as on its men, and so I tried to find out how they had reacted to the collapse of their leaders of twelve years' standing. I had innumerable conversations, conducted in the most dignified fashion, and I recorded what was told to me.

The result was horrifying. I came to the conclusion that never before in modern times had a nation's women fallen so low.

I suppose I went "fratting" to begin with, but it was merely to look into the German mind. With me went Mr. Vincent Evans[1] and Subaltern the Hon. Lucia Lawson, with whom I flew to Germany from London, and who had already expressed sympathy with the German women and children, which had brought her both criticism and support in the *British Zone Review*.

We went to Ronny's Bar on the Kurfürstendamm, a modern night-club with a good band, a miniature dance floor, a high, decorative bar, two lounges, and smart waiters in boiled shirts. One blinked upon entering, after seeing the heaps of rubble, the jagged ruins against the sky, and the hundreds of homeless people and maimed German troops wandering about in the cold outside. The place was warm, decorated with pictures and curtains, and had white table-cloths and upholstered chairs. It was a little oasis among a desert of stone and misery, and one wondered why it had been allowed to escape the Blitz. It was so crowded, mostly with young girls and American troops, that Lucia, Vincent and I had to sit at a table occupied by a pretty German girl—she was an unemployed opera singer from the Deutsches Opernhaus—and a G.I. about five years her junior.

We had a bottle of very poor wine and a coffee that came to 200 marks (£10 at pre-war rate and £5 at Occupation rate). It was not long before we got into conversation with the girl and the G.I. He was glad

[1] *Daily Express* War Correspondent.

of it, because up to then he had been limited in his social intercourse to a few *cliché* signs, which had not got him very far. Now he could learn something about the girl.

Lucia and I put questions and received intelligent and, I think, sincere answers.

"What do the German girls think of the British and American girls they see in uniform?" Lucia asked the girl. "Do they think the same about them as they did of the Blitz *Mädchen*?" (telephone girls about whom there have been many scandalous stories).

"Not exactly," said the girl, "although we thought there was little difference between the American girls and ours."

We told her she was wrong.

I then said, "Do you blame Hitler for the present state of Germany?"

"Of course we do, for losing the war."

"Not for starting the war?"

She saw the difference and smiled.

"Most people blame him for having lost it," she confessed.

"How are the Germans managing to live?"

"They have not enough to eat, not enough bread and not nearly enough meat and fat. Thousands will die this winter, the very young and the very old for sure."

"What should be done, do you think, to help Germany?"

"You and America should send food."

"But there is a world shortage."

"Not in America, or in the Empire, the *Weltreich*," she said, scornfully, I thought.

"Do the Germans blame themselves for the Nazis coming into power?" I asked her.

"They are not to be blamed for that," she replied, "it was a choice between Nazis or Communists; the former a home product, the other Russian. We cannot be blamed for what Hitler did after he got the Government in his hands. We were then in the grips of a reign of terror, and people went into the Party to avoid trouble, keep jobs and have peaceful nights. You could not even whisper your criticism. The Gestapo was in every corner."

"Would you say the people are cowards?"

"Germans are dumb, really they are. You can't believe how they can be fooled, and it is right to say that they have no social courage. They would rather leave all responsibilities in the hands of others, and obey their orders than think for themselves. Add to that the threat of execution, concentration camp or merely loss of employment, and you should be able to see how the Nazis had all of us under them."

Lucia touched on the question of how Berliners managed to live since the banks were closed.

"Selling things on the Black Market," said the girl. "I have exchanged rings for cigarettes. What I got will keep me in rationed goods for many months. Most people are selling their treasures, and it is

a good job that there are troops here with cigarettes who want to buy them. But for them I do not know what we should have done."

"That cannot go on."

"No, we shall soon have sold all we have. Some people have done it already."

"Do *you* get enough to eat?"

"I am always hungry. Many of us stay in bed until midday to save a meal. When we've finished our coupons, towards the end of the month, we stay in bed until afternoon."

"Do you ever buy on the Black Market?"

"Very rarely. Butter costs 500 marks a pound. Bread and meat at terrible prices. You cannot do it unless you have many diamonds, rings, watches, binoculars, cameras or much jewellery to sell."

"Whom do you think is responsible for your plight?"

"The war criminals I have read about in the papers. The members of the Nazi Party could not be blamed, because Hitler and his Cabinet gave orders, made them law, and it has always been necessary for people to obey their nation's laws. Otherwise they would be outlaws in their own country. You can only blame people who did wrong by going beyond the law. The soldiers were not to blame. They also obeyed orders."

"And those in Belsen, Buchenwald, Dachau; were they blameless?"

"Yes, if they had orders."

"Even if they were cruel as Attila?"

"If they had orders."

I asked where she thought the food came from that was sold on the Black Market, and she said that cattle[1] were stolen from farms and fields in the zones, and the meat was smuggled into the city by back streets at night from Mecklenburg.

Lucia pointed out that many girls were very well dressed (as this girl was) and asked whence came their clothes.

"Berlin girls always were well dressed," was the reply. "Of course, we have had cloth and clothes from all over Europe since the war."

"Do you think Germany will ever want war again?"

"Never," was the prompt reply. "We have had enough."

But Lucia did not believe all she was told.

II

A young German baroness and I walked together along the Kantstrasse, which at that time was crowded with girls and soldiers, and we began to talk about what we saw. I told her that it was astonishing to me to see so many thousands of girls who every night came out with the obvious intention of meeting soldiers.

[1] During November 1945 over 2,400 head of cattle were reported stolen from areas in northern Germany. Consequently British Military Government used mobile patrols. There was little doubt that many cattle were slaughtered, the meat sold in the Black Market, and the loss put down to looting.

"It is perhaps because they are hungry," she said.

"Are they really hungry?"

"If they have to live on their rations they cannot help but be. Most of them are only entitled to Card 5—which we call either the death card or the starvation card. It is held by more than 1,000,000 Berliners and provides only 1,500 calories,[1] and that is not enough to keep us in health. But the fact is we cannot get what stands on our ration cards. Some have not had any fat for weeks, and the same can be said of meat. Many of these girls know that soldiers have chocolates and cigarettes, and hope to get some from them so that they can buy food on the Black Market."

I said that it was a pity.

"It was so after the last war," she said, and she told me what she had learned of the night life of Berlin following the defeat in 1918 and the subsequent inflation. She was not only an educated, but a thoughtful, young woman.

"This time it is worse, and it will become worse still," she said.

"Why?"

"The reasons are many. To begin with, National Socialist policy opened the way to the degradation of women. Motherhood was extolled, sometimes apart from marriage. The family was secondary to the State, instead the basis of the State. Children for twelve years have been taught to owe allegiance to Hitler, whose representative for them was often a Bann leader, 13 years of age. In many cases when allegiance to parents conflicted with allegiance to the State the parents came off second best. Now Hitler, and all he stood for, has gone. People of my age, and a few years younger, unless they were strong enough to know that there are more durable things than a political party, are completely lost.

"Most of these girls have no regular homes. During the war they were brought to Berlin from their homes outside. Their mothers were evacuated with younger children. Their fathers were in the services. They got into the habit of living with girl-friends or alone in apartment-houses. Now many of them are without homes, either because they have been destroyed or because they cannot get to them. They have lost their jobs. They have no money. Many of them have been badly handled by the Russians and have lost their self-respect. Having no work they have the lowest ration card, are always hungry, and so try to get extra food —how?

"You see the state of Berlin. You know it cannot be rebuilt before they are old. They know that, too. The Occupation troops are going to remain here for years, some say twenty years. There is no future for the girls, or so they feel.

"The dream of every girl is, I suppose, to marry, have children and

[1] 35 per cent. of Berlin's 3,084,543 residents were, on March 25, 1946, on the two top ration cards, thanks to an order that the intellectual and political ranked along with the physical workers: 7·3 were in class one, receiving 2,482 calories; and 27·7 in class two with 1,993 calories. Only 13·6 were in class three, as light sedentary workers with 1,601 calories. Children received 1,385 to 1,601 calories. The remaining 34 per cent. got 1,500 calories, or the death card ration, though this was 50 per cent. above the basic ration in British zone. These were people unable to work because of age, illness, or political disqualification.

a home. Many girls did not marry during the war because they feared what might happen. Some were engaged, and their betrothed were killed or did not come back. They can also see the thousands of German troops returning from the East. They are so different from the men who went, the smart men of high morale who had a tradition of success. Hitler made them seem all heroes. We were beseeched to do all we could to help them. Nothing was too great a sacrifice. Yes, they were heroes to us; they were to me. Now we see them in rags, sacking tied round their feet, unshaven like beggars. We see them picking up cigarette ends out of the gutters. We hear them beg. We hear your stories about what they did in the countries they conquered. It is easier to believe things about people, even your own people, when you want to find justification for a way you want to adopt.

"Well, you see, these girls have no future as wives. Germany is defeated. If we were kept down last time, as Hitler and Goebbels always said we were, how much more this time? Our lives are not our own. There will be no free life, no chance of marriage and a home.

"There is the more immediate problem of living. The young girls, lacking parental control, lacking any training (because they were children when the war began), have had no real settled home life and have known little or no security, only fear, during the past six years. They are easy victims to the idea that if they can get a decent boy-friend, English or American, they will be looked after and may even be able to marry and leave the country. All girls want to get away from here."

That was typical of thoughtful conversations I had in Berlin, where, at that time, there was a crude joke to the effect that Germany's two raw materials were coal and girls; and that they couldn't get the coal up the mines.

III

It is a fact that prostitution in Berlin increased steadily from the day the Occupation forces came into the country.[1] There were innumerable cases of rape committed by Slavs, who were responsible for an increase of venereal disease among a class of female who otherwise would not have been infected, and also for others losing all hope and turning to prostitution. By the beginning of 1946 prostitution and venereal disease had reached alarming proportions.

Before Germany's capitulation, there were, according to the German criminal police, 18,200 obvious prostitutes and about 25,000 *heimliche* prostitutes, making 43,200. Most of these operated in ruined private dwellings. There were only 43 establishments sanctioned in Berlin at the end of 1941, and at the end of the war there were only 30, many of them having been destroyed by bombs. By May 1945 these had been reduced to 12, and after the Red Army arrived brothels were forbidden and prostitution made an offence.

[1] During the period November 1945 to January 1946, 563 girls were taken from Berlin coffee-houses and dances and examined by the medical authorities: 151 had venereal disease.

Raids were carried out in the spring of 1946 on premises suspected to be frequented by girls of easy virtue by the German and the British military police, and although the percentage of infected persons was not revealed it was officially made known that the incidence of disease was colossal, despite all measures taken to reduce it; prostitution increased steadily, despite all efforts to stamp it out.

In December, unofficial estimates put the figure of prostitutes operating in Berlin at 100,000, and the number of part-time amateurs, whose eventual aim was to earn their living if they could, at 250,000; but these figures were an underestimate. The police declared that the only difference between the professionals and the amateurs was the time and the method of payment. The professional demanded money, preferably Allied marks, cigarettes (as few as 10 and as high as 20), either one or two threepenny bars of chocolate, soap, or biscuits, but the payment had to be made in advance.

According to official Allied Military Government medical statistics the Berlin venereal diseases rate, early in 1946, was as high as 40 cases annually per 10,000 in the population. The infection rate among prostitutes was 60 per cent.

One reason for so much disease was the scarcity of contraceptives. Another reason was that there did not appear to have been organized medical attention in Germany for the civilian population, in that respect, since 1937. Even if there had been, there was an acute shortage of sulphur and other essential medicaments, and a scarcity of doctors. There was even a Black Market in anti-venereal sulphur drugs.

Of the 300,000 employable persons without work in Berlin in December, all except 43,000 were women: in the U.S. zone, 86,027 out of 92,182 were women. This was another reason for prostitution.

Many of the girls were well educated, but there was scarcely any work in offices. Some refused menial jobs offered them. At first, when the weather was good, many thousands removed débris, not so much for the money, but to get a higher ration card. As the bad weather came they stayed away, stating that their health was not good. Reputable work brought in between 30 marks and 80 marks weekly, and more money could be obtained by acquiring one packet of cigarettes and selling them. To acquire these cigarettes or chocolate they had to consort with the troops because no one else had them. One packet of cigarettes a week, implying one act of sexual intercourse, kept the girls without work. Since there were dangers involved, of disease, and of motherhood, the girls went into the "profession" more thoroughly on the principle of "in for a penny, in for a pound".

Many warnings were sounded. General Eisenhower stated that the problem was a "source of concern not only for the obvious reasons of security, but because it might well imperil the foundation of a new Germany".

A troubled police official stated in December 1945: "It is impossible to distinguish between good girls and bad girls (in Germany). Even nice girls of good families, good education and fine background, have dis-

covered their bodies afford the only real living. Moral standards have crashed to a new low level. I find myself wondering about my two daughters. . . . At the present rate, in two months I wonder if there will be a decent moral woman left."

IV

Although hunger was a great incentive to promiscuity among young girls in the winter of 1945–6, a very considerable contribution to the state of affairs which existed was genuine loneliness in "this sentimental desert", as someone called Berlin.

You could sense the absence of men wherever you went. Everywhere there were women alone, in pairs or groups, paying for their own drinks in cafés, cutting wood, moving débris, doing men's work. As the winter wore on every third woman or girl came out dressed in the trousers of her absent husband, brother or son.

The losses the German forces sustained, as revealed by secret files found in 1945, hidden in the house of General Reinecke, Propaganda Chief of the *Wehrmacht*, accounted for the absence of most of the men. Blue photostatic copies of original documents showed that up to the previous November, the three armed forces had suffered a total loss of 4,830,586 in dead, missing and discharged. When it was considered that some of the bloodiest fighting was still to come after November 1944, it can be computed that the final figure was probably in the region of 8,000,000, perhaps 3,000,000 of them dead. The figures also showed incidentally that the number of executions in the German armed forces was 9,513, of which 4,039 occurred after the July attempt on Hitler's life.

These figures indicate the very critical shortage of men in Germany, and the shortage in Berlin was stated to be greater than in any other part of the Reich. Berlin's census at the end of 1945 showed that the population had decreased to 2,784,000 from 4,332,000. The number of men had declined 50 per cent., and women about 20 per cent. Before the war, irrespective of casualties, there was already a surplus of women, 111 women to every 100 men. The Magistrat officials who compiled the census stated that there were 270 women to every 100 men as a result of war casualities.

Some districts were more badly affected. In Lichterfelde, out of a population of 15,000 there were only 81 males between 16 and 21 years of age; in Tempelhof, another suburb of Berlin, there were 717 girls and 71 men between the ages of 18 and 21. In the Berlin suburbs of Schöneberg and Wilmersdorf there were 187 women to every 100 men. It was officially stated in February 1946 that in the Berlin suburbs of Treptow there were 40 men and 234 girls of 21 years, 72 men and 441 girls of 20 years, and 69 men and 430 girls of 19 years.

The Allied troops who came into Berlin corrected this proportion to some extent, but there were still not nearly as many men as girls. The

German men left were, on the average, older, and they did not appear much in public in the early days.

In these circumstances, it came as no surprise that marriage bureaux were opened in all parts of Berlin. Helga Gneitung, Berlin queen of the marriage market, opened the most extensive Cupid's headquarters in Uhlandstrasse in the Westend. She charged women who registered with her a fee, which covered "one year's search".

Many women, realizing the state of the marriage market, asked specifically to meet wounded men and even those "maimed in the war", and spoke of the dowry they had. Many war widows adopted this resort, and agencies performed a useful public service in bringing together tragic fragments of war-severed families for the benefit of children. In some cases neither the man nor the woman could bring more than circumstantial evidence to show that the other spouse was, in fact, dead. They had been missed in an air-raid; they had been reported missing from one of the fronts; they had vanished while out shopping. In such cases marriages were not allowed, and the couples lived together on a tentative basis. Hundreds of cases of divorce had also to be held over, owing to the inability of the court to publish summonses to "the other party" in an official gazette such as existed before the war.

"Why they want to marry I can't imagine," one official told me. "They have no homes, only bombed fragments, but I have heard that people have pooled furniture. There is also the problem of getting ration cards for men who come from another zone to live with a woman, or *vice versa*. It is perhaps a good sign because the children will be cared for, and there are thousands of women with illegitimate children of the S.S., of troops who went away and never returned, and of men who came here from other countries to work.

"Some tried to get a husband with their own efforts, but most girls, after a short time, gave up all hope and turned to the expediency of finding themselves a friend, *for protection*."

Even this did not trouble some of the city fathers.

"It is better than the type of vice we had after the last war," a councillor told me. "Already there are known places devoted to lesbianism, and we do not want that."

Everything was relative in this Berlin world. An evil was tolerated because there was a worse alternative round the corner. Hardships were endured because things could always be worse—one could always be driven away from home, become a refugee! That was post-war Berlin —its morals as well as its buildings in ruins, its families shattered as well as its houses.

CHAPTER VI

I

THERE was a heavy sob from a dark corner amid, so it seemed, a huge bundle of duffle bags, and I looked closer. I could see in the pale light from the stars that shone through the broken glassless ribs of the arched roof of the Lehrter railway station, to which I had to go in my first month in Berlin, a little face that was orchid white and a pair of eyes that stared at me with wide horror.

"Slav," said someone in a hoarse and terrified whisper.

"No, English," I said.

The eyes moved, looking me up and down. "Slav," said the voice again.

"No, English," I insisted.

"He's English," said another voice. "I was in England as a prisoner.'

The heap of duffle bags began to move. I saw staring faces, saw hands rubbing eyes; I heard grunts, groans, yawns, frightened whispers.

"There I am, waking you up," I said. "Where are you from?"

"We're out of Bishopswerder; it's a little German village—it *was*, I mean——"

"We've been moved out by the Poles."

I could see them now, this mound of humanity, men, women, old and young, children, youths, babies, all lying together for warmth. Two girls in a close embrace were still sleeping. A man was awake, but the woman whose head was hidden in his arms still slept. There was a smell of "bathless nights".

Two people joined me. They were Norman MacDonald, of the B.B.C., and Mary Kessel, a young artist drawing life for the War Artist's Advisory Committee.

The mounds began to move again. People sat upright, or stood jerkily, unsteadily, as though drunk, and there were a hundred eyes on us, enquiring eyes.

"We've just come down to see what conditions are like here," I explained. "Sorry it is so late, but we wanted to talk to you after the local people had gone—after the curfew."

"We all sleep together like this, touching each other," someone explained, "holding each other's hands or ankles so that if anything happens to anyone it will wake the others. We lie on our baggage, or what is left of it. We are all afraid." He lowered his voice and told me he had buried his wife and two children near the entrance to Kottbus railway station on the way from Dresden.

"All along the way we met Slavs," went on the voice. "They made us open our cases, took something from each, robbed the women of rings, brooches, even took coats, and searched everyone for money and watches. We men could do nothing. We cannot be armed, cannot have

arms on pain of death. These Slavs know it. So they come with a revolver and take what they want. They take women, too. Eight women have been raped to my knowledge, either in my sight or within earshot on this journey."

"They took all the money," said a disembodied female voice. "I had five hundred marks, now nothing except coins. They took my case only tonight, here on the platform, and ran with it into the tunnel. We told the English military police and they ran after them, but couldn't find them."

"I, too, have lost all," said a man from Mecklenburg. "I hid my case on the roof of the train, tied it up, but now it has gone. I have no clothes now, where can I get any? Ten days ago we were turned out at half an hour's notice. I had to leave my farm, my cows and geese. I could only take what I could carry. We are being moved, millions of us, from our homes—homes many of us have had in the same family for generations. The name of my family and the date is sculptured on the entire front of my old farm. Since 1845 we have been there. They can't say we are people sent there by Hitler's *Lebensraum*, sent into another's country. I am one of 2,500 sent from Mecklenburg to Saxony, then north; now here. The population of Saxony is doubled by refugees from the east. Ten millions there now."

I listened to the stories, going up and down the platform talking with men and women of all ages and conditions of life. They all talked eagerly, glad that someone would listen to them, and they told stories which corroborated each other's even in minute details.

The deportations had obviously not been the subject of any organization. The Poles had ordered entire populations to leave at half an hour's notice. The Poles had not previously been in touch with the German authorities to warn them, or with the Allied Powers in the various zones. Thus, day after day entire families had set off with handcarts, wheelbarrows, going west. New-born infants and people who had died of malignant diseases were found lying amid the belongings on the trucks. The refugees tried each night to reach inhabited centres, and next morning were moved on again; only those who were dying remained.

Goebbels had not allowed them to know that Berlin had been destroyed by bombs. Berlin rose before their eyes as someone had seen it, or described it, years before, with its neon signs, its fine streets, shops, cafés, apartment-houses, its traffic, its hotels. Berlin was their Mecca. Some got on trains, crowded into them, hung on their sides, clung to the roofs, and so they travelled all day and night. Many fainted and fell off, but this became so commonplace that no one took any notice.

In the month of July, when the first count was made, 500,000 had reached and roamed through Berlin terribly disillusioned, regarding silently the burned-out ruins, dragging their weary feet and their few possessions, and then, at night, creeping into the ruins to sleep.

Few families arrived in Berlin without casualities. Either people had fallen off trains, got lost on the way, or had become sick and been retained by municipalities in hospitals which refused to keep the rest of the families.

Thousands of children were separated from their parents. In some

cases, the women had committed suicide by jumping from the trains at night. Some mothers had deliberately left babies they could not feed, hoping that a social organization in Berlin would look after them; a few mothers genuinely lost their children.

Most of the people I saw that night, and on several subsequent days and nights, were lousy. Children were scrofulous. The longer the journey had been the weaker, dirtier and more unhealthy they had become, and, in the latter stages, many thousands had lived on the potatoes out of wayside fields and vegetable gardens. Some had lived on raw potatoes for four days. Villages had not enough bread themselves and, therefore, could not help.

One man told me that a current story in the last anxious hundred miles of the journey was that Berlin was scarcely damaged at all, that the Berlin Municipal Council was directing all refugees to houses of people willing to take them, that they all stayed in big camps in Berlin and had good food, even bean coffee and cream cakes. The *Oberbürgermeister* often came to the railway stations and welcomed the refugees, and they were moved to their lodgings in buses!

Among the refugees I also found many Berliners who were going into the countryside to try to pick potatoes. They had to join a train that came into the station before the curfew was lifted in the morning and, therefore, had to stay overnight on the railway station. It would take them three days and nights to get the potatoes, and then the danger existed that they would be stolen from them on the way back by Slavs, who lay in wait for potato pickers.

A girl told me her story. Her father, who was sick, had stayed in the institution of a religious welfare organization near Fürstenwalde, on the Spree. He urged her to continue to Berlin and to try to get work as a tailoress. He had given her 2,000 marks together with her passport, ration cards, school certificates, birth certificate and her dead mother's jewellery, with instructions to sell them if she was in difficulties. She had been robbed of the handbag containing most of these possessions and later raped on the train in a carriage, out of which all the other people had been turned at the revolver point by Slavs. They took off her clothes, forced Schnaps into her mouth so that in the end she could not resist, and did not give her back some of her underclothes in which rings were sewn. The name of a friend of her father had been written, together with the address, on her ration cards, now lost to her. The girl cried as she talked. No one could do anything for her. There were scores in the same position, and there they sat night after night on the railway platform, waiting and hoping, looking like a lot of duffle bags.

II

Two days later I saw a train come in from the east. The station was already packed with people who had been there two or more days, and the passengers of this train added to the congestion.

The train was a mixture of cattle and goods trucks, all of which were so packed that people lay on the tops, clung to the sides or hung on the bumpers. Children were tied by ropes to ventilator cocks, heating pipes, and iron fittings.

The train stopped and a great long groan rose from the length and breadth of it. For a full minute no one moved a limb. Eyes that were full of anguish and alarm examined the people on the platform, those on the platform looked half in anger, half in pity, at the newcomers, who were to worsen, while they shared, their lot.

Then people began to move, but everyone seemed crippled with cold and cramp. Children seemed dead, purplish blue in the face; those who had clung to doors and fittings could not use their hands or arms, but went about, arms raised or outstretched, hands clenched. They hobbled, legs numbed, to fall on the platform, half crying, half laughing.

The people who had arrived days before pressed back to make room, and looked on in silence. Soon the platform was filled with cries of disillusionment as the newcomers learned how they had been deceived, or had deceived themselves. They stood in groups, clutching or sitting on their belongings. Their hair was matted. They were filthy, covered with soot and grime. Children had running sores, and scratched themselves continually, and with seeming pleasure. Old men, unshaven, red-eyed, looked like drug addicts, who neither felt, nor heard, nor saw. It is certain if one half of these people had been asked then why they had come to swell the ranks of the army of the dispossessed of Berlin, they would not have been able to say.

On this one train were nearly a hundred ex-*Wehrmacht* personnel, who had been released from their camps in the East, because they were ill and maimed and unable to work. Their clothes, tattered and stained, were stuffed with apparently useless objects like empty milk tins, old newspapers, strips of canvas, electric wire flex. Many of those with two legs had lost an arm. Five had lost a leg and an arm. The men were grouped, according to their wounds, in a *camaraderie* of helpless misery.

It was obvious that the civilians had no especial sympathy with these men. They received no reception of any kind, not even a word of sympathetic enquiry. Everyone seemed to be a unit of personal misery, complete unto himself; everyone, that is, except the children, who soon began to scream with hunger and discomfort.

III

In the course of two or three months, I made periodic visits to various railway stations. I went to the Stettiner, from which refugees were being sent on in the direction of Mecklenburg; to the Potsdamer, handling refugees who belonged to Saxony; to the Anhalter, dealing with those belonging to Thuringia and Buderland, Saxony, Görlitzer and Spreewald. Everywhere I found men and women who had lost, together with their

homes, families and property, all human dignity and had become animals, sleeping like animals on the floor, and going periodically into any corner at hand. Men who once filled high places in professions, the conductor of an East Prussian orchestra among them, showed me their passports to verify details they told me. They looked like tramps who had been on the road for life. When I saw their passport pictures, taken a few months before, I was staggered. The change these people had undergone was incredible. They had all lost weight, aged ten years, had lined faces. They were sick and mentally unbalanced. I also met some who came in secretly at night along the roads, usually using side streets. They told horrific stories of men and women left on the wayside in Mecklenburg, Pomerania and the northern part of Brandenburg and Saxony.

These twenty to thirty thousand homeless wanderers who came every day in unceasing streams by road and train found themselves worse off than in the countryside. I saw them in camps around Berlin and in the streets looking ready to drop and die: they cried with fatigue and despair as I talked to them. They told me how they had met the Slavs, who had been forced labourers in Germany, on their way back to their homes, and how they had taken everything from them. They had to pay for all Hitler had done.

Another army was coming up in the rear of the displaced people more slowly but just as surely. This was the demoralized, defeated, sick and maimed army, which for years thought it was going to rule the world, and now had nothing but the rags it stood up in, no food but what it could beg, no pay, no pensions, no shelter, and, generally, when its members got back to their home towns, no homes, only shells of what the bombing and fighting had left.

IV

I went round some of the refugee camps—former barracks, schools, quarantine stations, Red Cross centres—which were like a crown of thorns round the festering head of Berlin—and I saw such human degradation, depravity and tragedy that I was physically sick after a few hours of it.

Ordinarily, people had to go on after twenty-four hours in the camps. Cases of illness and pregnancy were retained. Some young children carrying tickets to Mayenburg, Pritzwalk, Neustadt, Wartenau and Wittenberg seemed not even to know who they were and what relatives they had. They were suffering from shock as well as exposure and starvation. Only by their clothes could you tell what standard of life they had once enjoyed.

In Moabit-Tiergarten camp in Kruppstrasse, I saw some 3,000 people who wanted to go to the British zone, but they did not know a single person there.

On they went, this army of dispossessed, until they reached the frontiers of the British and American zones, there to remain in more

camps, be dusted again with anti-louse powder, inoculated, examined for epidemic diseases, and to wait like herds of cattle in pounds until the authorities decided what to do with them. Some asked to go to towns like Würzburg and Nürnberg, which were 90 per cent. destroyed, and where people still lived in cellars and air-raid shelters under the ruins. A large crowd of about one thousand were waiting at a big camp in Ludwigslust. They wanted to go to Hamburg and Schleswig Holstein. Among these there were many ex-*Wehrmacht* men, sick and infirm, with no shoes or socks, who had come from prison camps in the Urals, and would not talk to you but only look with sunken, frightened eyes, scratching their lice-infested bodies. Thousands of them were coming through at about five hundred a day. They had no arrogance now; they looked eternally afraid.

One man whom I persuaded to talk, told me he had been on the road for twenty-eight days, and had had to beg for food for the past ten days. He was formerly a sergeant instructor in the regular German Army, in one of the infantry battalions which assaulted Stalingrad.

He had been one of the smartest recruits of his year, had been singled out for special praise by an inspecting colonel on two successive years. Now, in contrast to the spit and polish of his Army days, he had sacks from a village beet factory round his sore feet, had long ago thrown away his socks, had not shaved or washed for weeks, and smelt so badly that I stood away from him as he talked.

At this time danger of typhoid and paratyphoid was so acute that all Berliners were being vaccinated against both diseases, and it was due only to this step by joint health authorites that the situation was saved while two armies of tramps moved east and west. In July 1945, there were 1,532 cases of the disease in Berlin and 149 deaths.

V

As the refugees came in, Berlin's population of lost children, many of them air-raid orphans, increased until it reached 53,000.

Every train that came brought its quota of pinched, pale-faced babies, and old elf-like children whom no one owned. Sometimes they had been found on trains, mothers had died and been buried on the way.

Many of the older children were not only undernourished, but suffering from tuberculosis, and were mentally unbalanced. They escaped from the orphanages and homes into which they were put, and remained at large like wild animals, living in holes in the ground beneath the ruins. By day the healthier ones could be seen with luckier children, who had homes, playing in burned-out tanks and armoured cars that lay broken and rusted in most of Berlin's main streets. These children betrayed trends of morbidity, induced by experiences they had endured, by the things they said and the drawings they did on the walls.

On the walls of a ruined house in the Pfalzburger Strasse I saw a

drawing of a man being hanged[1]—a drawing of simple outlines—repeated fifteen times, right round three sides of the building.

I saw 136 lost children in an orphanage. These children did not know their names, although some were as old as six. There were boys and girls, but it was not easy to distinguish between them, since they had their hair cut short as a protection against lice and wore a mixture of male and female clothes. Some were inseparable, though no one knew whether they were related or not. Two children had been found on a train tied together.

A member of the *Heilsarmee* (Salvation Army) revived under Commandant J. Büsing—he then had 14 stations and 1,000 members—told me that many of the children screamed if they saw uniforms, which was unlike German children, who liked uniforms, and always had their dolls in uniforms.

"These children have known nothing but war and uniforms since they were born," he said. "They may connect the fighting and the air-raids and their unhappiness with them. I hope we can keep that idea alive in their minds."

It was no use explaining even to him that fear could only distort a child's mind.

A little girl with blonde hair and brown eyes came to me despite my uniform: I asked:

"*Woher kommst Du?*"

"*Ich weiss nicht, wir sind viele Jahre gelaufen . . .*"

"*Was war Dein Vater?*"

"*Soldat; er ist tot.*"

How often those two answers were given was surprising. I asked the child about her mother.

"Mother . . . I do not know," she replied.

"What is your name?"

"I do not know."

"Where did you live?"

"The Terror raids blew it up."

"Sure you do not know your name?"

"Greta."

"Greta what?"

"Only Greta."

The Russian Army, which showed itself very kind to children, allowed a "Lost Baby Show" to be held in its sector of Berlin. The fact was widely advertised that people could attend to see the children, who were presumed orphans, and to adopt them. The attendance far

[1] German schools caused trends of sadism. A school inspector examined drawings executed by children to illustrate Grimm's story, "The man who wished to learn to shudder". In the story the man, to learn fear, undertook gruesome tasks. One was to use skulls as bowls, another to remove corpses from the gallows and warm them by the fire. The story had been banned from text-books, but was still being taught in this particular school. Several drawings showed the children's imagination had been captured by the horror of the gallows episode. The inspector extracted two of these—depicting bodies dangling from a gallows propped in front of a fire, and being removed by the story's "Hero"—and while he was looking at them the schoolmaster pointed out the good technique.

exceeded expectations, and after a few hours some wit among the organizers erected outside the building where the event was staged the notice "*Ausverkauft*" (sold out). These particular children had suffered great privation and deserved the homes they got, homes which had been deprived by the war of children who were either killed or who had died through lying at night in damp cellars. That was the fate of many.

Berlin had already lost so many of its youngest inhabitants—in July 1945, babies were dying at the rate of 66 in each 100 live births, due chiefly to a terrible dysentery epidemic—that Germans were willing to make almost any sacrifice to save the children left.

Some of the children who left Berlin in November 1945 under the scheme "Stork", which took 20,961 between the ages of four and fourteen into the country for the duration of the winter, were also psychologically unbalanced. According to a doctor they had been through such horrors during the raids and the subsequent battle, and had since seen nothing but ruins and heard of nothing but bereavement and sadness, that a shadow had been cast over their lives.

Although the scheme originally aimed at saving them from the dread possibilities of winter in Berlin it actually saved them from mental derangement, and was the cause of an early return to normality, as was seen when they returned to Berlin in May.

Another thing that the scheme did was to show how the German child loved the British soldier, who had always shown his partiality for children, whether they belonged to friend or foe. British Military Government were naturally proud that "quite voluntarily and without any pressure" so many children had been confidently entrusted to the British Army which, six months before, was taking its part in defeating Germany, fighting against the fathers and brothers of those very same children. How completely the children, who had been mortally afraid of being approached by anyone, had made friends with the soldiers in their new surroundings in the countryside around Aurich, Osnabrück and Oldenburg had to be seen to be believed.

VI

The children in the streets of good working-class districts, whom I watched for hours, ran wild with short bursts of energy. They went about under the ruins, hid in upturned tanks, suddenly appeared in the most unlikely places, to dart away again.

One little girl appeared out of an aperture high up in the memorial of Kaiser Wilhelm opposite the Berlin Schloss, as I was examining the damage the memorial had sustained. She was in the base of the monument and the aperture was five feet from the ground. The crack she had appeared through in the iron casing was big enough only for a child to enter. That was how she gave herself protection from a world which still frightened her.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

She made an incoherent noise, half fear, half annoyance.

"You sleep here?"

Still no answer.

"Who are you?"

No answer.

"You must not sleep there," I said. "Have some chocolate?"

"No one can find me. It is warm here, no one comes up," said the child.

"Why not sleep with other children?"

"No place to sleep."

She would not take the chocolate from my hand, and I had to drop it inside. As I climbed down I saw her eyes, nose and mouth through the crack in the corner of this vast monument, given with the gratitude of the German people in memory of their Kaiser. I gave information about this child to kindly Karl Baier at the German Social Welfare Office, and she was removed only after hours of patient enticement.

To see children against the ruins of this dead, fossilized city was almost unnatural. The ruins are the past, the children are the future. They must build it all up again. One felt as one saw them run in and out of shell-holes, over piles of rubble, that they might live to see the day when Berlin is built again in a better Germany, as it must be built, because there are children, children who have endured the worst city battle in the worst of all German wars.

VII

I went to the Social Welfare Office of the Berlin Municipal Council, Am Köllnischen Park, and saw some of the weary officials trying to help organize the displaced persons and refugees. The place was swarming with deportees and repatriated people carrying their few possessions. An inadequate staff was trying to cope with them, to listen to their tales of woe.

Karl Baier, the tired-looking, disillusioned head of the office, sat behind a desk that was covered with papers and statistics.

It was not until the end of June 1945, that the first news arrived regarding the deportations of the German population from the districts of the Oder and the Neisse, from Poland, East Prussia and Czechoslovakia, he told me. According to the estimates they then had there were between fourteen and seventeen million Germans, who were to be deported back into a destroyed and impoverished Germany. By September over half had already been uprooted, and were swarming over the countryside like locusts, thousands having already passed through Berlin, and wandered west.

The Welfare department, as soon as they had ascertained the facts, began hastily to organize something like a reception. Berlin became the chief target, due to lack of advice and information on the way. Everyone expected to find shelter and food in Berlin, from where they would

be directed further on. But the Berlin Municipal Council—the highest German administrative unit—was only competent to deal with the area of Greater Berlin and had no authority to issue directions to areas beyond its boundaries.

Later, when the difficulties arising from lack of communications and transport were overcome, contact was made with the county and provincial administration, and the urban and rural councils (*Landräten und Stadtmagisträten*).

The most alarming report received at that time was that four million deportees had arrived in Saxony, which had a population already of five million, and the districts on the Polish and Czechoslovakian frontiers were subject to great pressure. Marshal Zhukov, Commandant of the Russian zone, issued an order at the end of July 1945 to the effect that displaced persons should not be sent to Berlin, but in spite of it the stream did not lessen.

The first recorded figures of deportees arriving in Berlin were made for July, the figures for successive weeks being 4,832, 11,343, 14,365 and 14,764. Refugees had arrived before that, and all who could be found were put into 48 camps in the 20 administrative districts of the city. The first record of the population of these camps was made in July, and showed the following numbers for successive weeks: 90,000, 122,600, 117,500, 149,000.

During August, the situation did not change and about 17,500 were arriving daily, 265,000 having been fed and given shelter up to the middle of the month. The influx rose to a peak point of 33,000 in one day. In one week 200,000 arrived.

"All deportees should have been medically examined before being admitted to the camps," Herr Baier sighed, "but it was only possible to examine half the number. Later, arrangements were made for a full medical examination to be recorded on health certificates, without which no one could go to a camp. As typhoid increased in some districts, owing to the influx of deportees, resort was made to inoculation. In the end it was decided to immunize the entire population of more than 3,000,000. Actually 2,340,000 Berliners, or about 78 per cent. of the population, received the first of the three inoculations necessary, and 1,950,000 finished all three.

"Of the deportees registered, about 25 per cent. produced evidence that they had relatives in the American, English, or French zones, and about 25 per cent. had relatives in the Russian-occupied zone. The remaining 50 per cent., together with the whole of their family circles, were domiciled to the east of the Oder and Neisse, and had to be distributed throughout German territory, in a definite ratio."

VIII

When I asked Karl Baier what should be done in regard to the problem, he made suggestions. These included the setting up of a

central administrative office for the whole of Germany, to deal with the problem in closest co-operation with the Allies; evolution of a plan for the distribution of the army of deportees throughout all zones in a definite ratio; giving of power to the Welfare Office to direct the stream to the various districts where they could settle and get work, and so put a stop to the continual surging to and fro; establishment of new settlements; and bringing more land under cultivation.

He also suggested the drawing up of a central directive, on the Berlin pattern, for the whole of Germany upon the questions of sanitary hygiene and the combating of epidemics, the granting of additional food, medical supplies and transport in districts particularly threatened with distress and epidemics, granting by the Occupation authorities of permits for immigration of a definite quota, establishment of a Central Office to form a central bureau for reuniting families torn apart, Search Bureaux, and, finally, cessation of deportations of Germans from Poland and Czechoslovakia until those already deported had been completely absorbed.

These suggestions were passed on to the Control Council, and nearly all of them, with slight amendments, were adopted and put into force.

Until, and even after, these suggestions became law, the refugees continued to arrive in vast numbers. Their condition became more pitiful. There was more suffering, more malnutrition, more deaths, and more cases of serious illness in Berlin, the eight most prevalent diseases being in this order: pulmonary tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever, gonorrhoea, syphilis, dysentery, typhus and scarlet fever. Hundreds of thousands of people were suffering from scabies. There were signs of non-co-ordination.

Up to April 6, 1946, 171,402 German "expellees" had been received in the British zone in execution of the Potsdam Agreement, in addition to the 136,114 from October 1945 to February 1946 and the unknown number who crossed into the zone before October. Therefore the Polish announcement, made earlier, that only 180,000 had been received into the British zone was short of the actual total. By May 1946 most of two and a half million D.P.s had been repatriated.

A high proportion of sick expelled people was continually included in the trainloads arriving at the frontier posts. Both on the train and after arrival there were deaths of people too old or too ill to endure the journey. Many had to be taken immediately to hospitals. A number of women nearing confinement were also sent, and births occurred on the trains or in the reception camps. A high proportion consisted of very old, weak people. Only 8 per cent. were men, and an even smaller percentage fit men of an age to work (between 15–60). Thus the Polish authorities were not transferring, as agreed at Potsdam, the whole German minority population, but a selection of it designed to include one and a half millions of the sick and otherwise less useful part of the German minority.

In addition to these charges, which have been verified, the expelled people made allegations that conditions of expulsion are not humane. The scanty amount of baggage carried supported the accusations that

insufficient notice of eviction was given, and it was evident that many had been robbed of personal possessions on the way, and had not been given enough food for the journey.

The signatories to the Potsdam Agreement had already bound themselves to transfer from Poland and Czechoslovakia to Germany German populations, or elements thereof, remaining in those countries "in an orderly and humane manner", and no one could possibly have called the manner in which the early "transfer" of many thousands was made either orderly or humane.

An agreement had also been reached between the Four Powers since Potsdam, that the German minorities left in Poland should be absorbed into the British and Soviet zones of Germany, and those in Austria and Czechslovakia resettled into the French and American zones. A proportion of the second category were to be accepted also in the Soviet zone.

In reaching this agreement[1] (it was late in November 1945) a great many factors had to be taken into account, such as food, weather, housing and transportation in each zone, entailing much study by all Four Powers, all fully aware of the urgency and vastness of the problem.

The agreement was reached by the exercise of real patience and conscientious labour and thought; it demonstrated goodwill on the part of all delegates to the Quadripartite Government of Germany, but it did not signal the end of the worst suffering inflicted by Poland on German subjects least able to stand it. As recently as December 27, 1946, 16 corpses and 57 persons suffering from acute frostbite were found in a refugee train which arrived at the British zonal frontier from Poland. The train was comprised of goods trucks, which were unheated although the temperature was 20 degrees Fahrenheit below freezing point. Many of those suffering from frostbite were old or sick.

[1] The preliminary allocation of this population between zones was as follows: into the Soviet zone from Poland 2,000,000 persons and from Czechoslovakia 750,000 persons; into the British zone from Poland 1,750,000 persons; into the American zone from Czechoslovakia 1,500,000 persons; into the French zone from Austria 150,000 persons.

CHAPTER VII

I

THAT many children of ten and eleven could not remember seeing the famous Christmas Fair—the *Weihnachtsmarkt*—which is the chief feature of the festival in Germany, was clear as the end of December 1945 approached. Some adults had grown a little hazy in their memory of Christmas. Looking back to 1938, when they had their last peacetime *Weihnachten*, was like reviewing a lifetime of tragedy, destruction, of gradual decline and fall into an abyss out of which they must one day climb.

In 1939, men had already begun to die, and the decline had started. On that Christmas Day, the *Völkische Beobachter* had published a letter from Rudolf Hess, which signalled the degeneration of German womanhood, signs of which were now so abundantly evident. He had written an open letter to a young girl, a mother without having been a wife, and declared, for all young girls to read, that he was ready to take over the duties of godfather to the child, because its mother had rendered the highest service that a woman could achieve for the community . . . contributed to its continuance in racially sound children.

On Christmas Day 1940, the Party organ told them to rejoice, not with goodwill towards all men, but because Manchester was in ruins, because the "torch of destruction" had ignited Liverpool.

Then, on Christmas Day 1941, the paper reported mass attacks by the Bolsheviks which "were destroyed by the unshakable German defences" —defences by German bodies, although on October 3 of the same year Hitler had said that the Russians were already broken and would never rise again. Ribbentrop stated at the same time that the Russian question would be settled by the German Army in the coming year "*sicher wie die Erde um die Sonne sich dreht*".

On Christmas Day 1942, Germans were dying before Stalingrad and between the Volga and the Don. The newspaper carried deceptive displays about individual heroism of unknown sergeant-majors; on Christmas Day 1943, the war already lost, the *Völkische Beobachter* still kept hope alive by hinting at splits between the Anglo-Americans, because of the appointment of Eisenhower as Allied Commander of the invasion to come. The Party tried to make the German people think in that miserable Christmas that the war could still be won.

Then, finally, Christmas 1944, festival of the air-raids; Goebbels called it the "Festival of the strong heart". Death, destruction, hunger . . . the great offensive in the Ardenne; the Russians already in Budapest, in Poland, and on the East Prussian border. Peace—though that of defeat —came at last in 1945; but it was a sad time to look back on, those six wartime Christmasses for the German survivors who sat amid the ruins, all that was left of Hitler's "Thousand-year Reich".

II

I had been in the Lustgarten just before the first Sunday in Advent, when the *Weihnachtsmarkt* had always opened in peacetime. Now the Dom, the Schloss, the Museum, the Reichstag and the University, once the stately centre of hectic activity, were like tombstones in a neglected graveyard. They stood silent and fossil-like in the placid moonlight, as though millions of years old and gradually fallen into ruin and decay with the passing of time, instead of having been struck down in the prime of their architectural grandeur in a single hour of a single terrible night.

The only sound I had heard was the gnawing of scavenging rats that crept from the broken sewers or out of the black canal water near by. Gone the whirr of traffic, the chatter and laughter of people, the monstrous undertone of a metropolis. Then I went again, on the first Sunday (Advent Sunday) in December, and everything had changed. The ruined city was still there but it was no longer deserted or silent.

The coloured lights from six *Karusselle* (roundabouts) of the first peacetime *Weihnachtsmarkt* lit up the bullet-scarred and shell-blasted façade of the Kaiser's castle, the battered skeleton of the Dom with its smashed cupola, the murals of the museum and the massive fluted columns of the old Prussian Guardhouse.

The mechanical music of the fair organ vulgarly blared through halls where Kaisers once lived, where great gatherings were held, where crowned heads from all Europe came to pay in the grandeur of a massive cathedral a fitting homage; where, in the precincts of the Guardhouse, troops marched with mechanical precision and Prussian pride to change the watch over the granite grave of an unknown warrior.

There was a vast crowd, mostly mothers, in the Lustgarten, and all the roundabouts were not only packed with people, but besieged by mothers, who waited hours for their turn to give joy to their children with a morbid compulsion sad to see.

Everywhere in Berlin there were queues—for papers, bread, cinema shows, work, meals—so that it was not out of place that the Germans, their faces blank and pale, formed long queues throughout the day to take their children to see the Liliputaner Zirkus. The small tent where the midgets performed was always full, and the Russian soldier, ever child-like, curious and surprised by what he found among the ruins, was never absent.

The cares of the day lay heavy on the shoulders of these women. One could see the strained, pale faces in the glare of the lights, and sense the pathetic efforts they made with their children on the roundabouts to seem to enjoy themselves. Crowds wandered round the garden, peering at booths, where there were lucky wheels, shies and dice-throwing, with prizes such as rough, home-made dolls, fairies and *Hampelmänner* of paper, cardboard and old material salvaged from the ruins. They almost fell to pieces as you lifted them, although the prices ranged from five to twenty marks.

Nowhere were there the fine toys of Nürnburg which so pleased German children: the cannons, aeroplanes, tanks, the brave displays of lead soldiers, the revolvers and guns, the flame-throwers, all so grimly realistic. Such toys had been forbidden, and it will be a long time before the German child can again play with them.

But everything had not changed. The hot sausages and the "coffee" were to be found at the fair, though one had to fight to get them. Children saw them and cried: "*Mutti, heisse Würstchen*", "*Mutti, Kathreiner's Malzkaffee*", as though recognizing a thing once lost.

Lucky were those who, with fifty-gramme Fleischmarken and eighty-five Pfennig, got sausage and coffee.

Crowds of children who had no Christmas tree at home gathered round a little one that stood on the base of what had been the statue of Wilhelm IV. They stood in wonder at the 25-metre-high light masts, of which there were four, each burning 1,200 watts. These children had lived in a world of darkness, in a city of dreadful night, for as long as they could remember. Lights had been something to fear, not to rejoice about. Then, the war over, their parents had had to save electricity, and were fined if they used more than a strictly rationed wattage. When someone had forgotten and left a light burning all night they had had to sit in the dark to recover the lost current.

Now this prodigality, this belated tribute to that long-spurned Lucia. Indeed, this was a new world!

III

As I watched these Germans trying to make the most of the fair, I felt that I would like to be able to visit representative homes to see how the first peacetime Christmas was celebrated.

When anyone desperately sought anything in Berlin, whether a friend, a pair of shoes, a baby's perambulator, wife or husband, or food of any kind, one pinned a request to a wayside tree or stuck it on the wall. Everywhere there were such displays in the city and the objects offered and sought, for cash or in exchange, were of an infinite variety, and told a story of Berlin that could have been gained otherwise only by a Gallup poll. Many of the notices were laconic, containing only bare details, others were elaborately designed and illustrated by drawings. They all told of a desperate need, primarily for food, a home, warmth, friendship and companionship, entertainment, work. The basic needs of a city's population were there exhibited for all to read, and many people read them. Every minute of the day, from dawn to dusk, crowds of Berliners surrounded the trees, the board displays and walls of bombed houses, making notes and comments, writing their own names and offers on the bottom of those advertisements which bore no name and address but only invited answers, taking down addresses where they were given. Every day thousands of people were kept busy in this way. Wireless sets, sofas, beds, chairs, pounds of coffee, butter, fat were not

always bought to be used or consumed by the purchaser; very often they were bought to be re-sold through advertisements put on other trees in other areas, where the demand for the particular object or commodity was greater, and the supply less. There was now a small community of middlemen who were engaged in this kind of trading, without any shop or warehouse, using only a tree.

So I decided that one more notice would not make much difference. I wrote out in German a message to the effect that a British officer who spoke German would like the privilege of visiting, if he was still in Berlin at Christmas-time, a German family, the members of which had not been supporters of Hitler. I considered it necessary to add that I had no ulterior motive in asking for invitations, and I think I made it clear I was not interested in visiting Black Marketeers or "lonely girls", though I did not mention the facts specifically. I gave two copies of these notices to George, barman at the Hotel am Zoo, and instructed him to display them. An hour later he returned. On one notice there were four names, on the other five. They bore no prefix of *Frau*, *Fräulein*, or *Herr*. The neighbourhoods in which the people lived were varied, upper, middle and working-class districts being represented. One, Nikolanee Samuel, 5, Leopoldstrasse, Berlin, stated that he was half Jew. The others had German names. I closed my eyes and pricked three names, deciding that I could not hope to visit more, in view of the difficulties of moving about Berlin.

I decided not to write until after Christmas and to visit the three families without warning. The last thing I wanted was for these people to make any kind of preparations, to give me any kind of welcome except that which would come spontaneously from their hearts. I wished to see them as they were, representative German families spending their first Christmas in peace after six at war and twelve of dictatorship. I conjectured on why they had responded to my request, and tried to imagine what would have happened if a German officer had done the same thing, had the situation been reversed. I gave this up. One can never find logical reasons for the many strange things that happen in Berlin, and to try to imagine London in German hands was too fantastic.

The names and addresses I pricked were:

Drehme, Berlin-Charlottenburg, Pestalozzistrasse 27;
Pisarek, Berlin-Tiergarten, Werftstrasse 12a;
Ribbe, Berlin-Niederschönhausen, Walhallstrasse 24.

On *Heiliger Abend* (Christmas Eve) I set off to visit the first family. I took with me some cigarettes and chocolates, which I had received from the Middle East a few days before. Pestalozzistrasse was not easy to find, but at last I stood before a damaged five-storey building with paper and wood windows. My torch lit up the façade, revealing bullet-marks and shell-holes in the plaster. I entered the front door and began to climb creaking stairs, until I found the name Drehme on a paper card which had been stuck over the brass plate of a music teacher. I knocked several times before there was an answer, then I saw the bespectacled eyes of an old woman through the peep-hole in the door.

"Drehme?" I asked.

"Who is it?" she said.

"Will you open the door?" I suggested.

When the door was opened timidly there were three people, not one; two very old women and an old man. I suppose their ages were between 65 and 75. They were all small, bent, bespectacled, grey-haired and afraid. I produced the notice on which the name and address appeared in scrawling Gothic script, and they all stared at it in turn, saying the same thing: "Drehme, yes, that is so. This is the house, the number; yes, it is us."

"Are you all Drehme?" I asked one of the old women.

"I am named Panner, Anna Panner," she said. "I used to live in Schillerstrasse 43, but I was bombed out and was billeted here with this lady. She is Drehme." The lady indicated nodded in agreement.

"I am Josef Kreuzbowski," said the little old man. "I was bombed out three times."

"Will you come in?" the old ladies said in one voice. I heard each ask the other in turn who could have written the name on the tree notice. It was obvious that no one was going to admit it, though they were all pleased that I had come to break up the monotony of *Heiliger Abend.*

I was led into a small, icy-cold sitting-room filled with incredibly old, stuffed furniture, threadbare carpets, china ornaments and large fading photographs, all dating back fifty years. I noticed pictures of Bismarck and Wilhelm I, several cuttings, magazine pictures of cats of different types, all pinned to the wall.

"Not much like Christmas," said the old man. "Fact is there is only one thing to be glad about, and that is that we do not have to go running down to the damp cellars or the shelters every hour as we did last year. I lost my first wife after many years together because she got pneumonia through being all night in damp cellars up in Schillerstrasse. As she died she begged me to get married again to have someone to look after me. I did, last year. I buried that wife in the winter, pneumonia again, through the damp in the shelters. So many people died of that, old and young, almost as many as died of bombs."

Tears ran down his cheeks and the two old women spoke quietly to him.

"He is 78," said the lady named Panner.

I asked if they had enough food, and they took me to the kitchen to see for myself. They had a little tea in a tin, a large loaf, about three inches of sausage, two pounds of potatoes, a pound of flour, some saccharin tablets, a little powdered milk and many bottles of medicine, tablets, ointments and pills. In a drawer which they locked (Mr. Kreuzbowski had the key) there was a little sugar, and a liquid which might have been flour and water. The *Silvesterkarpfen* (carp), the goose stuffed with apples, the cream cakes and the *Bohnenkaffee* were things of the past. There was a covered dish on a shelf and the woman called Panner saw me looking at it. She took me on one side, and told me that she had always been a good cook, had earned prizes in the country for *Pfannkuchen*

and home-made marzipan. Now she had a recipe for *making Silvester-karpfen,* and she had made some for tea—an experiment.

"You have made carp?" I asked incredibly. "But you can't make fish."

"You'd be surprised what we have learned to make in Germany in the past twelve years," said the old lady. "Didn't we make rubber, wool, coffee, out of the most surprising things? Well, now we are making fish, using a bit of imagination. You *will* stay to tea and have carp? I must make very good carp for *Silvester-Abend.*"

The old lady's invitation was echoed by her two cronies.

"I can't eat your food," I said. "You have not enough."

"We have had enough of black bread, but not nearly enough cereals, fats or meat," I was told. "But you *must* have carp with us. Then you will tell your friends you had fish made by an old German grandmother on *Heiliger Abend.*"

The old man fussed and laid the table while I talked with him about the difficulties of life in Berlin.

He said they found it very difficult to keep warm with cardboard in the windows, and only a small amount of wood for fires; they were too old to go to Grunewald to chop down even a little tree.

The old man's main dread was pneumonia. "If any one of us gets it," he said, "there are two of us to look after the sick one. No one here takes any notice of you, no one asks after you. They don't even speak to you if they meet you on the stairs. Berliners, since the war, have got very bad."

He put four odd cups and saucers, and plates on the table; fragments of three different sets from which three families, whose single survivors now lived together, once ate and drank.

"We carried bits from one after another of four bombed houses, and in the end had almost nothing," he said. "Most of the furniture here belongs to a teacher of music who fled, leaving everything, during the heavy raids early in 1944. No one wanted to learn the piano then."

When the two old ladies came in they carried a pan containing what looked for all the world like four carp, their flat, oval bodies realistically shaped, with small tails and large gills. They were made out of a dough comprised of potatoes, flour and seasoning formed into the shape of the fish, and baked on both sides without fat. With the "fish" was *polnische* sauce, made out of cubes of black bread soaked in beer, and chopped onions and carrots with gingerbread seasoning. We ate almost in silence.

I asked them as I was about to go if they had children. Only Anna Panner had; a son who was missing, believed a prisoner of war in Russia. She last heard from him about the time of Stalingrad.

"This week there will be thousands of postcards from Moscow coming here from our sons," she told me. "It says so in *Das Volk.* Sixteen bags have already arrived. Perhaps there will be a letter from him. I *know* he is alive; perhaps someone is being kind to him this Christmas, far from his home."

Cabbages grow on what once was a shaven lawn, and above them is a Russian propaganda notice and red flags. The picture was taken in front of the Dom, Berlin's once magnificent cathedral.

Sitting on the knee of Ares, the god of war, in front of the now ruined Kaiser's palace, the author looks down on the wreckage caused by Germany's last war.

The Lord Mayor of Berlin (Dr. Arthur Werner) photographed at one of his daily talks with Major Lipnitzki, his Russian liaison officer.

The well-known conductor, Leo Borchardt, whom the author visited, is here seen (*sitting left*) with Paul Wegener (*centre*) and a Russian officer at a conference.

I gave them each a bar of chocolate, which I had brought in expectation of meeting children. They were indeed like children, except that the eager hands that closed over the sweet were bony and bloodless.

IV

The Pisareks lived on the third floor of a block of old flats in a street which, at first sight, appeared to have no one living in it. On the miserable stairs two children played. They stared at me incredulously. The flat was of three rooms, one boarded up, the others with windows open to the street, and as cold as a refrigerator.

Grandmother Pisarek, a shawl right round her face so that only her nose and eyes were visible, sat up in bed. She had a cold, and, because she had been in the habit of eating out at a small restaurant and had always to give up her coupons one week in advance, had no food at all. There were no *Adventskränze* such as are usually hanging in the hall, only a self-constructed one on the table in the sitting-room, a ring of evergreen with four candles stuck in the centre of a plate. The *Adventskränz* appeared on Advent Sunday and one candle was lighted on each of the succeeding Sundays, copper, silver, and gold Sundays as they were called, until *Heiliger Abend*, when the fourth was lighted.

And so it was lighted.

The Pisareks comprised three families; the wives of two brothers both missing on the Eastern Front, and their children, five altogether; Grandmother Pisarek, who never ceased to worry about her missing sons, her only children; and Grandfather Pisarek, who was not in evidence.

The two wives, both of whom were dressed in men's trousers for warmth, had obviously invited me as the result of a decision inspired by the elder, who spoke English with a few mistakes. They had obviously told the children that Father Christmas had been taken prisoner, but that a British officer might come instead, for I had not been in the flat many seconds before the two children who had stared at me on the stairs were kicking frantically on the door, and I heard them ask in a stage whisper if I were the emissary from the *Weihnachtsmann*.

In the dining-room was a fair-sized Christmas tree with small candles, cardboard figures, coloured glass globes and artificial frost. Several vases held large sprays of mistletoe; and twigs of evergreen had been arranged on the balcony rail outside the french windows. On a sideboard was an elaborate decoration—the story of the birth of Christ cut out of black paper by Grandmother Pisarek while lying in bed.

"We are so glad you come," said the Mrs. Pisarek who spoke English. "We used to know an English couple here before the war, and they visited us very often."

The prestige of the English stood very high in the Pisarek household. The English couple they had known had been charming, reliable, big-hearted and true friends of the *real* Germany. They wished for nothing more than to write to them; could I send a letter for them? It was

already written. They were all so glad that the British were in Berlin, and they (the Pisareks) were more than glad that they lived in the British sector. The British had not given the people more food for Christmas as the Russians had done in their sector, but it was safer to be in the British sector. One could go out to the cinema at night, and walk back alone knowing that one would not be *belästigt.*

Everyone sat at the table round the lighted candle on the *Adventskränz,* and we drank tea without sugar or milk, and they ate cakes like sugared bread. The children were as excited as any I had seen at Christmas, though they had been warned that it was still not sure whether there would be any presents.

After tea I was as surprised as the children when there came a sudden knock at the door.

"Come in," called the two women in one voice.

In came a small figure dressed in a shabby thin red gown, with red cap and beard. In one hand he carried a big birch, in the other a small bag.

"Pisareks?" mumbled the disguised Grandfather Pisarek.

"Yes," said the two women; and the children rose from the table and clutched at their mothers' trousers, their eyes fixed fearfully on the birch.

"I have some presents for you," said the *Weihnachtsmann.*

"Oh, good," said the elder Mrs. Pisarek. "The children are sad because the fox has stolen the goose."

Even into this innocent little ceremony the Germans have introduced a note of fear. The reason for the traditional *Rute,* or birch, which Grandfather Pisarek carried became evident as the children went up to him to take their small home-made gifts.

The children had to recite:

"Lieber, guter Weihnachtsmann,
Sieh mich nicht so böse an,
Stecke Deine Rute ein,
Ich will auch immer artig sein."

Before they received their little gifts they had to ask Santa Claus to put away his birch, and they had to promise they would in future be good. It struck me as strange that German tradition could have retained over the generations a reference to punishment at the height of the season of goodwill, when everyone desired nothing more than to see all children happy.

The presents were, with one exception, all articles from Post Exchange, the N.A.A.F.I. of the American services. Each child had a bar of chocolate called either "Seven up" or "So Big", marked clearly as having cost five cents (and not worth more than twopence in England), which the Pisareks had bought from American soldiers on the Black Market at 50 marks a bar, equivalent to 25*s.* The eldest girl had a bar of toilet soap, which had cost 40 marks, or £1, and the two women had

arranged for themselves to be left two packets of Chesterfield cigarettes, which had cost them together 200 marks, or £5.

"We sold something on the Black Market ourselves," explained one of the women. "If we did not do that we would not be able to live. We only get relief."

The children told me they had seen Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel* at the Staatsoper, and they were going to see *Der Räuber mit dem Zauberspiegel* on Christmas Day. They seemed completely unaware of the cold misery that was around them. These poor offspring of war years had no comparative faculty.

"They are really quite happy," said young Mrs. Pisarek. "After all, what have they been used to—no fathers, nights in cellars, bombs, fighting, not enough food. You can get used to anything."

"And I feel I can endure anything," said her sister-in-law, "now that the bombs have ceased."

V

My third visit revealed a large group of sufferers under Nazidom who were going to celebrate Christmas, not only because it was the first after years of war, but because it marked their own personal liberation from the Nuremburg laws, which had outlawed people who had married despite the racial disability of one partner. Numerous men and women who had been unable to marry owing to these laws, but who had lived secretly together and had had children over a period of nine and ten years, were getting married that Christmas to their erstwhile secret mates.

I went to Walhallstrasse in Niederschönhausen in the Russian sector to see the person who had signed "Rippe". The street is in a working-class area, and the buildings in it, instead of being tall apartment-houses, were small two-storey villas with front and back gardens. I found that Rippe—according to a brass plate on the door of an inner room, Frau Rippe—lived on the ground floor of a villa half destroyed by bombs. No one was at home, but I learned from a woman who lived in the cellar, because she had been bombed out of her rooms, that Frau Rippe lived with her 17-year-old son. I left a note expressing my regret that they were not at home, and left my address.

A few days later I received a letter from Frau Rippe. She wrote:

One cannot compare this Christmas with any but that of 1932, and before. In the years since, the children soon lost those lovely, simple beliefs; the childlike ingenuousness was soon taken away from them.

Among the gifts the children received were books which engraved in their hearts things which the years inevitably brought to reality—war, uniforms, guns. The children were at the same time alienated from the parents. Domestic life became nothing but a formality. The period of childhood legally ended at ten years. The child was soon a child no more. Hitler Youth taught its members to hate, not

to love. Those who withdrew from this life, or were not legally admitted had a lonely existence.

I have a son, his father was African by birth. My son was a mulatto, against whom the Nuremburg laws were applied. The result of those laws was that four years after the birth of my son in 1928, *everything changed, and my child and I had to live an isolated life, outcasts. The child did not feel what I had to suffer nor what I now suffer. Now that it is all over and we are free, I sense all the more what all those years of fear, sorrow and loneliness meant to me. I was for twelve years a person who owned a child against the Nuremburg laws. The multitude were Nazis; I had made it very easy for people to turn me aside. According to the law no one had to respect me, and no one did. The people who did that to me have not changed, though it may seem so. They are Germans without soul and without character.*

Mrs. Rippe was only one of the victims of the Nuremburg laws whom I met. Among these were Günter Keseker, of 115 Richardstrasse, Neukölln, Berlin; and Hildegard Dora Erna Dollin, of 5 Pannierstrasse, Neukölln, who had just married, to be greeted with flowers at the register office door by four of the five children the bride had already borne the bridegroom during their secret association.

The bridegroom, though he had been a victim of Nazi racial madness, had to join the army. His wife bravely maintained the "secret" home while he was away, but when her "husband" was taken prisoner she could turn to no one for help since she was not officially married.

When Günter was released from prison camp, he returned to Berlin to see his youngest child for the first time, to marry at last his "wife", to give recognition to his own children, and finally, this completing the happiness of the brave and faithful, to resume his duties for the municipality from which he had been dismissed by the Nazis.

Christmas for this family, as for Frau Rippe, was one they will long remember.

CHAPTER VIII

I

WHEN I went to Germany, I had addresses of a musician, the headmaster of a technical school, a clergyman, and of a professor of English who, just before the war, helped me, at the risk of losing his head, to save an important German citizen from the Gestapo. Added to these, later, was another name, that of a German baron, whose refugee niece I had met working as a barmaid in a small tavern in the German countryside.

I had agreed to try to find these people as and when my duties permitted, not because the friends and relatives had pleaded with me so earnestly—they knew that for a long time postal communications between Germany and the outside world would be impossible—but because I realized that those I was asked to visit would represent a cross-section of the Berlin population, and would enable me to study the circumstances of Germans at home, and learn of their experiences.

II

A friend in Shropshire had asked me to try to find a Mr. L. Borchard, who, in 1939, had been conducting a broadcasting orchestra in Berlin. I was furnished with three possible addresses, one of a music academy, which I could not find among the devastation in that part of the city. Said a policeman thoughtfully: "I think it was there, sir, or there. No, it was a little lower down—there, sir, where that girder is seen sticking up." He pointed through the deep jungle of twisted girders and broken stone.

My further enquiries revealed that Mr. Borchard had recently become an important man. He had been appointed conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra by the Allies, and when I found him he was rehearsing the orchestra at the Theater des Westens, which had miraculously escaped destruction on the badly damaged Kantstrasse.

I went into the dimly lighted auditorium, which was empty except for two or three cleaners, and saw Mr. Borchard rehearsing the orchestra in the *Adagio—Allegro molto e vivace* movement from Beethoven's No. 1 Symphony in C Major. Tall, well built, with greying hair—he resembled Raymond Massey—he was completely immersed in his work, and the eyes of the orchestra, their pale faces lifted towards his, and lit by the hard, white electric light, never left his baton.

I did not see a more impressive scene in all Berlin than that: a hundred odd men, poorly dressed by normal standards, with faces full of anguish and care, playing, time and again, with infinite care, a movement of a Beethoven symphony amid the chaos and the ruins of that shattered street.

When the rehearsal was over Mr. Borchard embraced me on hearing the name of his relative.

"So he is well? That is excellent." He chuckled. "So he worried about me. Well he might, with all the bombing, and"—his face darkened —"what happened at the end." And he told me: "I have lost everything, like most people. Everyone is wretchedly poor. Everyone must struggle all the time to keep alive this winter: they must sell anything. It will be a great ordeal, and thousands more must die."

"Did the orchestra escape entirely?" I asked, when we were in his retiring-room.

"Not entirely, but with the exception of six, it is the same orchestra that played under Sir Thomas Beecham in 1938 in London. One member was killed by a Panzer during the battle; two in air-raids after they had left concerts. Two committed suicide when the end drew near."

"And the instruments? Were any destroyed?"

"Stolen," he whispered. "The Russians stole some very valuable ones. Luckily we had others, not so good, stored away to replace them. They took five French horns and five trumpets, three trombones, two Wagner tubas, ten violins, and an English horn. I do not know what they wanted them for. It pains me more because I like Russia. I was born in Stalingrad, of German parents."

"They have fine musicians," I said.

He laughed.

"You tell me! You must come and hear our rendering of Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 5 in E Minor on Sunday. We are playing it at a special performance."

I agreed to come, and to visit him in his room before the performance, when he would give me a manuscript I wanted.

"By the way," I said, remembering the Wagner tubas that had been lost, "are you playing any Wagner?"

Mr. Borchard shook his head.

"You know that Wagner[1] is not played in Germany since the collapse. It is all so funny. Frau Winifred Wagner, the English wife of Siegfried, was a great friend of Hitler, and she it was who sent him the paper on which he wrote *Mein Kampf* in prison. Because of later events, Toscanini refused to conduct at Bayreuth Festivals. Oh, it was all so silly, but we do not now play Wagner."

"That I have noticed," I said. "It is not forbidden?"

"No, it is not forbidden, but the people do not want it played. Wagner's family and Hitler were great friends. Hitler tried to identify himself with Wagner and his music. People speak of likenesses between the two. Then there was Wagner's article '*Das Judenthum in der Musik*', in which he so criticized Meyerbeer. He thought the Jew must fail as an artist, because he did not belong to the *Volk*. Like Hitler, he was intensely German, also vegetarian, and his attitude to the French caused offence during the Franco-Prussian war. He once said that his object was 'to arouse the dormant powers of the German. This is almost more important than success of my undertaking in itself.' Well, whatever the reason, Wagner is 'off limits'."

[1] The first Wagner concert was given in the Russian sector on January 10, 1946.

"So, no more *Parsifal* or *Tannhäuser* or *Siegfried* for the time being?"

"It is a pity, no," said Mr. Borchard. "Of course, I conducted Wagner in many cities. I love his music. I want to conduct again *Tristan und Isolde*, *Das Rheingold*, and *Die Götterdämmerung*." He sighed. "So many of our opera-houses have been destroyed, and opera is part of our popular tradition. Yes, Wagner will soon come back, and I think it will be the British who will bring him back. We shall learn to forget what Hitler wanted us to remember, the *Metapolitik* of the legends of the Wagner operas, and we shall see his genius in a purer light.

"On Sunday, you must come and then write to England, and tell them how you liked my Beethoven and Strauss and Tschaikowsky. If you don't like the slow waltz just before the finale of Tschaikowsky's Fifth, or the passionate climax that follows—the highest of all Russian music —then I shall be sorry."

When I called again at the Theatre on Sunday and asked for the conductor, I was taken to a Professor Robert Hager.

"Where is Mr. Borchard?" I asked in surprise.

"Leo Borchard is dead," was the quiet reply. "He was shot dead only on Friday by an American sentry."

He had been in a car driven by a British officer after curfew time. The car had not stopped when challenged and the American had fired —that was all.

It was not easy to believe that in a few days after I had met him, Leo Borchard, who had worked so hard at his programme, was already dead and buried—buried after a makeshift funeral attended by his orchestra, who had now to play his programme without him.

I recalled what Borchard had told me, as I listened to the enchanting waltz before the finale of Tschaikowsky's Fifth. The players, dressed in black, looking still more heavily burdened with grief, played with such feeling that tears came to my eyes. I felt that the spirit of Leo Borchard was hovering over the crowded hall.

III

I was sitting in a small inn in the Westphalian village of Bünde in the quiet depths of the British zone, drinking watery German beer with Captain Edgar Ainger, a friend of mine, discussing his imminent release from the Army, when a pretty and buxom barmaid who had served us halted at our table.

"Did I hear you say, sir, you were going to Berlin?" she asked me in German.

A few months before I should have started guiltily if anyone, least of all a German, had overheard a conversation in which I had given away a military movement, and even now, I think, I blushed with shame. Though security in regard to movement was lifted, I still lived in the time when the journey of a recruiting officer on his bicycle constituted a military movement, betrayal of which was likely to help the enemy.

"Yes," I said, "I am going to Berlin," and I made a mental note of how sharp are the ears of people in inns; especially the delicate, well-shaped, round-lobed ears of this German barmaid, peering shyly under her thick flaxen hair.

"Oh, could you please go to visit a relative of mine?" Her eyes were blue and appealing, but I hesitated.

"It is important?" I asked.

"I have long since been separated from my family," she said, "and I would like to know if my relatives were alive after the battle of Berlin. I have not heard from them since before the collapse, and there is no way of communicating with them, and I cannot move from here. It is not allowed."

Captain Ainger's eyes encouraged me. I agreed to carry out this innocent mission.

Ten minutes later I was given a verbal message, and an address of the barmaid's uncle and aunt, the Baron and Baroness Althaus Bentheim, at a residence in Halensee, Berlin.

"Your aunt is a baroness?"

"Yes," she said. "Like many other girls, I have had to take any work I could. There are many of us stranded." She sighed. "It will be a long time before we find out who is living and who is dead. Brothers and fathers are either prisoners or fallen, mothers are separated from their children. I do not know whether a single relative is living."

Months after I arrived in Berlin, I had a few moments to spare following an official visit to a house in Halensee, so I decided to carry out the mission given me by the baroness barmaid in Bünde, and in doing so saw the misery of two cultured people, once rich, then poor as church mice, so typical of scores of other German titled families I was to meet later: barons, counts, and princes, some of them without shelter, others selling their personal belongings week by week to antique dealers to get food. The house had seven times been hit by Russian artillery, but it was still habitable.

Upstairs, I knocked on a door, which was opened by an old, grey-haired man in the rough, ill-fitting uniform of the *Volkssturm*, the corps which was rapidly augmented by men of 60 and boys under military age in the last days of Nazi Germany to help make road blocks and man barricades.

"Is the Baroness in?" I asked.

"His Excellency the Baron is in," said the man, with a bow. I was shown into a small bedroom that was poorly furnished, untidy and cheerless. Rain was falling heavily, and there was nothing to prevent it from coming into the building through the shell-holes and the glassless windows. There was a dampness about the room, which was dark and cold.

In bed lay the Baron von Althaus Bentheim, a sharp-featured, aristocratic-looking man of about sixty, obviously suffering from a serious illness. I gave him the message, omitting to tell him that his niece was serving as a barmaid.

"My niece!" he cried. "I am so glad to hear she is well. How very nice of you to have taken the trouble."

The baron explained that he was an aviator in the *Luftwaffe* in the First World War, was shot down into a gas attack on the Western Front, and wounded. The baroness had had to go away for a short time to get some potatoes in the country. It was a pity she was not there to receive me.

"I am alone here, except for my cat and my old servant," he said. "I am afraid everything is not as it should be."

I offered Baron Althaus Bentheim a cigarette, but he did not appear to see it. Then, when I touched his hand, he jumped and said: "I am sorry, I am blind. I was blinded in the gas attack in the last war."

It was obvious that he had not intended to tell me.

"I am sorry," I told him.

He nodded and smiled in that angelic way of blind people who do not know whether you are looking at them or not.

"I have been blind for twenty-nine years," he said, with supreme calmness. "That is what war meant to me. Therefore I was against war. It was mad, oh, so mad. They were all blind. Even *I* could see better than they."

"What have you done since 1918?" I enquired.

He told me his story. Despite his blindness he had taken up law and passed his examinations, enabling him to become the equivalent of a county court judge. He had been happy in that work, but since the collapse he had not been able to continue in it.

As I was leaving, he asked me if I could do for him what I had done for his niece in Bünde. Could I get in touch with another close relative from whom he had not heard for so long? I promised I would do my best, and he gave me an address, as the barmaid had done. It was the address of "His Highness the Prince Adolph zu Bentheim and Steinfurt" at Burg Steinfurt Castle; as I read the card, I began to realize not only how the war had broken up families, but how it had levelled all people throughout the land.

"He is living above the garage at his place, I hear," said the baron. "The military have taken over Burg Steinfurt."

And so, dodging rain that poured in through a hole above the stairs, I left with the message for the prince whose kinswoman was serving weak beer in a village inn.

IV

I went to the 700-year-old church of St. Anna's in Dahlem, Berlin, a church from which, in days of threatened cruelty and suppression, a voice spoke that was heard throughout the world. It was a sharp, rather metallic voice that seemed to have more logic than sentiment in it, a voice that had once expressed pride of its owner at being able to wear the Iron Cross for exploits as a U-boat commander, that had scorned the weak Weimar Republic (which many ignorant English democrats still

admire), that had been raised fearlessly against Hitler and the Nazi state. It was the voice of Pastor Martin Niemöller, and that was why, one wet, dark evening, I braved the elements to go a long way to Dahlem, with a message of congratulation from a Church of England padre and his congregation, who had heard of the pastor's charge of war guilt against the German people.

The night was cold outside, and no warmer indoors. There was no glass in the Gothic windows of the church, the belfry had been destroyed, the vaulted ceiling had lost its tiles. The church had in it many hungry, hopeless people who had lost all they had, and were groping for something to save them.

In the indifferent light, I saw their eyes raised to the lean, angular face of their leader as he read his text: For all flesh is as grass, it withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.

His sermon, given with restraint and calmness, lifted the hearts of the people. There were many deep sighs as we listened, and faces became brighter. At times the old church was so silent that one felt deep in the countryside instead of on the outskirts of shattered Berlin.

When the service was over I went to see Pastor Niemöller, who was staying near by in Cecilien Avenue, in the villa of a colleague, to deliver my message, and to add my tribute to so many that he had received since he had been made head of the Evangelische Kirchenrat's Office for Foreign Affairs.

Like all the others, the house had been damaged by bombs. The front door was reached by a flight of steps out of a neglected garden, and to attract the attention of the inmates, I had to ring a big handbell that was hung beyond a broken pane of glass.

I first encountered Heinz Hermann Niemöller, the pastor's 22-year-old son, who, even though his famous father was put in a concentration camp by the Nazis, fought for his country, and was three times wounded in Schlesien. His right arm was still in a sling. Heinz's elder brother was killed in action.

Heinz showed me into a small study, where Pastor Niemöller was putting the finishing touches to two sermons he had to deliver in his Dahlem church next day. The house was damp and cold, but he had a small electric fire, with one bar burning, on the desk in front of him. The window was broken and covered with a reredos. Two roses stood in a vase, and near by were woodcuts of a crucifix and Martin Luther. Through the window I could see the little round tower of his church at the other side of a wooded garden.

"How are you?" he said, with a nervous smile. "I am sorry you find me so busy."

He looked anything but a parson; a slightly built, wiry man with a thin, clean-shaven face permanently tanned. He wore an old suit of tweeds that hung on him, with collar and tie, and a blue pullover. He smoked the bitter dregs of an old pipe for which he had no fresh tobacco.

"I am here only for a few days," he said, after I had delivered my message, "but as this is the American sector I am going to apply for an

extension of my *Ausweis* for another week or so, as there is much work to be done." He pointed to his MSS. "I have to give three sermons in as many days."

I told him that I would see what I could do to help him to prolong his stay, and he thanked me tersely. He spoke sharply, wasting no words.

There have been many garbled versions of the fate of Martin Niemöller in the world Press during the war; but the real facts are, I learned, that he was arrested in Berlin, after several hints of trouble, on July 1, 1937, and "*wegen Verstosses gegen den Kanzelparagraphen*" sentenced to seven months' imprisonment in a fortress. He should have been released in February 1938, but Hitler kept him as his personal prisoner (*seinen persönlichen Gefangenen*) in concentration camps. For eight years Niemöller was imprisoned in various camps, and he was not freed until American troops overran Dachau, his last prison. As soon as it could be arranged, he came to his church at Dahlem for a *Dankgottesdienst.*

Before his career in church, Niemöller was a *Kapitänleutnant* in the First World War, and he wrote about his adventures in a book, *Vom U-boot zur Kanzel.* He intends now to write another on his experiences as Hitler's prisoner, and in this book he will, more clearly than any other German can, point out why the burden of war guilt lies on Germany.

As I left after an inspiring conversation in that chill little study, the lady of the house—it belonged to Pastor Denstaedt—whispered to me: "Next time you come, could you bring Pastor Niemöller some pipe tobacco? He keeps lighting his pipe, and it smells awfully."

I promised to see what I could do.

V

My fourth message—from a London schoolmaster—took me to the house of a man who had been a teacher before the war, but was now Berlin's leading citizen.

He was Dr. Arthur Werner, newly appointed *Oberbürgermeister* (Lord Mayor) of Berlin, and he entertained me in his pleasant, but bomb-damaged villa in the American sector. There had been a military order which forbade officers or men to visit German households. For that reason I was the first Allied officer the Lord Mayor had received in his house, and also the first person to bring him greetings from the outside world.

Frau Werner, stout and jovial, opened the door, and admitted me to the house through a maze of scaffolding. Her husband came limping into the hall, which was littered with stonemasons' tools, with outstretched hand.

"How nice of you to come," he smiled, and went on to apologize that he could not speak English. "You are the first Allied officer to visit us, and we are honoured. We invited some American officers last week, but they could not come because of the order."

He led the way, limping, into a comfortable lounge in which a table

had already been laid for tea, and bowed me into a chair between a picture of Napoleon and a bust of Bismark. When I glanced at the bust, he explained: "One of my sons did it; he's dead, killed on the Eastern Front fighting the Russians." He then nodded his large, nearly bald head to a photograph. "Another son, also killed on the Eastern Front," he said. Indicating another photograph, he added: "He is missing, a prisoner in Russia; the Russians are now trying to trace him, and bring him back." I found myself wondering what this son's thoughts would be when he heard that his captors had appointed his father the Lord Mayor of Berlin.

"Any other children?" I asked, as he smiled at me sadly.

"One other alive. My fifth son died here." He waved his hand round the bomb-damaged room, as though to dismiss the subject of his personal cares.

"And you were bombed out?"

He smiled again, gripped the lapels of his smartly-cut brown suit, and nodded.

"My wife and I were luckily not injured. It was the R.A.F., I think. The workmen have been repairing the house for months. They are thieves. They have stolen everything from my garden."

"But why haven't you done anything about it? As Lord Mayor you are also Chief of the Police."

Embarrassed, he stroked his thin white hair. "What can one do?"

I found myself wondering how this benign 68-year-old former schoolmaster and engineer was going to tackle the colossal task of reorganizing and rebuilding destroyed Berlin, if he could not keep his own affairs in order.

While Frau Werner poured out *ersatz* coffee and cut an enormous cake, the ingredients for which were obtainable nowhere in the city shops, Dr. Werner talked quietly and slowly in answer to my questions about himself.

He was born in Berlin on April 15, 1877, and was educated at the Friedrichs-Werdersche Realschule and the Andreas-Realgymnasium, where he passed his final examination with honours in March 1898. He studied law for one term, and then took up the study of constructional building, in which faculty he passed the State building examination in 1900. After further studies he entered the State service as a *Regierungsbauführer*, and worked at Potsdam and at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder on buildings since destroyed by the Russians. In 1932, having secured his degree of Doctor of Engineering, he began to build up a Technical High School which he had begun six years before, and trained many technicians and engineers who have been engaged on important buildings in Berlin, since destroyed. This school, after having been in existence for 35 years, was closed down by the Nazi authorities in April 1942.

"That was evidently because of my political views," explained Dr. Werner. "I was never a Nazi."

"Were you ever in concentration camp?" I asked.

"No, but on three occasions I narrowly escaped being sent to one," he replied. "As late as September 1944, the Gestapo searched my home,

and confiscated my entire correspondence. I was under suspicion of having been implicated in the July 20 plot against Hitler."

"And since 1942?"

"I have been engaged on my garden; it is a very big one. Now it is ruined. These workmen!" He shook his head sadly. "You should have seen my garden—eh, mother? It was lovely, wonderful."

Frau Werner nodded in agreement, but did not speak except to press me to eat some apple cake.

"How did you become Lord Mayor of Berlin?" I asked him.

"*Wie bin ich nun Oberbürgermeister von Berlin geworden?*" he repeated, smiling as if at some joke. "*Eines Tages hatte ich von morgens funf Uhr an in meinem Garten gesprengt. Ich war damit so ziemlich fertig, und wandte mich gegen sieben Uhr dem Eingang meines Hauses zu . . .*" And so Dr. Werner told me the story of his appointment, much with the air of someone narrating a detective story.

He was walking towards his house one day, and noticed a man standing in the street near to the garden gate. As Dr. Werner passed, the stranger called, "I am looking for Dr. Werner."

The stranger said he knew one of the doctor's former pupils, and said he wished to pass on his good wishes. The doctor invited the stranger into the garden, where they both sat down near a cabbage patch. After a conversation in which the man asked the doctor many personal questions without revealing his business, he said: "I would like you to come and see a friend of mine. I will bring a car here at ten o'clock."

The car came and Dr. Werner, although there was much lawlessness in Berlin at this time, it was shortly after the capitulation, trusted himself to the stranger, who drove him to a house in another part of Berlin. There he met another man who also asked him many other personal questions, at the end of which he said suddenly: "Now I should like to introduce you to Major-General Bersarin of Russia, the Town Commandant of Berlin. You will have to wait."

Dr. Werner waited for hours before Major-General Bersarin entered the room, surrounded by several other Russian officers.

"I want to ask you to be the Lord Mayor of Berlin," Major-General Bersarin said to Dr. Werner. "Will you accept?"

And so the doctor-turned-gardener became Berlin's first post-war Lord Mayor, and was immediately sworn in, together with the entire Berlin *Magistrat*, in a barrack-like building near the gutted Rathaus in the Alexanderplatz.

"*So also bin ich Oberbürgermeister der Stadt Berlin geworden,*" smiled Dr. Werner with childlike innocence.

Then he looked at the bust carved by his son who had been killed fighting the Russians, and stopped smiling.

"And your office is in the Russian sector?" I asked.

The doctor nodded. "Yes," he said. "We on the *Magistrat* think of the Russians as our saviours, not as our enemies. If it had not been for the Russian Army, then we should never have been liberated. True, my sons were killed"—and here he looked sadly at his wife—"but they were

fighting for their country exactly as you fought for yours. It was all a terrible thing."

"You have a big task ahead of you?" I suggested.

"Yes, but we have done much already. You should have seen the city immediately after the battle. You could not move for débris. The sewers are now all right in nearly the whole of the city, the water is running again, although it is poisoned. We have to try to make the houses fit for the winter. We must get glass—in fact we *shall* get glass. We must also see to it that there are no more epidemics; but I think that we shall pull through. The Russians helped us wonderfully right from the start, and they are still helping us. The proof of that lies in the fact that we are alive. If they hadn't brought us food, we should all have starved, for there was no food in the city after the battle was over. No one must forget that."

"You are satisfied with the rations the people are now getting?" I asked him.

"Do have some more cake," Frau Werner pressed me.

"They get enough bread," said Dr. Werner after some consideration. "They need meat. There is not enough of that because the Nazis killed most of the cattle in Eastern Europe. They also should have more fats, but I think they will pull through. There are a lot of pessimistic judgements about the Battle of the Winter, but I think we will be all right. The Russians will help, and so will the British and the Americans."

"What do the people think of the Russians?" was my next question, knowing that few Berliners had a good word to say for them.

"The Nazis made them out to be devils," he said, "but now the Russians are here the people realize how those stories were exaggerated. The Russians have given us millions of Reichsmarks, food, petrol, lorries, motor-cars. They were keen from the start to reopen the schools, and implant in the minds of the youth the right ideas of democracy. They are very nice to us. My wife and I have been to the cinema with their zone commander to see a Russian film. The way is clear for re-education, because most Germans now realize that their country started the war, and has caused great suffering to nations which were not at all to blame."

By the time tea was over I felt that Dr. Werner erred on the side of being over-optimistic, and that he had little idea of the seriousness of the situation in which Berlin found itself. I ventured to suggest as much, but when I saw Dr. Werner later, at Easter in 1946, I apologized.

"People exaggerated the position," he said. "I know people said that Berliners would die in hundreds of thousands, but I did not share their view. Thousands did die. Thousands more were very seriously ill. But the German is a hardy animal, and thanks to his own resistance and endeavours, and to what the Allies did, the Battle of the Winter was won—a victory over dirt, disease, famine and despair. Of course, there is always the next winter."

The sun was shining in and around Dr. Werner's garden, there was spring blossom and flowers; the air was full of the promise of summer. The old doctor smiled confidently.

"And I will say this further," he said. "Berlin will rise again, and so will Germany, a Germany believing in justice and peace: it will rise again before most people think."

VI

My final errand was to search for Mr. Amandus Elden, the man who had helped me in Berlin before the war.

His house, I thought, had been near to the Tiergarten, filled at night with the sweet smell of summer flowers.

The Lützow Canal, over which I went, yielded the only smell that prevailed now, the stench of dead bodies in water. The Tiergarten was a blasted heath with trees stunted and torn as if by a tornado, and the nearby monument, erected by William I to celebrate the 1871 victory over the French, mounted the French tricolour, and was bespattered with scornful Russian bullets.

The house was razed to the ground, but a small board on a stick gave the whereabouts of some of its erstwhile inhabitants.

I traced one after an hour's search. She said: "Go see Meyer, head waiter at the Adlon. He will know where your friend is. He knew them well."

I went along the Charlottenburger Chaussee, Hitler's East-West axis, on which I had seen so many pompous Nazi parades. The road was pitted by mortars. Instead of blazing Nazi banners every ten yards, there were red flags and a red-draped saluting base adorned by massive drawings of Churchill, Stalin and Truman. In the garden at the back a man was digging for roots to eat. Women were trying to cut down trees too large for them. Stray children were picking up splinters of wood blown by shellfire from once graceful trees.

I found the Adlon just beyond the Brandenburger Tor, historic gateway to Berlin, with its six Doric sandstone columns reminding one of the Propylaea in Athens. Just beyond was the Russian sector marked by a colossal painting of Joseph Stalin in marshal's uniform, complete with medals and orders and mounted with red flags, red stars and the inevitable hammer and sickle. It stood out as the only orderly arrangement amid a desert of blackened walls and rubble. To the left was the Reichstag, Germany's House of Commons before Hitler, a bullet- and shell-shattered ruin. The great columns and even the guardian knightly statues were scarred with the names of Russian soldiers, a maze of defiant Cyrillic letters cut into the sooty stone. There were also messages of love, some epitaphs, some aggressive war cries, and claims for the supremacy of the Russian New Order. This was the most tragic of all sights, this £1,000,000 structure built by Wilhelm III.

I smiled grimly. My woman informant had not been down there since the battle. The Adlon near by was a burned-out shell, its windows blackened and yawning sockets. Inside, I could see twisted pieces of the brass bar-rail on which I had leaned in the Nazi years, broken bottles,

fragments of electric fittings, a lift which looked as if it had been struck by lightning, and masses of broken ornaments.

"They are open at the back," an American told me. "Several rooms." I could scarcely believe it. The place was so devastated, one would not have expected a bird to nest there.

The American took me round into the Wilhelmstrasse, and showed me the particular gap in the ruins which would lead me over heaps of rubble to the small service stairs, and the only inhabited corner of the Wilhelmsstrasse. "Keep going," he said. "Don't give up even if it does seem no one could live there."

The hotel was still carrying on business; I found at the end of my search the only activity in that once most important street in all Germany. A sign said "Adlon Hotel—restaurant, single and double rooms, conference rooms, 5 o'clock tea."

I wandered through the wreckage of that part of the Adlon in the Wilhelmstrasse, with its ghosts of Hitler, Goebbels, Hindenburg, Bismarck, and countless diplomats. There was a heavy silence, as on a battlefield days after the fighting is over. Not a thing moved, not a whisper was to be heard. Everywhere there was chaos, ruin, the awful suggestion of slaughter.

The service stairs led to a narrow red-carpeted corridor not wide enough for two people to pass, and a door unexpectedly led into a small room packed with tables, at which sat people eating lunch. The room was poorly furnished, though it had two paintings by the Brueghel brothers to relieve the drabness. There was not even a suggestion of erstwhile grandeur. Through the window I could see the ruins of Goebbels' house in a garden that was now a wilderness.

A boy came to me. He wore a white jacket that was torn, and shabby dress-trousers.

"Is Herr Meyer here?" I asked.

"The head waiter?"

"Yes."

"He has left," said the boy.

"Where has he gone?"

"We do not know, but will you speak to the new head waiter?"

Herr Hörning, Adlon's new head waiter, bowed, and revealed a frayed collar. He was very polite. He knew the man whom I sought, but had not seen him since "the end". He produced a *Speisekarte*, as to the manner born. "What would the *Herr Oberst* have?" I saw that Germans could have three dishes *à la carte*, but that all I could have was *ersatz* coffee.

There was cabbage soup at one and a half marks, *Kohlrüben Hamburger Art* (which was turnip) at four marks with two hundred potato and five fat points, and tinned fruit with vanilla sauce for one and a half marks, making seven marks. There was one alternative "meat" dish (which a German can have only twice a week on his ration cards) which cost six and a half marks. It was *Wiener Hackbraten*, with mixed vegetables, and one has to surrender two hundred potato points, five fat points and a hundred meat points. The evening meal could only be taken from three

o'clock to six o'clock, and it was even more simple than the early lunch —*Kohlrüben* again, but this time *bürgerliche Art*, at four marks.

The food was only for Germans with coupons, so I ordered an *ersatz*-coffee, and amused myself looking round the room. There were two Russian girls at the next table, who approached nearer to the bourgeois standards in clothes and personal adornments than any I had seen under the Bolshevik regime. They wore rings, brooches and wristlet watches, though of what origin I do not know. They were dressed in dark costumes which were stylishly and tailor made, artificial silk stockings and high-heel shoes. Neither carried handbags, nor were their nails polished, faces powdered or lips painted. They talked in quiet tones and seemed to ignore the other guests, but took a noticeable interest in my presence. Guests included several groups of Red Army officers, one of Germans with a Red Army officer as their guest; several of Germans, obviously *Magistrat* administrative officials. There were also six or seven couples, civilians. It was not possible to tell their nationality. Some of these people had packets of Lucky Strike and Camel cigarettes on their tables.

Hörning, during his free moments, talked to me about the "good old days" before the war. Now they had only fifteen bedrooms, and some of those had no carpets. The rooms were occupied mostly by Russian officers. The Russian Army was strict. The police came to the hotel twice a night to check up whether the Russian guests had girls in their rooms. Sometimes there had been trouble. The other rooms were occupied by municipal officials sent by the Russian *Kommandatura*.

Hörning looked at the two Russian girls and whispered: "The hotel was in good order on May 2. Then the Russians set fire to it. The fire was dreadful. We could have put it out but we were afraid we should be shot, so it had to burn. Luckily these two rooms and the bedrooms and kitchen were saved."

I found Mr. Elden, after a long search, at Odenwaldstrasse, Friedenau. He was so changed I could scarcely recognize him as the man who just before the war, at the risk of death to himself, had saved an important German woman from much suffering at the hands of the Nazis. I stayed only a short time at his house because I had another appointment, and promised to return at a later date.

Before I could go back Mr. Elden's daughter came to see me, and then I realized I had been followed from the Adlon.

Her father had gone to Stendal in the Russian zone with his niece to visit some relatives, and had been arrested by the Russians.

"Did they have Russian passes?" I asked.

"Everything," Miss Elden replied.

"Why were they arrested then?"

"Because my father is thought by the Russians to be a spy for the British."

"How do you know that?"

"Through my cousin," she said, and she pointed to a 22-year-old girl who was waiting near by. "My cousin has come to warn you."

So I listened to an incredible story, which exemplified the Russian suspicion about her Allies which has in so many different ways polluted the Berlin air.

Mr. Elden and the girl had gone into a tailor's shop in Stendal, and after they had been there for a short time two captains of the O.G.P.U. and a Russian N.C.O. had come in, arrested them both, and taken them to a lonely farm on the outskirts of Olverstaedt, near Magdeburg. Mr. Elden was put in the cellar and the niece locked in a bedroom. They had been kept for ten days, during which they were often questioned. The day before the niece was released, she and her uncle had had the chance to talk for a moment. He had told her to go to see me at all costs, and tell me that the Russians were convinced that he was employed as a spy for the British Intelligence Corps, and that he had been asked time and again to give the name of the British officer who had been to his house. He had had to give my name.

The two girls were living alone in Friedenau, and were anxious for me to help secure the release of Mr. Elden.

Anthony Mann, Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who heard the girl tell her story, suggested a telephone call to a certain Berlin department.

"I am sorry," said the departmental head, when the call was made, "we can do nothing. Such cases are happening nearly every day."

It was not until the middle of January 1946 that Mr. Elden was released, after five and a half weeks of close confinement in a cellar of the farmhouse. He told us he had been accused of being a British agent, and, under the threat of execution—he was taken before a firing-squad in the cellar and the order was read out—he was compelled to give the O.G.P.U. agents who daily interrogated him my name as that of "the senior officer who had visited him at his house".

They had questioned him for hours on our association, and written my name in the recorded statements, Elden said, hundreds of times. Finally they had proposed that he should go back to Berlin and work for the Russian O.G.P.U., and, by making some excuse, persuade me to accompany him across the frontier into the Russian zone.

Mr. Elden, who looked pale and ill—he had lost fifteen pounds in weight—was released as the result of overtures made by the famous Berlin surgeon, Professor Sauerbruch.

The full details of his story cannot, for obvious reasons, be given, although it affords the best example of Russian distrust of the British, which I had up to then encountered.

BOOK II

INQUEST ON HITLER

CHAPTER I

I

Is Adolf Hitler dead?

If so, how did he die?

These two questions, even at the end of 1946, were still not answered to the satisfaction of some jurists in the Allied Armies of Occupation, and may never be so answered. Officially the British Army of the Rhine, through its Intelligence branches, stated categorically in October 1945, without anyone having seen the body, that Hitler was dead, and described how, when and where he had died.

The United States Intelligence Service maintained a discreet silence, although they produced considerable evidence which contributed to the conclusion reached by the British authorities.

The attitude adopted by the Soviet Union was dictated by the Minister of Political Reticence. Although the Red Army had captured the Reichs Chancellery, and their Intelligence Service was in sole charge of the air-raid shelter in which Hitler was known to have lived directing the battle, and although the Russians had captured several relevant witnesses, who had been in Hitler's bunker, they made no official pronouncement on the subject. For them Hitler might never have existed.

In the absence of a categorical Quadripartite statement on this fundamentally important matter, it is impossible to know whether the Four Powers think that Hitler is dead or not. Certainly, so far as the Germans are concerned, some statement ought to be made with the full weight of the Control Council; until the possibility of his reappearance is eliminated from the superstititious German mind there will exist the greatest obstacle to spiritual de-Nazification.

The Germans who survived the Battle of Berlin were almost unanimously of the opinion that Hitler was still alive. The statement made by the British Intelligence Service did not have the desired effect. The belief in the ex-Führer's existence grew instead of diminished with the passing of the months, so much so that, out of twenty educated Berliners whom I questioned overtly on the subject on Easter Sunday, April 20, 1946, only one thought Hitler was dead. The other nineteen betrayed that they were conscious of the fact that it was their Führer's birthday. They were convinced he was alive, and spoke of him with anything but reproach. I found also that children, who are usually a good guide to the beliefs of adults, almost without exception spoke of Onkel Adolf as a living being.

A new feature in this belief was where Hitler was supposed to be hiding. In the summer of 1945 I had been told he was in Spain, South America and other unlikely places, but now another hide-out was mentioned. He was with the *Edelweiss*, an illegal organization well known to exist, and he was in the wild mountainous area that extends from the Alps on the Swiss frontier to the Tyrol in Austria, where thousands of *Wehrmacht* troops, calling themselves *Edelweiss*, retain their wartime formations, stores, equipment and munitions and live high up in the mountain fastnesses.

II

The first clue to Hitler's alleged fate was obtained by the Canadian Army. A German policeman, Hermann Karnau, aged 32, gave himself up to a party of troops in Wilhelmshaven, stating as his reason for doing so that he wanted to obtain proper documents from the Allies. This action was curious in view of the fact that he was well known in Wilhelmshaven, where he had been a member of the town's criminal police.

Karnau stated that he had been a guard at the Reichs Chancellery in Berlin until May 2, when he was given permission to leave his post because the Russians were closing in. He passed through the Russian lines in disguise, stating that he was a Dutchman returning home. He said that he had been a member of the second ring of guards round Hitler since 1944, when he was at the headquarters in East Prussia and at Berchtesgaden. He came to Berlin in March 1945.

Towards the end of April, the Chancellery servants told him that Hitler had married Eva Braun, to whom guards always referred as "E.B.", at Berchtesgaden. Soon everyone had heard of the rumoured marriage. The German policeman went on to tell a story which I personally do not believe. He said that while he was in the Chancellery grounds on April 30 he met Eva Braun, who was in a state of great agitation. She was crying: "I would rather die here. I will not go away." Karnau described his efforts to placate the girl, calling her Fraülein Braun. "Then," Karnau said, "she turned to me and said, 'You may call me Frau Hitler now.'" (The date on the marriage contract was April 22.)

Karnau explained that in the last days of the Battle of Berlin the artillery fire was so accurately directed on the Chancellery grounds that all the guards were permitted to go through Hitler's bunker to avoid taking undue risk. While making such a journey on May 1, at about 4 p.m., Karnau declared that he was confronted by Hitler, who came out of one of the rooms into the corridor. This, he said, was the last time he was in Hitler's presence, until, two and a half hours later, he saw two bodies, of Hitler and Eva Braun he thinks, lying in the grounds about two metres from the emergency exit. Karnau described this scene with a wealth of detail.

"I looked later into the Chancellery yard," he said, "and saw the two,

Hitler lying on his back with his knees slightly drawn up, Eva Braun beside him with her face down. Both bodies were on fire, but that did not prevent me recognizing them." Karnau added that near by there were four empty jerricans which he had brought to the bunker earlier in the day. These jerricans were still there when I visited the Chancellery yard and there were charred remains on the ground.

The policeman went on to describe the investigations he made on the spot. He looked in the bunker and found it empty. After a search he met Sturmbannführer Schedle, a staff officer, who told him, "The Führer is dead and burning."

Under cross-examination Karnau stated that on about April 23, a party from the Reichs Chancellery was driven to the Tempelhof Aerodrome from where they went by aeroplane, destined for Bavaria.

The story of Hitler's death was told to the American Army by Erich Kempke, who, with the rank of *Obersturmbannführer* (Lieutenant-Colonel), was officer commanding the Motor Pool at the Reichs Chancellery, and Hitler's favourite driver. In July 1946, he also told some of the same story at the Nuremburg trials.

"On April 30, 1945, at 1400 hours," Kempke told American Security Officers (and he did not budge from the main outlines of his story in two months of cross-examination), "I received a telephone call from S.S. Sturmbannführer Guensche, one of Hitler's personal adjutants, ordering me to report immediately to the *Führerbunker* [Leader's air-raid shelter] with 200 litres of petrol. I reported to the *Führerbunker* at 1500 hours and was met by Guensche. Guensche said to me: 'The Führer is dead. He has shot himself,' and Guensche indicated that Hitler had shot himself through the mouth."

Kempke went on to say that Hitler's personal servant and another man left Hitler's private room at that moment, carrying what seemed to be Hitler's body wrapped in a grey army blanket. The head and body were completely covered and there were no traces of moisture or blood to be seen. Kempke said he recognized Hitler's black, low-cut shoes, black socks and black trousers, visible under the blanket.

"At the rear came Reichsleiter Bormann," declared Kempke, "and he was carrying Eva Braun."

"How could you tell she was Eva Braun?" he was asked.

"The body was not covered and it was easy to recognize her," he said. "Her face was unchanged, and her mouth was half open. The left side of her dress was moist, and had a dark stain on it.

"Bormann paused and looked helplessly around him, so I took the body from him, and carried it to the bottom of the stairs leading to the emergency exit. Guensche then came down and we met. He took Eva Braun's body from me, and carried it upstairs."

Kempke said he saw both bodies lying side by side in a shallow ditch. Bormann, Goebbels and Guensche, and Hitler's servant were standing near by. Kempke helped to pour petrol on the two bodies, he said, and Guensche set fire to them.

"As the flames leapt up all those present stood to attention and gave the last Nazi salute, afterwards hurrying back to the shelter."

The first Allied officer to reach the Reichs Chancellery was Major Feodor Platanoff of the Red Army, who on May 2, in the closing stages of the Battle of Berlin, led a storming party of infantry across the grounds to the entrance to Hitler's bunker. Major Platanoff stated that there was a body in the garden near the bunker, that it was not Hitler's, "but a very bad double". He said that his men buried the body in the garden. It had already been half burned.

When asked if he thought Hitler was dead, Platanoff shook his head.

"I think he escaped," he said.

Before the assault was made, the Reichs Chancellery was stormed by artillery and mortars.

At midnight on April 30, when the Red Army had surrounded Central Berlin, a group of Nazi officers arrived under a truce flag at the Soviet headquarters, then in the Friedrichstrasse, saying that they had come from General Weidling, the recently appointed Commander-in-Chief of all German forces in Berlin, with authority to ask for an armistice between the Russian Government and German Government under Dr. Goebbels.

The offer suggested that Hitler no longer existed, and is consistent with the statement that he committed suicide at 2.30 p.m. that day. Certainly it did not appear that he could be at his headquarters or in Berlin.

The Soviet Commander replied that he would only consider an unconditional surrender. The Nazis returned to their lines, and the battle continued until next day.

During the night of May 1 there was heavy hand-to-hand fighting in the Wilhelmstrasse, and the streets which led off it, and the Russians secured the Chancellery. It was the last fortified place in the city to fall. Early on May 2, General Weidling broadcast an order to all German troops in the city to lay down their arms, and two of the armies of Marshal Zhukov's command met and celebrated victory beneath the Brandenburger Gate.

It does not seem that the Russian Intelligence Service grasped the real importance of the Chancellery in the first days of victory. True, everyone knew that it had been Hitler's seat of government, and it was not long before large cases of files and other documents were removed, and put under guard. But there does not seem to have been any systematic effort to find out what had happened to the man who led a group of conspirators towards the goal of dominating the world, and who might have escaped to lie for years in hiding, then to emerge and call the German people to action. It is certain that if, within a few hours of the capture of the Chancellery—it soon became the happy hunting-ground of service looters—a group of Scotland Yard detectives had been given the run of the place, assisted with one or two finger-print and forensic medicine experts, there would never have been any Hitler mystery at all. If

Hitler and Eva Braun had died there some proof would certainly have been found.

However, it was weeks before the work of investigation was seriously undertaken, and then it was too late to learn anything conclusive.

III

Mongol Russian sentries in filthy, unpressed uniforms were on duty outside the Chancellery when I visited it in the company of a Russian Intelligence officer soon after the Allies entered Berlin. They saluted and grinned as they always do, then leaned against a partly shattered wall.

I could not help recalling a very different scene in June 1939, when I saw Hitler leave the Chancellery in his great Mercédès car, accompanied by his faithful Goebbels, to go to Berchtesgaden. The smart Prussian Guards stood as though turned to stone, the drums rattled out in a fine tattoo, and, with great precision, the Führer's standard was lowered even before the sound of the car's engine was out of earshot.

The deafening chorus of *Sieg Heil!* echoed again in my ears. I saw the excited crowds stretching right back to the now ruined Kaiserhof Hotel, heard the admiring applause, saw the looks of hero-worship on the faces of man, woman and child. Now there were Mongol sentries, and on their shabby sentry-boxes were pornographic drawings in white chalk.

The Germans who were near trod cautiously over heaps of débris, among which lay dozens of iron crosses, taken by looters from Hitler's medal mint. They scarcely raised their eyes to look on the building which had been constructed by 10,000 men only a few years before, and from which Hitler had thought he was going to rule the world. Not one of them would have admitted now to having been a Nazi. None existed.

I could also hear a hoarse voice at the opening of the building on January 9, 1939, a voice which was saying proudly that the place would outlive many centuries and would be a standing witness to the achievements of the new Great Germany. There, Hitler boasted, he would represent the German people.

Even if a thousand sorcerers had told him that the Reichs Chancellery would come within range of enemy bombers within less than five years, and that in the end his enemies would search for his bones amid its ruins, he would not have believed it. But on January 3, 1945, it was bombed for the first time by the R.A.F., and such considerable damage was caused that Hitler did not attempt to have it repaired; and that day the Russian officer and I were, in fact, looking for his bones.

"Did you ever see such a mess?" asked the Russian officer, and there was a gloating inflection in his voice. "Just think of it, think of the many diplomats, the puppet heads of States and their ambassadors who came in here just before and during the war, trembling with fear of what Hitler was going to say to them."

"How are the mighty fallen," I said. There never was in history such a clear example of the futility of arrogance or the dangers of aggression.

We climbed over fallen masonry, splintered timber, rain-sodden books and broken statues to enter the mosaic hall, its floor knee-deep in débris.

"Here," said the Russian, halting, "the Axis pact was signed. The Axis pact that was to lead to the conquest of all non-Nazis and non-Fascists, and which led, precisely, to this . . ."

The Axis had broken, and the mighty hall in which it was signed had become a ruin. Red upholstered furniture, broken and burned, lay about the floor of inlaid gold mosaic. A massive Swastika, at which two heavy gilded eagles clawed savagely, lay amid broken glass, brass fittings, shattered marble and the remnants of a moulded ceiling. Two enormous crystal chandeliers hung from the roof, the one resting on the floor, the other a few feet from it. Everything had been new and fine, from the smallest wall-fitting to the largest of the marble pillars.

We went solemnly round the room collecting papers that seemed to us important, some of them personal letters of members of Hitler's staff but most of them official documents relating to the war. Russian, engineers had already removed the steel door of a safe. Smaller rooms, libraries, studies, filing offices and the like, revealed secrets which, a few months before, would have sent three Cabinets into immediate deliberation, but which now, in the twilight of Hitler's fallen capital, were valueless except to the historian.

In Hitler's smaller library, there was a sight which could be called symbolic. Strewn about the floor, amid small personal things which he had used daily, were books by Nietzsche, H. S. Chamberlain, Rosenberg, Treitschke, Mueller, Novalis, Fichte and Schoenerer—fitting intellectual food for the megalomaniac would-be world conquerer. Two or three lay open in an evil-smelling corner, but those who had opened them had not wanted to read. A few pages had been torn out of one book—it was Spengler's *Men and Technics*—and on the next page my eye caught the words: "That to such beasts as we, eternal peace would be like intolerable boredom . . ." I showed this to my Russian friend, and he howled with laughter.

"See here," he said, wiping tears from his eyes, "it is all so magnificently ironic. See . . . books on Barbarossa, on Charlemagne, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, even Hindenburg's *Aus meinem Leben.* Is life not funny?"

In another room there were many photographs, among which we recognized Adolf Kirdorf, Thyssen, Stinnes, Voegler, and a few Nazis whom I was to see a short time later at the Nuremburg Major War Criminal Court: Goering, Ribbentrop, Raeder. . . . Everywhere in this shattered temple to a discredited ideology, there were ghosts of men who had gambled on one card and lost.

IV

The large once ornamental garden to which we gained access through glassless french windows was a garden no more. It was like a

A secret picture, which Hitler declined to have published, showing him as he was never depicted publicly in Germany, with a girl on each arm—Eva Braun, whom he allegedly later married, on his left, and her sister, Margareta, on his right. Also in the picture is General Fegelein, on Margareta's right, whom she married and who was later shot; Frau Braun, on right, and Hoffman, Hitler's photographer, extreme right. Apart from Himmler, seen in the background, the guests are people of small bourgeois families such as that to which Hitler himself belonged.

Major-General Bishop at the licensing ceremony of a German newspaper in the British zone.

"Old stuff"—that is the sign this barrow bears. The head of Hitler is from a broken statue in the Chancellery.

battlefield, strewn with respirators, bandages, steel helmets, shells, broken weapons, bloody uniforms, water-bottles, and broken furniture. It was also a cemetery, for the bodies of 160 soldiers and civilians, men, women and children, who had died violently by poison or bullet or shell, were there in new, unmarked graves.

The trees which had been planted there by Hitler were blasted, the terraces where he used to walk on quiet evenings when the daily round of the Wilhelmstrasse was over, and that street of evil quiet and deserted, were pock-marked with mortar and artillery shells. Everywhere there was a smell of death and decay.

We went carefully across the garden, halting every few yards to examine something of interest—a length of film, a bunch of keys, a file of documents; articles of male and female clothing ("May be those of Hitler and Eva," smiled the Russian incredulously), copies of Hitler's speeches, law books, more photographs, sports equipment, one or two English detective stories, a picture of a girl in a bathing costume. . . .

An insignificant block of concrete, inlet with substantial steel doors, the hinges of which had been burned off with acetylene blow-lamps, led down to Hitler's elaborate air-raid shelter, so deep below the ground that no bomb used in Europe could have penetrated its walls. Beside the entrance was a concrete look-out, and, not far away, two or three concrete pillboxes with weapon holes looking to the back entrance. Other fortifications were only half-finished, and had obviously never been used.

We went down several flights of steps into the dark bunker, where Hitler lived during the fateful days between the beginning of the great Russian offensive from the Oder on April 16, and the time of his escape or death. Here he issed orders to an already crushed army, here he castigated friends whom he accused of deserting him, sacked one army leader after another, and appointed new ones. Here it was that he received his last commander, General Weidling, on April 29—or was it his own double?

In the Russian film of the Battle of Berlin which the Russians showed the German audiences, Weidling is clearly to be seen exhibiting how strangely Hitler behaved during that meeting. Weidling refers to Hitler as being "almost unrecognizable", although that remark might have been applied to his strange behaviour arising from his agitation, and not to his appearance.

We stood for a moment in the dark, and a heavy silence fell around us. Certainly battle could have waged above, bombs could have fallen, shells could have crashed into the Wilhelmstrasse, and still nothing would have been heard in that sepulchral place. It was not difficult to visualize the confusion and depression of the last agonizing days of battle among people surrounded by the threat of death, who already had poison capsules in their pockets.

The timber was scorched black, the floor was covered with three inches of water. Each of the several rooms adjoining, without passages,

was small, with a low roof, and the furniture, now scarred by fire, was mass-produced.

No fire had burned in Hitler's room, a room in which, according to reports, Hitler and Eva Braun had spent a fantastic Wagnerian honeymoon before they committed suicide. On a broad settee, its upholstery covered with brocade decorated with leaping antelopes and mediaeval warriors in Russian top-boots, there were clear signs of blood.

My Russian friend and I examined the settee carefully. The signs were consistent with someone who sat in the corner of it having committed suicide by shooting, for the blood had run down the three-inch square arm of the settee and dripped on to the floor, where there were dark stains. On the wall were several splashes of blood, which could have been accounted for by a wounded head having come into contact with it.

We searched the room minutely and found nothing more than a hairpin and a few sheets of notepaper.

Near by was the blood-stained room where Goebbels and his wife and six children were reported to have died.

The most interesting part of the bunker was, however, Eva Braun's bedroom, with its adjoining bathroom. The bedroom had in it a double bed, a cabinet full of cosmetics and drugs, a mirror, table and chairs. The bathroom was complete with all fittings, most of them obviously new, and on the chromium-plated rails were towels marked A.H.

That a woman had lived there was evident. Little wisps of loose hair which had come out in combing lay on the floor, and there were other hairpins and two empty powder boxes. Was it possible, one thought, that any woman, living in that deep, silent place, with death approaching from east and west, could have thought so much about her appearance as to make up her face?

We went back into the bedroom, and sat on the bed trying to reconstruct the "last scene" from what we had already learned, but the whole thing was too fantastic—the last moments of a world war, a contemplated marriage in an underground hide-out, a last will and testament, a suicide pact. . . . Yet there was something so Wagnerian about it, especially about committing the bodies to the flames, that the man who borrowed his *Heil* from Wagner, who called his western forts the Siegfried Line, might also have seen himself as Wotan in Der Ring, and even have rejoiced in a dramatic curtain to his own personal drama.

From the bunker the Russian took me by the arm, and led me to a deep tunnel which was as long and as wide as a street.

"Here," he said, "is the real headquarters of Hitler, secret until long after the war began. The men who built it were specially picked by the Gestapo, and were warned that the life of the Führer rested in their hands."

In this vast subterranean, air-conditioned Reichs Chancellery, intersected into safety sections with steel doors which weighed a ton each, were hundreds of huge rooms, each with one entrance only and that guarded by a steel strong-room door. This fortress was honeycombed by offices, which dealt with every aspect of the defence of the Reich, and had

in it Hitler's own conference-room, a wireless transmitting station, a telephone exchange and a vast kitchen, with sufficient cooking facilities to prepare meals for a thousand people.

"They could have held out here for weeks," said the Russian, "if their defences had been properly manned."

The sun was going down as we regained the garden again. We walked to the conical concrete blockhouse by the bunker, and the Russian halted near a shallow trench.

"That," he said, "is where Hitler and Eva Braun were supposed to have been burned."

The trench was black with ashes.

"You believe it?"

He smiled and shook his head.

"We want more proof than I have seen up to now. All we know is that he *was* here."

I bent down, took up some of the ashes in my hand, and put them into an empty tobacco-pouch. They might have been the remains of burnt wood, or they might have been the remains of a cremated Hitler.

I could not know.

"Maybe," said the Russian, "we shall still find something."

We made an appointment to meet again and parted. I walked down to the Charlottenburger Chaussee, the broad avenue which, as Germans will tell you, was used by important Nazis as a runway for their aeroplanes just before the city fell. In a few minutes I was on the concrete road.

By the roadside we saw the remains of one 'plane which had crashed in landing.

CHAPTER II

I

NEVER have there been so many "detectives" on any case. One day when in the Chancellery grounds, I counted forty-five separate parties of at least four nationalities, all armed with torches, pencils and notebooks, many with cameras and diagrams. Until the end no one gave up hope that one day someone would hit upon a clue. Intelligence officers and military police all over the country, especially at ports and harbours, in hospitals and prisoner-of-war camps, were warned to keep a look out for anyone resembling the missing Führer, his deputy or his adjutant.

The British and American Intelligence Service were at work for months reconstructing the last fantastic days in the bunker. The British worked as a team, and their enquiries took them all over Germany, excluding the Russian zone, following up many useless clues and trying to trace people who were in the Chancellery during the last days of Nazi Germany.

Martin Bormann, Hitler's deputy, who was likely to know more than Goering or Ribbentrop, could not be found. A clue led to the Hamburg area, then all trace was lost. Bormann's adviser, Friedrich Wilhelm Zander, was also missing, as were certain important documents. British Intelligence officers discovered that Zander was in a German military hospital in Seeheim in June as a prisoner of war, and he was followed thence to Tegernsee, where he had hidden under a false name.

British Intelligence officers prepared a statement which was made public in Berlin on November 1. Those of us who had to do with its issue were surprised at the keenness of the Russians whom we invited to be present.

The statement claimed that available evidence, which had been sifted, was based largely on eye-witness accounts and showed, as conclusively as possible without bodies, that Hitler and Eva Braun died shortly after 2.30 p.m. on April 30, 1945, in their bunker, their bodies being burned just outside.

Hitler's original intention had been to fly to Berchtesgaden on April 20, and from there continue the struggle. When that day came he postponed his departure. On April 22, at about 4.30 p.m., he held a staff conference, at which he made it clear to his advisers that he considered the war was lost, and that he intended to remain in Berlin to the last in defence of the capital. If Berlin fell, he would die there. It is clear that Hitler suffered from an attack of nervous prostration, during which he blamed everyone but himself for the failure of Germany to win the war. His advisers, both military and civil, endeavoured to persuade him to change his mind and leave Berlin. This was of no avail. Goebbels took the same decision, and with Martin Bormann, Dr. Ludwig Stumpfegger

(Hitler's surgeon), and others of the personal staff, remained behind. The generals retired to their new headquarters.

"Hitler's breakdown on April 22 was the beginning of his end," according to the statement. "From that time he never left the bunker, surrounded no longer by soldiers and politicians, but by his 'family circle', and those officers responsible directly to him for the defence of Berlin.

"His state of mind was reported by all who saw him to have been very much calmer after the crisis on April 22. He had made his decision. He even gained more confidence as to the outcome of the Battle of Berlin. Now and again, however, his calm was interrupted by tantrums, when he recalled old treacheries and found new ones. His physical health, on the contrary, was poor. The nervous strain, unhealthy living conditions, and eccentric hours told on him. Apart from a reported trembling of the hands, from which he had suffered for some time, and his general decrepitude, he was 'as normal as ever in his mind'."

The sifted evidence showed that on the night of April 23–24, Hitler was visited by Albert Speer, little red-faced Reich Minister for Armament and Munitions and Chief of the Todt Organization, to whom he disclosed that he had made all plans for his suicide, and for the complete destruction of his body by burning. About the same time Himmler sent Gebhardt, his personal doctor, to Hitler to try to persuade him to leave Berlin before it was too late, but Hitler rejected this suggestion.

On the evening of April 26, Field Marshal Ritter von Greim reported to Hitler's bunker to receive his commission as C.-in-C. German Air Force in succession to Goering, the latter having fallen into complete disfavour by his endeavour to take over control from Hitler a few days earlier. "Hitler informed Greim, as he had Speer, that he had made all arrangements for the destruction of his body and that of Eva Braun, so that they would not fall into enemy hands, and that nothing recognizable would remain." He gave Greim and Hanna Reitsch, Greim's woman pilot, poison capsules, which the former afterwards used. Such capsules had already been issued to all people in the bunker.

On April 28, the inmates of the bunker heard with a mixture of incredulity and disgust of Himmler's approach to the Allies through Sweden. Hitler called him a treacherous dog.

During the previous three days, the Battle of Berlin had been drawing nearer the centre of the city. Shells were falling all round the bunker, and in the early hours of April 29 it was reported that Russian tanks had broken into the Potsdamer Platz. Hitler then ordered Greim to return to Reichlin to mount a *Lufftwaffe* attack in support of General Wenck's 12th (German) Army, which was reported also to be within shelling distance of the Potsdamer Platz. (In fact it was not, but this was probably unknown at this time.) Greim, with Reitsch, took off from the Charlottenburger Chaussee in an Arado 96, which had been flown in to collect them.

Later on April 29 any hope of the effective relief of Berlin by Wenck's army had to be abandoned. Captured telegrams sent to Doenitz at the time disclose the hysterical recrimination of despair.

On the evening of April 29, Hitler married Eva Braun, according to the report, the ceremony being performed by an official from the Propaganda Ministry, in a small conference-room in the bunker. Eva Braun may have suggested the marriage, for she had apparently wished for the peculiar glory of dying with Hitler, and she had used her influence to persuade him to die in Berlin, amid the indiscribable drama of those last days.

"After the ceremony," continued the statement, "the newly married couple shook the hands of all present in the bunker, and retired to their suite with one of Hitler's women secretaries for a marriage feast. According to her the conversation, which had been confined to suicide, was so morbidly oppressive that she would have broken down if she had remained. It was about this time that Hitler had his Alsatian dog destroyed.

"At about 2.30 a.m. on April 30, Hitler said a curt good-bye to about 20 people, about half of them women, whom he had summoned from the other bunkers in the Old and New Chancelleries across the shell-blasted garden. He shook hands with the women and spoke to most of them. On the same day, at about 2.30 p.m., though the exact time is uncertain, orders were sent to the transport office requiring the immediate despatch to the bunker of 200 litres of petrol. Between 160 and 180 litres were actually collected and deposited in the garden just outside the emergency exit of the bunker. At about the same time, Hitler and Eva Braun made their last appearance alive. They went round the bunker, shook hands with their immediate *entourage*, and then retired to their own apartments, where they both committed suicide, Hitler by shooting himself, apparently through the mouth, Eva Braun perhaps by taking poison, though she had been given a revolver.

"After the suicide the bodies were stated to have been taken into the garden just outside the bunker by Goebbels, Bormann, perhaps Stumpfegger, and one or two others. Hitler was wrapped in a blanket, presumably because his body was bloody. The bodies were placed side by side in the garden about three yards from the emergency exit, and drenched with petrol. Because of the shelling, the party withdrew under the shelter of the exit, and a petrol-soaked rag was lighted and thrown on the corpses, which at once caught fire. The party then stood to attention, gave the Hitler salute and retired."

From then on, according to the report, the evidence is less circumstantial. How often the bodies were resoaked, or how long they burnt, was not stated. One witness was informed that they burnt until nothing was left. More probably they were charred until they were unrecognizable, and the bones broken up and probably buried.

On the evening of May 1, Bormann sent a telegram to Doenitz, which I saw, informing him that Hitler's will was now in force (i.e. that Hitler was dead). This was amplified later by a telegram from Goebbels, which stated that Hitler had died at 3.30 p.m. the previous day, and that his will appointed Doenitz as Reichspresident, Goebbels as Reichschancellor, Bormann as Party Minister, and Seyss-Inquart as Foreign

Minister. Goebbels added that Bormann was trying to get to Doenitz to inform him of the situation.

British Intelligence officers thought their evidence not complete, but positive, circumstantial, consistent and dependable.

"There is no evidence whatever to support any of the theories which have been circulated, and which presuppose that Hitler is still alive. All such stories which have been reported have been investigated, and found to be quite baseless; most of them have dissolved at the first touch of fact, and some of them have been admitted by their authors to have been pure fabrication. Nor is it possible to dispose of the existing evidence."

It was considered quite impossible that the versions of the various eye-witnesses could represent a concerted cover-story, because they were all too busy planning their own safety to have been disposed to memorize an elaborate charade which they could still maintain, after five months of isolation from each other and under detailed and persistent cross-examination.

Nor was it considered possible that the witnesses were mistaken in respect of Hitler's body (of the identity of Eva Braun's body no doubt is considered possible; not being blanketed she was easily recognizable). Such a theory would require that Hitler escaped after 2.30 p.m. on April 30, and that Eva Braun was "fobbed off" with the corpse of a double which had been secretly introduced.

But escape after 2.30 p.m. was almost certainly impossible. Even if it was still possible to fly a training 'plane from the Charlottenburger Chaussee, there was no pilot to fly it. Hitler's two pilots, who were in the bunker on April 30, both took part in the attempted escape on the night of May 1. In any case, there was no valid reason for constructing such theories, which were contrary to the only positive evidence, and supported by no evidence at all.

Then the strangest inquest in history was held in the lounge of a middle-class Berlin hotel.

A spokesman for the officers who had carried out the investigation was closely interrogated on the results by a group of expert observers, British and American, whom I had gathered together, and I made a record of questions and answers. One Intelligence officer, an Oxford don before the war, still youthful and full of enthusiasm, admitted at once that the only conclusive evidence that Hitler and Eva Braun had died would be the discovery and certain identification of their bodies. The fact had to be admitted the bodies had not been discovered.

The interrogation began:

Are the Russians still sceptical about Hitler's death, as they were earlier when they said they thought Hitler had escaped?

Answer: We are in consultation with the Russians, but I think that they are slightly sceptical still.

(*One Russian present nodded in agreement.*)

Question: Was this an entirely British investigation or one with the co-operation of the Russians?

Answer: So far as the information now given is concerned it has been obtained by the British.

Q.: Could you say who some of the eye-witnesses are?

A.: I do not think that I am able to disclose the names of the witnesses. Some of them are known already, some I think are not. I do not think I am permitted to say more.

(*The eye-witnesses actually belonged to the following main categories: politicians and generals, who were with Hitler in the bunker at different times between April 20 and April 30; members of his personal staff; adjutants or assistants; women secretaries; guards on duty inside or immediately outside the bunker; and miscellaneous persons, who happened to be present at certain incidents.*

The questioning continued:

Have you any theory as to why not the slightest remains of Hitler's body were found? There still must have been bones.

A.: The position is that after the time when the bodies were dumped the evidence becomes very much finer. We are not entitled to make theories, but merely to state facts. It is in fact likely that, considering the amount of petrol used, there was very little left except bones. In these circumstances, if twenty-four hours elapsed before the rest of the party escaped, it is probable that the bodies were broken up, and the sandy soil could have been dug up and mixed. There was a great deal of burnt surface in the Chancellery grounds, and it would have been perfectly easy to dig up the surface soil. Alternatively, some 160 bodies were subsequently dug up by the Russian authorities in the garden of the Chancellery, and there would have been enough remains there in which to mingle the unrecognizable bones.

Q.: What amount of petrol was used to pour on the bodies before they were set ablaze?

A.: The opinion which I have been able to obtain is, that with the amount of petrol used the bodies would be charred beyond all recognition. Although not completely destroyed they would be reduced very considerably in weight. The light paperish remains could easily be broken up apart from the bones—and the bones could, if necessary, be broken up.

Q.: What about the teeth?

A.: They would not necessarily be destroyed.

(*Teeth actually thought to be Hitler's were found by the Russians, and are now in an Intelligence Bureau in Moscow.*)

Q.: Is it a sound argument that the teeth would be the most recognizable residue?

A.: More than likely.

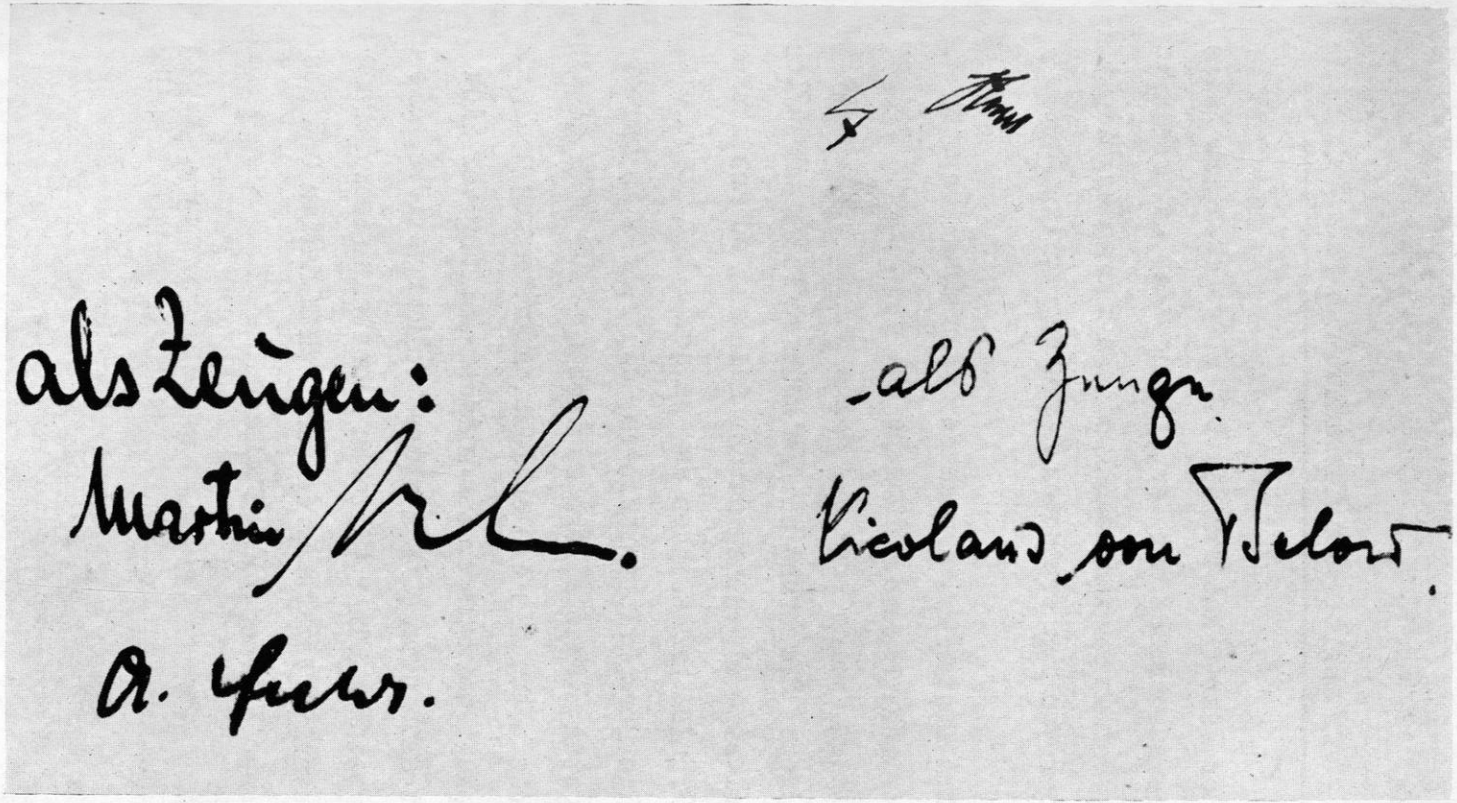
Q.: What kind of gun was it that Hitler used?

A.: There were two pistols—both French pistols—one 7·65, and one 6·35.

(*Fingerprints of Hitler and Eva Braun were never recorded.*)

Q.: In course of investigations—did you find any evidence that witnesses had received instructions to tell a story indicating that the bodies had been burned?

A.: No. In fact, after a long cross-examination of many witnesses, I



A photograph of Hitler's signature (*top right*) as it appears on his last will and testament. The other signatures are of Martin Bormann, Dr. Goebbels, and von Bulow.

Nachtrag zum politischen Testament des Führers.

Der Führer hat mir den Befehl gegeben, im Falle des Zusammenbruchs der Verteidigung der Reichshauptstadt, Berlin zu verlassen und als führendes Mitglied an einer von ihm ernannten Regierung teilzunehmen.

Zum ersten Mal in meinem Leben muss ich mich kategorisch weigern, einem Befehl des Führers Folge zu leisten. Meine Frau und meine Kinder schliessen sich dieser Weigerung an. Im anderen Falle würde ich mir selbst - abgesehen davon, dass wir es aus menschlichen Gründen und solchen der persönlichen Treue niemals über das Herz bringen könnten, den Führer in seiner schwersten Stunde allein zu lassen - für mein ganzes ferneres Leben als ein ehrloser Abtrünnling und gemeiner Schuft vorkommen, der mit der Achtung vor sich selbst auch die Achtung seines Volkes verlöre, die die Voraussetzung eines weiteren Dienstes meiner Person an der Zukunftsgestaltung der deutschen Nation und des Deutschen Reiches bilden müsste.

A photograph of the first page of the codicil to Hitler's political testament, written under the fire of Russian artillery in Berlin.

believe it to be quite impossible that that can be true. After five months, I do not think it possible that people could have remembered elaborate stories, but only personal experiences. Therefore, if they had been taught a cover story, one would expect to find that they all agreed at the first telling, and then disagreed later, under cross-examination.

Q.: If the man who was burned was not Hitler but a double, and these people thought it was Hitler, their stories would tally, and indeed be true.

(*It is known for a fact that Hitler, like Montgomery on one occasion, did in fact use a double to deceive spies.*)

A.: If you should wish to believe that Hitler got away and if you believe it, you have got to assume that Hitler escaped after 2.30 p.m. on April 30, very rapidly before the dummy body was brought out. In that case you have got to straighten out the following point:

(1) Eva Braun was deceived by a dummy. No doubt Eva Braun used her influence on Hitler, and she wished to stay and die in Berlin—she also wished for the distinction of dying with Hitler and she would certainly have resented a substitute corpse;

(2) Consider how Hitler could have got away at 2.30 p.m. on April 30. Berlin had now been surrounded for at least four days by the Russians, and the only way out—and it is not certain that it was possible at that time—was to fly a training 'plane from the Charlottenburger Chaussee. You must also consider that Hitler's two pilots were both with him on April 30, and were both still there on May 1 after the corpse was burnt, and therefore could not have flown him off on April 30. Baur, one of the pilots, is a Russian prisoner of war now, and Beetz, the other, had been seen with several head wounds.

(*The Russians never issued the details of relevant prisoners in their hands.*)

Q.: Regarding Eva Braun—you say she "would have to have been fobbed off with a dummy"—does not that mean Hitler predeceased her?

A.: She supposed that Hitler was going to commit suicide after her. You know the bunker as well as I do—a very small place—and I think in the circumstances it was rather unlikely that a very elaborated plot could have taken place.

(*The absence of passages in the bunker would have made any kind of subterfuge difficult to stage.*)

Q.: Is there no direct evidence in which order the suicides took place?

A.: The suicides took place within a very short time of each other. Reports from the people in the bunker suggest that they occurred a very short interval after Hitler had said good-bye to his staff.

Q.: Do we know Hitler's blood group? There were blood-stains in the central room where he was supposed to have been shot.

A.: We have no record of his blood group.

(*U.S. Intelligence officers discovered Hitler's blood group later, but it was not possible to prove that it was his blood which was found on the sofa in the bunker.*)

Q.: Where did they commit suicide?

A.: I think they probably committed suicide on the sofa. As far as we know Eva Braun took poison.

Q.: How did you arrive at the opinion that Hitler shot himself and Eva Braun took poison?

A.: The evidence is as follows. One witness reported that she was told in the bunker that Hitler had used his revolver, and Eva Braun had not. Another witness actually inspected the revolvers and was cross-examined by me, and in cross-examination said that he assumed that they had both shot themselves, but when asked whether both revolvers had been discharged, admitted that he had not examined them for that purpose. The evidence from both sources is compatible with the impression given by the first witness that Hitler had shot himself through the mouth, and Eva Braun, although provided with a revolver, had taken poison. It is true that she had used the poison capsule.

Q.: Did anybody else take any of these capsules besides Eva Braun?

A.: Quite probably. On the evening of May 1, the rest of the inhabitants of the bunker under the direction of Bormann tried to make a mass escape at about 10 or 11 p.m. They included not merely the inhabitants of the so-called Hitler's bunker, but also people engaged in the defence of the Chancellery. Those people went out in several successive groups into the Wilhelmstrasse, down into the underground, then down Friedrichstrasse, and attempted to get across the Weidendamm Bridge. They were, in fact, all broken up in and around Friedrichstrasse, and only one group got across the Weidendamm Bridge. That group was obliged to take refuge in a beer cellar on the north side of Weidendamm Bridge, but were captured by the Russians. It included, among others, Bormann and the head of the Reich Guard. A liaison officer took poison there. There were various other people there.

The position about Bormann is as follows:

Bormann and Goebbels both stayed behind for a day after the Hitler suicide. As far as the evidence goes they were there the same evening that General Krebs was sent to Marshal Zhukov to obtain agreement about the exchange of the wounded. Because of this, plans for mass escape were postponed until the evening of May 1.

On the evening of May 1, Goebbels committed suicide. One witness visited him before the mass escape attempt, and he (Goebbels) bade him farewell, and hoped they would escape. Frau Goebbels is known to have stated that two of her children were dead and the rest would follow. None of them was involved in the mass escape that followed on the evening of May 1. Bormann was involved in that mass escape.

After the first group had got across the Weidendamm Bridge, one group accompanied a German tank across the bridge. That group consisted of Neumann of the Propaganda Ministry, Bormann and Stumpfegger walking on the left-hand side of the tank, and on the other side of the tank were Kempke and a man named Rattenhuber.

While this tank was making its way, a *Panzerfaust* exploded in the tank, and blew it out on the left-hand side. Both Kempke and Rattenhuber got away—and told the story to the people with whom they took refuge. Both agreed that Bormann was left dead. Kempke, who was wounded

on one side of the head, said he died, but it must be remembered that Kempke was also temporarily blinded by the explosion.

As far as their memories go and taking into consideration their wounds, both reported Bormann dead. There is no conclusive proof that Bormann is dead. The evidence is a bit sketchy.

Q.: Can you tell us how many witnesses you questioned to form your opinion?

A.: I questioned a very great number of witnesses. The incidents of which they were witnesses are, of course, different. Of the period April 20 to 29—quite a few.

Q.: Dozens or scores?

A.: About a dozen at least. For after that period I interrogated something like eight.

(*Many more were questioned later.*)

Q.: Do we know whose decision it was to burn the bodies?

A.: Hitler stated to Speer on the night of April 23 and to Ritter von Greim on the night of April 26–27 that he had made all plans for the destruction by burning of his body.

Q.: Did Greim commit suicide?

A.: Greim committed suicide about the middle of May, just after he was captured by the Americans. Before he committed suicide he had, in fact, had telephone calls and personal talks with several people. A friend of his has given evidence.

At this juncture, the Intelligence Officer stated that in all investigations they had completely ignored times or dates, particularly those given by people in the bunker. Inside the bunker life was eccentric, and nobody knew the exact date. Hitler got up by habit at 1.30 p.m., and went to bed about 5.30 in the morning. Nobody left the bunker, Russian shelling was in progress all the time, and people suffered from *Zeitlosigkeit.* They had no idea of the time or the date. The report was, however, composed of dates quoted on external evidence by people who visited the bunker from outside. The Intelligence Officers were satisfied that these dates were correct, but none of them was based on the statements made by people inside the bunker.

II

This informal inquest without a body did not completely satisfy the curiosity of some experts, and next day I asked the Intelligence Officers to come to tea at a Berlin hotel to submit themselves to another cross-examination, and this they very sportingly agreed to do. Popular interest was beginning to centre on Eva Braun, and the first question was if any details could be given about the part she played in the Hitler drama.

"I can only tell you what Speer said about her when he was interrogated the other day," an Intelligence brigadier replied. "He said that there was no doubt Hitler had the greatest respect for her, and her love was

very significant to him. She had the deepest respect and reverence for Hitler.

"Whether Eva Braun was Hitler's mistress or not nobody seems to know. She was regarded by Speer and by one or two other people as a modest woman. She could have exploited Hitler to a tremendous extent. He (Hitler) knew her for about twelve years. She was not a politician apparently (according to Speer), although she had a certain amount of common sense, and did not try seriously to influence Hitler. In fact she was just a woman who used to help him, was his personal secretary, and looked after him. She was very keen on sport, a very good skier and a very good mountain climber.

"Hanna Reitsch said that she spent most of her time in the bunker polishing her finger-nails and changing her dress every hour of the day. Whether this was really her true character during the last few days I don't know. It does not agree with Speer's statement which said she was extremely calm and quite the bravest and probably the most intelligent woman there. She flew into Berlin against Hitler's wishes on April 15, from Munich. No doubt about it, she wanted to die with Hitler. She used her influence on Hitler to remain in Berlin, although the majority of people tried to persuade him to leave. She wanted him to stay there and wanted to die with him, which you can understand if she really loved him."

"Have you any details as to the wedding ceremony?"

"We have no more details. Apparently a person despatched from the Ministry of Propaganda was present at the wedding. I do not know. Martin Bormann was there. The ceremony took place in the bunker—probably in Hitler's suite—with Goebbels also in attendance."

"Were they actually legally married?"

"According to the evidence they were legally married. The evidence is not very good."

"Who actually performed the marriage?"

"A member of the Ministry of Propaganda,[1] and as a matter of fact I do not quite know the story. Somebody did ring up to try and get another marriage performed, and the person who answered said, 'What a pity you did not ask two days ago; you could have had the same man who married Hitler and Eva Braun.' "

"Do you think Hitler might have thought of the value of such a death from a religious point of view—dying in the flaming ruins of Berlin?"

"It is said Hitler decided to stay because 'a nation which did not fight for its capital lost its soul', and in addition to that, 'Berlin was the bulwark of anti-Bolshevism'."

"Seems to indicate that he had some mysticism?"

"No doubt he was a mystic. Speer was asked, 'What sort of picture can you give us of Hitler's character?' He said it was impossible for him to do so. As long as Hitler thought there was a reasonable chance of

[1] This is one of the many inconsistencies in the story told by the British Intelligence Service. Later it was revealed that a city councillor named Walter Wagner performed the ceremony, but he could not be found.

producing a state whereby Germany did not lose the war he was prepared to go on fighting. Of course he always completely over-estimated the power of his Armies and Air Force, particularly in the last six months of the war. One of the things which really made him change his mind was 'a full scale' counter-attack to be launched on April 21 by the S.S. The attack never took place, owing to the failure of communications. In fact it could never have been more than a two- or three-battalion attack, yet Hitler thought this 'full scale' counter-attack could divide the Russian Armies. This gives you an idea of how he under-estimated the Russian Armies. We found out since that his conception of military tactics was childish."

"Is there any danger of Hitler being alive?"

"One of the reasons why we put this report out was the continued rumours about him being alive. These proved to be completely false."

"Are you going to close investigations now?"

"We are satisfied in our own minds—we have gone as far as possible without the bodies—that Hitler is dead. There are, however, one or two further witnesses whom we wish to interrogate, those who might have had something to do with the disposal of the bodies. We would like any other evidence, which supports evidence of the witnesses we have already interrogated. We would rather like to get the facts of Hitler's teeth from the Russians, but do not think we will get anything out of them."

"Regarding the teeth—do you think the Russians know something about them?"

"All I know is what they have told us. I believe they have in fact found two sets of teeth. They got hold of a woman who was assistant to Hitler's dentist, and asked her if they were Hitler's teeth. After interrogation she said she recognized them as Hitler's teeth."

"Was Doenitz actually appointed Führer?"

"Yes, he was. He told a lie to the German people when he broadcast to them saying that Hitler had died on the May 1st fighting in the front line with his troops, when Hitler actually died on April 30."

"Did we find the body of Hitler's dog?" was the final question, and to this the reply was:

"His dog (*by name Blondie*) was poisoned by Dr. Haase in the bunker. Other dogs were also done away with. We did not find the bodies."

CHAPTER III

THE hunt for clues continued into the eighth month after the fall of Berlin, the Americans taking an ever greater part; a little resentful, perhaps, that the British Intelligence Service, working as a team, had forged ahead of them.

From the Russian zone came no word at all. Official circles would have everyone believe that the Russian High Command regarded Hitler's fate as a matter of no importance. Yet it was known that the Russians held relevant witnesses, some of whom were engaged in the defence of the Chancellery, others closely associated with the Führer and the Propaganda Minister. Among them was one of Hitler's pilots. It was also obvious that the Russians must have salvaged from the Chancellery and from the bunker important documents, not all of which were sent forward for inclusion in their case for the prosecution at the War Criminals' trial at Nuremburg.

British Intelligence officers had already found several important documents, including the personal will and the political testament of the Führer; but they did not reveal the fact except to the Inter-Allied Intelligence Committee, because there were other documents about the existence of which they were certain, but which had yet to be found. One was the marriage certificate of Hitler and Eva Braun.

Among the people the Americans arrested was Arthur Kannenburg, Hitler's major-domo, who was known to have been sent on April 9, 1945, by Hitler on a secret mission in a motor-car, which was stacked in the dark overnight with boxes. Kannenburg was held as a political prisoner by the Americans, who believed he knew the whereabouts of a secret underground hide-out in which important documents and treasures were kept.

Kannenburg was reported to have confessed that Hitler sent him on April 9 with articles of national treasure and personal interest to hide in underground stores in Bad Aussee in Austria. Hitler at that time had made a programme and communicated it to his nearest friends. One detail on it was that he would leave Berlin by aeroplane for Berchtesgaden between April 16 and 17, where he would continue the struggle. The *Wehrmacht* in the mountains in the south of Germany were specially sent there for a last stand in what was called at that time the Southern Redoubt. According to rumour some of the S.S. men took part of the treasure after they were told of Hitler's death.

The American Army had also captured a German woman pioneer flyer, Hanna Reitsch, aged thirty-three, pretty blonde daughter of a country doctor in German Silesia.

Fräulein Reitsch, who had been a stunt flyer at many exhibitions in Europe and Africa, was the holder of the glider flight record for a woman and the woman's glider pilot's altitude record. She had also

flown a V1 "buzz-bomb" aeroplane, and among some of her wartime exploits, which earned her the iron cross, were her liaison flights to and from Breslau after it had been surrounded by Red Army troops.

Fräulein Reitsch told her captors a sensational story, which they made the basis of a report I shall give. This account does not add any new details, but it throws light on the personalities of Hitler, Eva Braun, Bormann, Goebbels and others, and gives a picture of the bunker in the days that preceded the fall of Berlin.

Hitler had sent a telegram to Munich on April 24, 1945, to Field-Marshal Ritter von Greim instructing him to report to the Reichs Chancellery on a highly urgent matter [the report began]. The problem of getting into Berlin was then already a very precarious one, as the Russians had practically encircled the city. Greim, however, decided that by availing himself of Hanna Reitsch as pilot, the entrance might be accomplished by means of an autogyro, which could land on the streets, or in the gardens of the Reichs Chancellery.

During the night of April 25–26 Reitsch and Greim arrived at Rechlin, and prepared immediately to fly into Berlin. As, however, the only available autogyro had been damaged that day it was decided that a Feldwebel pilot, who had taken Albert Speer to the Führer two days before, should fly Greim in, because of the experience the previous flights had given him. Some sense of responsibility to Greim, being his personal pilot and friend, made Reitsch beg to be taken along. A Focke-Wulfe 190 was to be used, which had a pick-a-back space for one passenger arranged behind the pilot's seat. Reitsch was stuffed into the tail through a small emergency opening.

Forty fighters were taken to fly cover. Almost immediately upon take-off they were engaged by Russian aircraft. A running, hedge-hopping flight got them to the Gatow airfield, the only Berlin field still in German hands. Their own craft got through with nothing more than a few wing shots, but the cost was heavy to the supporting fighters.

The landing at Gatow was made through further heavy attacks by Russian fighters, who were strafing the field when they arrived. The surviving German aeroplanes engaged the Russians while the Greim craft made a successful landing. Immediately attempts were made to 'phone the Chancellery, but as all lines were cut it was decided to fly an available Fiesler-Storch for the remaining distance and land within walking distance of Hitler's shelter. With Greim at the controls and Reitsch as passenger the 'plane took off under a whirling cover of German-Russian dog-fights. At a height of a few metres Greim managed to get away from the field and continue at tree-top level towards the Brandenburg Tor.

Street fighting was going on below them, and countless Russian aircraft were in the air. After a few minutes of flight, heavy fire tore out the bottom of the 'plane and severely injured Greim's right leg. By reaching over his shoulder Reitsch took control, and by dodging and squirming closely along the ground brought the 'plane down on the east-west axis. Heavy Russian artillery and small-arm fire was sheeting the area with shrapnel as they landed. A passing vehicle was commandeered to take them to Hitler's shelter, with Greim receiving first-aid for his shattered foot on the way.

Greim and Reitsch arrived in the bunker between 6 and 7 o'clock on the evening of April 26. First to meet them was Frau Goebbels, who fell upon

Reitsch with tears and kisses, expressing her astonishment that anyone still possessed the courage and loyalty to come to the Führer, in contrast to all those who had deserted him. Greim was immediately taken to the operation-room, where Hitler's physician tended the injured foot.

Hitler came into the sick room, according to Reitsch, his face showing deep gratitude for Greim's loyalty. He said something to the effect that even a soldier has the right to disobey an order when everything indicated that to carry it out would be futile and hopeless. Greim then reported his presence in the official manner.

Hitler [went on the report] then addressed Greim directly.

Hitler: "Do you know why I have called you?"

Greim: "No, *mein Führer.*"

Hitler: "Because Hermann Goering has betrayed and deserted both me and his Fatherland. Behind my back he has made contact with the enemy. His action was a mark of cowardice. And against my orders he has gone to save himself at Berchtesgaden. From there he sent me a disrespectful telegram. He said that I had once named him as my successor and that now, as I was no longer able to rule from Berlin, he was prepared to rule from Berchtesgaden in my place. He closes the wire by stating that if he had no answer from me by nine-thirty on the date of the wire, he would assume my answer to be in the affirmative."

With eyes hard and half-closed, and in a voice unusually low he went on: "I immediately had Goering arrested as a traitor to the Reich, took from him all his offices, and removed him from all organizations. That is why I have called you to me. I hereby declare you Goering's successor as *Oberbefehlshaber der Luftwaffe.* In the name of the German people, I give you my hand."

Later that first evening [continued the statement], Hitler called Reitsch to his room. She remembers that his face was deeply lined, and that there was a constant film of moisture over his eyes. In a very small voice he said: "Hanna, you belong to those who will die with me. Each of us has a phial of poison such as this," and he handed her a phial for herself and one for Greim. "I do not wish that one of us falls to the Russians alive, nor do I wish our bodies to be found by them. Each person is responsible for destroying his body so that nothing recognizable remains. Eva and I will have our bodies burned. You will devise your own method. Will you please so inform von Greim?"

Reitsch sank to a chair in tears, not, she claims, over the certainty of her own end, but because for the first time she knew that the Führer saw the cause as lost. Through the sobs she said: "*Mein Führer,* why do you stay? Why do you deprive Germany of your life? When the news was released that you would remain in Berlin to the last, the people were stricken with horror. 'The Führer must live so that Germany can live,' the people said. Save yourself, *mein Führer,* that is the will of every German."

"No, Hanna; if I die it is for the 'honour' of our country; it is because as a soldier I must obey my own command that I would defend Berlin to the last. My dear girl, I did not intend it so. I believed firmly that Berlin would be saved at the banks of the Oder. Everything we had was moved to hold that position. You may believe that when our best efforts failed I was the most horror-stricken of all. Then when the encirclement of the city began the knowledge that there were 3,000,000 of my countrymen still in Berlin made it necessary that I stay to defend them. By staying, I believed that all the troops of the land would take courage through my act, and come to the rescue of the city. I hoped that they would rise to superhuman efforts to save me

and thereby save my 3,000,000 countrymen. But, my Hanna, I still have hope. The army of General Wenck is moving up from the south. He must, and will, drive the Russians back far enough to save our people. Then we will fall back to hold again."

It appeared almost as if he believed this nonsense and as the conversation closed he was walking about the room with quick, stumbling strides, his hands clasped behind him, and his head bobbing up and down as he walked. Although his words spoke of hope, Hanna claims that his face showed that the war was over.

Hanna returned to Greim's bedside, handed him the poison, and then decided with him, should the end really come, that they would quickly drink the contents of the phial and then each pull the pin from a heavy grenade and hold it tightly to their bodies. Late in the night of April 26–27 the first heavy barrage bracketed the Chancellery. The splattering of heavy shells, and the crashing of falling buildings directly above the air-raid shelter tightened the nervous strain of everyone, so that here and there deep sobbing came through the doors. Hanna spent the night in tending Greim, who was in great pain, and in getting grenades ready in the event of the Russians entering the Chancellery grounds.

The next morning she was introduced to the other occupants, and learned for the first time of the identity of all those who were facing the end with the Führer. Present in the elaborate shelter on April 27 were Goebbels and his wife, with their six children; State Secretary Neumann; Hitler's confidant, Reichsleiter Martin Bormann; Hevel, from Ribbentrop's office; Admiral Vosz as representative of Doenitz; General Krebs, of the infantry, and his adjutant, Bürgdorf; Hitler's personal pilot, Hansel Baur; another pilot, Beetz; Eva Braun; S.S. Obergruppenführer Fegelein as liaison between Himmler and Hitler and husband of Eva Braun's sister; Hitler's personal physician, Dr. Stumpfegger; Oberst von Below, Hitler's *Luftwaffe* adjutant; Dr. Lorenz, representing Reichpresse chief Dr. Dietrich and the German Press; two of Hitler's secretaries, a Frau Christian, wife of General der Flieger Christian, and a Fräulein Kreuger; and various S.S. orderlies and messengers. Reitsch claims that these composed the entire assembly.

Late in the afternoon of the 27th Obergruppenführer Fegelein disappeared. Shortly thereafter it was reported that he had been captured on the outskirts of Berlin disguised and in civilian clothes, claiming to be a refugee. The news of his capture was immediately brought to Hitler, who ordered him to be shot. The rest of the evening Fegelein's betrayal weighed heavily on the Führer and in conversation he indicated a half-doubt as to Himmler's position, fearing Fegelein's desertion might have been condoned by the S.S. leader.

Reitsch had little contact with most of the people in the shelter, being mostly occupied in nursing von Greim, but she had the opportunity to speak to many of them and observe their reactions under the trying conditions during the last days in the bunker.

She describes Goebbels as being insanely incensed over Goering's treachery. He strode about his small luxurious quarters like an animal, muttering vile accusations concerning the *Luftwaffe* leader. The precarious military situation of the moment was Goering's fault. Their present plight was Goering's fault. Should the war be lost, as it certainly now seemed it would be, that, too, would be Goering's fault.

One of the last things Reitsch remembers hearing from the lips of the Propaganda Minister was: "We shall go down for the glory of the Reich, so

that the name of Germany will live for ever." Even Reitsch was moved to conclude that the Goebbels display, in spite of the tenseness of the situation, was a bit overdrawn, and very theatrical. She claims that in her opinion Goebbels performed as if he were speaking to a legion of historians who were avidly awaiting and recording every word. She adds that her own dubious opinions regarding Goebbels' mannerisms, his superficiality, and studied oratory, were well substantiated by these outbursts. She claims, too, that after listening to these tirades she and von Greim often asked each other with a sad, head-shaking attitude: "Are these the people who ruled our country?"

Frau Goebbels she describes as a very brave woman, whose control, though at most times strong, did give way now and then to pitiful spasms of weeping. Her main concern was her children, and in their presence her manner was always delightful and cheery. Much of her day was occupied in keeping the children's clothes clean and tidy, and as they had only the clothes they wore this kept Frau Goebbels occupied. Often she would quickly retire to her room to hide her tears. It appears from Hanna's description that Frau Goebbels probably represented the epitome of Nazi indoctrination.

Frau Goebbels often thanked God that she was alive so that she could kill her children to save them from whatever "evil" would follow the collapse. To Reitsch she said: "My dear Hanna, when the end comes you must help me if I become weak about the children. You must assist me to help them out of this life. They belong to the Third Reich and to the Führer, and if those two things cease to exist there can be no further place for them. But you must help me. My greatest fear is that at the last moment I shall be too weak."

It is Hanna's belief that in the last moment she was not weak.

The Goebbels children numbered six. Their names and approximate ages were: Hela, 12; Hilda, 11; Helmut, 9; Holde, 7; Hedda, 5; Heide, 3. They were the one bright spot of relief in the stark death-shadowed life of the bunker. Reitsch taught them songs, which they sang for the Führer and for the injured von Greim. Their talk was full of being in "the cave" with their "Uncle Führer", and in spite of the fact that there were bombs outside, nothing could really harm them as long as they were with him. And anyway, "Uncle Führer" had said that soon the soldiers would come and drive the Russians away, and then tomorrow they could all go back to play in their garden. Everyone in the bunker entered into the game of making the time as pleasant as possible for them. Frau Goebbels repeatedly thanked Reitsch for making their last days enjoyable, as Reitsch often gathered them about her, and told them long stories of her flying, and of the places she had been, and the countries she had seen.

Continuing, the report revealed something of Eva Braun's character.

It seemed to Reitsch that Hitler's "girl friend" remained studiously true to her position as the "show-piece" in the Führer's circle. Most of her time was occupied in finger-nail polishing, changing of clothes for each hour of the day, and all the other little feminine tasks of grooming, combing and polishing. She seemed to take the prospect of dying with the Führer as something quite natural, with an attitude that seemed to say: ". . . Had not the relationship been of twelve long years' duration, and had she not seriously threatened suicide when Hitler once wanted to be rid of her. This would be a much easier way to die and much more proper. . . ." Her constant remark was: "Poor, poor

Adolf, deserted by everyone, betrayed by all. Better that 10,000 others die than that he be lost to Germany."

In Hitler's presence she was always charming, and thoughtful of his every comfort. But only while she was with him was she completely in character, for the moment he was out of ear-shot she would rave about all the ungrateful swine who had deserted their Führer and said that all them should be destroyed. All her remarks had an adolescent tinge, and it appeared that the only "good" Germans at that moment were those who were caught in the bunker, and that all the others were traitors because they were not there to die with him. The reasons for her willingness to die with the rest were similar to those of Frau Goebbels. She was simply convinced that whatever followed the Third Reich would not be fit to live in for a true German. Often she expressed sorrow for those people who were unable to destroy themselves, as they would forever be forced to live without "honour" and reduced to living as beings without souls.

Reitsch emphasizes that Braun was apparently of rather shallow mentality, but she also agrees that she was a very beautiful woman. Beyond fulfilling her purpose, Reitsch considers it highly unlikely that Braun had any control or influence over Hitler.

The statement threw light on Bormann the chronicler:

He moved about very little, but kept instead very close to his writing-desk. He was "recording the momentous events in the bunker for posterity". Every word, every action went down on his paper. Often he would visit this person or that to demand scowlingly what the exact remark had been that passed between the Führer and the person he had just had an audience with. Things that passed between other occupants of the bunker were also carefully recorded. This document was to be spirited out of the bunker at the very last moment so that, according to the modest Bormann, it could "take its place among the greatest chapters of German history".

About Hitler's attitude and state of health the report went on:

Throughout Hanna's stay in the bunker, Hitler's manner and physical condition sank to lower and lower depths. At first he seemed to be playing the proper part of leading the defence of Germany and Berlin. To start with, this was in some manner possible as communications were still quite reliable. Messages were telephoned to a flak tower and from there were radioed out by means of a portable balloon-suspended aerial. But each day this became more difficult, until late on the afternoon of the 28th and all day on the 29th communications were almost impossible. On about April 20, at what was probably the last Hitler war council in the Reichschancellery, the Führer is said to have been so overcome by the persistently hopeless news that he completely broke down in the presence of the gathering. The talk in the bunker, where Hanna heard of the collapse, was that with this display even the most optimistic of Hitler's cohorts tended towards the conviction that the war was irretrievably lost. According to Reitsch, Hitler never physically or mentally recovered from this conference-room collapse.

Occasionally he still seemed to hold to the hope of General Wenck's success in breaking through from the south. He talked of little else, and all day on the 28th and 29th he was mentally planning the tactics that Wenck might use in freeing Berlin. He would stride about the shelter, waving a road map that

was fast disintegrating from the sweat of his hands, and planning Wenck's campaign with anyone who happened to be listening. When he became overexcited, he would snatch the map from where it lay, pace with a quick, nervous stride about the room, and loudly "direct" the city's defence with armies that no longer existed (as even Wenck, unknown to the Führer, had already been routed and destroyed).

It is apparent from Reitsch's conversation that she held the Führer in high esteem [continues the report]. It is probably also true when she says that her "good" opinion suffered considerably during the closing stages of the war. She is emphatic when she describes the apparent mismanagement she observed and learned of in the bunker. For instance, Berlin had been depleted of arms to hold the Oder. When that line fell, it appeared that no coherent defence plan of Berlin had been prepared, certainly adequate arrangements had not been made to direct the defence from the bunker. There was no other communication equipment available except the telephone that led only to the flak tower. It appears that only in the last moment had Hitler decided to direct the battle from the shelter, and then did not have the first tools with which to operate. No maps. No battle plans. No radio. Only a hastily prepared messenger service and the one telephone were available. The fact that, unknown to Hitler, the Wenck army had been almost destroyed days before was only one example of the inadequacies, all of which resulted in the Führer of Germany sitting helplessly in his cellar impotently playing at his table-top war.

Reitsch claims that Hitler the idealist died, and his country with him, because of the incompetence of Hitler the soldier and Hitler the statesman. She concludes, still with a faint touch of allegiance, that no one who knew him would deny his pure idealistic intentions, nor could they deny that he was simply incompetent to rule his country; and that one of his great faults was proper character analysis of the people about him which led to the selection of persons equally incompetent to fill important positions. (Most important example: Goering).

She repeatedly remarks that never again must such a person be allowed to gain control of Germany, or of any country. But strangely enough she does not appear to hold him personally responsible for many of the wrongs and evils that she recognizes clearly and is quick to point out. She says rather: "A great part of the fault lies with those who led him, lured him, criminally misdirected him, and informed him falsely. But that he himself selected the men who led him can never be forgiven."

On the night of the 27th to 28th the Russian bombardment of the Chancellery reached the highest pitch it had yet attained. As this indicated that the Russian ground troops would overrun the area at any moment, another suicide council was called by the Führer. All plans for the destruction of the bodies of everyone in the shelter were gone over again. The decision was that as soon as the Russians reached the Chancellery grounds the mass suicide would begin. Last instructions were given as to the use of the poison phials.

The group was hypnotized by the suicide rehearsal, and a general discussion was entered into to determine in which manner the most thorough destruction of the human body could be secured. Then everyone made little speeches swearing allegiance again and again to the Führer and to Germany. Yet, through it all, still ran the faint hope that Wenck might get in and hold long enough to effect an evacuation. Even on the 27th, Reitsch claims, the others paid lip-service to the Wenck hope only to follow the lead of the Führer. Almost everyone had given up all thought of being saved, and said so to each other whenever Hitler was not present.

Then, on the 29th, fell the greatest blow of all. A telegram arrived which indicated that the staunch and trusted Himmler had joined Goering on the traitor list. It was like a death blow to the entire assembly. Reitsch claims that men and women alike cried and screamed with rage, fear and desperation, all mixed into one emotional spasm. Himmler, the protector of the Reich, now a traitor, was impossible. The telegram message was that Himmler had contacted the British and American authorities through Sweden to propose capitulation to the San Francisco Conference. Hitler had raged as a madman. His colour rose to a heated red, and his face was virtually unrecognizable. Additional evidence of Himmler's "treachery" was that he had asked not to be identified with the capitulation proposals; American authorities were said to have abided by this request, while the British had not.

Later came the news that the Russians would make a full force bid to overrun the Chancellery on the morning of the 30th. Even then small-arm fire was beginning to sprinkle the area above the shelter. Ground reports indicated that the Russians were nearing the Potsdamer Platz and were losing thousands of men as they fanatically prepared the positions from which the attack of the next morning was to be launched. Reitsch claims that everyone again saw to his poison.

At one-thirty on the morning of April 30, Hitler, with chalk-white face, came to Greim's room and slumped down on the edge of the bed. "Our only hope is Wenck," he said, "and to make his entry possible we must call up every available aircraft to cover his approaches." Hitler then claimed that he had just been informed that Wenck's guns were already shelling the Russians in the Potsdamer Platz.

"Every available 'plane," Hitler told Greim, "must be called up; therefore, it is my order to you to return to Rechlin and muster your 'planes from there. It is the task of your aircraft to destroy the positions from which the Russians will launch their attack on the Chancellery. With *Luftwaffe* help Wenck may get through. That is the first reason why you must leave the shelter. The second is that Himmler must be stopped," and immediately he mentioned the S.S. Führer his voice became more unsteady and both his lips and hands trembled. The order to Greim was that if Himmler had actually made the reported contact and could be found he should immediately be arrested.

Greim and Reitsch protested vehemently that the attempt would be futile; it would be impossible to reach Rechlin, and they preferred to die in the shelter; that the mission could not succeed, that it was insane.

"As soldiers of the Reich," Hitler answered, "it is our holy duty to exhaust every possibility. This is the only chance of success that remains. It is your duty and mine to take it."

Preparations were quickly made and Reitsch is graphic in her description of the leave-taking. Von Below, late Goering's liaison officer with the Führer and now a staunch Greim-man, said: "You must get out. It depends upon you to tell the truth to our people, to save the 'honour' of the *Luftwaffe*, to save the meaning of Germany for the world." Everyone gave the departing pair some token, something to take back into the world. Everyone wrote quick, last-minute letters for them to take along. Reitsch says that she and Greim destroyed all but two letters, which were from Goebbels and his wife to their oldest son, by Frau Goebbels' first marriage, who was then in an Allied prisoner-of-war camp. These Reitsch still had. Frau Goebbels also gave her a diamond ring from her finger to wear in her memory. Thirty minutes after Hitler had given the order they left the shelter.

Outside the whole city was aflame and heavy small-arm fire was already plainly audible a short distance away. S.S. troops, committed to guarding Hitler to the end, were moving about. These men brought up a small armoured vehicle, which was to take Reitsch and Greim to where an Arado 96 was hidden near Brandenburger Tor. The sky was filled with the thunder of shells, some of which landed so close that their vehicle was knocked out several hundred yards short of the revetment where the Arado was stationed. (Reitsch claims that she is certain that this was the last craft available. The possibility of another 'plane having flown in and possibly out again, with Hitler as passenger, she dismisses as highly unlikely, as Greim would certainly have been informed. She knows that such a message was never delivered. She knows, too, that Greim had ordered other 'planes in, but that each craft was shot down in the attempt, and as Russian troops already solidly ringed the city she is certain that Hitler never left Berlin.)

The broad street leading from Brandenburger Tor was to be used for take-off. About 400 metres of uncratered pavement was available as runway. The take-off was made under hailing Russian fire, and as the 'plane rose to roof-top level it was picked up by countless searchlights and at once bracketed in a barrage of shelling.. Explosions tossed the craft like a feather, but only a few splinters hit the 'plane. Reitsch circled to about 20,000 feet, from where Berlin was a sea of flames beneath her. From that altitude the magnitude of the destruction of Berlin she saw as stark and fantastic. Heading north, fifty minutes saw them in Rechlin, where the landing was again made through a screen of Russian fighter craft.

The rest of their story is briefly told in the report.

Greim at once issued the orders calling all available aircraft to the aid of Berlin; and they then flew to Doenitz to discover the truth of the Führer's information, meeting Himmler himself, who confirmed it. Moreover, Keitel told them that Wenck's army had long ago been destroyed or captured, and that he (Keitel) had sent word of this to Hitler the day before (April 30). Soon after, the announcement of Hitler's death was received. And about a week later the capitulation overtook them while Greim was undergoing treatment for his foot at a hospital in Kitzbuhl. Greim committed suicide on May 24, using his phial of poison, and Reitsch was seriously tempted to follow suit. But she decided to remain alive, she said, for one reason only: "To tell the truth; to tell the German people the truth about the dangers of the form of government that the Third Reich gave them."

CHAPTER IV

I

LOOKING for three men in Germany during the autumn and early winter of 1945, when there were millions of homeless people either on the roads or living with strangers in outhouses, air-raid shelters, cellars and ruins, was the apparently impossible task which the British Intelligence Service set themselves to perform. The three men were comparatively unknown. The reason British Intelligence officers wanted to find them was that they were known once to have been carrying identical sets of documents of the greatest importance in "the Hitler Case".

It was suspected that among these documents would be found Hitler's "last will", his political testament and the "certificate of his marriage to Eva Braun". That Hitler had made a will had been learned from two telegrams sent by Martin Bormann and Joseph Goebbels to Grand Admiral Doenitz (whom Hitler made Führer as his alleged last dictatorial act). The telegrams were found among the personal possessions of Doenitz when he was searched after his capture by the British. That three copies of the will and testament had been sent to addresses in different parts of Germany, by three couriers, had been learned from Germans who had been interrogated. The documents were to have been delivered to Doenitz and to Field Marshal Schoerner, Commander-in-Chief Czechoslovakia, who was captured by the Americans when holding out in Prague. The third was to be kept in reserve in the event of either or both of the other two being lost. Neither Doenitz nor Schoerner received their documents.

As was discovered later, the three men were Heinz Lorenz, a minor official of the Propaganda Ministry and a confidant of Goebbels; Willy Johannmeier, a major in the German infantry, and Wilhelm Zander, adviser to deputy-Führer Martin Bormann, and an officer in the S.S., who carried the originals of the documents.

According to the stories told by people who were in the bunker, these three men were sent on their mission on April 29, after Hitler and Eva Braun are stated to have been married and while the Russians were attacking the capital from all sides. It is indicative of the ignorance that prevailed in Hitler's bunker as to the true military situation that these three men should have been sent at this late hour to contact two widely separated and isolated headquarters.

What happened to these three men is best told by a British Intelligence officer, who, for eight months, had been on the Hitler case, and who, incidentally, was convinced that Hitler and Eva Braun died in the precincts of the Reichs Chancellery on April 30, at two-thirty in the afternoon.

The officer told me:

"They made their way up the Charlottenburger Chaussee, the avenue from which training 'planes are said to have taken off, and then went

through the Grunewald area and crossed the Wannsee lake by boat, although Berlin had already been surrounded by Russians for four days. When they reached territory still held by the Germans, they telephoned Admiral Doenitz. A seaplane was sent for them, and it landed on the Wannsee, but they failed to contact it. So, travelling by foot, they pushed westwards and got to the Hanover area, where some of them lived. They realized that all hope of delivering their documents had gone."

The Intelligence officer then went on to explain how, on April 29, Doenitz received a telegram from Bormann stating that Hitler had written a testament declaring Doenitz to be his successor, and giving him complete power in the country. On May 1, both Bormann and Goebbels, who had been nominated to the next highest post to Doenitz, signalled to the Grand Admiral that Hitler was dead, and that a government had been appointed under Doenitz. Doenitz replied at once stating that he did not recognize the new government. He dismissed both Bormann and Goebbels, stating that he did not want the government he wished to appoint to be tainted by Nazis.

The three couriers separated when they reached the Hanover area, after making arrangements to communicate with each other when their mission was fulfilled.

British Intelligence officers were on their track, however, and the first to be arrested was Lorenz, who was first questioned near Hanover for being in possession of false identity documents. That was early in December 1945.

"It was a crinkle like that of paper in the shoulders of his coat," explained the Intelligence officer, "that caused us to rip the coat open. There were the documents, cleverly concealed."

British Intelligence knew of the existence of three copies, and they wished to find another copy to prove how they were brought out of Berlin, as well as to confirm the authenticity of the documents and compare them one with another.

"The Lorenz set contained the Goebbels appendix, which was not contained in that found by U.S. Intelligence officers.

"Ten days ago the second messenger, Johannmeier, was arrested at Iserlohn, in the Ruhr, within a few hundred yards of British First Corps Headquarters.

"The man at first refused to reveal the hiding-place of his documents, but he was interrogated and later gave information which led to their being unearthed in the garden of his home at Iserlohn. With the documents, which had been buried in a glass jar, was a letter from General Bürgdorf to Field Marshal Schoerner, telling him that Hitler was sending his testament, written 'under the shattering blow of Himmler's treachery'.

"Investigations then started to locate Zander in the Hanover area. His wife gave me the address of his parents; she put up a splendid screen because she knew his whereabouts, but she had told his parents that he had died. I set off to Bavaria, and found evidence that Zander had been in hospital at Tegernsee as a result of walking from Hanover. He was

A gathering of Russian political officers to greet the arrival of the first train to travel directly from Moscow to Berlin.

The author and two Russian officers shown in front of the memorial erected in Berlin in commemoration of the Russian soldiers who died in the war.

The British Delegates to the Allied Control Council for Germany, meeting with counterparts from the United States, France and the Soviet Union in Berlin.

The British delegation at the Co-ordinating Committee in Berlin. *Left to right:* Sir William Strang, political adviser to Sir Sholto Douglas; General Robertson and Major-General Whiteley.

treated by a Nazi doctor, who has since been arrested for removing identification marks from S.S. men.

"The U.S. authorities co-operated, and I discovered Zander living at Tegernsee, with false identification papers, under the name of Friederich Wilhelm Paustin. With the assistance of the U.S. authorities, I was able to identify Zander and went to the house where he was a porter. He was out, living in a village near the Austrian border with a girl-friend, Elsa Unterholzner, who was once Bormann's secretary. At three o'clock in the morning, accompanied by U.S. Intelligence officers, I raided the house and arrested Zander.

"Zander's set of documents, including the marriage certificate and the pictures, was found in the house of a relative, the sister-in-law of Elsa Unterholzner, where they had been taken earlier."

II

Both Hitler's personal will (*Mein privates Testament*) and the political testament (*Mein politisches Testament*) were neatly and expertly typed on foolscap paper, widely spaced—not more than eight words to a line, twenty-five lines to a page—and show no sign of the haste that is apparent in the composition of the marriage certificate. The will comprises roughly 400 words on three pages, the testament about 1,700 words on ten pages, but the shortest of all documents is the appendix by Dr. Goebbels of about 300 words. At last these two Nazi leaders, who always wrote and spoke so verbosely, had learned the art of *prècis* writing.

These three documents, signed between four and five-thirty in the afternoon of April 29, were so carefully and thoughtfully prepared that they must first have been dictated the previous day, if not earlier. The signatures repay a close study. On Hitler's personal will the words *als Zeugen* (as witnesses) have been written twice by different people and with different pens; the signature of Martin Bormann, both on the will and the testament, does not appear to have been written by the same man. The name Martin, in both instances, has been carefully and legibly written, while the name Bormann is unrecognizable, being more like a spidery W than a name. On the will, Goebbels used only his surname, prefixed by the abbreviation "*Dr.*", while on the testament he signed Dr. Joseph Goebbels. The greatest variation exists between the two signatures of Adolf Hitler on the will and the testament. On the will the signature is weak and spidery, especially the continental 7, which his initial resembles; on the testament the signature is bold, decisive, and the Hitler is telescoped. Hitler's personal will of six paragraphs is a reasonable enough document. It began:

Although during the years of struggle I believed that I could not undertake the responsibility of marriage, now, before the end of my life, I have decided to take as my wife the woman who, after many years of true friendship, came to this city, already almost besieged, of her own free will, in order

to share my fate. She will go to her death with me at her own wish, as my wife. This will compensate us for what we both lost through my work in the service of my people.

My possessions, in so far as they are worth anything, belong to the Party, or if this no longer exists, to the State. If the State, too, is destroyed, there is no need for any further instructions on my part.

The paintings in the collections bought by me during the course of the years were never assembled for private purposes, but solely for the establishment of a picture galley in my home town of LINZ on the Danube.

It is my most heartfelt wish that this will should be duly executed.

As Executor, I appoint my most faithful Party comrade, Martin BORMANN. He is given full legal authority to make all decisions. He is permitted to hand over to my relatives everything which is of value as a personal memento, or is necessary for maintaining a *petit bourgeois* standard of living especially to my wife's mother, and my faithful fellow-workers of both sexes who are well known to him. The chief of these are my former secretaries, Frau WINTER, etc., who helped me for many years by their work.

My wife and I choose to die in order to escape the shame of overthrow or capitulation. It is our wish for our bodies to be burnt immediately on the place where I have performed the greater part of my daily work during the course of my 12 years' service to my people.

BERLIN, 29 April 45 . . . 4.00 hours.

A. HITLER.

Witnesses: Martin BORMANN
Dr. GOEBBELS
Nicolaus von BELOW.

III

Little knowing that the Allies were soon going to gather secret documents, including reports of secret conferences and off-the-record speeches, and to read them in public at Nuremburg to prove beyond a shadow of doubt his personal war guilt, Hitler tried, by lies and bluff, in a document called "*My Political Testament*", to whitewash himself before the world:

He wrote:

More than 30 years have passed since I made my modest contribution as a volunteer in the first world war which was forced upon the Reich.

In these three decades, the love of, and loyalty to my people alone have guided me in all my thoughts, actions and life. They gave me the power to make the most difficult decisions which have ever confronted mortal man. I have spent all my time, my powers and my health in these three decades.

It is untrue that I, or anybody else in Germany wanted war in 1939. It was wanted and provoked exclusively by those international statesmen who were either of Jewish origin or worked for Jewish interests. I have made too many offers of limitation and control of armaments, which posterity will not for all time be able to disregard, for the responsibility for the outbreak of this war to be placed on me. Further, I have never wished that after the first appalling world war, there should be a second one against either England or America. Centuries will go by, but from the ruins of our towns and monuments, hatred of those ultimately responsible will always grow anew. They

are the people whom we have to thank for all this; international Jewry and its helpers!

Three days before the outbreak of the German-Polish war, I suggested to the British Ambassador in BERLIN a solution of the German-Polish question, similar to that in the case of the Saar under international control. This offer, too, cannot be denied. It was only rejected because the ruling political clique in England wanted the war, partly for commercial reasons, partly because they were influenced by propaganda put out by international Jewry.

I also made it quite plain that if the peoples of Europe were again to be regarded merely as pawns in the game played by the international conspiracy of money and finance, then the Jews, the race which is the real guilty party in this murderous struggle, would be saddled with the responsibility for it. I left no one in doubt that this time not only would millions of children of the European Aryan races starve, not only would millions of grown men meet their death and not only would hundreds of thousands of women and children be burnt and bombed to death in the cities, but this time the real culprits would have to pay for their guilt, even though by humaner means than war.

After a six years' war, which in spite of all set-backs, will one day go down to history as the most glorious and heroic manifestation of the struggle for existence of a nation, I cannot forsake the city which is the capital of this State. As our forces are too small to withstand the enemy attack on this place any longer, and our own resistance will be gradually worn down by men who are merely blind automata, I wish to share my fate with that which millions of others have also taken upon themselves by staying in this town. Further, I shall not fall into the hands of an enemy who requires a new spectacle, presented by the Jews, to divert their hysterical masses.

I have therefore decided to remain in BERLIN and there to choose death voluntarily at that moment when I believe that the position of the Führer and Chancellor itself can no longer be maintained. I die with a joyful heart in my knowledge of the immeasurable deeds and achievements of our soldiers at the front, of our women at home, the achievements of our peasants and workers, and of the contribution, unique in history, of our youth which bears my name.

That I express to them all the thanks which come from the bottom of my heart is as clear as my wish that they should therefore not give up the struggle under any circumstances, but carry it on wherever they may be against the enemies of the Fatherland, true to the principles of the great Clausewitz. From the sacrifice of our soldiers and from my own comradeship with them to death itself, the seed has been sown which will grow one day in the history of Germany to the glorious rebirth of the national socialist movement and thereby to the establishment of a truly united nation.

Many brave men and women have decided to link their lives with mine to the last. I have asked and finally ordered them not do this, but to continue to take part in the nation's struggle. I ask the commanders of the armies, of the navy and the air force to strengthen with all possible means the spirit of resistance of our soldiers in the national socialist belief, with special emphasis on the fact that I myself, as the founder and creator of this movement, prefer death to cowardly resignation, or even to capitulation.

May it be in future a point of honour with German officers, as it already is in our navy, that the surrender of a district or town is out of the question, and that above everything else, the commanders must set a shining example of faithful devotion to duty until death.

IV

This political testament must have been written, despite the date on it, some days before the fall of the Chancellery, according to some experts, because it shows a studied effort at deception. He even wrote a second part to the testament, probably in a fit of rage, when he learned that Himmler and Goering had deserted him.

It is this second part that is so inexplicable. In it he says that he is about to die, and yet he would have the world think that the war could still go on. Otherwise why did he appoint a new cabinet?

In this supplementary testament Hitler wrote:

Second Part of the Political Testament

Before my death, I expel the former Reichsmarschall Hermann GOERING from the Party, and withdraw from him all rights which were conferred on him by the decree of 29 June 41 and by my Reichstag speech of 1 Sept 39. In his place I appoint Admiral DOENITZ as president of the Reich and Supreme Commander of the *Wehrmacht.*

Before my death I expel the former Reichsführer S.S. and Minister of the Interior Heinrich HIMMLER from the Party and from all his State offices. In his place I appoint Gauleiter Karl HANKE as Reichsführer S.S. and Chief of the German police, and Gauleiter Paul GIESLER as Minister of the Interior.

Apart altogether from their disloyalty to me, GOERING and HIMMLER have brought irreparable shame on the country and the whole nation, by secretly negotiating with the enemy without my knowledge and against my will and also by illegally attempting to seize control of the State.

In order to give the German people a government composed of honourable men, who will fulfil the task of continuing the war with all means, as leader of the nation, I appoint the following members of the new cabinet:

A list followed, the chief names being :

President: DOENITZ
Chancellor: Dr. GOEBBELS
Party Minister: BORMANN

Writing about the cabinet, Hitler said :

Although a number of these men, such as Martin BORMANN, Dr. GOEBBELS, etc., as well as their wives, have come to me of their own free will, wishing under no circumstances to leave the Reich capital, but instead to fall with me here, I must nevertheless ask them to obey my request and in this case put the interests of the nation above their own feelings. They will stand as near to me through their work and their loyalty as comrades after death as I hope that my spirit will remain among them and always be with them. May they be severe but never unjust, may they above all never allow fear to influence their actions, and may they place the honour of the nation above everything on earth. May they finally be conscious that our task, the establishment of a National Socialist state, represents the work of centuries to come and obliges each individual person always to serve the common

interest before his own advantage. I ask all Germans, all National Socialists, men, women and all soldiers of the *Wehrmacht* to be loyal and obedient to the new government and its president until death.

The document ended :

Above all I enjoin the government of the nation and the people to uphold the racial laws to the limit and to resist mercilessly the poisoner of all nations, international Jewry.

BERLIN 29 April 1945 . . . 4.00 hrs.

A. HITLER.

Witnesses:

Dr. Joseph GOEBBELS
Martin BORMANN
Wilhelm BÜRGDORF
Hans KREBS

V

The set of documents which Lorenz had, contained an appendix to Hitler's political testament, which had been written by Goebbels after he had been appointed by the Führer as *Reichschancellor* of a country already crumbled to ruin.

Dr. Goebbels, in his last announcement, wrote :

The Führer has ordered me to leave BERLIN if the defence of the Reich capital collapses, and to take part as a leading member in a government appointed by him.

For the first time in my life I must categorically refuse to obey an order of the Führer. My wife and children join me in this refusal. Otherwise, apart from the fact that on grounds of fellow feeling and personal loyalty we could never bring ourselves to leave the Führer alone in his hour of greatest need, I would otherwise appear for the rest of my life a dishonourable traitor and common scoundrel, and would lose my own self respect as well as the respect of my fellow-citizens, a respect I should need in any further service in the future rebuilding of the German nation and German State.

In the nightmare of treason which surrounds the Führer in these most critical days of the war, there must be at least some people to stay with him unconditionally until death, even if this contradicts the formal, and from a material point of view, entirely justifiable order which he gives in his political testament.

I believe that I am thereby doing the best service to the future of the German people. In the hard times to come, examples will be more important than men. Men will always be found to show the nation the way out of its tribulations, but a reconstruction of our national life would be impossible if it were not inspired by examples which are clear and easily understandable to all.

For this reason, together with my wife, and on behalf of my children, who are too young to be able to speak for themselves, but who, if they were sufficiently old, would agree with this decision without reservation, I express my unalterable decision not to leave the Reich capital even if it falls, and at the side of the Führer, to end a life which for me personally will have no further value if I cannot spend it at the service of the Führer and by his side.

BERLIN 29 Apr 45. . . . 5.30 hours

Sgnd. DR. GOEBBELS.

CHAPTER V

I

WHATEVER is revealed to substantiate or refute the legitimacy of the will and the political testament, and the claim that Hitler and Eva Braun died at 3 p.m. on April 30, 1945, in the Chancellery bunker, there will for many years to come be arguments, both in Germany and the outside world, about the authenticity of the certificate purporting to document Hitler's marriage to Eva Braun.

These arguments will not be based alone on such questions as alleged mis-spellings, absence of umlauts, or even erratic punctuation, or on the makeshift character of the certificate and the blots and smudges and other odd features—by the way, does one preface one's name as a witness in a wedding ceremony by a title such as "Dr"?—but on the irrational, purposeless act that the marriage at that time represented. Only in one way could the marriage be regarded as anything but fantastic, if one postulated that Hitler and Eva Braun had lived together and had offspring, two possibilities which were widely and authoritatively refuted.

Hitler, who had seen this vain and not very clever girl around him daily, apparently regarded his marriage, once he had made up his mind, in a most serious light. He began his personal will with the announcement of his decision to marry, and he ended with the announcement of his and his wife's decision to commit suicide, and of their wish that their bodies be burnt immediately. It could be that, as a reaction to the "delirium of treachery" which he said was all around him, he had also a "delirium of loyalty", and out of appreciation for that made the only gesture that he, trapped and condemned, could make.

The certificate was typed on plain white paper and bore no stamps or seals. The five signatures, of Hitler and Eva Braun and of the witnesses, are smudgy and at times, as in the case of Hitler, scarcely legible. One would have thought that after Hitler had signed—his was the first signature—the other witnesses would have produced their own fountain pens. The signatures, however, appear to have been written with the same indifferent pen and the same poor ink. The reaction of any admirer of Hitler in such circumstances, called upon to sign his marriage certificate, would have been to use his own pen, if only to be able to keep it as a memento. Some of the smudges can be accounted for because the document was folded before it was dry, and even that is a strange fact, since it was not a case of an anxious bridegroom who wanted to hurry his bride away. There was nowhere for them to go except into that dismal little room where, everyone would have us believe, the honeymoon couple began to talk not of their future life, but of their death together.

There are many details of this strange document which are worth recording.

The first page is headed *Der Oberbürgermeister der Reichshauptstadt*, but

lower down the words that the marriage was celebrated before the Reichs *Oberbürgermeister* are crossed out and a correction made in handwriting that it took place before "City Councillor Walter Wagner".

The words "Marriage of parents" (Hitler's) are crossed out. The certificate reads:

There appeared before me (Councillor Wagner) to be immediately married:

"Adolf Hitler, born April 20, 1889, at Braunau, now resident at the Berlin Chancellery.

Father's name [blank]

Mother's name [the entry is smudged].

Proof of identity—personally known.

Fraülein Eva Braun, born February 6, 1910, at Munich.

Father—Frederic Braun.

Mother—Frances Braun, *née* Kronburger.

Identity proved by special identity card No. 59 issued by Chief of German Police (Himmler).

Eva Braun's signature, when she apparently signed herself as Mrs. Hitler for the first and last time of her life, contained a mistake which was hastily corrected. She was obviously going to sign *Braun*.

Hitler broke one of his own racial laws, for the ceremony took place without the production of health certificates or of proof that the two parties were of Aryan stock.

II

Among that set of documents which contained the marriage certificate —it was found at Tegernsee—was the photograph of a boy, estimated to be between eleven and twelve years of age, and this at once revived a story that Hitler and Eva Braun did, in fact, have a son. It became a popular theory, for it explained to many puzzled minds why Hitler lent himself to the ceremony.

The boy bore sufficient resemblance to Hitler—his eyes and hair were dark, and he had the same deeply thoughtful frown—to cause Allied Intelligence officers, especially the Americans, to begin enquiries. This had not been the first suggestion that Eva Braun had a son, although it had not before been suggested that Hitler was the father. The Russians had long before found a photograph of Eva Braun with a boy aged about four years old, and many journalists had tried in vain to see it at the Russian *Kommandantura*.

There was evidence that in 1935 Eva Braun was very unhappy, often stayed at home for long periods, and did not want to meet her friends. Her father, a teacher of carpentry at a small school, constantly reproved her for her melancholy. In Eva Braun's diary for the year 1935, which was captured and translated by American Army Security officials, the girl gave a clear picture of herself as a jealous, ambitious, moody person.

The fact claimed by British Intelligence officers that she urged Hitler to stay in Berlin and die there, and that she committed suicide, is recalled when one reads passages which she wrote in the diary about previous suicide attempts. "Tomorrow [this was on April 29] will be too late," she wrote. "I have decided on thirty-five pills so as to make it dead certain this time. If he would at least get someone to telephone me for him."

She also wrote of a letter she has sent to him which was decisive for her.

There were theories at the time when photographs of Eva Braun with a child were found, that Eva Braun knew, on April 29, 1935, that she was going to become a mother, and that Hitler was the father. These theories had nothing more to substantiate them than constructive imaginings and circumstantial evidence.

Other excerpts from the 1935 diary include the following:

May 10th. The weather is delightful and I, the mistress of Germany's and the world's greatest man, have to sit at home and look out of the window. He has so little understanding, and still makes me appear distant when his friends are about. I suppose it is really my fault. This fasting won't last for ever. Too bad though that it happens to be spring.

Then there is a flash of jealousy arising from jibes made by Frau Hoffmann, wife of Hitler's "court" photographer, by whom Fraülein Braun was for some time employed:

From Frau Hoffmann's kind and tactless remarks he now has a substitute for me. Her name is Walküre, and she looks the part, including her legs. But these are the shape that appeal to him. If this is correct, it is mean of him not to tell me. He should know me well enough to realize that I would never stand in his way if he should discover another romantic interest.

Why should he worry about that? I'll wait until June 3rd. But that will be three months since our last meeting, and I'll ask him for an explanation by post.

Ambition creeps into an entry dated February 18, when we see the girl assistant, who then worked in Hoffmann's shop on the Friedrichsstrasse in Berlin, dreaming of a more affluent life:

Yesterday [she wrote] he arrived unexpectedly, and it was a wonderful evening. The best thing was that he is thinking about taking me out of the firm—I mustn't be too happy yet—to buy me a little house. I don't dare to think about it. It would be wonderful. I wouldn't have to open doors for our honourable customers and play salesgirl. Dear God, please make it come true within a reasonable time. I am so infinitely happy that he loves me so, and pray that it will never cease to be like this. I should never want to be to blame, if once he stopped loving me.

Her moodiness, as seen by fellow guests in the bunker, is apparent in an entry dated March 4.

I am again mortally unhappy since I cannot write to him. He arrived on Saturday, when the dance took place. Mrs. Schwarz had given me a *loge* ticket for it, and so I was obliged to attend. I spent a few wonderful hours with him until 12 o'clock, and then went to the dance with his permission. He promised I should see him on Sunday, but though I sent a message that I was waiting, he simply drove off to Feldafing. He even refused Hoffmann's invitation to tea and dinner. I was at Hoffmann's, on pins and needles, thinking all the time he would come. Probably I am too pessimistic, but he has not been here now for two weeks. I am very unhappy, and have no peace of mind. I do not know why he should be angry with me.

I only wish I were seriously ill for at least eight days, and to hear nothing of him. Why doesn't something happen to me? Why do I have to suffer like this? I wish I had never seen him.

11 a.m.—Desperation. I am now going to buy more sleeping tablets. At least then I shall be half dazed, and I shall not think so much about him. Why does not the devil come and get me? I am sure it is nicer there.

For three hours I stood outside the Carlton, and had to watch while he brought flowers for Ondra [Anny Ondra, the beautiful actress wife of Max Schmeling, of whom Hitler was an admirer. She had been giving a performance at this time, though Fraülein Braun does not mention it]. He invited her to supper. He is only using me for a very definite purpose. When he says he loves me he takes it just as seriously as his promises, which he never keeps. Why does he torture me so much instead of just putting an end to the whole thing?

On April 1, there is the first reference to Eva Braun being given money:

Yesterday [she wrote] we were invited by him to supper at the Four Seasons [a restaurant called, in German, the *Vierjahreszeiten*]. I had to sit next to him for three hours, and could not say a word to him. When he left he handed to me an envelope which contained money, as he had done once before. If only he had given me a greeting, or a kind word I would have been so happy. But he never thinks of anything like that.

On April 29, she was again depressed because of some mysterious matter that was decisive:

The house is ready [she wrote], but I can't go to see him. Love does not seem to be on his programme at the present time. The past week I did my share of crying at night, especially when I spent Easter at home by myself [Hitler's birthday falls in this period]. I am getting on everybody's nerves because I want to sell everything.

I have sent him a letter. It is a decisive one for me.

Will he consider this as important as I do? Well, we shall see. If I don't get an answer by 10 tonight, I will take my twenty-five pills and lie down peacefully. Is it a sign of the terrific love of which he assures me, that he has not spoken to me one kind word in about three months?

Agreed that he has been busy with the political questions, but have not things eased off? And how about the last year, when he had lots of worries with Roehm [a friend of Eva Braun and of Hitler, at whose wedding Hitler acted as best man, and whom he later liquidated] and with Italy, and still found time for me?

After all, a few kind words to Frau Hoffmann would hardly have taken much time [Hitler sent messages with the photographer's wife]. I fear there is some other reason. It is certainly not my fault. It is because of another woman, although I doubt that it is the Walküre.

What other reason could there be? I cannot find one. Curse it, I am afraid I shall not get an answer today. Dear God, please make it possible that I speak to him today.

The diary had marginal notes, some of which appeared to have been written in fits of depression.

III

Many photographs were found showing Hitler and Eva Braun with children. All the children could be identified as being those of officials of the party, excepting one in the photograph found at Tegernsee, although Hoffmann, who introduced Eva to the Führer, gave his expert opinion that this boy was the son of Bormann. Hoffmann, who knew Eva as well as anyone, stated categorically that she had never had a child. So did her parents.

The mystery of the child gave many people—Intelligence officers, police, private detectives, and journalists—many sleepless nights. In their opinion the identity of that boy might explain an act which history would one day represent as being as dramatic as any since the death of Antony and Cleopatra.

The various developments in the Hitler case revived interest in the bunker and the Chancellery. The red marble-topped table which rumour wrongly described as Hitler's work-table was "eaten away" by souvenir hunters, who chipped pieces off it; fittings were removed from the walls; everything that was portable appeared to have been taken from the bunker. The material that covered the built-in settee on which it was stated Hitler and Eva Braun had committed suicide was cut to pieces, as also the mattress of Eva Braun's bed.

In the underground Chancellery, a friend and I once contacted a Mongol guard. He took us into the guard's quarters with the intention of interesting us in some of his loot, for which he hoped to get cigarettes. We found that the room in which he and the other men slept was much like a museum. These simple soldiers had collected an infinite variety of Hitler's personal belongings, and many costly presents which had been given to him by ambassadors, including an elaborate enamel and gold chariot, which had come from the Emperor of Japan. The Mongol had treasured this, but he now wished to exchange it for a thousand cigarettes. My friend, a famous Canadian K.C., was offered Hitler's personal towels and an album in which there were photographs of Hitler's friends. These ignorant guards had probably robbed history of many important revelations.

CHAPTER VI

I

IT was obvious to most of us in Germany, in the early months of 1946, that the question of Hitler's marriage and death would have to be dealt with carefully, unless the Allies wished to encourage the later growth of legends which might raise a common war criminal to saintly heights. Of all the people in Allied hands—unless the Russians hold prisoners whose names have not been revealed, which is more than likely—none could better refute or substantiate the story which was told in the marriage certificate, the will, the last testament and Goebbels' appendix than Wilhelm Friedrich Zander.

Of the three men who carried the documents, Zander was the leader. He held the originals of the documents, he was in command of the party, and he stood nearest to Bormann, Hitler's deputy, from whom orders for the mission with the documents were obtained. There is little doubt that, of all the people known to have been in the bunker, Zander is the last living person to have had contact with Hitler and his deputy.

Despite this, both the British and American Intelligence Services remained quiet long enough for all kinds of rumours and legends to arise. The number of people who believed Hitler to be still alive increased. Even in England prominent people who had known Germany and German mentality well expressed their doubt on one or other of the documents in no uncertain manner. Douglas Reed, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, for instance, wrote:

In view of the importance of the matter, may I offer the opinion that Hitler's "marriage certificate", of which you recently published part in facsimile, is a patent forgery? As your correspondents W.E. and Miss Margarete Vernon have pointed out, it was clearly typed on a non-German machine by a non-German. The registrar supposed to have officiated, "Walter Wagner", proves unknown to the Chief Registrar of Berlin.

Hitler may be dead or alive, married or unmarried; this document proves only that there is somebody who either wishes the world to think he is dead, and died married, or just wished to deepen the mystery surrounding those April days in Berlin and the still unanswered riddle of his death or disappearance.

May I draw attention to several curious aspects of the mystery? Hitler's body has not been found, but the only man who could identify it, his dentist, disappeared, according to British Intelligence, "eight months ago"—about the same time, apparently, as Hitler himself. From what zone did he disappear?

Is it a fact, and can it be proved, that Goebbels's body was found? Photographs of the bodies of Nazi leaders who committed suicide in the British or American zones were published. None was published, to my knowledge, of the dead Goebbels. Is British Intelligence in possession of proof of his death?

How did the three emissaries, bearing copies of Hitler's marriage certificate and will, make their way through the enemy lines when these were so near the Chancellery?

Some of the questions Douglas Reed asked could certainly be answered by Zander, if he decided to tell the truth. Standartenführer Wilhelm Zander was not, however, a completely trustworthy man, as was revealed when he was arrested. He then called himself Friederich Wilhelm Paustin and was living with a single girl, 22-year-old Elsa Unterholzner, former secretary to Martin Bormann. The arrest was made in the girl's house in Aldendorf, near Vilshofen, in Lower Bavaria. Zander has also been described as "an incorrigible fanatic", who believed in Hitler and Nazism until his end.

Born thirty-four years ago in the Saar district, he became a wood merchant, and would probably have remained one had he not joined the Nazi Party. In 1930 Zander was working in Italy as a "merchant", but in reality he was only a pedlar. After his return to Germany, he joined the S.S. and served under the Chief Constable of Brunswick, S.S. Obergruppenführer Jäcklen, as aide-de-camp. He later went to the Munich Chancellery of the Party, with the title of S.S. *Sturmbannführer*, and was attached to the staff of the *Stellvertreter des Führers*, Rudolf Hess. At that time Zander made acquaintance with Eva Braun, who always had time for him. It might have been through her kind offices that Zander was transferred to Hitler's Berlin headquarters. In 1942 he joined the Army, became a lieutenant, and was wounded in the following year.

Zander then became aide-de-camp to Martin Bormann, although he pretended to have an aversion to Hitler's deputy, and he succeeded in getting himself nominated as *Oberreichsleiter für den Stellungsbau im Osten* (Realmleader for fortification building in the East). He specialized on the restoration of fortifications and railway stations on the Eastern Front, at the same time playing an important role in an organization for removing children from dangerous areas into the country.

It is reported that Zander refused to carry the documents, either through fear or from personal aversion to Bormann, and that Hitler had personally to ask him to perform the task.

After weeks on the road, he reached Tegernsee where he met a relative in a sanatorium, which had become an American hospital for wounded Germans. Zander's feet were sore, and he remained for some time in the hospital. When he was well, he became an assistant to the gardener under the false name. He had contacted his wife, and she had met him in Bruckmühl. and later in Munich. Zander knew that his friend, Elsa Unterholzner, had flown to Berchtesgaden in the last 'plane that had left the Chancellery and had gone to Aldenbach near Vilshofen, where a married sister, a prominent leader of the *Hitler Frauenschaft*, lived. On October 20 he visited his friend, and returned to her again on December 22, remaining in her house to celebrate Christmas. He was arrested there at 3.30 a.m. on December 28.

Zander was subjected to long interrogations, but inconsistencies were discovered in the statements he made. It was obvious that he had no intention of telling all that he knew, and what he did tell could not all be relied upon.

During early January, clues discovered by both the British and the American Intelligence Services caused them to ask for the help of the Russian Intelligence Service, but this organization remained non-co-operative. The only letter sent to the Soviet Headquarters in Berlin by the British in relation to Hitler remained unanswered. Only on one occasion, so far as I know, did the Russians show any interest in Hitler, and that was when, on my invitation, two Russian majors came to a meeting at which we revealed information.

II

Intensive enquiries all over the British and American zones revealed a variety of unimportant facts, these including such trifling details as that "Adolf Hitler of 16, Prinz Regenten Square, Munich", the home of Eva Braun, to which Hitler was stated to have gone secretly, owed, according to the books of the Munich City Treasurer, an electric light bill of 600 marks. Eva Braun owed another bill for 400 marks.

Among the people arrested was Johanna Wolf, who had been Hitler's confidential secretary during the whole of the war. A forty-five-year-old spinster, she told the Americans who arrested her and took her to Nuremberg, that she still had faith in the ideals of Nazism, that the Führer's ideals "would live on in the hearts of men", and that she would again fight for her beliefs; but she told them none of the many secrets that she had learned about Hitler's private life. She could not resist ridiculing, however, the report that Eva Braun had borne Hitler children, and she discredited the story of a German girl who at that time claimed that she was Hitler's daughter.

The Americans knew that Miss Wolf had left the Chancellery bunker at the behest of Hitler who "could see that the fighting was coming nearer, and was afraid we couldn't stand it", in the early hours of April 21, 1945, and that she had left Berlin by aeroplane. That excluded the possibility, which had long been considered, that Wolf typed Hitler's will, political testament and marriage certificate.

British Intelligence officers now concentrated their enquiries on Nicolaus von Below, the only living witness of Hitler's will. The fact of Martin Bormann's death was now tacitly accepted, and the only witness, Dr. Goebbels, had long been presumed dead.

Many facts had been collected about von Below, but the most interesting one was that he had left one of the bunkers in the Reichs Chancellery on either April 29 or 30. Von Below came of a line of soldiers—his father was a regular officer—and he followed the same career himself, first as an infantry officer and later as a *Luftwaffe* officer. Long before he joined the Army, von Below had been interested in rearmament and,

as a great admirer of Goering, became one of the earliest pilots of the German Air Force, when it existed in secret in defiance of the Versailles Treaty.

He stood close to Hitler, answering his queries about the growth and efficiency of the *Luftwaffe* and carrying out such personal services as arranging his flights.

Von Below was known to have prided himself on the fact that he had accompanied Hitler on many important missions. He was with the Führer when he went triumphantly into Vienna after the annexation of Austria, and he was with him at the Godesberg, Sudetenland and Godesberg Conferences, and in Prague after the complete occupation of Czechoslovakia.

Hitler insisted that von Below should be present at his various headquarters, and he was present when the bomb attempt on Hitler's life was made on July 20, 1944. He saw Hitler come out of the doorway of the conference-room after the explosion with his uniform badly torn and his leg bruised.

A description of von Below was circulated and a careful watch was kept in many towns. On two occasions it was thought that he had been living in Berlin, but discovery of his whereabouts was made far from the capital, as the result of the shrewdness of a woman.

Von Below, as he admitted after his arrest in Bonn in January 1946, left Hitler's bunker at midnight on April 29–30, 1945, having taken his official leave of Hitler, Eva Braun, Goebbels, and General Bürgdorf, to whom he had been responsible, half an hour before. The idea of trying to get away had occurred to him at tea-time on April 29, when he realized, since the sounds of battle could be heard at the bottom of the bunker steps, that the Russians would have reached the Chancellery by the next day, or the day after.

It was generally known in all three of the bunkers that Hitler and Eva Braun had decided to commit suicide, and that Goebbels and his family and General Bürgdorf would do the same after the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun had been burned. Von Below did not relish the idea of being left in the bunker, either to follow the example of his Führer or to fall into the hands of the Russians, and so he asked permission of General Bürgdorf to leave, and try to get through the enemy lines to the headquarters of General Keitel "to put up a brave fight". The general said that since von Below was Hitler's adjutant he thought he ought to ask him. This von Below did, and Hitler said he would not require him any more, shook hands with him, and wished him luck on his journey.

III

What happened to von Below afterwards sounds like a passage out of a detective story.

Shells were dropping not far from the Unter den Linden as the adjutant left the bunker. There were many fires burning in various parts of

Berlin and the sky was ablaze. The noise was deafening, heavy artillery, mortars and *Panzerfausts* adding to the perpetual din of small-arms fire. Obviously the Germans were making their last stand.

Von Below crept across the garden of the Chancellery and went out the back way in the direction of the Charlottenburger Chaussee. He made good progress that night, stole through the Russian lines and lay up at dawn. For three nights he continued in the direction of Keitel's headquarters, and when he found he could go no further he secured some civilian clothes and turned west through territory occupied by British and Americans. He contacted his father-in-law, Stefan Kuhne, his brother-in-law, Major Heinrich Behr, and a woman named Maria von Groote, and they helped him although they knew that he was wanted by the British. One of them enabled him to enrol as a student of law at Bonn University under an assumed name.

He would not stay longer than was necessary with his friends because he feared detection, and he took a room not far from Bonn University at the house of a stranger. For six months he lived the life of a University student, deceiving everyone, until one January morning he gave himself away. He was sitting at the breakfast table reading the *Kölnischer Kurier*, when he jumped in surprise, rushed past his landlady and went to his room. He did not come back for his breakfast. He had read the report of the finding of Hitler's will.

Shortly after that von Below was arrested.

Von Below told British Intelligence officers that he took up his quarters in one of the three bunkers outside the Reichs Chancellery on Hitler's orders on April 20, 1945, and that he was present at the conference at which Hitler decided to stay in the capital. He confirmed the story told by Hanna Reitsch, without adding additional facts. He spoke of the effect the news of his betrayal by Goering and Himmler had on Hitler, who had grown very nervous and was suffering from delayed shock caused by the attempt on his life on June 20, 1944. He heard about the arrangements for the marriage of Hitler and Eva Braun on April 28, but was not invited to the ceremony. He stood outside the room, however, and he saw Hitler and Eva Braun leave it, accompanied by the registrar.

He was invited later the same night to go to Hitler's living-room, where he drank champagne together with Dr. Goebbels and Martin Bormann. Frau Goebbels, who was very quiet, General Krebs and General Bürgdorf and two of Hitler's ordinary secretaries—probably the ones who had prepared the will and testament—were also present. This strange champagne party lasted for about one hour, during which everyone talked rather nostalgically about the past, and pretended to ignore the fear for the future that showed on their faces.

When the party was over von Below was called into a nearby room, where he was joined by Goebbels and Bormann. Hitler came in with a paper. Turning to von Below, Hitler said that since he had served the Führer as *Luftwaffe* adjutant for such a long time he was going to ask him to perform a last service. Von Below was then invited to sign Hitler's personal will. Von Below read the will after it had been discussed by

Goebbels and Hitler. Hitler signed it with a flourish, followed by Martin Bormann and by Goebbels. Von Below signed last. He was not asked to sign Hitler's political testament, and he did not hear of this until later, when General Bürgdorf told him a new Government had been formed.

Von Below revealed that he took two letters with him from the bunker, one from Hitler to Field Marshal Keitel and the other from General Krebs to General Jodl. He declares that he burned these two letters on his way through the Russian lines, but before doing so he read them, committing their contents to memory.

At our request he recited from memory "the contents of these letters".

That from Hitler to General Keitel, dated April 29, was alleged to have read:

The fight for Berlin is drawing to a close. On the other fronts as well the end can be expected within a few days. I am going to commit suicide rather than surrender.

I have appointed Grossadmiral Doenitz as my successor as *Reichspräsident* and *Oberbefehlshaber der Wehrmacht.* I expect you to remain at your posts, and to give my successor the same zealous support you have granted me, and to do your utmost to fight gallantly to the end.

Two of my oldest supporters, Goering and Himmler, have broken faith with me at the last minute.

The people and *Wehrmacht* have given their all in this long and hard struggle. The sacrifice has been enormous. My trust has been misused by many people. Disloyalty and betrayal have undermined resistance throughout the war. It was therefore not granted to me to lead the people to victory.

The Army General Staff cannot be compared with the General Staff in the Great War. Its achievements were far behind those on the fighting front. The *Luftwaffe* fought bravely. Its Commander-in-Chief has been unable to maintain the superiority of the years 1939 and 1940. The Navy has wiped out the disgrace of 1918 by its morale during this war. It cannot be blamed for its defeat.

The efforts and sacrifices of the German people have been so great that I cannot believe that they have been in vain. The aim must still be to win territory in the East for the German people.

The letter from General Krebs to General Jodl, dated April 29, was:

The encirclement of Berlin by the Russians is complete. Our own resistance against enemy superiority can only last a few days. Arms and ammunition are lacking. Supplies by air are insufficient. It is no longer possible to land in Berlin. There is no information about the position of Wenck's army here. Their help in saving Berlin is no longer reckoned with. The Führer expects that the other fronts will fight on to the last man.

Allied Intelligence officers were still being called upon to deal with new phases of "the Hitler Case" in the summer of 1946, and in July evidence was given about it at Nuremburg: but a Quadripartite statement was not issued.

How best to convince the Germans that he is dead is a great problem. Maybe it will be easier to prove to them that what he represented was evil, and that if he had survived it would have been a great tragedy not only for his opponents, but for Germany too.

BOOK III

PROBLEMS OF THE CONQUERORS

CHAPTER I

I

On my first visit to see the conquerors in council I felt intimidated. It was one thing to face up to dynamic Monty when he talked to us in the early hours of an autumn morning before the battle of El Alamein, explaining in short, unemotional sentences what stood between us and our first objective, and how we were to attain it. But it was different to be in Berlin: and there would also be there Marshal Zhukov, Generals Eisenhower and Koenig. Of these three I had seen only Koenig before, looking almost like one of his own *poilu*, following his now legendary defence in the desert. These men had each won epic victories with armies they had led thousands of weary miles against incredible opposition. They were soldiers who had made world history.

The car of a former S.S. general took me through shattered streets, over two temporary bridges, to the largest building that is intact in Berlin, headquarters of Allied Government in Germany. I drove into the spacious grounds on the broad terraces of which, from high staffs, flew four proud flags of victory. The building is in the American sector, and U.S. troops, white-belted, gloved, bespatted, scarved and helmeted, stood on guard to greet officers with precise ceremonial.

In my anxiety to find my way about I had got there early, but this enabled me to learn the whereabouts of the four secretariats on different floors, reached by staircases of great dignity. When I eventually reached the council chamber I found in charge a man who had shot up from modest rank in two years, without any war experience, to be the world's most powerful commander.

In a large impressive room[1], lighted by thirty-one chandeliers like clustered diamonds against the painted ceiling, and ornamented by eight marble columns with gold cornices, and six-feet-tall militant angels at the main entrance, was Ike Eisenhower. The only other occupants were a U.S. brigadier, and two pretty French secretaries arranging a table.

Ike smiled broadly as I paid my compliments.

"We are a bit early," he said, with that natural air that puts all at ease.

He stood in front of tall french windows in well-cut "pinks" and battle-dress-style khaki tunic, hands in his pockets as informally as any G.I. He was, I thought, the classical example of what is meant by a leader with personality. He looked, smiled and talked so naturally. The

[1] Formerly the Kammergericht, where those who planned the July 20 plot against Hitler were tried and sentenced to death.

complete absence of inhibitions and the obvious vitality of mind and body, together with an air of calm assurance and authority, combined to make the perfect leader of men.

"This is what war brings them to," said Ike, nodding towards the grounds.

Outside were some thirty German troops, tall and blonde, their hair cut short. They had foot-long PW's stencilled on their backs, on the seats of their trousers, and a P was on one knee and a W on the other. Bored, gum-chewing G.I. guards stood in the shade of trees, watching their charges. The Germans, once members of famous *Wehrmacht* formations, worked as labourers without resentment.

"Yes, this is what war brings them to," repeated the general.

"They probably hate it," I said.

"Ach, they don't mind," said the brigadier with a laugh. "Once they lose their leader."

The Germans were levelling, raking and clearing the extensive grounds of the new seat of government of the Allies. That vast building did not yet mean democracy to them any more than the Reichstag had since 1933, or the Kroll Opera House. The four flags flying over them were symbolic.

The door opened and Marshal Zhukov came in, accompanied by Mr. Vyshinsky. He was shorter than Ike, dressed as formally and resplendently as Ike casually and drably. Zhukov's large face was granite grim. His body was stocky, his chest covered with medals, his epaulettes stiff with gold braid.

He strolled up and the two war leaders shook hands and talked through interpreters, who had already arrived.

Ike drew Zhukov's attention to the improvements being made to the grounds. They spoke of the soldiers. Then General Koenig came, spruce and pert as a fighting-cock. Finally Monty, who had flown in from Bad Oeynhausen to Gatow. Monty wore battledress, as ever.

For two or three moments the four military leaders, surrounded by their supporting staffs, stood near the window chatting. All were smoking, except Monty and some of his staff, who desisted in deference to the Marshal's dislike of tobacco. Little did those prisoners of war suspect that the four men who had humbled their war-crazy nation on the world's battlefields were looking down on them fifty yards away.

Before we went to our seats—there were about forty of us privileged to attend these secret consultations—I noticed how easily the British, American and French generals mixed, and how formal and awkward Zhukov, with all his ferocity of visage, appeared to be in their presence. He was always the man from the East, ice-cold, remote, his mind in Moscow. One reason was language, always a great barrier to co-operation with Russia, but predominating was the sterile fact that the Eastern and Western Powers, although they had been Allies for so long, had worked together only on paper, in reticent signals, terse *communiqués* and by wireless; and they represented Powers of opposing ideologies which had to clash.

II

General Koenig took the chair. The generals sat round the table clockwise, according to alphabetical sequence. He fussed with his agenda and his co-ordinating committee papers, on which were the recommendations made by the twelve directorates on important matters and passed on by the committee to the Council for approval.

Monty faced Zhukov and Ike faced Koenig from different sides of the large square table. Each general had his deputy on his right: General Clay (America), Lt.-General Sir Brian Robertson (Great Britain), General Koeltz (France) and General Sokolovsky (Russia). On their left were the political advisors: Ambassador Murphy, Sir William Strang, Ambassador St. Hardouin and Mr. Vyshinsky.

Except for the uniforms it might have been a board meeting of a limited liability company. The table was heaped high with papers and with minutes which were duly agreed and signed. Secretaries sat at the four corners, the French girls always attracting attention as they moved elegantly in and out with their shorthand typewriting machines. Nearly everyone smoked. Cigars, pipes and cigarettes gave a homely air to the room. Smoke from French, Russian, American and Virginian blends filled the chamber with a pleasant odour, something reminiscent of the international club lounge. The people who spoke—only the voices of the generals and their interpreters were heard—talked informally without rising, made jokes at which few laughed, and held whispered consultations with the men each side of them.

The procedure was robbed of its drama even when, which was not infrequent, contentious opinions on vital matters were stated in blunt language, by the fact that the majority of those in the room comprehended what had been said only when they heard it repeated in cold, unemotional tones by the interpreters.

It was difficult to realize that one was witnessing the making of history; the ruling, in the boldest experiment since the beginning of international co-operation, of a defeated nation of many millions by four conquerors.

There were times, and one lived through them with a sense of unreality, when the Four Powers achieved an identity of views on matters which had in them the possibilities of disaster for Germany and for the world.

"Agreed," said the sandy-headed Ike Eisenhower.

"*Harosho Sogla'syen*," muttered stumpy, aggressively jowled Georg Konstantinov Zhukov—the "Spasitel", as we called him in Germany.

"All right," nodded Monty.

"*D'accord—bien*," said Koenig, still smiling.

And so, in a matter of minutes, a law was made repealing hundreds of enactments which Hitler and his arch conspirators had studiously compiled and brought into force to rule the "Thousand-year Reich" —twelve years of pseudo-legal barbarity committed to the limbo of forgotten things.

There were other times when we went to the Council meeting with

the firm conviction, having previously heard the items on the agenda discussed by the deputy generals at the co-ordinating committee, that the gathering would be over in record time, that the *communiqué* would be drawn up without difficulty. Such a prospect was attractive because each meeting of the Council, and, for that matter, of the co-ordinating committee, was followed by a banquet such as few emperors can ever have improved upon when entertaining visiting Royalty.

This small body of men, most of whom had seen or known the worst of human suffering and deprivation on the world's battlefields in the bloody years, then sat down for an hour in a ruined city of over three million souls, all of whom were learning in hunger and poverty the high cost of aggression, and ate the choicest of food and drank the finest of wines the needy world could provide.

But the "easy" agendas produced the most insuperable difficulties, and on such historic occasions one had an insight into the hidden problems created by National Socialism and the dark powers its war had let loose, the liquidation of which could affect not only all Germans for centuries to come, but the whole world.

There were such questions as the permanent eradication of Nazism and the restoration of a democratic administration.[1] There was the problem of bringing millions of armament-producing Germans into peaceful occupations, in the absence of a Reichs Labour Office. There was the task of resuming the proper education of children, by providing 300,000 suitable teachers in a country where Reichsminister Rust had turned education into propaganda, teachers into militarists, and children into machines, through Hitler Youth and the League of German Girls. There was the debatable question of to what extent Germany was to be allowed to become industrial again, in view of the fact that some 14,000,000 Germans were to be returned to a smaller Reich from Poland and Czechoslovakia. There was the associated decision of how far the all-important phrases in the Potsdam Agreement, "*emphasis shall be given to agriculture*" and "*reducing the need for imports*", were to be translated into German economic facts.

There were also the questions of providing democratic police replacements for men organized on military pattern, who lived in barracks, could commit to prison without trial, had judiciary powers and were the main means of enforcing the will of the National Socialists.

Even more important, there was the problem of the eradication of militarism and prevention of mistakes made after the 1914-18 war when Germany was left with an army, a number of ships and an aeroplane-building industry.

The great tasks that beset the Control Council, like its membership, were quadripartite. They were to de-militarize Germany, to stamp out National Socialism, to impress responsibility for the war and to prepare a new, regenerated Germany for her entry as a self-supporting, peaceful, democratic power into the comity of nations.

[1] By May 1946 50,000 Nazi leaders and officials had been interned, and 100,000 Nazis expelled from positions of responsibility in the British zone alone.

Fulfilment of the first three of these aims of the Berlin Protocol were not beset with very great difficulties, as we discovered at the early meetings. Differences of opinion on questions of German imports and exports, on the allocation of reparations and on the smashing of such formidable combines as Krupp, whose guns had echoed round the world ever since the Thirty Years' War, came to light, as did others on the new judicial system, and a hundred other things. But these differences were not fundamental.

It was under the fourth heading, as we began to find later, that there were important differences of principle. It was such laws and proclamations as affected the level of German industry, the Government of Germany as an economic whole, the formation of Trade Unions and the question of preparing Germany's re-entry into the post-war world as a united nation that caused such long discussions, so many postponements of urgent decisions that we felt might one day result in disruption.

It was natural that the main differences should exist between Russia, which embraced Communism and showed an increasing desire to internationalize the system, and the three Western capitalistic Powers, who were in favour of expression being given by different parties to all shades of political opinion; but what we had not expected were differences between the other Powers and France, who betrayed a bias in favour of a partition of Germany, each part with its social, economic and industrial policies.

The mistake had been made of inviting France to join the then Tripartite Powers in the government of Germany without having allowed her to participate at the Potsdam Conference. The least the Three Powers could have done to prevent the Potsdam Agreement being jeopardized was to have asked France if she was willing to sign the Protocol before she participated in its implementation. No one thought of that until it was too late.

But these big problems were little more than whispered about in the early meetings, although the Council had its troubles.

During a particular acrimonious discussion, in which Zhukov, obviously instructed even during the progress of the meeting from the Kremlin, had said some hard things implying the existence of a secret German Army in the British zone,[1] there was an adjournment and everyone went to the banqueting room.

Immediately the tension seemed to lift. Voices had been pitched in a low, argumentative key. There had been no jokes, no laughter. More than ever before we saw the fallacy of thinking that it would be easy for the four military leaders to reach agreement because they had a firm basis in the Potsdam Agreement, and because they were all Allies and friends working together. As I recall Sir Brian Robertson saying, a great difference had come to light. During the war Eisenhower

[1] Strength of German service personnel still in the British zone in July 1946 was approximately 120,000. All German H.Q. had been dissolved. Two and a half million Germans who surrendered in the British zone had therefore been disbanded, and a further 400,000 had been transferred to the zone in which were their homes for discharge.

and Monty, Koenig and Zhukov had had a very definite common purpose in fighting an indomitable enemy. They had been prepared to subordinate wishes and aspirations to the achievement of a single purpose. Now, as we saw at those meetings, individual ideas, national aims, ideologies and policies began to loom monstrously large. It was also apparent, even when the generals were sitting at the same small table loaded with sumptuous food, with champagne corks popping against a background of laughter, that the four victorious Powers were represented by men accustomed to getting their own way, and not always by negotiation. The very qualities that had made them successful on the battlefield were now a danger. Of them all, Zhukov was the most perfectly cool, persistent negotiator, with a clear policy that had a broad answer for most problems.

The replacement of an agenda with tricky geo-political problems by a menu with *Vol au Vent au saumon, Dindonneau farcis a Jambon, Petits pois au basket,* smoked reindeer tongue and pink and black caviar, did wonders to restore amity to that gathering. One had time to think.

And as we ate and drank, uppermost in our minds and in our conversations was the question of the vital need for the preservation of the Four-Powered machine. In our different ways we were all conscious of the delicate fabric of this system of government, and of the fact that the only alternative to it—a system of independent governments ruling Germany as four separate parts, with different laws, currencies, and according to rival ideologies—would have a disastrous effect on the economy and the still uncertain peace of Europe and the world.

On this, as on other occasions, Zhukov, at the resumption of the meeting, seemed at least as anxious to maintain international co-operation as he was to keep up the prestige of his country.

CHAPTER II

I

THOUGH the reticent *communiqués* which emerged gave but few signs of existing disharmony among the Powers, it did not take long for the Germans to decide that the United Nations in the Control Council were united in name only.

Goebbels had presented Germany as the bulwark against the spread of Communism to the West. He had always insisted that Communist Russia and Capitalistic Britain and America were natural rivals and must one day clash. The Germans maintained a sharp vigil for corroborative signs of this rivalry, and what they looked for they found.

Events outside the Reich had an extraordinary effect inside Germany. The suspicion and rivalry over the atom bomb, the arrest of Russian spies in Canada, the behaviour of Russian delegates to the U.N.O. conferences, and, finally, the security moves by Russia and the Western Allies to acquire bases, all produced an atmosphere of fear which had its focal point in the Control Council in Berlin, the only place in the world, except Vienna, where the Allies met. Those people who denied that the desire for bases, in the Mediterranean by Russia, and in the Pacific by U.S.A., was conclusive proof that the Allies had abandoned collective security and feared attack, were confounded by two later developments. The first was Churchill's proposal of a Western Bloc, and the other was the warning by Stalin on May Day, 1946, that "international reactionaries" wanted another war.

"If there was another war," a well-known Weimar Republic politician told me as we walked amid the ruins after one of these council meetings, "it will be the end for ever of Germany. Such a war would be fought on our soil. We do not ever want war again. Now, for the first time since Charlemagne, we know what it means."

He spoke for nearly all the three million people then in Berlin.

"You think there is danger?"

The old man looked over his shoulder, and I instantly thought of the officers who had talked to me in the British zone about the next war.

"There has been a race to round up war scientists in both the Eastern and the Western zones," he said. "It has been in the newspaper that 300 German scientists who had worked on V1 and V2 and the atom bomb have been taken to work in America. Others, Otto Hahm and Werner Heisenburg, atomic chemists and physicists and jet experts, are reported to have been taken to England. The Russians are known to have rounded up any number of scientists."

I told the man he was exaggerating already exaggerated Press reports, but he went on:

"Has not Russia absorbed three former independent states—Latvia,

Estonia and Lithuania? Has Russia not taken part of Eastern Poland and Germany? Is it not true that the governments of Rumania, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia and Hungary are in the power of Russia? And do Turkey or Persia feel secure?" And so on. . . . He was a typical product of post-war Berlin.

It was all so like the bad old days, but the tragedy was that it produced the wrong atmosphere in which to regenerate Germans. If there were rumours of a new war after a surfeit of war how could they concentrate on learning the arts of peace? If all that Goebbels had told them appeared about to materialize, how could one hope for the Nazis ever to be discredited? If the four victors, in whose hands for an unlimited period of time all the military and economic might of the world was vested, were taking precautions against the possibility of war in their own camp, how could the Germans ever be demilitarized, at least in spirit? And then there was the food shortage. Pupils did not learn lessons on empty stomachs.

It was also in such an atmosphere as this that over 63,000,000 Germans, living in a great spiritual vacuum, looked round for a new philosophy.

They found that each of the Four Powers were trying with almost religious fervour to win them over to their own particular democratic viewpoint, and since they knew little enough about democracy they found it bewildering. Some thought it best to cling to National Socialism and to the belief that Hitler was alive. These were tangible concepts, requiring nothing more than hope. To decide between the others demanded the political discrimination of which they had long ago been robbed.

It is nonsense to say that these people accepted the burden of guilt for the war any more than they had done for the last. Early twinges of conscience gave way to a sense of righteous justification when they saw elements of rivalry, suspicion and fear among the conquerors. Hence British and American Intelligence officers, as late as October 1946, could find evidence of a vast Nazi underground organization of old Hitler *Jugend*, members of which said frankly: "There is nothing else for it but this. We do not know where we are being led, if at all." Hence all the jubilation among the Germans when Hermann Goering, whose voice was brought into millions of German homes by the misguided courtesy of Allied propagandists, exhibited himself as an astute and loyal follower of Hitler, an unrepentant Nazi: and when he cheated the hangman by taking poison. Such symptoms are of great portent.

The disagreement among the Allies had the same effect as disagreement among doctors at a patient's bedside—the patient went back, at least spiritually, to his old doctor. He, at least, had a specific diagnosis and a prescription. The patient then knew what he was required to do, and Germans are never so happy as when they have a clear mandate.

The Germans could not even trust their own writers to help them. Men like Franz Thiess, Walter von Molo, Eugene Ortner, Waldemar Bonsels, and Ernst Wiechert, because they had been neutral in the

terrible years. Big men like Erich Feuchtwanger, the Manns, Werfel, Wassermann, Toller, Rauschning, Neumann, Frank, Schwarzschield, Brecht, the Zweigs, Zuchmayer, and others, were unknown to them because they had been away so long. And the shortage of newsprint did not help.

So the German looked round like a lost child. He trusted none of the signposts that pointed out of the wood.

II

What was so noticeable in Berlin in the early days was the rapidity with which certain aspects of American life influenced the German mind. Goebbels had "protected" Germans from the "degenerating influence of Jewish-American films" and "Negro Jazz", but the lifting of the non-fraternization ban had been accompanied by a vociferous demand for dances and films.

Dance halls, bars and cabarets were hastily repaired amid the ruins, and began to cater for the new craze. "International dance orchestras" appeared overnight, as though they had been rehearsing through the years in a secret hedonistic world unknown to the Gestapo.

Under the Nazi regime public dances had been banned since 1942, and it was surprising, therefore, how fashionable hideous jazz effects had been preserved. Girls were everywhere to be seen learning American acrobatic jazz, and at such places as Bobby's, the Tabasco, Rio Rita, Casino and the Femina, young widows who had yet to shed the mourning they wore for dead soldier husbands, were partnering Allied officers, who gave them articles of food, either to eat or to sell on the Black Market. The scenes in these halls were reminiscent of a Bacchanalia, and depressed the democrat.

Where the copies of the music came from no one ever knew, but the programmes included not only 1946 foxtrots, but the Bolero, Marcha, and Samba—all kinds of tunes which must have made Goebbels turn in his grave. "*Maria la O*", "*Rum and Lemonade*", and "*Tico, Tico*" were nicely intermixed with "*Eins zwei, Gesaufa,*" and such robust pieces from north of the Border as "Roll me over in the Clover". Nowhere in the post-war world could one see such an effect of lusty abandon as in some of these dance halls, among a ruined world, especially in the 1945–46 winter when the *Magistrat*, knowing too little of their Shakespeare to realize that light and vice were deadly enemies, ordered all such places to turn off the electricity at eight o'clock and carry on, if they wished, in candlelight

Younger girls and older women—for there were few men to be seen in the early days—flocked to the hastily repaired cinemas, where such glamorous titles as *Meine Frau die Hexe* (*I married a Witch*), *Goldrausch* (Charlie Chaplin's *The Gold Rush*), *Die Spur des Falken* (*The Maltese Falcon*"), *Was morgen geschah* (*It happened to-morrow*) proved record box-office draws, a reaction to the dull propaganda films of the Nazis.

It was unfortunate that American influence in the early period exclusively favoured escapism and flippancy, and was not followed up quickly enough by easily assimilated, constructive and helpful democratic propaganda. The United States, of the Four Powers, was the only one with the necessary resources to prepare an ambitious educational programme of films of the kind which would have had the maximum effect on masses of film-hungry people.

"Let it be known," an American general told me, "that we, as kings of the film industry, missed a heaven-sent opportunity to get working on the German mind with the same kind of propaganda which we have for four years been pouring over the ether. We should have landed with at least fifty films with German voices, films which had a democratic theme—and there are hundreds of them in our film libraries. But look what we gave them, and at first with not even German captions, and later with badly translated captions, jolty and irritating. Why didn't we give them Chaplin's *The Dictator* instead of his *Gold Rush*; why didn't we give them *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* instead of *I Married a Witch*, etc., etc.? It was just crazy. Can we, therefore, be surprised if the Germans come to think of us as frivolous people, who are not to be taken seriously?"

This was more than a little hard on the American authorities, whose function it was to minister to the German mind, entertain and instruct it. They did excellent work later.

The Americans were easily the most stringent governors in regard to de-Nazification, as they were also the most generous in giving democratic elements direct responsibility in local government and in producing their own newspapers, of which there were over 30 operating under license by May 1946, with a total circulation of over 5,000,000.

The ruthlessness with which Nazis were rooted out in the American sector and zone caused voices to be raised in protest, among them that of Bishop Theophil Wurm of the Protestant Church Council. The wholesale dismissal of so-called Nazis, he said, was unfair. Apart from holding up the economic recovery of towns that had suffered widely from war it also brought about the dismissal of many thousands of men who had only remained in office as mayors, officials, doctors and teachers at the behest of the Protestant and Catholic Churches, to influence decisions and prevent the installation of ruthless Nazi alternatives.

The aspect of American occupation, however, which was most severely criticized both in America and in Germany, where it damaged the American cause in the eyes of democrats, was the degree of fraternization permitted between the U.S. service personnel and the German *Fräulein*. Visitors to American service clubs found German girls enjoying all the privileges of Allies. For many months these were the only Germans most of us met who had the same social standing as the victors. Germans outside the American zone were barred from all service clubs and premises, and seemed to accept this position of social disability as part of the penalty for having lost, if not waged, a war. The German guests of our U.S. Allies were, it was interesting to observe, almost

without exception self-assured, aggressively pro-American and pro-German at the same time. Some were as arrogantly Nazi as before the war.

American fraternization with the German *Fräulein* reached its zenith in Frankfurt-am-Main, where, until General J. McNarney and General Lucius D. Clay decided at the end of April 1946 to move to Berlin, U.S. Army headquarters were situated. The U.S. authorities allowed officers and men to take German girls into their living-quarters inside the seven-square-mile area, permitted the girls to stay overnight, and for week-ends, as the men's guests. The only restrictions were that the girls must be introduced before 10 p.m. and leave not later than 8 a.m., excepting at the week-end, when guests could stay from Saturday until Monday.

Germans could not understand that girls, whom they themselves had criticized for political reasons, could be allowed, within less than a year of the war's end, to stay inside the nerve-centre of U.S. control of their zone after such thorough security precautions had been taken as to surround the place with miles of barbed wire, patrol it with sentries and jeeps, and elaborately to screen German employees who worked in the headquarters by day.

The German looked on in bewilderment, and confused weakness with democracy.

III

The forces ranged in the British zone and the British sector of Berlin to minister to the dormant German mind by the application of mental revivers were under Major-General W. H. A. Bishop, who in September 1946 became one of Sir Brian Robertson's two deputies.

It was not long before this earnest general realized the delicacy and magnitude of his task. Trying to clear up the mental confusion caused by Goebbels was anything but easy for a psychologist, let alone a soldier.

"It is difficult for an Englishman to realize how complete was the intellectual isolation of the great majority of the German people from the world outside Germany during the Nazi regime," General Bishop once said.

"The effect of years of perverted history, of twisted news presentation in Press and broadcasting, of Nazi-inspired literature, drama, and art, cannot be eradicated in a day."

It would seem, however, that Dr. Goebbels was more successful in keeping out ideas than he was in bringing them in, and General Bishop consequently set about, in the face of great difficulties, satisfying a widespread demand for the books, plays, and films of other countries, to which Germans had been denied access for more than a decade and giving them, by radio and newspaper, a balanced and annotated idea of world events.

This demand sprang largely from a desire to learn why the democracies were triumphant in the war; but whatever the motive, the interest was there, affording thereby the possibility to influence the German towards democracy. No one worked more conscientiously than he to win over the German to democratic ways.

As with all battles in which the British have been engaged against the Nazis, the General was at first pitifully ill-equipped. This time it was not that our guns were of the wrong calibre, our tanks obsolete or obsolescent, our men too few upon the ground, as in the early Western Desert fighting, but that we had not nearly enough newsprint, due to the fact that considerable forest land and pulp manufacturing mills were in the Russian and Southern, instead of in the British zone. At the same time he was helped by our prestige.

General Bishop decided to work by easy stages. It was his plan that in the fields of culture and information Germany should gradually be allowed to "work her passage home", and the plan materialized. By May 1946, 31 newspapers had been licensed to political parties. Twenty-eight periodicals and 150 book publishers had also been licensed.

IV

The Russians concentrated on already familiar Communist propaganda to create the effect they desired among the German population. The writings of prominent Russians were made known to the intellectually hungry Germans in the many large newspapers, magazines and books that were published. Lectures were encouraged at which all the achievements of the U.S.S.R. were described in picture, film and diagram. Plays were produced. Russian music was popularized. Russia had more newsprint, as it had more food.

It was a pioneer move by the Russians, and gave the German Communists early hope of encouragement, when they allowed the party to publish its *Deutsche Volkszeitung*. That was the Communists' first success, and many followed. They soon had in Berlin alone ten Russian-controlled publications, compared with one large-sized newspaper in the American sector, and one newspaper in the British sector.

Nearly all the newspapers in the Russian sector were crammed with astute Communist propaganda of the kind many nations banned before the war. They were well written, freely illustrated, and always interesting.

The best-produced issues of their kind, the *Tägliche Rundschau* of the 28th anniversary of the "Socialist October Revolution" and the anniversary of Lenin's death, were of 16 pages (each page as big as the since defunct British *Der Berliner*), and the newspapers carried about 200,000 words with only two or three paragraphs of news. The contents of these "newspapers" were factual articles on Marxism, on the achievements of the Revolution, the Red Army, Communist science, art, agriculture, industry, education and social welfare. Photographs of Lenin, Stalin,

Marx, and the coats of arms of all Soviet Socialist Republics—that "*untrennbare Bund*" were freely used. Great head-lines refered to the *true* democracy of Russia. Other brands were poor imitations.

Berlin's broadcasting station, once one of the best equipped on the Continent, had fallen into Russian hands when the Red Army captured the city, and, although it was in the British sector—on one huge mast flew the Union Jack—the Russians used the station exclusively for their own programmes and Communist propaganda.

Russian Occupation authorities were the first in the field with films in which German was spoken and these, to the surprise of Germans, who were twelve years out of date in their knowledge of Russian cultural trends, told the life-stories not only of Lenin, but also of Ivan the Terrible and of Peter the Great, both exalted for their Imperialistic virtues.

It was natural, since Russia concentrated on Press and film publicity, she should be sensitive to criticism in the foreign Press and films. On more than one occasion Zhukov, before he left Berlin in April 1946, voiced protests against reports in the Anglo-American, and especially in the London, Press about the bad behaviour of Soviet troops in Berlin. He could not believe that these reports and articles were not officially inspired. Similar articles about Britain in Soviet organs would have had official sanction. These protests became so vehement that the British Chief of Staff made a special appeal to the Press not to rush into print with an anti-Ally story without first weighing carefully the consequences.

How sensitive the Russians were was exemplified by complaints made about the UFA film *Münchhausen*, shown in the British sector of Berlin. The Russian *Kommandatura* complained bitterly that the film, which made no pretence to reality, showed the Russian people in a false light, and contained "historical inaccuracies". They asked that the film be withdrawn and not shown again. It was consequently banned, and, in its place—certainly with no conscious sense of humour—a film entitled *Der Engel mit dem Heiligenschein*—(*The Angel with the Halo*)—was advertised at the same cinema.

V

The French had little effect on the German mind even in the French zone, but concentrated on making their occupation profitable. The German occupation of France had limited the resources available for the maintenance of an army of occupation, and the French troops were too concerned with domestic problems to exert any democratic influence. The later expressed political intentions of France in Western Germany made the German mind less receptive to French philosophy and theory.

CHAPTER III

I

DESPITE all that was being done by the Allies in the Control Council, Germany was on the brink of the worst scourge of disease and pestilence since the Middle Ages, early in 1946, and continued to hover on the brink throughout the summer. At the same time the country was under the threat of famine. From Cologne to Konigsberg and from Breslau to Freiburg there was a chain of shattered cities, with damaged water and sewerage systems, and swarming through these cities were millions of sick, desperate, lice-infested people, without homes or food.

Late in 1945 writers were already referring to Berlin as a battlefield before zero hour. "There was an awful hush over the ruined city," one observer wrote, early in 1946. "People were waiting as if for the fulfilment of a curse." Rows upon rows of black coffins were already made and stacked. Mass graves had been dug in readiness for the fatal casualties.

The British had shouldered a large part of the early preparations for the battle. They had brought in ammunition, which meant medical supplies. These included over forty tons of D.D.T., to kill the lice being introduced by refugees; seventeen tons of disinfectants; one and a half million units of narcotics and heart stimulants; five million units of insulin; thirty-five litres of diphtheria anti-toxin; thirteen million aspirin tablets; five hundred tons of general medical supplies, and four and a half million sulphonamide tablets.

After the whole of the Berlin population had been inoculated against typhoid, mostly carried out with serum from Britain, all children under fifteen were immunized against diphtheria. A constant watch was then maintained, as keen as by any sentry at a bridgehead, on the old post-war enemy, influenza. Samples of blood were taken from patients in Berlin hospitals and sent by air to a special London hospital—the only one of its kind which could do this work—to ascertain the type of influenza and if there was any likelihood of its spreading.

Although every known scientific means were employed, the prevention of epidemics and of European disaster in the 1945–6 winter was due in no small measure to the efforts of the German *Hausfrau.*

Lacking sufficient soap, and with only enough gas or electricity to boil water once each day, German women continued to keep themselves and their families clean, using soap substitutes, coarse and inferior. Unable to buy coal, for this did not exist for Berlin homes, the women borrowed axes and saws, walked miles to the woods, cut down trees, sawed them into logs and dragged the wood back in perambulators or on trollies. Having only a scrap of fat with their half loaf of bread, which, with a little flour, sugar, salt, and potatoes, represented their average day's rations, they concocted *ersatz* paste, and told themselves they liked it. They dressed themselves in suits, safeguarded through hundreds of

air-raids for men who had not returned and never would return. Unable to secure posts as typists, secretaries or shop attendants, thousands turned their hands to cleaning streets of rubble, scrubbing floors or chipping bricks and stacking them.

There was not enough work for all the women, and those who failed to earn an honest living turned to the Black Market, or to soldiers. A few workless women who still retained their dignity committed suicide. At the end of January 1946, with the battle half over, suicides in Berlin had declined to 35 weekly: the police considered this "encouraging".

In January 1946, many were the reports in the world's Press about starvation in Germany. President Truman was told by 35 senators that immediate steps must be taken to relieve the famine and the appalling death-roll.[1] But there were very few cases of starvation in the capital or in the country at this time, due to the fact that the stamina of the people had been built up in six years of eating well out of all the larders of Europe. There was much sickness, however, and a great many babies and old people died because they had not sufficient resistance to disease and to cold.

Warnings of a serious shortage of food were scarcely heeded until February 1946, when a somnolent democracy woke from its own stupor to express its incredulity. In March a food crisis had arisen in the British zone, which had never been self-supporting in food. Even during the Nazi regime, when every stimulus was given to areas to become self-sufficient, it had been necessary to import 10 per cent. of food requirements. Since then the population had increased by two million people, and arable lands decreased in acreage by 25 per cent., land devoted to bread grains by 14 per cent., and to potatoes by 5 per cent. Floods came to aggravate the situation and destroyed seeds already planted. Even the gods poured down their wrath.

Of the four zones only the Russian, the greatest food-producing area, was not threatened by the world wheat shortage, but the Russians declined in May 1946, when the situation was getting desperate, to help. Stalin told Truman, who made another appeal at the end of May: "The Soviet Union's own resources are at a point of exhaustion."

The rations[2] in the British zone for the normal consumer at this time were 1,050 calories, although they had been 1,075 calories in the French zone since February 1, 1946. These rations compared with 1,550 calories in the American and the Russian zones, with 2,800 in England, and with 3,500 calories which the American G.I. got in Germany. The latter was the top ration for any national group of human beings in Europe.

[1] At this period the death-rate in the British sector of Berlin was 46 per 1,000, as compared with an average of about 10 per 1,000 in England at the same time of the year. The infant mortality rate was 246 per 1,000 births, which was about five times higher than in England.

[2] The scale of rations embraced the following items for one week: bread, 2 lb. 3 oz.; cereal, 5 oz.; meat, 3½ oz.; fish, 3 oz.; fats, 2 oz.; sugar, 2½ oz.; jam, 2½ oz.; cheese, ½ oz.; milk (skimmed) 1 lb. 1½ oz.; coffee (artificial), ⅝ oz. A calorie (more correctly, a large calorie) is defined as the amount of heat needed to raise the temperature of one kilogram (2·2 lb.) by one degree centigrade. It is estimated that a grown man required 1,000 to 1,500 calories a day to enable him to live when not working. He would require twice that amount to perform a normal day's work.

II

What was the truth about the food situation in the British zone of Germany during early spring and early summer, 1946, before the second and greater crisis arose in November?

Broadly speaking, the new ration scale could only lead to calamity, if continued long enough. To deny this was to fly in the face of elementary facts. The question was how long the Germans could withstand such under-nourishment and by how much they could supplement their rations by foraging and Black Market activities.

Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Robertson, who never erred on the side of optimism, when asked if three months of such rations would produce wholesale starvation, said, "Yes, in the urban areas." He was, of course, wrong, but the situation was serious enough.

The country as a whole had been underfed for nearly a year. Little evidence was to be found anywhere of the vitality necessary to build up an elementary economy, not to mention the shattered towns and cities. Not only had some six million foreign workers left by this time, creating a great gap in labour potential, but nearly half of the men between the ages of 18 and 45 had been killed, were missing or disabled. Even the new generation, on which one placed hope for the future, were physically weak and mentally confused. Their faces and bodies showed clearly the trials of the depression years, 1930 to 1933, when they were born; their minds betrayed indecision and gullibility.

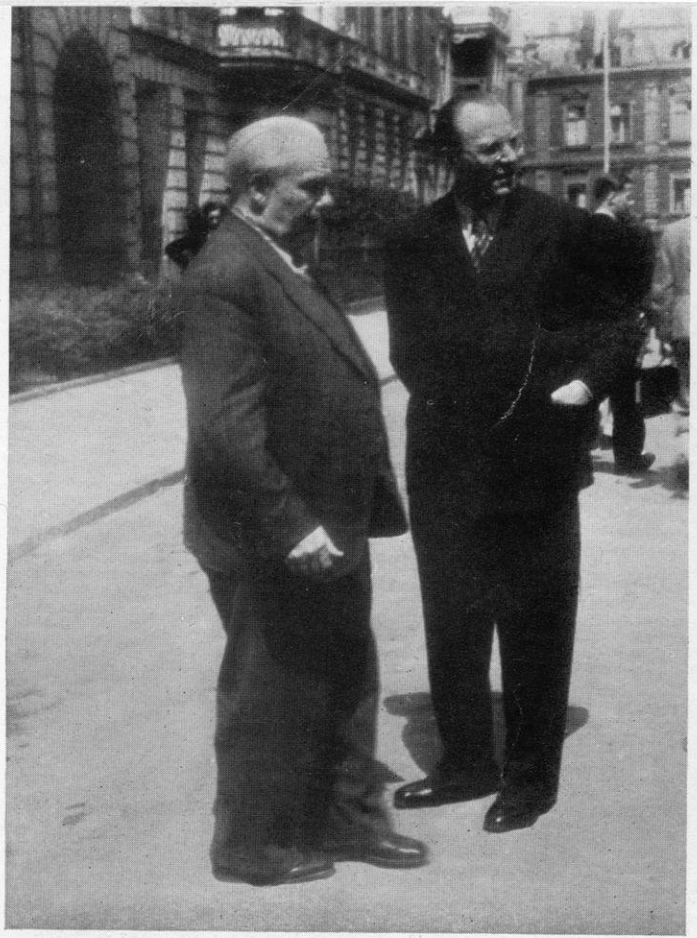
When the new rations were imposed preparations were already under way in the British zone to cope with the situation they were expected to create. Plans were made to handle widespread starvation, epidemic, disease and civil disorder.

The British public was naturally suspicious, however, that a people who had been cunning enough to deceive nearly the entire world as to their real intentions in Europe before 1939, were capable also of hoodwinking British Control Commission into sending them more than bare necessities. The majority of the people were indifferent to German suffering. There was a hang-over from anti-German propaganda such as had been necessary to stimulate output in arms factories; there was a spirit of "let them suffer, they have made others suffer". Feeling against Germany hardened when it became known that Britain had to find £80,000,000 a year military maintenance costs to pay for food, not for their own hungry people, but for their ex-enemies, who had been living on the fat of conquered Europe, while they had bombed Britain and starved subject peoples.

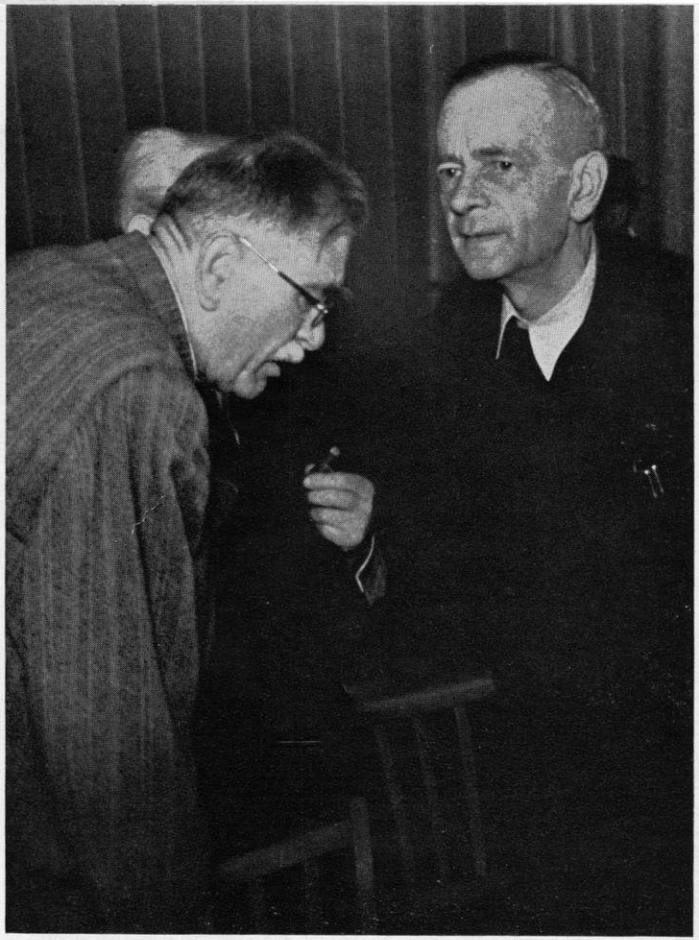
In the course of my duties, which now required me to go all over the British zone and find out what the Germans were thinking, the most diverse circumstances came to light in regard to food. First impressions suggested that the people were well fed because Germans, a proud people, always tried to appear at their best. They were certainly better dressed, and, the bomb and war damage apart, had enjoyed a higher

This young German at the end of 1946 still had difficulty with his geography lesson because the Allies had not yet settled the new frontiers.

Alleged members of the Edelweiss organization under arrest.



Wilhelm Pieck and Otto Grotewohl, leaders of the *Einheits Partei*, which suffered a set-back during the Autumn of 1946.



Dr. Kurt Schumacher (*right*) head of the Socialist Party of the fused Anglo-American zones greeting Gustav Noske.

average standard of life and accommodation than was the case in England. These facts misled casual observers.

It was because of this that the British public were constantly being confused by conflicting opinions about the Germans. Visitors like Mrs. Roosevelt, whose statements received the widest publicity, said German children looked better fed than English children. Some newspapers published exaggerated reports about deaths from starvation; some depicted the Germans in the light of the conditions prevailing in the west end of Berlin, stronghold of the Black Marketeer.

Looking round at the end of the summer of 1946 for an explanation as to why the effects of the small rations had not had more drastic results, some publicists expounded the theory that all Germans could obtain food on the Black Market, but this was not true. I do not believe that more than 10 per cent. of the population in the towns and urban areas were able to get food in this way, and then only a small amount. Such food came from small farms, who kept back more than their quota of produce; from cattle stealers, food smugglers and Black Marketeers; and some Germans had more than one ration card. I doubt whether more than 5 per cent. of people living in agricultural areas lived on their rations alone, although the supplementary food comprised vegetables.

III

My tours of investigation in Germany took me not only to towns like Hamburg and Hanover, and the British sector of Berlin, but to the heart of the German agricultural areas, where I met the peasants and the West-Elbian Junkers with big estates.

Even before the end of July 1946, there was, I discovered, untold suffering, due to under-nourishment and plain hunger. With the exception of people in the countryside and a few Black Marketeers, the German people were tasting the medicine they had administered to the Greeks in 1941.[1] As I went about the zone I saw clearly the pallor, lassitude, listlessness and that apathetic resignation which accompanies early starvation, gradually appear, growing more marked week by week. I saw people who became noticeably thinner even in a month, clothes which had been scarcely large enough for them before hanging on them loosely. I was pestered by children for food. I saw women cry for bread in the streets. I saw numerous people collapse by the wayside.

By mid-July, despite the warm weather, Germany had become a tragic place, and the suffering was worse in the British zone than elsewhere. The death-rate among old people and infants increased. Cases of sickness rose. Industrial output fell. There was a great increase in crime. There had already been disturbances, with people raiding bakeries, holding up bread-carts, breaking shop windows. A resentful silence fell in other places where only prosperity and plenty had been known. Children no longer ran from school. Children's laughter was not to be

[1] See *The Greek Trilogy*, by the same author.

heard in the working-class quarters of the big towns. They did not even play; they sat about, the old-looking heads resting on scraggy shoulders, painfully waiting for food. Faces lost their sharpness and brightness.

People who did not understand began to ask: "Where is the master race? These people are not only lazy but stupid." The fact is Germans became painfully slow-thinking, and this was especially noticeable on the highway, where fatalities increased. Children were dull at school, and examinations were not held. People walked slowly, many lost interest in their work and stayed at home. Those of middle age and beyond began to spend more time in bed.

Food became the one topic of conversation, and hunger influenced decisions and thoughts. Still more people slipped back into National Socialist ways of thinking. "We didn't know how well off we were then, in the days of Hitler," many said. Others turned to Communism, merely because the Russians fed Germans better than any other Occupying Power. Germans had not the energy or the inclination to reason that the bulk of the food was grown in the Russian zone, and retained there. The way to the ballot-box was through the stomach.

So the Occupying Powers waited for the calamity, and Germany became a place of rumours as to what would happen in the winter of 1946–7.

IV

The first real signs of unrest came to light in Hamburg, which I had always regarded as the barometer of the British zone. News of happenings there, although no national newspapers existed, spread over Germany with lightning speed.

I heard the news of the first disturbances—these were followed by others in June 1946—in the strangest surroundings, which helped to illustrate the disparity between conditions in different parts of the country, and gave some idea of the growing callousness of the German towards his fellow-countrymen. A fashion show, the first *Frühjahrs-modenschau*, was being held in the British sector, and an invitation was obtained for me. Always keen to see new aspects of this strange world of Berlin, I decided to go.

It therefore came about that, at a time when Germany was tightening her belt, and when politicians and food experts were flying to and from widely separated capitals trying to obtain food to save millions of Germans, I was able to see staged, in the heart of Berlin's destruction and poverty, the first full fashion show in a luxuriously furnished third-floor flat, known to all who admire the *Dame du Monde Chic*, and do not mind low lights and high prices, as the Club Royale on the Kurfürstendamm.

There were several war correspondents present who had been motivated by the same spirit of enquiry, and one of them, arriving a little late, whispered to me:

"There have been riots in Hamburg."

"Where did you hear that?" I asked.

"A *Reuter's* telegram."

The scene before me looked more unreal than ever after that. The dance band was playing a soft tango, to the tune of which a dazzling female in a beach suit in *écru* shantung with a bolero jacket, and a beach bag also in *écru*, was gliding across the polished floor. All around, admiring the mannequin, were well-fed, expensively dressed and bejewelled German women who seemed to have money to burn, although the Berlin banks had been closed for over a year. Moving between the chairs and tables were tail-coated waiters with white piqué ties and waistcoats, who served undrinkable cocktails at 10s. each.

"*Serious* riots?" I asked.

"Don't know," was the reply. "But I'm going up to Hamburg to see."

I said I would go, too.

The mannequin show continued, and German girls, who looked as elegant and as healthy as any to be found in London and New York, with finger- and toe-nails painted and polished and faces expertly made up, flitted through the brightly lit room, displaying over two hundred creations costing sums which, compared with values more than a year earlier, were fortunes.

I was to remember that mannequin show later, in the working-class districts of Hamburg.

That Hamburg was suffering could be seen on the faces and in the bodies of the men more than the women; in the women more than in the children. But many children were ill, although parents made sacrifices to give them food. There was increasing absenteeism in schools as there was in factories. The streets of the city were the streets of a hungry, frightened place, haunted by the long-since-remembered spectre of starvation. Old women were to be seen scavenging round Messes. Young girls waited in main streets to meet the provider of chocolate and cigarettes, the magic currency on the Black Market, where unrationed bread and even tinned meat were to be found. But where were the riots? The people looked pale, tired, apathetic, almost spiritless.

Again exaggeration had given false alarm. The riots might have been better described as disturbances. Bread had been the cause, as bread is always the cause. Thousands of people had eaten their thirty days bread in twenty days and faced ten days of hunger. They had raided shops and bakeries, and who could blame them?

The actual situation had been serious enough, however, to bring Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Robertson, Chief of Staff, and Sir William Strang, Political Advisor, and other high staff officers to Hamburg to see conditions for themselves. What they saw added to the heavy cares of their difficult offices and made it abundantly clear that the rations in the British zone would have to be increased[1] if trouble was to be avoided.

The problem was how such an increase, once made, raising the hopes

[1] Rations were increased after a joint Anglo-American decision on October 14, 1946, to 1,550 calories for normal consumers.

of a desperate population, could be sustained in view of the difficulties caused by artificial zonal boundaries, the food shortage in England, the attitude of agrarian-pressure groups, and the Maritime unions, in America. It only needed a temporary hold-up of deliveries for a grave crisis to arise, because existing stocks of food (these excluding any emergency stocks such as had tided over the population in earlier crises) were not even enough to maintain the ration scale for a month.

As was well known in Berlin, and as I learned myself on visiting Hamburg, conditions among the people in the British zone were rapidly deteriorating. Half the school children in Hamburg at the end of September were without shoes and were scantily dressed; and 30,000 hospital beds were needed to deal with the most dangerous cases of tuberculosis. The possibility of famine and riots overshadowed all else. Few people regarded our efforts to educate them into a democratic way of life and little heed was paid to the fact that we had set up in each province a German Government with a nominal Prime Minister.

In the course of my duties, I devoted several days in the British zone of Berlin, where opinions are more readily voiced, to try to learn the reactions of the people. I talked to ex-politicians of the Weimar Republic, tradesmen, German novelists, and many housewives, and they all had definite views. Britain should try to solve the problem of the bottlenecks which characterized their zonal economy; Britain should use coal raised in Germany to re-start German industries instead of sending it abroad, much of it to acquisitive France, a country which was making a profit out of its own zone by a selfish policy; Britain should put a stop to the senseless destruction of industrial plants so that people could get to work and make goods which could be exchanged for food; Britain should call a halt to denazification, which had removed so many able men who could have done much to prevent the economic and moral collapse of the British zone, which now seemed near at hand.

As the winter drew near the queues in the streets grew longer and those who stood in them were ill shod, inadequately dressed, with pale and pinched faces. The situation was worse than a year before. A year of planning and hard work had failed to improve the lot of even those Germans who had lent a willing ear to democratic education. There were signs in many places of a fierce resentment[1] or of suicidal hopelessness.

An ex-Cabinet Minister of the Weimar Republic talked to me in his bombed Berlin flat. It was the duty of the British and the Americans to save Germany from Communism. That was his theme. Judging by the newspaper cuttings he had gathered, it was also his obsession.

"We are mainly industrialists in the western part of your zone," he said, waving a sheaf of documents. "Why doesn't your government realize that it can put people to work, making goods that are needed all over Europe, and that in return the workers can get food—food they will

[1] On November 9, 1946, a conference of employees of I. G. Farben Chemical works at Leverkusen condemned British policy in the following terms: "*We do not intend to suffer further misery without protest. We do not believe that the present economic policy of the occupying Powers is dictated only by considerations of safety. We believe rather that behind many measures stand the egoistic and competitive motives of the great capitalists.*"

pay for by their work instead of the British taxpayer having to pay for it with his taxes."

"The Potsdam Agreement," I said, and though I did not tell him I recalled at that moment a weary afternoon at the Control Council when the British representative argued the need for allowing Germany a higher industrial capacity in one aspect.

"I know the Agreement requires the reduction of our industrial capacity, in addition to the destruction of armament plants," said the old man, "but you are going too far. There is the scandal of the destruction of part of the fishing fleet off Hamburg, boats badly needed to get fish for hungry people. That did more harm to the British cause than any other single act. It cancelled out a year's effort to teach democracy."

"The Potsdam Agreement," I repeated.

The old man threw his arms apart in a gesture of despair.

His nephew came in, paused, and hurried out again.

"At this rate," said the old man quietly, "that boy will be seeing another dictator in Germany by the time he is a man. Mark my words. Where there is a genuine grievance there is a champion of the people. It isn't as if America is still smashing up plant stipulated in the Agreement. America has stopped this foolishness and the Russians also want the plant to remain intact."

"Contrary to their earlier demands," I said.

"Yes, that is true," he conceded.

"And they want the Germans to make goods for them as reparations."

"That is also true. The Russians can supply raw material, wool and leather and cotton and flax, and we can supply the labour. If Russia gets the goods the Kremlin will not be so foolish as to impair the workers' capacity for work by seeing them go under-nourished. And Russia need not take all that is made. . . ."

The boy came in again and our conversation turned to more personal topics.

"How old is the boy?" I asked.

"Seven," he said. "He's never known what a normal life means."

CHAPTER IV

I

ALTHOUGH the food situation was the gravest problem in the British zone, there were other black chapters, in the British sector of Berlin, and elsewhere, and a proper understanding of them is necessary to judge the possible effects of a breakdown in Germany.

The battle of the 1945–6 winter, for instance, had not been one but four battles, all intimately interrelated, and a study of them gives an indication of what was to be expected in the winter of 1946–7. They were, in addition to the battle for existence, the battle against crime, against inflation and economic collapse, and most important of all for some people, the battleof ideologies.

At the beginning of 1946, Berlin had already qualified as the world's leading crime capital, with a record number of murders, suicides, thefts, abortions, rapes, frauds, and cases of prostitution. It was a city of armed bandits, who showed clear superiority over poorly armed police.

By January two German civilians were murdered and seven others injured every day by criminals operating through the ruins. Two more persons were found dead every day from causes unknown, but in most cases attributed to criminals. Of those injured by assault, one died every other day. On the average there were 230 burglaries every day and ten cases of highway robbery.

A list of civilian crime in Berlin for March 1946 showed little improvement. On it there were, among others, the following cases:

Murder	41
Suicide	161
Missing	372
Thefts	11,000
Plundering	77
Black Market offences . .	1,551

Scores of gangs of dangerous crooks, many without homes or countries, still lived in cellars stocked with stolen uniforms, ammunition, British and American rations and black jacks. One such band of over a hundred foreigners terrorized Berlin. Their boldest exploit took place at the Anhalter Bahnhof in May 1946, when they attacked travellers leaving a train. They were challenged by a unit of military police, and gave fight.

Such gangs operated in sections, specializing in breaking into houses, robbery with violence on the highway, stealing on trains, and pickpocketing. Another branch of the industry disposed of the loot, some of it on the Black Market, where it could never be traced, some of it in cabarets and dance halls. There were also gangs of Black Marketeers who had their headquarters in places of public assembly, and could be seen foregathering openly at the same hour every day. Among these were many Poles, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Czechs.

Early in 1946 organized gangs began to operate on a large scale, not only in Berlin, but in the zones. British trucks bound for Berlin with urgently needed food were held up by armed men on the 113-miles-long *Autobahn* corridor through the Russian zone, with the consequence that British Headquarters had to issue an order limiting Berlin-bound traffic to daylight hours. No vehicle was allowed to cross into the Russian zone either way after two o'clock in the afternoon.

There were not only cases of highway robbery, but fast staff and scout cars were fired on in the darkness.

Train bandits appeared in the British and American zones, and British troops had to launch an attack on a gang of American train bandits who had earlier shot their way out of an ambush.

Crime became so prevalent in Berlin early in 1946, that although all Germans had been denied possession of arms under pain of death, the Control Council decided to give weapons to the German police. Every night shots were heard around the ruins and British and American soldiers, as well as German civilians, were killed. Women were raped, houses burgled, vehicles held up and robbed, and yet most of the culprits went unpunished.

As in the battle for survival, evil had considerable advantages over righteousness. The police were at first mainly untrained recruits. They had no fast cars, insufficient telephones and no wireless transmitters. They had lost fingerprint records, "rogues galleries", and their files in the Battle of Berlin.

Criminals were helped by a variety of factors. There were no electoral rolls, and places of residence were unrecorded. Until the curfew was lifted victims of burglaries who had no telephones could not report incidents until next morning, when there was less chance of culprits being caught.

Stolen articles could readily be sold among troops, who sent them back to foreign countries, whereas in normal times loot had to be disposed of in secondhand dealers' shops, where it could easily be found. Most houses had faulty doors or glassless windows as a result of the bombing, which facilitated easy entry.

With murder roaming the shattered streets after dark, the Germans tried to make their first collective protest to their conquerors and ask for help in quelling the crime. All four major German political parties drew up a petition and attempted to bring it to the notice of the Control Council. This protested against the "general insecurity" in the country and begged for assistance in "breaking up bands of deserters, criminals and degenerates of every European nation which infested the countryside and bombed cities and towns, stealing and murdering".

II

The battle against economic chaos was as critical as it was complicated. Every aspect of life was already affected by the forcible removal from key positions of Nazis, by a complete change in economic, cultural, civic and

industrial leadership, by the demilitarization through the complete disbandment and demobilization of German's armed forces and police, and by the scheduled destruction of the country's war potential. While this was in progress machinery had to be created, with little useful native help, for the exaction of reparations, the reconstruction of German life on a democratic and peaceful basis, and the transfer of millions of displaced persons from and to Germany.

According to American policy the control over Germany as a whole fell into three stages: the first punitive and preventive, which ended on February 2, 1946, by which time the amount of industrial equipment to be removed from the Western zones on account of reparations should have been (but was not) determined; the second, of gradual recovery, expected to last until February 2, 1948, during which time the equipment for reparation would be removed; and the third stage, in which the eventual reconstruction of German life on a democratic and peaceful basis would be the aim.

In the American view the only limitations and controls to be imposed on the Germans by the Allies in the third phase should be "designed primarily to prevent German rearmament and not to restrict or reduce the German standard of living". What Americans were anxious about was that Germany should not be so restricted as to be "unable to export goods in sufficient quantities to pay for essential imports and to pay for damage done".

The greatest part of Germany's economy was, as anyone could see, already physically destroyed by the war, and those plants which had escaped were at a standstill for a variety of reasons. Stocks of raw materials had run out; the millions of "slave" labourers had walked out and there were no men to replace them; owners and executives, being Nazis, were either in prison or had fled; and many lines of communication and transport were dislocated or destroyed. Of the machinery left undamaged in Berlin and the east of Germany, the Russians had removed the major part to Russia. The Allies were planning the partial or total removal of vast undertakings to their own countries.

It had been agreed at Potsdam that Germany's peacetime needs were to be judged no higher than the average consumption of Europe, excluding Britain and Russia—the mean between Paris and an Albanian mountain village, something far below anything Germany had experienced since before Bismarck.

Gone the limousines, the yachts, the castles, the luxury hotels, the Junker grandeur. Everyone had to step down a few rungs and there would be a reshuffle of employment, with university graduates performing, as do many Jews in Palestine, the most menial of tasks, and such skilled people as machine-tool makers, draughtsmen, engineers, and steel workers turning their hand to crafts, handiwork and to the soil.

The standard of living, which had been high in Germany, fell suddenly and various forms of taxation, which, by British standards had been low, rose steeply. If there were any Germans who had not already learned that they had lost the war they did so in the spring of 1946.

III

Closely linked to the general economic problem was the battle against inflation. The ever impressive fact was that the domestic economy of a vast city of 3,021,193 people was still dominated by the simple cigarette.

The cigarette had attained so important a place in the economic life of the people by early summer 1946 that it was the vexed subject of long and fretful conferences between generals and diplomats as it was the cause of widespread alarm among sensible Germans.

A new feature of this cigarette economy which developed was that a number of antique shops sprang up among the ruins of German cities, primarily in Berlin, in which millions of marks exchanged hands every month, to the mutual loss of revenue to the Western Powers and a loss of property to Germany.

"These shops are the real banks of Berlin," an antique dealer told me. "There are hundreds of such shops here and their turnover is staggering. The banks of Berlin being closed, so far as the pre-occupation accounts are concerned, the antique dealers take their places.

"On the one hand they are used by impoverished German families, especially the aristocracy, who bring regularly every week their treasures in silver or gold, in porcelain and in jewels, in paintings and in tapestry, and they live on the Black Market on the money we give them. I make hundreds of visits to Berlin houses which have been spared the Blitz at the request of once rich former bankers, merchants, noblemen—princes among them—and I choose what I think I can sell, always with an eye on the American market. The Americans are our best customers, far better than the Russians. The Russian prefers modern things like bicycles, telescopes, radio sets. The Americans buy on an average, according to what we have computed, over one million marks' worth of antiques every week in Berlin alone. They pay for them in money as far as they can, then in Allied currency at a fantastic exchange rate, food, cigarettes, soap, drink, chocolate, and even second-hand clothes.

"But in the main Berlin is being emptied of everything that is old and valuable, reckoned in terms of art, by people who get the objects, as gifts, and we, in return, receive generally the most perishable of goods—food, drink, cigarettes. We are eating away our heritage, and in two years, Berlin will have nothing portable of value left in it, outside the museum, which is more than ten years old. Berlin is losing its modern manufactured goods to the Russians."

"Where do the gold and diamonds go?" I asked, to confirm a most persistent story that Poles, mostly Jews, had bought nearly all gold and diamonds available in Berlin.

"Where *has* it gone?" said the man, the most well-informed dealer in Berlin. "Thousands of Poles came to Berlin from Poland. Many of them were turned out of the country, but a large number tried to take advantage of mass movements of populations to get into the cities of the Western world. Before they left Poland they bought up about thirty

thousand millions of German Occupation marks which the German Authorities had introduced into Poland after her defeat, and which, after Germany's collapse, became useless. The Poles obtained enormous sums for a little Polish money.

"They arrived in Berlin carrying large portmanteaux, which were packed with German notes of big denominations, indistinguishable from currency used here. You know how the British police have caught Poles with fantastic sums in their flats. These people bought up gold and diamonds because it was of concentrated value. There were at least ten big Polish-Jewish combines operating here buying the stuff. Many of them have since managed to leave Germany, but others are living here on Black Market food, for which they can well afford to pay.

"No," sighed the dealer, "Germany, its cities especially, is being ransacked. We shall be reduced to a peasant state. Our cities will be ghost cities. The intellectual and cultured people cannot live on what they earn, even if allowed to work, which many are not, and so they sell everything."

That the cigarette was the real currency of Berlin was amply demonstrated in the holiday periods of 1946. While it was still possible to buy rationed goods with marks, and general wage rates maintained their level, cigarettes were demanded in payment for the extra-to-necessities which appeared on the market for the festivals.

Articles which had survived the war, and which had been carefully stored in cellars, and toys which had been made from all kinds of salvage, were exchanged in half repaired shops and by hawkers for ten, twenty, and more cigarettes. If one hired a band and artists for Mess celebrations the sum demanded was not the German monetary equivalents of, say, £30 or £5, but 240 or 40 cigarettes respectively.

The Quadripartite Powers had for long realized that something had to be done if the mark was to be saved, and deliberations began in earnest. It was not until the spring of 1946, however, that the Control Council took the first steps[1]—by great increases in various forms of taxation, by controlling zonal expenditure, by launching loans to bring back surplus money into the treasury, and by maintaining the control of rationing, prices and wages to give the mark a chance of survival. At the same time efforts made to clear up the currency and banking system and to reduce the vast amount of superfluous currency in circulation were baulked by France. The situation would have been eased if there had been more consumer goods, but not even everyday necessities, such as razors and shaving brushes, were being produced in any quantities.

The position in regard to the banks outside Berlin was anomalous. There had been an early run on the banks in the British, French and American zones, but it had stopped before the end of 1945. Soon deposits had shown an increase substantially in excess of withdrawals. There

[1] In the British zone on August 1, 1946, the British military authorities introduced a new military currency for use in Army establishments which saved the Exchequer millions of pounds because it prevented troops and officials from spending marks obtained on the Black Market, in N.A.A.F.I Clubs, etc.

could be no run on the banks in the Russian zone. The Russians, who never compromised, had solved the problem by blocking all accounts existing before May 8, 1945.

The solvency of the banks ultimately depended on a decision as to what to do with the German debt, which amounted to 450 milliards of marks, with an annual interest of 12 milliards, plus 2 milliards for sinking fund. Since 80 per cent. of the assets of the banks consisted of Reich debt, refusal to honour the debt would have meant that all the Reich banks would become technically insolvent. In regard to compensation for war damage and compensation for reparations—these two totalled, at a rough estimate, 150 billions of marks, or three times the national income—there was no question of paying out cash, as that would have been inflationary. Such questions had to be determined for Germany as a whole, if the country was to have a single currency and was to be treated as a single economic unit.

The four tasks which confronted the Four Powers in this battle were all of great importance, but the one which was paramount, and an essential pre-requisite to the rehabilitation of Germany and the recovery of Europe, was the treatment of Germany as an economic whole, as laid down by the Potsdam Agreement.

CHAPTER V

I

THE real political battle in Berlin was at first underground. One could live there as a foreigner and not be aware that a classical struggle between an international Communism and the forces which will ever oppose it was in progress.

The Four Powers had tacitly recognized Germany as the meeting place of world ideologies, though consciousness of this was not as apparent in any zone as in the Russian, and in no city more than in Berlin. Berlin was a great sounding-board where the tap of a typewriter sounded like a machine-gun. Britain at first watched developments a little puzzled as to where the Russian bear was heading, ever hoping for the best, fearing the worst. The Soviets assiduously watched the British.

The Soviet Union must soon have realized that they could never hope to have a Communist Government in Germany unless Quadripartite Government failed and the country fell into a state of chaos. The local election results in the U.S. zone in the early months of 1946 showed that Germany was not going Communist; and Russia's excellent Intelligence Service, of which I have given one example, made Zhukov increasingly aware of the great energy with which the British were continuing to govern their zone, although they were being discredited by their failure to draft an export and import plan, their planned destruction of industrial plant and the de-industrialization of their zone.

The Russians realized that Britain was not actuated by a love for Germany, or by a desire to support academic European geo-political theories, but that, like America and France, she feared that Germany might otherwise swing over to Communism. Russian political experts, therefore, armed with a knowledge of German political history, decided to try to form a United Workers' Party by fusion of the Social Democrat Party and the Communist Party, in the hope that this would eventually bring about a Workers' Govenment.

They knew only too well that it was the anti-Communism of Ebert's Social Democrat Government, and the counter-revolutionary bands of young reactionaries of Noske, the party's Minister of War, which caused the second "Revolution" in October 1918 to end in failure. The Social Democrat Party then split the German working classes in two irreconcilable groups and weakened their power and that of the trade union, with which the party had been closely identified.

By reason of having conquered Berlin, coupled with the fact that Berlin was an "island" in the Russian zone, from which Britain, U.S.A. and France might eventually withdraw leaving Russia in sole command, the Soviet Union exercised great influence over Berlin politicians, old and new.

They established, or allowed the German Communist Party to establish, branch recruiting-offices in prominent buildings in all the

twenty-one districts of the city. Each of the offices flew the red flag and had the hammer and sickle in evidence. Inside there were "issue" portraits of Lenin and Stalin and Ernst Thälmann, and, whether true or not, it was everywhere rumoured that the Russians were very much more "considerate" to Communists than to the adherents of the other political parties.

II

The Russians began systematically to fill the vacuum that existed in Germany. Realizing that Germans demanded national heroes such as the Nazis had had, they found two figures, memories of whom had been dulled by thirteen reticent years.

They were Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the two leaders of the Spartacus League (*Spartakusbund*) which tried to end the First World War by a Communist revolution in Germany in 1918, at the same time setting up a Communist state.

For thirteen years no one had mentioned their names. Most people had forgotten them. Young people had never heard of them. No mention was made of their struggles or of their death "*auf der Flucht*" —this sinister phrase had already become German jargon—in the Tiergarten on January 15, 1919.

Suddenly Russian newspapers in Berlin began a campaign, and the two Communists became political saints overnight. The anniversary of their death was used to try for the first time to bring together Communists and Social Democrats. Russian-inspired appeals by newspapers, posters and speeches were used to advertise a procession and a ceremony on the anniversary of the revolutionaries' deaths. (It was clear at what the Russian-inspired Berlin Press was aiming. This campaign was the first move to win over the Social Democrats, because it was realized that the Communist revolution of 1919 was crushed only because of a schism among the workers.)

Together with a German professor I followed this procession into the Russian sector, determined to be present at the beginning of the fusion and to watch the Russian propaganda machine at work.

"That column is of Social Democrats," the professor told me, pointing to a group of people. "This is remarkable. I thought propaganda had overreached itself in our country, but it is not so. The campaign is succeeding. A revolution is already taking place—Communists and Social Democrats march side by side."

There were thousands of people—men, women and children. The flags were red and those who carried them were proud. One was reminded that the Germans now had no flag, were not allowed either the old German flag or the Nazi emblems, and this international red flag filled the gap. Germans had been used to singing as they marched for twelve years and now their party songs were banned. What could they sing but international songs? So they sang the "*Internationale*" and "*Brüder zur Sonne, zur Freiheit*".

The procession marched through the ruins of a humiliated Germany to the shrine of a new hope. People looked on through holes in broken walls and between mounds of rubble and saw the beginning of a new movement. So this is what replaces the old, they told themselves. New songs, a new flag, new heroes; but some of them recognized an attempt to impose a new one-party government.

The procession marched to the central churchyard in the Berlin suburb of Friedrichsfelde and gathered round the memorial to the two Communists, which replaced one originally unveiled in 1926 by Ernst Thälmann, Communist candidate for the presidency up to 1932, when the Nazis arrested him. The new memorial was a replica of the original one, simple and of the same red hue, and bearing the significant words "*Ich war, ich bin, ich werde sein*"—"I was, I am, I shall be."

It was a historic scene. The cycle of German political history completed a significant turn that day. Communists and Social Democrats grouped solemnly round a red block on which was written a threat and a promise. Red flags flew in the wind beneath sombre firs. Voices that had trembled under Nazi threats lifted in revolutionary fervour. Minds went back to another January day in the first winter after the First World War had been lost, when, carrying the same flags, singing exactly the same songs, a similar procession had also come along that way through the snow. Berlin was then occupied by "reactionary German troops" who had gone over to the offensive after deposing the Socialist Police President, Emil Eichhorn. Past and present joined hands.

At the graveside stood a squat, blotchy-faced, white-haired man about seventy, Wilhelm Pieck, then scarcely known outside his own Berlin circle, but to become the most famous man in German politics in the course of the next few months. He had a strong face, steady, wily eyes. His physique had not been broken by concentration camps, and his convictions had been strengthened by indoctrinations administered during his long stay in Russia. Beside him were others who had come from Moscow through the iron curtain behind victorious Red armies, with a carefully prepared propaganda organization to reinstate Communism in the capital which had housed its greatest enemy.

"Never again shall Communists and Social Democrats oppose each other," Wilhelm Pieck told the gathering. "We must prevent reaction such as in 1919. Together we will conclude the closest friendship and enter into the most determined fight for our great cause. Over this grave we extend the hand as a symbol to all our people, in the holy vow that through the mutual struggle of a united Workers' Party we will guarantee the victory of our just aims and our entry into the union of all free, and freedom-loving, peoples of the world."

The hand that was extended over that red block tomb was grasped that day by a Social Democrat. Months later, when the Easter sun was shining, a new badge appeared in Berlin to replace the hooked cross—it was of those two hands clasped together against a red flag, the hands that clasped again at the fusion of the two parties, of which I was also a witness.

As the professor and I walked back to the city centre he told me how confident the Communists were of success.

"The situation could not be more favourable for the formation of a workers' government in Germany," he said. "Last time such industrialists as Krupp, Röchling, Kirdorf, Stinnes and Vögler subscribed millions of marks (this was at the beginning of 1919) to form an anti-Bolshevik League. These men had been left free because there was no Communist Russia to take part in settling the peace. Not only were the capitalistic victors left free, but also the landowners and the Officers' Corps, who began choosing the men of the *Reichswehr*.

"This time it is different. Nearly all the landowning classes, the big industrialists, the wealthy people were with Hitler, and so they have no say in affairs after this war, thanks to Russia. The working class, the Communists especially, who twelve years ago were pushed brutally aside by Hitler, are his natural successors. The workers have the great advantage of a powerful Communist Russia by their side, and in the country; and of a strong corps of intellectuals who have always opposed Hitler. Last time the Russians were too occupied fighting their own battles."

III

The Communist Party constantly inferred that in its ranks were German intellectuals who, from the start of the regime, had opposed Hitler on pacific and idealist grounds. It was not easy to ascertain how many intellectuals were left in Germany. At first I could not believe that any large number of independent-thinking people were left, but a French officer in Reinickendorf said: "Make no mistake, there are some. Many are older than we; in some amazing way, they have kept their intellectual integrity."

"Where do you meet them?" I asked.

"There is the *Kulturbund*," he said. He gave me a pocket-size magazine, *Aufbau*, which I had seen young people reading during intervals at serious plays. "Read it," he said, "and tell me if you are interested."

That night I took the magazine with me, and I read until the early hours of the morning.

"I am interested," I confessed to my French friend. "They are trying hard, but they alienate sympathy by trying to pretend that there was an intellectual resistance to Hitler during the war, that there was a big pacifist underground movement. I have spent days trying to find evidence of serious resistance, apart from the July 20 plot, and similar, though smaller efforts, which had been inspired by the fact that it was no use continuing a losing war."

"That is another matter," he said; "but make no mistake about the resistance of the German intellect. The Russians do not."

Some days later my friend telephoned. There was a memorial parade and service at the Werner-Seelenbinder-Stadium for the fighters against Fascism. One would be able to get more information as to whether or not there was an intellectuals' underground movement.

So it was that I went to Neukölln suburb and saw the first demonstration staged by "anti-Nazi Germans" that had been held in over twelve years, and found again that it was organized by Communists. We overtook a battalion of workers, obviously Communists, marching through embankments of ruins towards the stadium. It was an historic occasion, the first parade comprised purely of workers in over a decade without S.S. guards on either flank. The participants seemed even then half conscious of doing something wrong, and crowds looked on scarcely believing what they saw.

Another procession, this smaller, comprised victims of Nazism, ex-inmates of concentration camps, and those at the hea . proudly wore prison garb.

In all there were about 50,000 people at the stadium, of whom 15,000 were stated to have suffered under the Nazis. The wife and daughter of Ernst Thälmann were among those who placed wreaths on the ground while we listened to Chopin music.

Dr. Werner, Lord Mayor of Berlin, who had told me at his home that although he was appointed by the Russians he was not a Communist, but a man of no party, impressed me with the speech he made that day.

"We have to prove to the world," he told the people, "that Militarism and Nazism have not taken root in the German character, but are symptoms of political degeneration. We have to produce again the spirit which gave the country of our fathers the reputation for poets and thinkers. First of all our youth shall never again be brought up in the spirit of the Prussian barracks; instead they will be brought up in the spirit of Goethe and Beethoven, and all the immortals in art and science must shine upon them; the spirit of those who have given their best for Germany and the world.

"In future we shall guide the idealism of our youth towards this second kind of heroism—that of the political fighter—and then we shall be able to say that the dead have not died in vain because their spirit lives on."

IV

The Russians did not rely on opportunism to attain their objective. They had already made several important concessions to the Germans in Berlin, and in the Russian zone, which had furthered their cause although there were certain features which stood to their disadvantage and discredit, the foreshadowed handing over to Russia (after ratification of the Peace Treaty) of Silesia, part of Brandenburg, Pomerania, Danzig, and of most of East Prussia to Poland, the so-called plundering of German industry, the deportation of thousands of able-bodied men and technicians and the bad behaviour of many Russian deserters.

The Russians had already, in the autumn of 1945, allowed politically ambitious Germans to envisage the idea of a Fourth Reich by organizing, without informing the other Quadripartite Powers, a complete German Government in the Russian zone which still existed. British political chiefs knew nothing about this until they were informed by war correspondents.

A portrait of Generalissimo Stalin in the Unter den Linden.

Scene at the meeting of the Communist Party and the Social Democrat Party in Berlin when the two joined forces.

A Russian officer supervises a lesson in written Russian in a Berlin girls' school.

Russian staff officers take part in a Berlin propaganda demonstration.

Marshal Zhukov had emerged as something resembling a viceroy instead of a commander. His German "cabinet" comprised people who were little known. It did not even include, for instance, Wilhelm Pieck. Members were, among others, Leo Skrzypczinsky, a factory owner before the war, who had been in a concentration camp since 1942 for working against Hitler; Paul Wandel, Editor of the Communist *Deutsche Volkszeitung*; Willi Schroeder, once a Communist in the Mecklenburg Government; Eduard Hörnle, former Communist leader and Reichstag deputy; Eugen Schiffer, 81-year-old Social Democrat and once Reichs Finance and Justice Minister; Dr. Wilhelm Fitzner and Helmut Lehman, Social Democrats, both of whom had for long been in a concentration camp; Dr. Gleitze, Communist; Dr. Grunelack, Social Democrat; Wilhelm Koenen, Communist, Member of the Reichstag from 1924 to 1933; and Dr. Friedensburg, Christian Democrat and former head of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute.

This "shadow cabinet" of Germans, behind each of whom stood the substantial figure of a Russian officer, comprised five Communists, three Social Democrats, two Christian Democrats, one Liberal Democrat, and one non-party member.

The Russians, therefore, conformed with the Potsdam Agreement, which called for de-centralization of the German political structure, by building a centralized political body in their own zone.

The first phase of a Russian revolution on German soil which "knocked out the East-Elbian Junkers" brought expected support from the peasants.

Rarely had so sweeping and revolutionary an act been carried out in any country with so little discussion as this, which resulted in the dispossession of the Junkers,[1] who were once championed by von Papen and supported by Hitler, under whose regime they increased their joint holdings by 3,000,000 hectares (7,500,000 acres).

The Soviets allowed the German people to know of the reform through the mouth of Wilhelm Pieck. A German tongue sounded the death knell of the German feudal Junker at Kyritz, near Berlin, when he "forecast" the immediate division into small holdings of 50,000,000 acres to be confiscated without compensation from 41,751 landowners.

The Land Reform Law was, in fact, ready to be put into effect in one area, and was "enacted" that day by the Russian-appointed Provincial Government of Saxony. Already, before Pieck had spoken, many of the available Junkers had been arrested in preparation for the scheme, though most of the big owners, who had supported Hitler, had fled. Of the 41,751 Junkers dispossessed sixteen were of princely families who had owned 1,500,000 acres, and 5,554 were feudal "barons" who had owned 13,250,000 acres. The remaining land had been held by smaller owners, many of whom had not supported Hitler.

According to the reform, which affected Thuringia, Saxony,

[1] The real Junkers are the descendants of the German knights who conquered the Slavic people of the country east of the Elbe 700 years ago. They are different from the people of the west of Germany. In the time of Frederick the Great it was said that only a third of them spoke German. The others spoke a Slavic tongue.

Mecklenburg, the State of Saxony and Brandenburg, all estates of more than 100 hectares (250 acres) were confiscated and pooled for distribution among three classes of Germans. These were agricultural labourers and small peasants holding less than five hectares, refugees, and peasants without land. The only land excluded from the reform was that owned by towns and serving purposes for securing their food supplies, model and experimental farms, Government-owned land used for instructional training, and land owned by churches and monasteries.

Democracy was not even apparent in this reform when it was announced that the proposals of two committees for the parcelling up of the land "must be first approved by a three-quarters majority in assembly of all the people in the district where the land lay". Those who were losing the land were not allowed to vote.

Apart from a few quiet voices, which said that because of lack of seeds and experience and the general upheaval, the output of the land would probably be small for two or three years, thereby adding to the critical German food problem, nothing was heard in criticism, excepting in the Western zones.

The land reform achieved what the Russians had had reason to expect from their experience in Rumania—an increase in the popularity of Communism among the agricultural community.

Soon, some 7,000 large estates, covering about 4,122,000 acres, including 875,000 acres of woods, had not only been divided but were being cultivated by their new owners. Some 281,000 peasants had benefited, of whom 157,000 had been landless. About 64,000 new settlers had acquired more than a million acres, and 59,000 small-holders had had their share by the spring of 1946.

As the Russian illustrated newspaper *Der Freie Bauer* stated, a new era had begun. "When the new German history is produced," wrote the German leader-writer, with the Russian censor looking over his shoulder, "then will it be said: 'The Germans in their deepest humility and pain, found nevertheless the power to perform an historic deed—they dispossessed the Junker, the darkest enemy of German and European peace for centuries, and gave the land to the peasants. They did at last what they might have done a century before, in 1848, or at least 27 years before, in 1918.' "

The leader went on to claim that the new land reform had created some 500,000 new peasants with their own land, whereas until the fall of Hitler 3,000,000 peasants had owned less land than 38,000 Junkers.

CHAPTER VI

I

THAT there was still no sign of independence of thought and choice among even Berliners was illustrated as the Russians continued their efforts, through the agency of the German Communist Party, to prepare the way for a one-party government in their zone.

Although there had been opposition to the idea of fusion in Berlin, the largest industrial centre in the Russian zone, the Central Committee of the German Communist Party succeeded in obtaining agreement in principle with the Central Committee of the Social Democrat Party to fuse in a united workers' party in January 1946. Leading Social Democrats who had been against the fusion suddenly changed their minds and supported it. Some opponents were arrested by Russian-controlled police in the British and American, as well as the Russian, sectors. Three Social Democrat opponents, K. Swolinsky and W. Kiaulehn of the U.S. sector, and Peter Schultz of the British sector, were conveniently dismissed for "behaviour damaging to the party".

It was clear that the Central Committee of the Social Democrats was central in name only, and could speak, and then in no convincing voice, for no more than the Russian-dominated zone.

The move towards fusion was taking place under pressure of Soviet organizers, backed by the Red Army, and some of the methods adopted to prevent Social Democrats from voicing their opinions were reminiscent of the early days of the Nazi regime. The Central Committee of the Social Democrat Party and the Communist Party in the Russian zone have to accept a share of responsibility in this, although the Russians offered them as inducements a greater degree of German control in the zone, a possible reduction of territorial claims in the East, and other favours if the united workers' party came into being. The Central Committee of the Social Democrat Party, for instance, held meetings to discuss fusion without due notice being given. Delegates were *chosen* and invited. Russian officers closed two meetings where speakers opposed fusion.

The nearest guide to the political complexion in Berlin up to this time had been the shop steward elections for the Trade Unions in the city, which revealed 524 Social Democrats, 216 Communists, 9 Christian Democrats, and 57 non-party men. Of the 216 Communists nearly 100 were employees in administrative offices staffed by Russian nominees.

II

A peculiar phenomena of German politics was that it required the suggested formation of a united workers' party to show how disunited the workers were.

Not only did the Social Democrats in the Western zones of Germany separate from the Social Democrats in the Eastern zone, but Social

Democrats in the British sector of Berlin formed their own separate party and declared themselves against the fusion.

The leaders of these separatist movements were Dr. Kurt Schumacher, head of the newly revived Social Democrat Party in the Western zones, and in Berlin Karl Germer, son of the former manager of the Social Democrat organ *Das Volk*, who was expelled from the central office of the party.

Dr. Schumacher had an exemplary record of opposition to National Socialism. He was arrested in 1933, then a Socialist deputy in the Reichstag, because of his speeches in criticism of the Nazi doctrine, in one of which he said that National Socialism "made an appeal to the inner swinishness in man's nature". Schumacher was in concentration camps for ten years, and the effects of suffering he endured is clearly seen on his prematurely aged face.

At a conference held in Hanover, over which he presided, it was decided that, as the Central Committee of the Social Democrats in Berlin represented only the Russian zone, the attitude of the party in the West would be determined by its own resolutions, and not by those carried in Berlin. A resolution was passed that "as long as a united German Reich was politically non-existent, a unity of the organization of the Social Democrat Party in Germany was non-existent".

Regarding partial or complete union of Communists and Social Democrats, it was declared that this attempt for a so-called union was made at a time when similar attempts had miscarried in other European countries, though the tension there had been smaller and its historic result less fatal than in Germany. The resolution continued: "The Social Democrat Party is neither able nor willing to give up the right of free resolution and judgement. It will not let itself be deprived of the possibilities for criticizing conditions which must be criticized for political and democratic reasons. The fact that the leaders of the Communist Party give up this right means that their policy is not the policy for either the German people or of international Socialism."

And so political strife began.

Referring to "Western Obstruction" in *Das Volk* on January 21, 1946, Max Fechner, Chairman of the Central Executive of the Social Democrat Party, attacked "those in Western Germany who obstructed the efforts for a united German working class". Fechner stated that "many political, economic and purely ideological reasons demanded the creation of a united workers' party". Were the united party to confine itself to the Soviet zone, it would achieve the very opposite of what was desired. The working class would be even more divided than in the past. There must be an end of attempts to play off one side against the other, and of other unfair tactics which did immeasurable harm to the working class as a whole.

Germans living under the rule and protection of one ally began, in a period when the expression of opinion was rigorously controlled by censorship, to cast insults at another ally from behind artificial zonal frontiers.

Wilhelm Pieck, Communist leader in the Russian zone, who had incidentally made strong anti-British speeches in 1941 in Russia, scoffed

about British and U.S. policy in their zones as being "A class rule against the working populations". Walter Ulbricht, Pieck's second-in-command, called Schumacher "a Fascist and a reactionary" although he had given ten years of his life to fight Fascism and reaction. Other Communists said that Schumacher had been involved in the execution of anti-Fascists in one concentration camp, although Schumacher was never in the camp mentioned.

British and U.S. newspapers printed the allegations, made by Schumacher, that fusion was being brought about under Russian violence, threats and pressure, and that it was repudiated by the bulk of Social Democrats "who had been given no chance but to accept this forcible fusion". A British zone newspaper said that it was "a sad commentary on the state of the Berlin Press that no comment was passed on the fact that Ulbricht, who called Schumacher a Fascist, was in 1940 attacking Social Democrats for forming underground movements against Hitler while he was in comfortable exile in Sweden, and Schumacher was languishing in a concentration camp".

As the central executives of the Communists and the Social Democrats in Berlin prepared for the great day when the fusion would officially take place—it was soon a foregone conclusion—the attacks on Schumacher and the Western Powers increased in frequency and virulence.

One reaction to the effort to form a United Workers' Party to rule the Russian zone was the formation of extreme Right parties in the British and American zones to prepare for the fight when frontiers were lifted.

These parties were the National Democratic Party in the U.S. zone, comprised of reactionaries and former overt National Socialist Party supporters in Bad Nauheim and Greater Hesse, who won the election at Bad Nauheim by obtaining 1,810 votes to the Social Democrats 1,789, Christian Democratic Union's 1,506, and the Communists 330; and the *Deutsche Aufbau* (Reconstruction) *Partei* in the British zone, which envisaged holding a plebiscite to decide whether Germany should have another kaiser.

Russia thought that Great Britain, "known to have been in favour of kings from Belgium to Greece", was behind the Junkers, middle-class nationalists, heavy industrialists and members of the landed-property class and nobility, for whose cause these parties stood, just as Britain knew Russia was behind the attempt to put a one-party workers' government, owing allegiance to them, in the saddle.

The danger that faced Germany, according to the Right and Centre, was that if Nazi Party members, the men in the S.A. and the S.S. were to become political eunuchs, Germany would have a minority rule with no relation to democracy, and that minority rule would be constituted by the working-class government under the domination of the Communist Party.

The Russians, on the other hand, made no secret of the fact that they thought the only hope of survival for Germany was a one-party Left government. The only real safeguard for Russia's security was if the Kremlin could rule Germany through the Communists.

CHAPTER VII

I

THE formal fusing of the Communist and Social Democrat Parties of the Russian zone took place appropriately enough in a theatre—the German State Opera House, in the Soviet sector of Berlin. Nothing that had come from the pens of dramatists whose works had been produced there was equal to the dramatic content of this piece, played with intense feeling and histrionic ability against a background of ruins, tragedy and oppression. Not even the *Hamlet* of a few evenings before rose to such heights—a *Hamlet* interrupted while the actor of the title role left the stage and went into the auditorium to do propaganda for Land Reform.

It was Easter, and there was an air of resurrection in and around the centre of Berlin. Crowds of delegates, most of whom had not been in the capital since before the city battle, converged on the theatre along roads lined with ruins. The sun shone on the drab grey and black heaps of débris and on the lifeless shells of once stately buildings; but colour was not lacking. Red flags flew from high masts outside the theatre; red flags fluttered on the radiators of cars which brought delegates; crowds of white-gloved Russian-controlled police directed traffic. Red ribbons were to be seen in girls' hair and men's lapels.

In the vestibule of the theatre the scene was very different from what we had hitherto seen at German political gatherings. Red flags were there in plenty, but the hammer and sickle had replaced the hooked cross. Instead of a bust of Hitler there were colossal busts of Marx, Engels, Stalin. Instead of the slogan "One land, one people, one leader" there were the words "One land, one party, one aim". We missed the S.S. at the doors. The sturdy men who guarded them wore the inconspicuous clothes of workers of the world proletariat, who were about to unite.

Inside the hall the scene was much the same as at a Nazi gathering, except that the personalities were different. The stage was draped in red silk and there were vast drawings—of Marx and Engels and August Bebel, the Keir Hardie of Germany. The stage was bedecked with flowers. Powerful floodlights shone on the stage from all directions. There was everywhere an intricate array of technical apparatus belonging to broadcasters, cinematograph operators and photographers. A choir stood by to sing German songs, which had different words but a tuneful fervour which seemed reminiscent of Nazi times.

The first move from the actors in this political drama was perfectly staged.

With delegates and visitors all in their seats, in orchestra and pit stalls, in dress circle and gallery and boxes, Wilhelm Pieck, the Communist leader, came on the stage from the wings—the left wings. Otto

Grotewohl, leader of the Social Democrat Party, entered from the wings on the right.

"I came from the right," cried bespectacled, earnest-looking Grotewohl, fearful the audience had not comprehended the hard-thought-out symbolism. "Pieck came from the left. In the centre we meet. *Nun sind wir vereint* (Now we are united)."

The 1,057 delegates—825 came from the Soviet zone and the rest from the Western zones—and the 1,000 guests rose as one man and applauded and shouted hysterically. No two stars of the theatrical orbit of Berlin who had trod that famous stage had ever had such a reception. The opening words of the script were perfectly fitted to the mood.

The author of those words might have been among the Germans who sat at a long table across the stage, but he might also have been in the royal Hohenzollern box, filled with high-ranking Red Army officers, or in the front row of the stalls, where there were a score of Soviet political and propaganda chiefs.

Certainly the Russians looked happy to a man as the meeting opened. As they stood there smiling and looking round that vast theatre, the only building completely standing in a wide area of devastation, they saw the approaching consummation of a year's work and several years' planning. They had envisaged that scene back in Moscow in 1943. They had worked towards its realization together with Germans of the Free German Movement, headed by blotchy-faced 70-years-old Wilhelm Pieck, from the very days when the German hordes were turned from Moscow. They had come in the wake of the Red Army into Berlin accompanied by a vast index file containing names of people who could be helpful, and those who would not be, and carefully worked out plans with target dates, and a calendar of already fixed political events.

A year before, the Battle of Berlin was at its height. Hitler was in his deep bunker, so they said, a phial of poison in his pocket and a loaded pistol at hand, ready to commit suicide. Berlin's population, including many people now in that theatre, were in their damp cellars and air-raid shelters. The city had thundered with the noise of battle. Buildings all around the theatre had blazed all day, and the Easter sun had been overcast with huge fire-stained smoke-clouds. Now the first stage of an ambitious political plan was nearing its climax, and the sound of Germans applauding a Marxist sentiment had replaced the rumble of war.

The floodlights cut through the gloom to pick out one after another of the leaders. Cameras clicked. Cinematograph cameras hissed. An announcer spoke through cupped hands into a loud speaker.

The two leaders, Pieck and Grotewohl, clasped hands again, as I had seen a Communist and a Social Democrat at the rehearsal by a grave-side months before, and the audience saw the new party's poster on the stage come to life, and applauded again. The poster showed the badge of the *Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands*, the badge which might succeed the world-famous hooked cross in Germany.

Someone thought aloud: Is patriotism to the Socialist Party contrary to the idea of a Proletarian International?

Some mind answered: Our national fight is the fight against reaction and imperialism, and for the recognition of the equality of all people, for peace and freedom—that is the Proletarian International in practice.

II

As the meeting continued an old man named Amborn from South Germany handed to Wilhelm Pieck a murderous-looking staff, as long and wide as a man's arm, which was used at the Social Democrat party day in 1891 "to bring the opposition to reason". Pieck, in accepting it, said, "We will not need it as we shall convince and not order."

From then on the likeness to a National Socialist meeting must have struck everyone in that theatre, although sentiments, hated by the Nazis, which no one had been able to voice for twelve years, were expressed.

Otto Grotewohl used Hitler's technique, Hitler's verbosity, Hitler's demagogy. He spoke as long as Hitler ever did, nearly two and a half hours. He went into minute historic details, and one felt that, as with Hitler, one would hear these over and over again, although his speech contained some sterling phrases and some sound political sense. Those who expected to see a weak man who, after opposing the fusion, had agreed to it under pressure (as was widely said) must have been disappointed, as also those who called him a tool in the hands of the Russians. Boring he might have been at times, but he never sounded anything but convinced that he was leading his party, or the Soviet zone section of it, along the right road.

The audience greeted his speech, as they had the less inspiring one of Pieck before him, with tremendous applause. Obviously he had been preaching to the convinced.

Then came the crucial moment—and the intricate propaganda machine began to work with the precision one expects from Russia.

The gathering decided unanimously on fusion and on the issue of a foundation manifesto. Wilhelm Pieck and Otto Grotewohl were elected as joint chairmen of equal standing; and 39 Communists and 39 Social Democrats were elected to form an executive committee.

It was said in some quarters—Dr. Schumacher had said it just before in Berlin, where he held a meeting disturbed by Communists—that with the fusion Germany became the only country in the world which did not have a Communist Party; but, like the liquidation of the Comintern, this was more apparent than real.

It was made clear that the aim of the joint party was the aim of the Communist Party, the creation of a classless socialist state society; the flag of the party was the red flag; and the fact that the fusion meeting had been held in the presence of Red Army officers, and that future committee meetings would be held in territory administered by the Russians, was

assurance enough that the party would run along proper ideological lines.

The change made in Berlin's party newspapers was significant. The *Deutsche Volkszeitung*, formerly the organ of the Communist Party, changed its name to *Neues Deutschland*, but did not change its colour or its editor, and became the central organ of the new party. *Das Volk*, the Social Democrat paper, ceased to exist.

III

In the early planning days it had been thought that there would be enough Communists to enable the Communist Party to act alone and achieve a majority party in the zone without fusion with the Social Democrats.

It had been quickly realized, however, that, although Russia could bring the Russian zone of Germany into her own closed economy, she could not bring it into her own political system of a one-party government unless the larger Social Democrat Party agreed to be swallowed up by the Communists and work, under another name mutually agreed upon, towards a purely proletarian goal.

There had been many Social Democrats who had been against the fusion in the Russian zone, just as there had been hundreds of thousands of young members of the Nazi Party who felt lost. The Social Democrat Party and the Communist Party let it be known they would not close the door to those Nazis "who had been the victim of deception by their leaders". So it came about that, just as many Communists and Socialists before 1933 joined the Nazis, so Nazis went back to the single party formed of the two.

There was also detectable coercion in the Russian zone, which resulted in disinterested people becoming members of the *Einheits Partei* to ensure their employment or the retention of office. Exactly the same had happened under the Nazis. People who took the matter lightly laughed and said: "It's history repeating itself. There really isn't any difference between Communism and National Socialism. Both are a form of dictatorship." But if the New Order succeeded the war would have been fought by the Allies in vain.

Some idea of the feelings of the people of Berlin, expressed without fear of consequence, was to be seen shortly after the fusion.

A plebiscite on the question of fusion, held in the British, U.S. and French sectors of Berlin, was reported on May 1 to have resulted in 19,526 or 82 per cent. of those who voted being against immediate fusion, and 14,773 or 62 per cent. in favour of some arrangement by which both parties should co-operate but retain their own independence.

The number who voted constituted 23,755 out of 32,547, or 73 per cent. of the eligible party members.

There was no plebiscite in the fourth sector of Berlin. The Russian Governors would not allow it to take place. Later the Russian radio

station, by a system of arithmetic patented by Marxists, drew the conclusion that only 29·5 per cent. of the Berlin Social Democrats were against fusion. They assumed that all the Social Democrats in their sector, who had not been allowed to cast their votes, were in favour of fusion, so that only 19,526 out of 66,300 (total Berlin membership) had been against it.

IV

After the fusion political activity, both in Berlin and in the four zones, was intensified.

The chief allegation made against the leaders of the new party was that they were the tools of the Russians, who had turned their zone into a Russian soviet and wished to establish a one-party dictatorship throughout Germany.

At a meeting of the three anti-Fascist Democratic Parties at Leipzig, Wilhelm Pieck and Otto Grotewohl replied to these allegations.

Pieck said: "The workers are called upon to take the leading part in the struggle for peace, democracy, reconstruction and the unity of Germany. This task, however, can only be accomplished if the workers close their ranks and are headed by a uniform party of the masses. The S.E.D. represents by no means a one-party system or a party dictatorship, but on the contrary is anxious to share the responsibility with the other anti-Fascist Democratic Parties in the common task of reconstruction."

Grotewohl said: "A united Germany with a Central Administration has been promised to us by the Allies. We are waiting to receive and are prepared to accept this responsibility. In reply to those voices, claiming that a new dictatorship from the East is developing in Germany, one can only say: Give us real, broad and deep-rooted democracy; the quicker this can be developed in Germany, the less danger there is of dictatorship. When it is further stated that the German people lack the political maturity to enable them to lead a democratic life, we can only ask them to help us to achieve this political maturity."

Whoever was right in this political argument, the economic aspect of the zonal frontiers and the Central administration of Germany could not be ignored, and it remained even more important after the Greater Berlin elections in October 1946, which shattered for the time being the dream of a Communist victory.

As was pointed out at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Paris in May 1946, the result of the failure to agree on administering Germany as one economic unit was likely to lead the entire country to chaos and to famine.

It was one thing for the Russian zone to have its one political party government and quite another for the food surplus of one zone not being used to meet the shortages in the others. It was one question for France to be secure from another attack by Germany—M. Bidault, French Foreign Minister, said France had been invaded seven times—and quite another

for a nation to be starved to death because of national bigotry, while the danger of a new dictatorship reared its head.

V

The creation of a single dominating political party in the Russian zone, and the fear of its organization spreading to the other three zones, bringing with it Communist theories of land confiscation and nationalization of industries such as had been put into practice east of the Elbe, won many adherents to the idea of retaining zonal frontiers in a federal union, as in Switzerland.

Even before the new party was forged Communists were largely in favour of a strong central administration while certain Rightist elements, headed by monarchists, were in favour of local autonomy within a federation of German states.

The big industrialists in the British zone, containing the biggest concentration of German industry, saw an additional attraction in the maintenance of the frontiers. The plan for determination of the level of post-war German economy, which the Powers had signed, was not a good one for Germany. The assumption of the plan was that the country, with its 66·5 millions, would be treated as a single economic unit, and there was a provision to review the plan if this changed. If the zonal frontiers were retained and central German administrative agencies vetoed, the decision would not be implemented, it was thought, and the four zones would be developed individually. The question of the frontiers was of the utmost importance since General Clay (U.S.) had already suggested the date for their elimination. It had long been recognized that the question of whether Germany was going to be dealt with as one place, or as several places, was of paramount concern.

The French showed their opposition first when trade unions were discussed. They later exercised their veto power on the setting-up of central German administrative agencies.

French opposition was based on an anxiety complex induced by having been attacked by Germany three times in a hundred years. The French wanted to internationalize the Ruhr, include the Saar in the economic and the currency system of France,[1] and occupy the Rhineland; but the attitude of Britain and America was that to remove these important areas from the Reich would end all hope of economic recovery of Germany, which would go communist out of desperation.

The Russians had also supported the idea of a unified but demilitarized and de-nazified Reich. They had stuck up hundreds of notices assuring all, *vide* Stalin's speeches, that Hitlers come and Hitlers go but that the German State and the German people remained.

[1] On December 22, 1946, the French authorities established a Customs Control between the Saar territory and the rest of the French zone of Germany, restricting the movement of persons, goods and capital, which foreshadows a possible decision by the Allies to unite the Saar economically with France.

The two schools of thought among the Germans began to crystallize in May 1946. The Communists and the Socialists, who were united in the Socialist *Einheits Partei Deutschlands*, were of the opinion that Germany's unity must be preserved as a pre-requisite of democratic regeneration. They said that the early division of Germany into states retarded her development and led to Hitler being able to gain power. There were others, and among them members of the British zone's *Deutsche Aufbau Partei*, who wanted to see Germany divided into federal states with hereditary dukes, or states which would eventually federalize. They thought the key to Hitler's success had been that there was a unified Germany when he came to power. They denied that Germany had ever been unified spiritually or religiously, but only by Hitler's personality.

VI

I was at the Control Council meeting at which General Eisenhower made a statement on the French attitude, which might have sounded the death knell of quadripartite government of Germany. It was one dreary afternoon of long discussions when General Koenig vetoed a law which would have legalized the formation of national trade unions. What he was worrying about was that trade unions in the Rhineland and Ruhr would be governed by a central committee in Berlin. The matter was referred back to the four Governments, due to the attitude of Field Marshal Montgomery and Marshal Zhukov, who said they had no power to deal with the matter.

France adopted the same attitude to the creation of a Central German administration, and General Eisenhower proposed that such an administration should be set up for the three zones, excluding France. Britain, anxious to maintain the Four-Power government, was opposed to this.

The Central German administration, which did not amount to a government, was provided for in the Potsdam Agreement, but France said that since she was not represented at Potsdam she did not feel bound by the agreement.

Thus France held up the solution of many pressing problems which affected not only Germany but the continent as a whole. In answer to criticism which the attitude brought, France alleged that Britain was the root of the trouble. Britain, said France, was not afraid of Germany as she was, but of Russian expansion to the west, and that Britain was therefore willing to encourage the forces of reaction to maintain the balance of power.

Whether or not this was true, and many Germans liked to think that it was, the French attitude hardened. A phrase uttered parrotwise by the French everywhere, as also at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Paris in May 1946, was: "We live next door to the Ruhr and we realize that heavy industry is the backbone of the German war machine."

"If you give the Ruhr back to the Germans," a French diplomat told me after a meeting of the Control Council, "you will have war again.

Don't forget there is a mass of young Nazis, now only fifteen to nineteen years of age. You had evidence in raids made by your Intelligence Service. These young people have been educated in the Nazi way for twelve years, and have known nothing else. They could soon overpower the old men.

"Don't forget the importance of the Ruhr. It produced a hundred million tons of coal a year; twice as much as ourselves, Spain and Italy put together, a twelfth as much as all the world, four-fifths as much as the Soviet Union.

"Think of it—the Ruhr alone! What can you do with it? Internationalize it! That is the answer. You cannot dismantle minerals and take them as you can plants and machines. It must be internationalized. It is of the most vital significance for the economy and the peace of Europe. Without the Ruhr vast areas of Europe will be nothing but farm-lands, and big cities will decay."

Such arguments were impressive, but they did not deceive anyone as to where such a policy would eventually lead.

Russia was placed in an unenviable position in this dispute. The French Communists—like all political groups they had to base their appeal on a nationalist programme—were against the creation of central German administrations, while the German Communists were in favour. The Kremlin was quiet, as the Vatican deems it politic to be during a quarrel between two of its children.

In the summer of 1946, it became more obvious that important dependent political and economic decisions awaited the settlement, one way or another, of the zonal boundaries question.[1] Not only were there currency and loan problems, but there was a need for the proper distribution of raw material and co-operation between zones in which it was produced and zones where it had to be made into manufactured goods. There was a need to treat all Germans equally instead of developing rival policies. There was the need to pool food resources to prevent grave discrepancies in rationing such as already existed and to avoid the calamity that was threatened shortly before Christmas 1946.

More than any other problem, that of whether Germany should be governed as one place or as several places threatened the success of quadripartite government. If the government succeeded the Four Powers were more likely to be able to co-operate in wider fields. If it failed the failure would likely prejudice later co-operation and, maybe, world security.

But in its solution those who believed in Western democracy were convinced that Germany should not have "*Ein Reich, Eine Partei, Ein Führer*" again—a mere swing of the pendulum from right to left.

Unity for Germany was conceived as something different by those of us who, in peaceful pursuits, safely in the bosom of our intact homes and with our families, took up as amateurs our arms and went out to fight the enemy of free man.

[1] The agreement for the economic fusion of the British and U.S. zones of Germany came into force on January 1, 1947.

BOOK IV

END OF THE WAR CRIMINALS

CHAPTER I

I

ALTHOUGH it was soon after dawn on a Sunday morning, thousands of Germans were already out, demonstrating determination to survive. As I drove into the American sector of Berlin, to breakfast with the American author, Louis Lockner (in whose car I was to travel to Nuremburg), I contacted three streams of humanity: old men, women and children, who might have been on their way to three sports meetings in different parts of the city, but happened to be going to their favourite wood. Most of the women wore the trousers and overcoats of their missing husbands. They all carried *rucksäcke* containing brown bread, the only food they had, and over their shoulders they had saws and axes. The children pulled empty hay-wains and handcarts, or carried empty portmanteaux. They had tasks to perform in the Tiergarten and in Grünewald in the American sector, where there were not only trees to be prematurely hacked down, but food to be found, nuts and herbs with which to make soup, roots and mushrooms, particularly the *Steinpilze* (*Boletus edulis*), so rich in vitamin content.

With Louis Lockner at the wheel we set off. In normal times we should have gone from Zehlendorf, through the Russian zone, direct to the city of toys by way of Leipzig, and would have arrived in time for late tea after a pleasant journey along an *Autobahn*, but these were anything but normal times. As though the Russian zone was a foreign country for which we had no transit visas, or a country with which we were at war, or at least had broken off diplomatic relations, we had to avoid it as we would a plague.

It was forbidden to cross into Russian-controlled territory, except through the one free access which would take us nearly two hundred kilometres in the opposite direction, the way by which I had come to Berlin. We had to go *via* Potsdam, along 113 miles of *Autobahn* through the Russian corridor to Helmstedt, the Russian-British frontier, then into Braunschweig and so into the U.S. zone, carefully resisting the temptation to take still another short cut, which would have taken us through Russian-controlled Eisenach and Meiningen. We had then to travel to Frankfurt, which we might reach by eight o'clock at night, stay there, and continue our way, reaching Nuremburg, we hoped, in time for dinner next day.

In the American zone, on the way to Frankfurt, we encountered hold-ups of a kind different from those we might have feared in the

corridor. There were far more troops in evidence than normally, and most of them were on guard duty, fully armed and alert. Then we saw troops surrounding blocks of buildings, and, from time to time, Germans being led away, obviously under arrest. The Americans were having what they called "Operation Double-Check". Not only were all vehicles being stopped, travel orders and passes checked, but searches were being made by all available troops under Brigadier-General Edwin L. Sibert.

As a result of the operation, 30,473 German civilians were arrested or detained, mainly because they could not produce proper identification papers, and 250 Germans were found to have unauthorized weapons, even though it was an offence punishable by death. Among the arms discovered were 28,287 rounds of small-arms ammunition, 319 small arms, 25 *Pauzerfausten*, 30 grenades, 23 radio transmitters, 4,015 gallons of petrol, 1,300 sticks, or packages, of explosives, and 5,353 items of equipment—sufficient to arm a large raiding force, such as could cause the Occupation forces considerable trouble in the Bavarian mountain area where *Wehrmacht* troops were known to be.

It was late in the evening when we reached the Park-Hotel, Frankfurt-am-Main, which had been converted into a Mess, and I went to bed immediately after dinner, thoroughly tired and cursing Russian suspicion, which had taken us half way round Germany to reach a point which was still almost as far by road from our destination as I had been from Nuremburg in Berlin.

II

Next morning I found that the war had taken from Frankfurt just that which it ought to have left, and left standing that which it might well have taken.

The centre of the city, with its vast railway station, now haunted by trousered prostitutes, and its ugly main streets frequented by some of the most arrogant Germans I had seen, had been spared major destruction; but the old city, even that part of it which was visited with reverence for its associations with a struggle for freedom, was devastated. Even the *Paulskirche*, where the German national gatherings of 1848–9 were held, and the German revolution was planned, were badly damaged.

The Römer-platz, with its Gothic halls, Roman Courtyard and hall of the Emperors, where the coronation banquets took place, was in ruins, and the Römerberg, scene of the mediaeval joust and tournament, with its fountain that once spouted wine, and its spit on which the Coronation ox was turned, was a desert of stone.

Not even Goethe's house, most internationally treasured of monuments in Germany, had escaped. The place where he was born on August 28, 1749, and where he spent his early life, was a heap of tangled débris and broken masonry.

Crowds of Germans stood in the narrow road outside the house,

picking up bits of stone and wrapping them in handkerchiefs to carry away. The temper of the Frankfurt people was hotter than elsewhere. Their indignation showed itself on their pale faces, their curled, bloodless lips. They did not see me as I stood among them. I felt for a moment in icy Herford, one with Goethe's evicted ghost.

III

If this pained me, it was not long before I was amazed. A few hours later, reaching a rather hilly place through which ran a river called the Weise, which seemed so sad it might have been a river of tears, I looked round for the beautiful baroque city of Würzburg. My memory—and a military map—had informed me that the city of Balthasar Neumann and Tilman Riemenschneiders stood there, but there was no city any more —only what might have been remains after an atomic explosion.

Würzburg had changed its distinction from the most beautiful baroque city in Germany to the worst war-destroyed city. It had been burned out by a raid of twenty minutes' duration by the R.A.F. on May 16, 1945, which was fifty-three days from V-E day and salvation. The town burned for three days and nights.

Even then one's nostrils still sensed the pungent smell of burning, one's way was still blocked in side streets by apparently immovable mounds of débris. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of Würzbürgers still lay burned and entombed beneath the ruins.

Fifty thousand bereaved people, half of the population, still clung to the ruins of Würzburg, although it was 90 per cent. destroyed. They lived in cellars, air-raid shelters, in the more habitable ruins of wine stores, distilleries, the castle and old churches. People came up out of the ground in the morning like burrowing animals and vanished into it at night, and during darkness, as one wandered about in that vast desert of shattered stone, noises could be heard beneath one's feet; but nothing was to be seen, unless one went to the most tragic of all buildings in the town, St. Elizabeth's Home, which, lit by candles, drew each night to its cheerless bosom a hundred odd released *Wehrmacht* prisoners, who, having tramped from Vladivostok and the Urals with straw and sacking, instead of boots, on their feet, looked for their homes and their loved ones, and found them not.

And as these people wandered away again into the countryside, asking and seeking and yet not finding, they saw sights which once, because of their racial teaching, would have enraged them.

In all the lanes and roads that led out of the ruins of Würzburg these people could see hefty, arrogant negroes from the New World, their arms round the waists of blonde *Mädchen*, who chewed gum mechanically, some already pregnant with half-casts to memorialize liberation from the Nuremburg laws.

And in wayside camps, or down in the harbour, Würzburg folk saw their comrades with giant Ps and Ws on trousers and tunics, working

under the orders of more negroes, who, large cigars between their white teeth, lorded it over the white man with patent enjoyment. Everywhere were negroes, once slaves of white men and now, in the Würzburg area, their masters.

IV

With Louis Lockner still at the wheel, we reached the city of toys late in the evening.

Martin Luther called Nuremburg "the eye and ear of Germany", but its eyes were now more than a little bloodshot, and its eardrums were pierced. It was a city of silence and of unsightliness, a spectre of the once lovely city we remember. Though it was in October 1943 that Nuremburg suffered its first destruction from the air, it was not until the day after New Year's Day, 1945, that it could be counted among the dead cities. On that day Allied air might reduced Nuremburg to a rubble beyond description, as we could see although it was dark and rain was falling.

Bleary street lights cast pools of yellow light on the slimy-looking tarmacadam. Crowds of silent, drab people waited for buses or trams that never seemed to come. Trucks, lorries, and other military vehicles, driven too fast, scattered the tired people. Shops displayed the bare necessities of a drab fight for existence. Girls sloped along, scrutinizing cars as drivers pulled up to enquire the way. Pale faces against black ruins, eyes that sought food in exchange for pleasure.

Beautiful Nuremburg, its mediaeval heart untouched for centuries, the *Schatzkästlein* of the Reich, a heap of stones.

We went through the dismal streets, lined with black, silent shells of once graceful buildings, on to the village of Stein, seven kilometres away. We found two castles there, old and new, both untouched by war, standing with their backs to lovely meadows through which a dreamy willow-fringed river flowed.

Both castles belonged to the Graf Faber, the pencil king. The new one, in which Louis Lockner was billeted, was a monument of bad taste, with white marble staircases and vast friezes of nude nymphs surrounded by fat cherubs in neat chemises, the whole place dripping with chandeliers. The old one was a modest building of no pretentions, which I shared with other British and American, French and Russian officers.

My coming with Louis Lockner had made the visit the more exciting because he was no ordinary observer at the historic trial of the major war criminals. He had told me how he was responsible for the delivery of one of the most sensational of the innumerable documents to prove Nazi conspiracy. This document, which described how Hitler maliciously planned the beginning of the Second World War by an attack on Poland, at the same time expressing fear that he might be deflected from his purpose by an attempted compromise, purported to be the record of a

secret conference between Hitler and his commanding generals on August 22, 1939, at Obersalzburg. It was given to Louis Lockner in Germany, just before America came into the war, by a confidant of Colonel-General von Beck, and, having first written on top of it "*Ein Stück gemeine Propaganda*" (to protect himself if the Germans searched him), he smuggled it to America.

The statements Hitler was reported to have made in conference include the following: "The invasion and extermination of Poland begins on Saturday morning", and "I have only one fear, and that is that Chamberlain, or such another dirty swine, comes to me with propositions of a change of mind." Such is the key to conspiracy.

CHAPTER II

I

We all drove down into town every morning to the court in a fleet of old buses, lorries and cars, without attracting the slightest curiosity. For two hours a stream of traffic passed along the main road from the castles and the Grand Hotel, carrying judges, jurists, officers, Allied diplomats, Foreign Office officials of four nations, and war correspondents.

The people of Nuremburg looked through us, just as had the population of Herford in the previous summer. For them the trial did not exist. No one stood at the entrance to the Palace of Justice to see us go inside.

The only Germans who showed the slightest interest were the few employed by the American Army in the building. These included Rommel's niece, the slight and pretty 20-year-old brunette librarian, who, when she saw my Africa Star, at once talked about the desert war. "Yes," she said, "my uncle always said desert war was the best."

The Palace of Justice wore an almost festive air; newly repaired and decorated, its portals were draped with army flashes. Built in Rinascimento style, it was one of the most beautiful court buildings in a Germany that liked beautiful court buildings. Sculpures of the most famous jurists of Europe are carved on the outside, including Hugo Grotius, known as the father of International Law, who distinguished between a just war (in self-defence) and an unjust (aggressive) war. Over the entrance to the room in which the trial was staged was a replica of the plaque of the Ten Commandments, all of which these Nazis had broken.

One prisoner already familiar with the room was Julius Streicher, who in the pre-Nazi days had repeatedly faced charges of libel committed in his newspaper *Der Stürmer*. He was once sentenced there and kept in the same prison in which he was confined during the war criminals' trial.

When Hitler seized power, jury trials were no longer held. The palace was used for the People's Tribunal, at which enemies of Hitler were tried; judges were picked Storm Troopers and S.S. officers, prisoners included courageous democrats and Czech and Polish patriots. The courtroom was also used for indoctrination courses in Nazi teachings. The last class was conducted by Julius Streicher, then the whip-swinging boss of Franconia.

In the course of the final lecture of a Nazi indoctrination session Streicher made a remark which proved prophetic. Standing on the Judges' platform, he pointed to the place where the defendants' dock used to be, saying: "We used to sit down there. Now we are standing up here. But there may be a day when we shall be sitting down there again."

II

As the war criminals came into the court the commandant, Colonel B. C. Andrus, sighed with relief. He had lived through a nightmare right from the day the prisoners were captured, lest he should lose any of them through suicide or external rescue efforts. He had lost one major war criminal, despite his sleepless vigil. Andrus nodded his bespectacled head as each prisoner came into the dock through a small door that led from the lift that brought them down from the cells.

Alfred Rosenberg, Hans Frank and Julius Streicher were already in the brilliantly lighted dock when I entered the court; Joachim von Ribbentrop, looking, as someone said, as though he had been Hitler's Foreign Secretary for a thousand years, was grey and pale; and Wilhelm Keitel, stiff, Prussian proud, his marshal's uniform bare of insignia, greeted Goering, dressed in dove-grey Field Marshal's dress tunic with gold buttons but without medals; and Hess, still wearing his flying boots, his eyes sunken in cavernous sockets overshadowed by beetling black eyebrows, a striking foil to his jaundiced face. Wilhelm Frick and Walter Funk followed, both insignificant looking. Hjalmar Schacht, a little like the late W. C. Fields, but without the smile, stumbled in, peered over his *pince-nez* at Baldur von Schirach, who accompanied him. The two naval chiefs, Karl Doenitz, the *Ersatzführer* of Nazi Germany, and Erich Raeder, both grey, clean-shaven, reticent men of the sea, wore double-breasted blue suits. They were followed by the dignified Constantin von Neurath and the withered, shrunken Franz von Papen, a little like a monkey. Finally came Arthur Seyss-Inquart, limping on his club foot, with Hans Fritzsche and Albert Speer. Fritz Sauckel, so dazed he did not see the outstretched hand of Alfred Jodl, looked no more impressive than a potman in a four-ale bar.

After they had shaken hands they looked round the court in which they sat, with few intervals, from autumn 1945 to the late summer of 1946, when the end came.

It was a strange scene. Imagine a cinema, capable of holding 700 people comfortably, divided by a rail guarded by G.I.s. In one half 400 red plush, tip-up numbered seats, rising in steps to the back; above, the dress circle "for distinguished visitors", which looked down on to the heads of judges, prisoners, counsel, legal staffs and interpreters. The highest seats on a dais were those of the six judges: the two Frenchmen, next the Americans, then the British and, nearest the door, the Russians, the only ones in uniform. Behind them four flags.

Opposite, facing the judges, the prisoners in two rows, the second slightly above the first, and, at the back, seven G.I.s in white helmets, with white gloves, belts and truncheons. Between the judges and their prisoners, prisoners' counsel, the legal chiefs of Four Powers.

There was at times a cinema screen on the wall to complete the illusion and, in recesses, men with all kinds of cameras and cinematographic apparatus.

Though only one voice could be heard at any one time as the case continued, and that only faintly from the back of the small court, each of five different voices, in English, Russian, French and German—four of them the voices of interpreters, the other the original speaker—could be picked up on the earphones attached to each chair. It looked as if the cinema was for deaf mutes when the court was in session, everyone wearing earphones except Hess.

III

It would be superfluous now to relate the details of the trial. My friend, Peter de Mendelssohn, has given all the essential documents in a painstaking record, and the world's newspapers and radio have done their share to tell the world the authenticated details of the unmitigated perfidy and cruelty of the Nazi leaders.

In the early stages of the trial I spent many hours listening-in to the conversations of ordinary Germans after the court had risen in the evenings, but never once, not even in a small coffee-house near the tribunal, did I hear a single reference to the trial. People talked about the ruins, the housing and food problems, the Black Market and the dominance of the cigarette; they discussed at length the "mystery" of Hitler, giving their opinions as to whether he was alive or dead, and the many problems which the Big Four were trying to solve in Berlin.

A German I learned to know told me the reason. He was voicing the same kind of opinions as the woman I talked to on my arrival in Bünde.

"The Allies are trying our erstwhile leaders," he said, "and yet there is an order that not even a token group of ordinary Germans can sit in at the trial and hear the case. We are ignored, yet the case is our business as much as it is the business of the rest of the world. True we have some German reporters there, but that is not enough. Then we feel it unfair that we are not allowed to try the Nazi leaders. After all, if you take the anti-Nazi view, they sinned more against the good German. No one can deny that the good German has suffered more than any other nationality. Look at the ruins everywhere, look at the degradation, the prostitutes, the beggars, the cigarette hawkers and the hungry people, even now facing death by starvation. If a dozen Germans, drawn from a dozen big towns, had been allowed to sit through the trial and then empowered to speak freely at organized meetings at the end of the trial, faith in your justice would have been established. People will not read the reports in the papers. Many have stopped buying the newspapers in order not to expose themselves to the temptation. We do not trust newspapers."

But soon people began to get interested in spite of their proud determination to ignore the case, and many were the arguments I heard between Germans on various aspects of the trial.

The Germans who attended the court, Press reporters and counsel, began to talk willingly about the case to me. Everyone concerned in the trial, excepting the judges, witnesses, prisoners and the judges'

interpreters, ate lunch together in a gigantic Mess, which overflowed into several adjoining rooms, in the court. They lined up in a long queue after the adjournment to collect their American army metal trays with six compartments, into each of which succeeding G.I.s dressed as chefs, slapped the component parts of the meal. We talked in the queue, and we talked at the tables, in spite of the difficulty caused by the perpetual blare of the worst kind of American jazz from numerous loudspeakers.

"It is hard for us Germans," was a frequent retort. "Even those who hate the Nazis have a great respect for Keitel and Jodl, Doenitz and Raeder, and we feel they are out of place in the dock. They merely carried out orders, just as Montgomery did. And many people love Goering, as you English people loved Churchill, despite that Hermann made many mistakes."

"That is because they do not know him sufficiently well," I said. "They will learn."

And, gradually, the people did learn.

By July, as I discovered, talking to the same people, Goering was detested where he had been admired, but there was still great concern for the army and navy chiefs, as also for Papen, Schacht, and Neurath. But few people thought any of them, excepting perhaps Streicher, should be hanged. The thought of Goering being hanged filled most people with horror.

"After all, it's the first trial of its kind," people echoed, as though the culprits ought to be placed on probation after being found guilty.

As the trial drew to an end there was a great demand for newspapers, and many complaints that reports of various aspects of the trial were inadequately reported. But a queer mental attitude arose.

"There have been wars since the beginning of man," said so many people in different parts of Germany. "Never before have soldiers, sailors, diplomats, and ambassadors been tried in this way. Then there is the composition of the court. The law is made by the same four nations which provide the prosecutors and the judges and the executioner."

Not enough efforts were made to break down this argument and, consequently, far too great a proportion of the German population remained unconvinced of the equity of the trial as it entered on its dramatic closing days.

IV

I imagined Colonel Andrus, as I watched him during the final phases of the trial, going through for the thousandth time the precautions he had to make: precautions which had triumphed to the end of the long ordeal in court.

All iron hooks and projections had been removed from cells. Glass window panes had been replaced with celloglas, and weapons or instruments which might be used for suicide or self-harm had been removed from each prisoner. Meals were prepared in the cell block under U.S.

Army supervision by German prisoners of war interned for that purpose, and were served in Army meat cans and canteen cups without handles, with only a spoon, and no knife or fork. The food was sent to the prisoners under the supervision of sentinels, to prevent the passage of articles with which prisoners might commit suicide.

The ports in the cell doors had been kept open at all times, and sentinels had moved back and forth on the catwalks within view every half minute to prevent attempts at suicide. Twice a week the route to the prison showers had been guarded off and all prisoners conducted there for a hot bath; but they were not allowed to be out of observation lest they tried to drown themselves.

The prisoners had been shaved daily but by a trusted prisoner-of-war barber who had worked under guard with a safety razor. No conversation had been permitted, and upon completion of his task each day the barber had brought to the Prison Office the razor blades given him at the start of his task.

The lighting system had been completely altered to prevent suicide, and the roof and skylight had been rebuilt.

These war criminals had lost even more than the poorest Berliner—even their lives were not their own to dispose of!

There was an awful hush in the court when the prisoners were sentenced, just as when they were called upon to plead. Everyone sat upright and looked towards the dock. Everyone quickly adjusted, or readjusted, his head-phones. The several hundred journalists described frantically a scene that history had not known the equal. Behind two thick glass screens near the dock interpreters, bent over microphones, raised their eyes to Goering.

When, in the 1945 autumn, the prisoners had been asked if they were guilty of the crimes, they had presented, with one exception, a dignified aspect; but as the trial had worn on, month after month, these once powerful and fearful men had come to look much older, weaker and afraid.

Goering had risen, pulled straight his well-ironed tunic and allowed his large, addict eyes to move round the court, blinking for a moment at the battery of lights, bright as in a film studio, which glared down upon him and his comrades. Then, for the first time since the collapse, the voice of a Nazi leader had been heard in public, a voice which, when it next spoke in the spring of 1946 at his defence, was heard by millions of Germans, who were filled with pride and jubilation at "Hermann's bravery". The voice had been charged with triumph, arrogance, haughty pride, in his own defence, not hesitating, as it was when asked to plead. He had then gone to the microphone in the centre of the dock, licked his lips, and begun: "*Bevor ich meine Erklärung abgebe . . .*"

Goering had wanted to make a speech then, but he had got no further than "Before I answer the question of the High Court, whether I am guilty . . ." when Lord Justice Sir Geoffrey Lawrence had cut him off with a sharp reminder: "I informed the Court that defendants

were not entitled to make a statement." A short silence had followed, during which we had all realized that that was the first time in thirteen years anyone had dared interrupt the speech of one of the Nazi Triumvirate. Goering had swallowed hard.

Then he had answered, "I declare myself in the sense of the indictment not guilty," walked back to his seat and sat down, his leonine head in his great hands.

Rudolf Hess had risen jerkily from his seat next to Goering and gone to the microphone. His face was yellow as old parchment, his jaws set, his eyes lost in deep purple shadows cast by the lights above. He had clenched his fists and the muscles of his face had worked nervously.

An hysterical "*Nein*" had rung through the court in a voice that was known to few except the Nazi prisoners.

Then he had turned on his heel, hurried back to his seat, and begun to read a German novel, *The Story of a Girl.*

After other prisoners had contented themselves stating that they were not guilty, Schacht, boiling with indignation, had cried into the microphone in a voice shaking with emotion: "*Ich bin in keiner Weise schuldig.*" Alfred Jodl had gone further. Looking unlike one of Germany's military leaders, his nose red from a cold, he had said: "Not guilty. On what I have done, or had to do, I have a free conscience before my God and my people."

Papen, looking very much his years, "I am in no way guilty."

That had been a long time before. Since then bloody guilt had been proven for all time in that erstwhile Nazi court.

. . . . .

The sentences pronounced, Colonel Andrus tightened up his precautions, but in spite of this Goering, the Grand Dame of this grim pantomime of death, cheated him, and the hangman! How this could have happened in view of the precautions I have enumerated I will leave the reader to imagine.

V

If these criminals thought at all in the dramatic moments that preceded the execution of sentences they must have had a sense of shame as heavy as fear upon them.

How could they avoid feeling that their acts had resulted in unspeakable tragedy for their own country, as for the world at large? Even though segregated from their fellow men for over a year they were aware of the growing misery of Germany, of its suffering through bondage and threatened famine, of its economic, social and political ruin, of the grave possibilities of the years to come.

Such convictions, born of long months of listening to the most damning and documented evidence ever offered a tribunal, must have been

more painful than the last moment on the scaffold or the final slam of the prison door.

They, together with Hitler, alive or dead, and a few more of his followers who had disappeared, were responsible for the ruin of their people.

They alone had brought this miserable twilight to a once mighty land.

APPENDICES

I

List of Black Market Prices in British Zone of Germany[1]

	Marks	*Present English Exchange Rate*
Coffee—1lb.	400 to 500	£10 to £12 10*s.*
Black Tea—1lb.	600 to 700	£15 to £17 10*s.*
Cocoa—1lb.	500 to 600	£12 10*s.* to £15
Butter—1lb.	200 to 250	£5 to £6 5*s.*
Fats—1lb.	200 to 250	£5 to £6 5*s.*
Bacon—1lb.	200 to 250	£5 to £6 5*s.*
Edible Oil—1 litre	300 to 350	£7 10*s.* to £8 15*s.*
Pork—1lb.	50 to 60	£1 5*s.* to £1 10*s.*
Fresh Meat (Beef)—1lb.	40	£1
,, ,, (Horse)—1lb.	20 to 25	10*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.*
Eggs—per egg	8 to 12	4*s.* to 6*s.*
Bread—1lb.	10 to 15	5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*
Meal—1lb.	15 to 20	7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.*
Jam—1lb.	25 to 30	12*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.*
Sugar—1lb.	40 to 60	£1 to £1 10*s.*
Cigarettes each German	3 to 5	1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*
Cigarettes each English	6 to 10	3*s.* to 5*s.*
Cigarettes each American	6 to 10	3*s.* to 5*s.*
Cigars—per cigar	10 to 15	5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*
Tobacco—50 grams	60 to 80	£1 10*s.* to £2
Flints	5 to 8	2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.*
Razor	50	£1 5*s.*
Wine—1 bottle	150 to 200	£3 15*s.* to £5
Brandy—1 bottle	180 to 240	£4 10*s.* to £6
Cognac—1 bottle	250 to 350	£6 10*s.* to £8 15*s.*
Champagne—1 bottle	100 to 150	£2 10*s.* to £3 15*s.*
Shoes—1 pair	600 to 1,000	£15 to £25
Stockings—1 pair	160 to 200	£4 to £5
Gold—1lb.	100,000	£2,500
Diamond—1 karat	40,000	£1,000
Sovereign (gold)	3,000	£75
20-reichsmark (gold)	2,500	£62 10*s.*
20-dollars (gold)	15,000	£375
1 dollar (paper)	180	£4 10*s.*

[1] As discovered after painstaking research by officials at the beginning of 1947.

II

The Protocol

The main provisions of the Protocol of the Potsdam Agreement between Great Britain, Russia and the United States of America of 1945, which are the basis of Control Commission and Military Government policy, are herewith given:

POLITICAL

1. In accordance with the agreement on control machinery, supreme authority in Germany is exercised by the Commanders-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of the United Kingdom, the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., and France, each in his own zone of occupation, and also jointly, in matters affecting Germany as a whole, in their capacity as Members of the Control Council.
2. So far as is practicable, there shall be uniformity of treatment of the German population throughout Germany.
3. Purposes of the occupation of Germany by which the Control Council shall be guided are:
   (i) The complete disarmament and demilitarization of the German Reich and the elimination or control of all German industry that could be used for military production. To these ends:
   All German naval, land, and air forces, the S.S., S.A., S.D., and Gestapo, with all their organizations, staffs, and institutions, including the General Staff, the Officers' Corps, Reserve Corps, military schools, war veterans' organizations, and all other military and quasi-military organizations, together with all clubs and associations which serve to keep alive the military tradition in Germany, shall be completely and finally abolished in such a manner as permanently to prevent the revival or reorganization of German militarism and Nazism;
   All arms, ammunition, and implements of war and all specialized facilities for their production shall be held at the disposal of the Allies or destroyed. The maintenance and production of all aircraft and all arms, ammunition, and implements of war shall be prevented.
   (ii) To convince the German people that they have suffered a total military defeat and that they cannot escape responsibility for what they have brought upon themselves, since their own ruthless warfare and the fanatical Nazi resistance have destroyed German economy and made chaos and suffering inevitable.
   (iii) To destroy the Nazi Party and its affiliated and supervised organizations, to dissolve all Nazi institutions, to ensure that they are not revived in any form, and to prevent all Nazi and militarist activity or propaganda.
   (iv) To prepare for the eventual reconstruction of German political life on a democratic basis and for eventual peaceful co-operation in international life by Germany.
4. All Nazi laws which provided the basis of the Hitler regime or established

discrimination on ground of race, creed, or political opinion shall be abolished. No such discriminations, whether legal, administrative, or otherwise, shall be tolerated.

5. War criminals and those who have participated in planning or carrying out Nazi enterprizes involving or resulting in atrocities or war crimes shall be arrested and brought to judgment.

   Nazi leaders, influential Nazi supporters and high officials of Nazi organizations and institutions and any other persons dangerous to the occupation or its objectives shall be arrested and interned.

6. All members of the Nazi Party who have been more than nominal participants in its activities and all other persons hostile to Allied purposes shall be removed from public and semi-public office, and from positions of responsibility in important private undertakings.

   Such persons shall be replaced by persons who, by their political and moral qualities, are deemed capable of assisting in developing genuine democratic institutions in Germany.

7. German education shall be so controlled as completely to eliminate Nazi and militarist doctrines and to make possible the successful development of democratic ideas.

8. The judicial system will be re-organized in accordance with the principles of democracy, of justice under law, and of equal rights for all citizens without distinction of race, nationality, or religion.

9. The administration of affairs in Germany should be directed towards the decentralization of the political structure and the development of local responsibility.

   To this end:

   (i) Local self-government shall be restored throughout Germany on democratic principles, and in particular through elective councils as rapidly as is consistent with military security and the purposes of military occupation.

   (ii) All democratic political parties with rights of assembly and of public discussion shall be allowed and encouraged throughout Germany.

   (iii) Representative and elective principles shall be introduced into regional, provincial, and State (Land) administration as rapidly as may be justified by the successful application of these principles in local self-government.

   (iv) For the time being no Central German Government shall be established. Notwithstanding this, however, certain essential Central German administrative departments, headed by State Secretaries, shall be established, particularly in the fields of finance, transport, communications, foreign trade, and industry. Such departments will act under the direction of the Control Council.

10. Subject to the necessity for maintaining military security, freedom of speech, Press, and religion shall be permitted, and religious institutions shall be respected. Subject, likewise, to the maintenance of military security, the formation of free trade unions shall be permitted.

ECONOMIC

11. In order to eliminate Germany's war potential, the production of arms, ammunition, and implements of war, as well as all types of aircraft and seagoing ships, shall be prohibited and prevented.

    Production of metals, chemicals, machinery and other items that are

directly necessary to a war economy shall be rigidly controlled and restricted to Germany's approved post-war peacetime needs to meet the objectives stated in Paragraph 15.

Productive capacity not needed for permitted production shall be removed in accordance with the Reparations Plan recommended by the Allied Commission on Reparations and approved by the Governments concerned, or, if not removed, shall be destroyed.

12. At the earliest practicable date, the German economy shall be decentralized for the purpose of eliminating the present excessive concentration of economic power as exemplified in particular by cartels, syndicates, trusts and other monopolistic arrangements.

13. In organizing the German economy, primary emphasis shall be given to the development of agriculture and peaceful domestic industries.

14. During the period of occupation Germany shall be treated as a single economic unit. To this end common policies shall be established in regard to:

(i) Mining and industrial production and allocation;
(ii) Agriculture, forestry and fishing;
(iii) Wages, prices and rationing;
(iv) Import and export programmes for Germany as a whole;
(v) Currency and banking, central taxation and Customs;
(vi) Reparation and removal of industrial war potential;
(vii) Transportation and communications.

In applying these policies account shall be taken, where appropriate, of varying local conditions.

15. Allied controls shall be imposed upon the German economy, but only to the extent necessary:

(i) To carry out programmes of industrial disarmament and demilitarization, of reparations, and of approved exports and imports.
(ii) Assure the production and maintenance of goods and services required to meet the needs of the occupying forces and displaced persons in Germany and essential to maintain in Germany average living standards not exceeding the average of the standards of living of European countries.

(European countries means all European countries excluding the U.K. and the U.S.S.R.)

(iii) Insure in the manner determined by the Control Council the equitable distribution of essential commodities between the several zones so as to produce a balanced economy throughout Germany and reduce the need for imports.
(iv) Control German industry and all economic and financial international transactions, including exports and imports, with the aim of preventing Germany from developing a war potential and of achieving the other objectives named herein.
(v) Control all German public or private scientific bodies, research and experimental institutions, laboratories, etc., connected with economic activities.

16. In the imposition and maintenance of economic controls established by the Control Council, German administrative machinery shall be created, and the German authorities shall be required to the fullest extent practicable to proclaim and assume administration of such controls.

Thus it should be brought home to the German people that the responsibility for the administration of such controls and any breakdown in these

controls will rest with themselves. Any German controls which may run counter to the objectives of occupation will be prohibited.

17. Measures shall be promptly taken to:
    (i) Effect essential repair of transport;
    (ii) Enlarge coal production;
    (iii) Maximize agricultural output;
    (iv) Effect emergency repair of housing and essential utilities.

18. Appropriate steps shall be taken by the Control Council to exercise control and the power of disposition over German-owned external assets not already under the control of United Nations which have taken part in the war against Germany.

19. Payment of reparations should leave enough resources to enable the German people to subsist without external assistance. In working out the economic balance of Germany, the necessary means must be provided to pay for imports approved by the Control Council in Germany.

    The proceeds of exports from current production and stocks shall be available in the first place for payment for such imports.

    The above clause will not apply to the equipment and products referred to in paragraph 4 (i) and 4 (ii) of the Reparations Agreement.

REPARATIONS FROM GERMANY

In accordance with the Crimea decision that Germany be compelled to compensate to the greatest possible extent for the loss and suffering that she has caused the United Nations, and for which the German people cannot escape responsibility, the following agreement on reparations was reached:

1. Reparations claims of the U.S.S.R. shall be met by removals from the zone of Germany occupied by the U.S.S.R. and from appropriate external assets.

2. U.S.S.R. undertakes to settle the reparation claims of POLAND from its own share of reparations.

3. Reparation claims of the UNITED STATES, the UNITED KINGDOM and other countries entitled to reparations shall be met from the Western Zones and from appropriate German external assets.

4. In addition to the reparations to be taken by the U.S.S.R. from its own zone of occupation, the U.S.S.R. shall receive additionally from the Western Zones:
    (i) Fifteen per cent. of such usable and complete industrial capital equipment, in the first place from the metallurgical, chemical, and machine manufacturing industries, as is unnecessary for the German peace economy and should be removed from the Western Zones of Germany, in exchange for an equivalent value of food, coal, potash, zinc, timber, clay products, petroleum products, and such other commodities as may be agreed upon.
    (ii) Ten per cent. of such industrial capital equipment as is unnecessary for the German peace economy and should be removed from the Western Zones, to be transferred to the Soviet Government on reparations account without payment or exchange of any kind in return.

    Removals of equipment as provided in (i) and (ii) above shall be made simultaneously.

5. Amount of equipment to be removed from the Western Zones on account

of reparations must be determined within six months from now, at the latest.

6. Removals of industrial capital equipment shall begin as soon as possible, and shall be completed within two years from the determination specified in Paragraph 5.

The delivery of products covered by 4 (i) above shall begin as soon as possible, and shall be made by the U.S.S.R. in agreed instalments within five years of the date thereof.

Determination of the amount and character of the industrial capital equipment unnecessary for the German peace economy, and therefore available for reparation, shall be made by the Control Council under policies fixed by the Allied Commission on Reparations, with the participation of France, subject to the final approval of the Zone Commander in the zone from which the equipment is to be removed.

7. Prior to the fixing of the total amount of equipment subject to removal, advance deliveries shall be made in respect of such equipment as will be determined to be eligible for delivery in accordance with the procedure set forth in the last sentence of Paragraph 6.

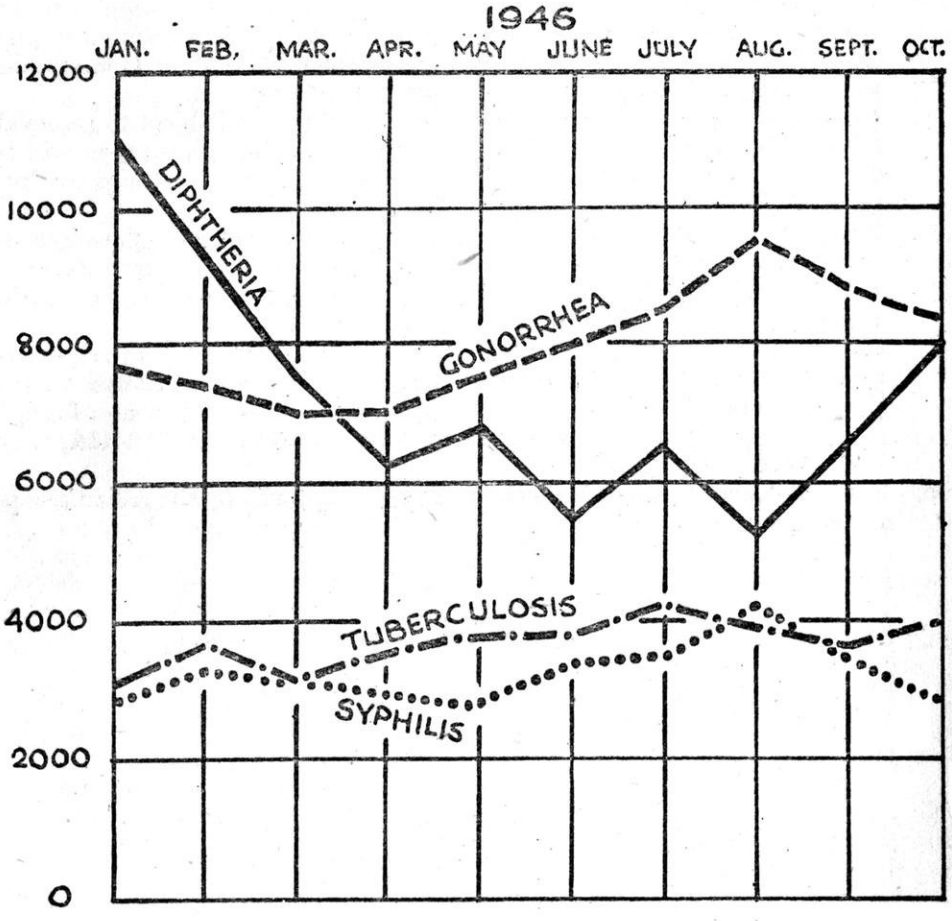
8. Soviet Government renounces all claims in respect of reparations to shares of German enterprizes which are located in the Western Zones of occupation in Germany, as well as to German foreign assets in all countries except those specified in Paragraph 9 below.

9. Governments of the U.K. and U.S. renounce their claims in respect of reparations to shares of German enterprizes which are located in the Eastern Zone of occupation in Germany, as well as to German foreign assets in BULGARIA, FINLAND, HUNGARY, RUMANIA, and EASTERN AUSTRIA.

10. Soviet Government makes no claims to gold captured by the Allied troops in Germany.

III

Number of *fresh* cases of four communicable diseases reported among the German civil population in the British zone and British sector of Berlin each month of 1946 from January to October. Total population in this area is about 22,000,000.



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