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Can Berlin Take It?

By W. B. Courtney

Berlin and other German cities are digging in for the expected heavy winter raids by R.A.F. bombers. Mr. Courtney, who watched last winter's raids from the heart of Berlin, describes the effect of a British bombing blitz on the Germans' morale

A British bomb wrecked this apartment house in Berlin. Both London and Berlin are "morale objectives" in the war of bombs; real objectives are the industrial cities of each country. Cologne has been hit twice as hard as Berlin

THE long nights have settled over northern Europe again, bringing their promised terror—huge American bombers, flying above naked eyesight, each carrying five tons, more or less, of high explosives. Amid sirens, the jar and rumble of aerial torpedoes, searchlights, antiaircraft baying at the winged shadows on the moon, footfalls of unimportant people scurrying in the streets—all the resplendent tumult of the air raids that now give Europeans their nightmares when they're awake instead of when they are sleeping—answer is being sought to the most elusive, yet perhaps most important, question of the war.

Can the Germans take it—as well as they can give it?

Modern Germany's heart never before had to endure hostile fire. Now the R.A.F. carries it there. The British tonight have Berlin as well as every other important city and nook of the Reich under their bombsights.

Descriptions of life in London under air warfare have been plentiful in the United States, until even those of you who never have walked them are as familiar with the pattern of the Strand, Piccadilly and Whitehall as with our own Main streets. You know the people, too—the East End poor, unprotected by shelters, cheerily taking up life in the subways; the shopkeepers with their "business as usual" signs on rubble heaps; the unscared young folks in their night clubs.

Berlin—and Dresden and Leipzig—are not so familiar to you. Secrecy has not only covered Germany's air-raid measures and methods, but the re-

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action of her people as well. For military reasons, correspondents are not permitted to mention air raids until the official communiqués about them are issued, and they cannot add information or detail to those.

Berlin is the outstanding example of the inland, or unpublicized, raid targets in Germany. So come with me there for a firsthand ground view of Germans under R.A.F. attack.

Experience plus "raid instinct"—a newly developed sensitivity, recognized by psychologists in Europe today—warn you, in late afternoon, whether there will be a raid. I have heard a group of German and American newsmen, on a night seemingly made for bombing—clear, moon-bright, flight conditions perfect—unanimously decide there would be no raid; and there wasn't. Conversely, on nights of poor raid weather I have seen Berliners generally hurrying to get home early to avoid being forced into public shelters.

Nobody can explain this raid instinct. But it counts in your social life.
for themselves in choice restaurants by passing on the confidential information they got from the Propaganda Ministry.

If a raid threatened, the restaurants would quietly warn all their customers to rush their kraut, pony up, and *schnell nach Hause gehen.*

Average Berliners don't relish public shelters. They have, for reasons you shall presently note, a fondness for their home *Luftschützräume* like that shown by household pets for familiar mats. Public shelters are plentiful. Seldom in this blacked-out city do you find yourself unable to spot at least one of the special blue lamps that mark their entrances.

What Shelters Are Really For

The German official view of shelters is realistic. They know that shelters—except those made with especial design, care, reinforcement and depth—are largely pap, if direct hits on them occur. And direct hits on public air-raid shelters have occurred—in Germany, as well as in England. "Yet," a German police authority told me, "they have certain disciplinary, sanitary and protective values. During a raid the whole city's under a hailstorm of our own anti-aircraft shell bits and flying wreckage and bomb fragments. In a shelter you're safe from that. Also, shelters keep people from messing around in the streets, impeding firemen and rescue squads. And they prevent bodies being smeared all over. If a shelter is hit—you can just seal it up until after the war, or whenever it's convenient to clean it out."

The cops, if they catch you roaming, will shoo you into a shelter unless you have a special pass. Thus, in the hour before the "scheduled" time for raids, you find Berliners hurrying along neighborhood streets from car, L and subway lines, while the darkness resounds with "*Ach Gotts*" and "*Donners*" and "*Schrecklichs*" that attest to many collisions with objects animate and inanimate. Downtown, scores are legging it hell-bent on Friedrich Wilhelm and Hermann Goering Strassen or den Linden, toward the central hotels. Most cunning, from all sides hundreds of paired dark shadows are flitting into the Tiergarten and lesser parks where they disappear like holing woodchucks. Love in gloom!

Oddly, you don't see as many hand flashlights, or buttonhole *Gluhwürmchen,* now as in the first and second winters; partly because the novelty has worn off

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and people have grown used to darkness, but chiefly because batteries and such things can't be got.

Anyhow—this evening you've got a "feeling"! The maid comes in. Mousy, good-hearted, patient Rosa. *"Verdunkeln!"* she explains, then goes about her small part in the sad daily rite of darkening Europe; of shutting the light of civilization indoors, while the world outside goes back to the Middle Ages. She rolls down the closely slatted wood blinds, pulls the heavy draperies together. She pauses at the door and smiles without optimism:

"I hope our English cousins won't pay a call tonight." This is a little nightly joke between you.

All belligerent Europe today is divided into two classes: those who go into air shelters and those who don't. Lest you gain a wrong impression, let this veteran of air raids in China as well as in Europe assure you that courage has nothing to do with the classification.

In Germany, unless you are in the streets, no one will force you into a shelter. For any who have the slightest touch of claustrophobia—that morbid and quite prevalent dread of confinement that is sharpest in small, crowded places—a session in an air-raid shelter is agonizing. German doctors recognize this; recommend that claustrophobes be kept out of shelters because of their bad effect on morale—and because acute cases might conceivably start panics. On the other hand, for those with a noise phobia the flaming din above ground in a raid is unbearable. Many, unafflicted either way, decide they'd prefer to be hit by a bomb than by a building; rather be killed pronto than buried alive.

So you're a "don't"—and this has at least one advantage: you can see the show. And when you are ready to turn in you have a routine to follow:

It's better to dress, in case of fire. Therefore, you leave your clothes as handy as a fireman's, being careful to include sweater and overcoat. You leave the things you would most want to save, in a pinch, handy in a small bag. Passport and other papers are stuffed into pockets. A blued flashlight is placed beside your watch on the bed table.

Now you can switch off the room lights, and open the windows and shutters. Breaking glass is one of the most common sources of bad injuries. You swing the windows to right angles with the wall; from this position the glass is not so apt to fly across the room. You unlock the door to the hall.

Significant Tip-offs

A brief look from the balcony into the cold, bright night. There are ominous signs. First, the lights have been turned off on the big construction job that has been proceeding, night and day, next door. And the usual glow from the night working lights in the big railroad yards a mile or so away is missing. Second, there are no searchlights and no sound of fighter planes practicing aloft. All this means that enemy planes have been reported from the first zone of Germany's network alarm; probably over the East Frisian Islands, or Wesermunde, or the Elbe Mouth — the shortest overland route from the North Sea to Berlin for British airmen. You figure in advance that you aren't going to get much sleep.

You don't. The wail of an air raid at midnight in any land is not of this earth. It's a throwback to the night sounds that carried fear into primeval caves. Strangest note is that sirens actually have

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national accents. There is the shrill, cackling din of China; the emotional complaint of Spain; the dignified banshee of England—and here the siren is guttural.

If the siren doesn't get you up, other things will. German thoroughness provides. The telephone rings; a reminder that you ignore. The elevator man comes along the hall banging upon a dishpan. He stands outside each door, shouting and whamming. All warnings over, the hotel is alive with muted stirrings: Doors opening; low expletives in the darkness; the employees taking up posts at the sandboxes in each hall; slippered feet of guests hurrying to the cellar.

At this time, if it's your first raid, you will probably do what many persons who are honest as well as intelligent admit privately they have done. You will go into the bathroom and have a look at yourself in the mirror to see how you're taking it!

Soon the folly and madness of a modern European night break up your introspection. When you reach the balcony the sky has already disappeared beyond a nearer firmament arched by the searchlights and starred by the jagged gray and red ulcers of exploding antiaircraft shells.

Hide and Seek with Death

In the British night-raid technique over Germany it is usually the task of their squadron commanders to locate scatter to bedevil ground opposition. In raids over Berlin I have never seen more than four planes "netted" by the lights at one time; and those widely separated.

Tonight, directly overhead, scores of lights suddenly focus into one great misty blue-white splotch in the center of which you see a plane. To a naked eye it appears just a glistening midge. With your binoculars, you judge its altitude to be 18,000 feet or more. Its motor exhausts trail breath on the frosty air as it banks and dives in a futile effort to escape the lights and the flak.

You have heard talk in Berlin that flak marksmen don't try to hit a bomber when it is over the city, but rather endeavor to push or drive it away and take a chance of hitting it above open countryside—the idea being fear of the damage that a plane loaded with gasoline and explosives could do falling in a congested area. But I never saw evidence of such tactical composure nor met a flak officer who didn't agree he would fetch down a plane any time, any place he could. Indeed, bombers have been knocked smack-dab into Berlin. Gunfire kept up while it falls so disintegrates the load and structure of a crippled plane there isn't much left to make a dent when it finally hits ground.

On surrounding roofs, on the courtyard flags below and in the trees, an uneasy patter begins. It sounds like the first large drops of a summer shower. This is the terrible "dry rain" of the flak-shell fragments. "Flak" is specifically the abbreviation of *"Fliegerabwehr Kanonen"*—cannon warding off fliers. Flak comes down in chunks varying from the size of a penny to that of your closed fist. It may be fused. It certainly will be red-hot, as you'll find if you pick it up too soon. Everybody collects flak souvenirs. But flak can mutilate and kill. So when you hear it beginning to fall close, it's a cue to lose interest in the spectacle and beat it indoors.

It's a good time, moreover, to see

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what's happening to morale in Berlin under these perils of the night. For this is what it might be like in your home town—when and if—

Examination of morale probabilities in any country involves a large military question, on which this war already has provided much evidence but no conclusion. Some German airmen told me they believed this winter's exchange of *Luftstrafen,* or air punishments, between England and Germany might very well provide a definite answer. Can air power on its own value, by throwing heavy punches into their bodies politic, civil, social and industrial, soften any great nations for easy final knockout by combined military arms?

Specifically applied here, this question is conditioned by two important factors: What are the difficulties, opportunities, advantages and disadvantages facing the attacking force—the R.A.F.? What are the precautions, both military and civil, taken by the defensive side to safeguard its civilian populations, hence its morale.

European airmen say that London and Berlin are the two primary "morale objectives" of this war. As distinguished from industrial and military objectives (although both cities possess certain of these qualities), the capitals are the heart and brains of each nation, from which morale decline would begin. Morale, at least in the opinion of German war psychologists, plays follow the leader; it decays from top to bottom, rather than the other way. Thus, raids on the capitals get most publicity. Of 6,000 British raids over Germany up to this autumn, only one per cent were on Berlin; the rest mostly against the Ruhr-Rhineland industrial, the Hamburg-Bremen sea areas.

Bombs on Morale Objectives

Cologne is the most frequently raided German city; it is hit more than twice as often and each time more heavily than Berlin. Kiel has suffered the most casualties; Münster is the German Coventry. Of approximately 10,000 German raids to date over England, little more than two per cent have been against London; the rest chiefly against the Birmingham-Sheffield industrial areas and the Cardiff-Bristol sea areas, plus such ports as Hull, Newcastle, Plymouth, Southampton. All these, German airmen told me, have been hit oftener and more severely than London. But they, like their German equivalents, are "purely" military objectives, and the governments don't talk much about them. It's the morale objectives, London and Berlin, you hear most about; and with regard to which is written what the Germans call "*Kinderwagen,*" or baby carriage, atrocity propaganda.

Therefore, to weaken German morale the R.A.F. must consider Berlin, and possibly such cultural and nationally beloved centers as München and Dresden. It's twice as far, roughly, from England to Berlin as from England to Cologne and the military-objective western section of Germany. It's 600 miles each way for a bombing of Berlin; more if the longer but safer North Sea route is followed. For the most efficient and latest-type bombers, when heavily loaded and at cruising speeds, that's a three-hour trip each way, not counting the actual time spent above the objective for the purposes of the raid. Bombers should be clear of enemy land before daylight makes attack by fighters easy. That's why British raids on Berlin on and near June 21st, the northern hemisphere's longest day, are scarce. It's

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barely possible for them, eggs laid and throttles all out, to reach the sea before full dawn. There is approximately fifteen hours of pitch darkness today in northern Germany, as compared with five hours in early summer.

Discussions of the R.A.F.'s ability to meet these conditions is a technical problem that does not belong in this article. We are now just interested in Germany's ability to protect her morale heart.

Fundamental, of course, is her scheme for detecting the approach of raids and their probable destination. So-called "air-raid-alarm networks" are pretty much the same in every country. The reporting organizations set up and the maneuvers held in the United States, especially in the East, this autumn are in general similar to those in Germany. The "Paul Revere Men" and women of the New England hills have counterparts in the "Air Watch Sentries" of Westphalia, Schleswig and Rhenish Prussia. However, the German system offers two novelties:

First, watchers are sent out each night in small power boats, far off the European mainland coast, into the North Sea and the upper Channel. These "avant-guard" boats are equipped with listening devices and radio. Second, other watchers are placed in *Horchgraben,* or secret trenches, along the shore rims. They do not watch the sky. They sit in ditches six feet deep and depend upon their ears, not their eyes; for soil conducts sound more quickly than the air, and approaching planes can be heard sooner in a trench than upon the surface. Practiced *Horchgraben* sentinels, even without mechanical aids, can accurately tell altitude, speed and direction of planes.

Germany has certain natural advantages in building her military defenses against raids—one being spaciousness. England, caught on islands, cannot move her industries or population far out of the way. She must depend on deception and guns. Germany has a whole continent at her back and her left elbow as she faces west.

The Flight of the Factories

More important to any long-range ideas of this war is the great but completely unpublicized movement of heavy industries from the Ruhr and Rhineland, where the British can get at them, to eastern Germany and Poland, where they can't. Regardless of what else you've read or been told, part of the *first* purpose of the Russian campaign was to make sure the Russians couldn't endanger them, either. Poznan and Cracow, particularly, already have the appearance of Rhineland industrial cities. Moreover, they bulge with German technicians as well as ordinary workers and have a housing problem similar to ours in Washington or in defense mushroom towns. It takes an authentic big shot to get you a seat on a train to Poznan, or a hotel room when you get there.

So Germany's industrial west has been destructively punished, but this is the little-known fact: the blows tonight are falling there on at least some emptiness. Naturally, an entire industrial area cannot be transplanted in a year. But it is a factor to be considered in discussion of Germany's defense and morale that *raids on Cologne, Essen, Dortmund and Düsseldorf are not so important this winter as they were last.* Also that coal from the Ukraine now supplies Germany's steel industry in the

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east in place of coal from vulnerable Belgium and France.

Germany expected this winter's R.A.F. onslaught would be "the works." All spring and summer we observed her twofold preparations for them: military and civil defensive measures, constant press and radio propaganda to warn and instruct the population. Construction of great new deep shelters near official quarters were rushed.

Most interesting and spectacular to watch of the preparations was the process of altering Berlin's face. In the last war camouflage was more or less confined to military equipment and field operations. Now it embraces whole cities, even countrysides.

Cities in Hiding

It is well known that every important raid-objective city in warring Europe has a "false" city built somewhere near it. One alleged spy case in Berlin involved a foreigner who, according to Wilhelmstrasse gossip, revealed to the English the location of the false Berlin.

Berlin has undergone plastic surgery on a huge scale. Berlin lies in a district of dense pine woods and numerous lakes. It is bisected by a river, the Spree, that is almost as much a giveaway as the Thames is of London. But woods have been made to appear like open ground by the spreading of painted nets on the treetops. Lakes (which are particularly revealing because they act as reflectors for moon or flares) become woods through floats spread with green netting. Whole bends and reaches of the river are hidden by the same process; while main boulevards are painted with special pigments to resemble water under all conditions, and green netting is suspended on poles over the sidewalks, to resemble wooded banks.

Parks are tenement districts, and vice versa. Rooftops are painted in various deceits; shiny tops, as of memorials, are blacked; warehouses have phony steeples; factories have no chimneys; there are trees on roofs. Fountains and dwellings and shrubbery, which can be wheeled offside exactly like stage drops, are set in the middle of airfields. There are runways that can be rolled up; others of wire mesh that allows grass to come up and grow tall and uncropped in the interstices, yet keeps the terrain firm and with good traction. Railroad yards are ponds. Railway tracks run where there aren't railroads; and where there are, there ain't. Smoke issues from phony chimneys; none from real ones.

"All this camouflage has certain military values, of course," a German officer told me. "It really fools everybody part of the time, especially under some atmospheric conditions. But it frustrates no military efforts all of the time. The main importance of camouflaging great cities, like Berlin or Manchester, is not military, but the boost it gives civilian morale. It adds a bizarre touch to daily life that stimulates interest. You feel as though you're living in a Hollywood movie set. You're sharing an exciting game of outwitting the enemy. Every citizen talks about the camouflage in Berlin; many make suggestions. A feeling of security is nurtured."

But camouflage alone won't help morale if heavy casualties are suffered. Actual physical cover and protection must be available for those who want them; especially in congested areas, and for the poor and hard-working. Here German methods of city planning, also

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the modern housing program that she pushed during recent years in common with other socially minded countries —notably Sweden, Finland, Austria— must be recognized as giving her still another morale advantage.

No resident of Berlin, permanent or transient, is without air-raid shelter. Children and expectant mothers are especial pets of the morale builders; and this gives rise each twilight to striking and dramatic scenes.

An hour or two before sunset, dozens of the huge double-deck busses of Berlin's surface transportation system are diverted from their regular work and trundled to various points in the city's vast industrial areas. On every bus are at least two social workers or trained nurses. To appointed stops, parents come with their children who are between the ages of two and ten. Babies under two are better off left with their mothers in the home shelters, it is assumed. Children over ten have in great numbers been permanently evacuated to the country.

A ride on a collection bus will provide you with heartache. Here is a father, probably a night-shift worker—the mother absent in daytime on a munitions job—hugging two children until the last moment, then running half a block tapping on the bus window to them. Neither kids nor father says a word; and only the father sniffles. Here is a mother shooing three aboard while she keeps clinging to her fourth child, a favored or timid one she won't trust away for the night.

From Berlin's metropolitan area of more than 300 square miles, from its population of five millions, the busses gather each afternoon thousands upon thousands of children to designated *Kinderbunker*. There are upward of a hundred of these children's shelters, many of them deep underneath great public buildings, all of them in the safest possible locations and elaborately and thoroughly fitted.

Just at dusk the busses disgorge their young cargoes upon the sidewalks outside the buildings. Here they are lined up, counted, double-checked. Each child has a card hanging around its neck, giving name, age, parents' address, bunker. At a signal from the head worker, gates swing open, or hatches rise, and the children break into step and song.

The children pick names for their bunkers. This one, into which we follow, has the name "*Maulwurfshause*" scrawled over its main door. Molesville. It is seventy-five feet below street level, under two garage stories, and several thicknesses of concrete and steel. Inside, everything is carefully regulated. There are separate dormitories for boys and girls, and for age groups. The bunks are two-layer, similar to our camp styles. They were, it is said, designed by Der Fuehrer himself—whose interest in architecture is pursued to the degree that no public building, and no furnishings therefore, can be undertaken without his scrutiny.

Everything is done in singsong and step: before eating their soup, the children must sing that unless they "finish it all up" it will rain tomorrow. The toilets are in long batteries, and the kids march to them, again singing, in numbers equivalent to the accommodations. Air-raid uproar does not penetrate down here; but in the morning the children are warned if there have been casualties or damage in their home districts. A guard against unpleasant surprises.

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Another moving experience of twilight in Berlin can be seen at the Chancellery of Hitler and several other places. Here accommodations are provided for expectant mothers from the poor districts. Like a file of grotesque and misshapen bats in reverse process, they flit into the shadows at nightfall and out at dawn. The cloakroom where the fashionable women of European diplomacy once powdered their noses is now a dormitory for women from the humblest circumstances.

More than two hundred children have been born this past year under the Chancellery. Often at night Hitler, when he is in residence, descends into the shelter, and inspects this especially favored project. Under certain conditions, he is godfather to babies who enter Reich life in his cellar.

Every apartment, every tenement in Berlin has a raid-proofed cellar. These must have connecting doors, through and around the whole block, for greater safety if one is hit or if water pipes burst. Drowning is an air-raid hazard. Berlin is largely a city of attached housing. However, in districts of detached houses, air-raid shelters are conveniently spaced.

Families in each apartment take weekly turns in charge of shelters; the man as warden, the woman as hygienic caretaker. District party workers see there is no shirking. Sleep being important to morale, preference is rigidly followed where there aren't enough cots to go around. New and expectant mothers; and hard workers; in that order. The cots in most of Berlin's tenement shelters, by the way, are from the Maginot Line.

The home shelter *Luftschützräume,* has become the most important feature of Berlin's wartime social life. It exactly suits the sociable instinct of the German, the comfort he takes in company. This is why he dislikes to be caught in an *öffentlich,* or public, shelter. Talkative, he does not enjoy sitting tongue-tied among strangers. In the home shelter you meet your friends, exchange gossip. It's better than newspapers.

If party workers may "plant" some items for gossip—for example, that England provides no such comfortable shelters for its people; that bodies of women pilots have been found in wrecked British raiding planes—it's also true there are no secrets in the close, warm, friendly quarters of neighbors sharing peril. The official police report can say there were only two casualties in all Berlin; but the folks down here know there were eight killed in their block alone. The British Broadcasting Company says that "Anhalter Station was destroyed, and all our planes returned safely"—but the Berliners know Anhalter Bahnhof wasn't touched and that wreckage of two British planes lies in the Tiergarten in the morning for all to see. Then sitters in the *Luftschützräume* laugh and say there isn't any difference between official liars.

The morale of Berlin is immensely served by the endless stories that come from the *Luftschützräume.* Berlin newspapers recently carried the romance of a Hans Muller, who lent an embarrassed girl streetcar fare. In the excitement he forgot to get her name or phone. He dreamed of her but could not find her again. One night eight months later he was caught in an *öffentlich* shelter; and there was the girl, and her parents. Clinch, fade-out.

In one fashionable west end apartment an officious young male air warden

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heard the flak die away, so he told the people they needn't wait for the all-clear, but could return upstairs. Later the flak started again; everybody rushed back to the cellar—and roared when a girl who lived on the top floor ran in. She had forgotten to put her clothes on. One fat and famous Berlin journalist habitually lives in his apartment's shelter because his wife, who won't let him drink at home, has no objection to his keeping schnapps, for moral comfort, downstairs. He loves the winter raids, with plenty of time to get the schnapps cold on the cellar windowsill; he hates the brief summer nights.

All is not amusing. A young couple in the Reich's diplomatic service returned from Tokyo, where they had lost their first-born and could no longer bear the associations of that post with their tragedy. On their first night in Berlin their home was burned in a British raid; and in the morning their second child was stillborn.

That's the raid background in Germany. People in the United States and England have said "the people of Berlin won't stand up under punishment as the people of London have." The fact is that certain German cities—notably Kiel or Hamburg, where the mayor always publishes in the daily press a list of civilian victims of "English barbarism," and other eastern towns—have been raked quite as severely as Coventry or London.

Germans, like all Continental Europeans, are great Sunday promenaders; a weekly diversion unknown in the United States, where automobiles are so numerous. The objectives of these walks has become a visit to the latest bombing scene. Huge throngs mill around each ruin. If fear, rather than idle curiosity, is the dominating expression, I have not detected it.

Courage—the Common Virtue

In general, neutral observers in Germany agree with those in Britain who declare that air raids harden rather than imperil morale. No valid reason has been advanced why it should be different in one country than in another. The first winter of the war I pointed out in Collier's that two factors which might weaken German morale are heavy slaughter at the front, and the entrance of the United States into the war. These still hold good; and are still in suspension. Cold has joined them. Winter in Germany is bitter, and there is practically no heat for homes.

Food is not a factor in this war, as it was in the last, because it has been more soundly and thoughtfully organized. The well-noted apathy of the Germans toward the war has been present from the very beginning; apparently it is not a morale factor. On the other hand, these dangers to German morale are countered by other things. One was the dropping of millions of chemically treated incendiary cards by British airmen. These ignited upon being picked up, severely burned the hands of thousands of German peasants; aroused suspicions of British humanity. Another is the fear, constantly thumped home by the propaganda ministry, of dismemberment and oppression by England, if Germany loses. Every time a fire-eater in Britain or the United States opens his mouth, his threats are magnified in the German press. A third is remembrance of the blockade, maintained for a year by England after Versailles. This is called by the Germans the "hunger blockade," and the Goebbels bureau constantly reminds Germans

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German women in one of Berlin's many home shelters. These home shelters, as distinguished from the public shelters, have become important centers of social life in wartime Germany; most Berliners make every effort to reach them when a raid threatens, in order to spend the night with friends and family

that hundreds of thousands died of starvation, while England kept German ships from the high seas until she mended her own international commerce fences.

It's an old axiom among militarists that "No great war was ever lost by the cowardice of a whole people, for courage is the commonest human virtue. Only it is expressed in different ways in different races and conditioned by certain things such as climate." It is fashionable to cast doubts upon Italian courage, for example. Yet in the mountains of Ethiopia I saw Italian boys express fortitude and devotion; and British officers, captured in Greece, told me there was nothing wrong with Italian bravery in Libya, only with Italian organizational efficiency. The historical lesson is that Italians—the first to feel the Renaissance, inhabitants of a mild climate, living for centuries side by side with the Vatican, the Christian ideal of peace—long ago had war lust civilized out of them.

For evidence of German ability to take it, here is the famous Englishman, Colonel T. E. Lawrence of Arabia. At the end of the Near East campaign in the last war the Turks were retreating. Lawrence's Arabs, in vengeance for atrocities, were slaughtering them systematically and mercilessly as fast as they could be overtaken. The Turks, commonly acknowledged excellent fighters, were in wild panic. Then, writes Lawrence on page 643, Book Ten, Chapter 117, of The Seven Pillars of Wisdom:

"Exceptions were the German detachments; and here, for the first time, I grew proud of the enemy who had killed my brothers. They were two thousand miles from home, without hope and without guides, in conditions mad enough to break the bravest nerves. Yet their sections held together, in firm rank, sheering through the wrack of Turk and Arab like armored ships, high-faced and silent. When attacked they halted, took position, fired to order. There was no haste, no crying, no hesitation. They were glorious."

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