

The LOOK of BERLIN

Food is scarce, but in the night clubs are black-market steaks and jazz bands and smiling frauleins; schools have reopened; newspapers roll off the press; anti-Nazi political parties are functioning, and Red Army soldiers are fraternizing with German civilians.



Pvt. Luba Rosenowa
of the Red Army.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

BERLIN—Pvt. Luba Rosenowa—the blue-eyed, brown-haired Russian girl who directs traffic near the Brandenburger Tor in the center of Berlin—was saying that she liked being in the Red Army very much, thanks.

"Of course I do not wish that it will be a permanent thing," she said, "but I am 19 and there is still much time for me."

Luba met a French soldier in the German PW camp near Magdeburg, where she was a prisoner for two years, a Monsieur Henri Laure, and they are planning to be married.

"We are much in love and I think it will somehow be possible," she said. But meantime, yes, the army was a good life.

"I am well-fed and I am seeing great things," she declared.

A dull-eyed woman stepped out of the crowd of curious civilians and stuck out a thickly coated tongue at Pvt. Rosenowa.

"You are well-fed," said the German woman, who was wearing a pair of very large men's shoes and a dirty blue dress patched in four places. "You are well-fed and we Germans starve." Then she spat.

Pvt. Rosenowa spoke to the woman in the halting German she had learned in Magdeburg.

"I am sorry for you," she said. "You are such a fool. You were unable to get your arms high enough to *heil* your Hitler and now look at what he has done to you." The Russian girl glanced at the ruins lining both sides of what was once the proudest street in Berlin. "I think you are a fool and I am sorry for you," she repeated.

The German woman walked away, mumbling and joined the crowd of middle-aged *fraus* walking toward the Tiergarten to search the grounds for scraps of firewood.

There are thousands of poorly dressed, middle-aged men and women everywhere on the streets of Berlin just now. Most of the young men—still wearing their tattered and rain-soaked green uniforms—you see trudging along the roads leading into the city, thousands of them, their heads down.

The prettiest young girls are in the handful of bars and night clubs now open, looking smart or dowdy, depending on the quality of the place, wearing very little makeup because none is available, and smiling the familiar smile of the Champs Elysees of Paris or the Piccadilly of London. Their love is very reasonable compared to the French and English variety, however. Five cigarettes is the standard rate of exchange.

Less attractive young women have joined their elders in labor brigades that are clearing away the rubble of Berlin as it was done a thousand years ago, piece by piece, passing it from hand to hand. Not even shovels are available.

These city-wide brigades, including women up to the age of 55, work ten hours a day six days a week and receive 72 pfennigs—less than ten cents—an hour. If a man or a woman does not choose to work he receives no food ration card.

As Pfc. Nikolai Feodorovich Ignatoff of Novo, Siberia, guard of one work team, put it: "It is unimportant to us Russians whether or not they work. It is also unimportant to us whether or not they eat."

There is, of course, some hunger in Berlin. Along Berliner Strasse an avid crowd was cutting flesh from the carcass of a bloated dead horse. In Potsdamer Platz more than 20 old women, girls and boys were scooping up handfuls of oats dropped from a passing Russian wagon. These oats they would grind into a rough flour for making bread.

A typical breakfast menu for the family of Herr Kurt Leisser, who is doing manual labor in the temporary town hall, is a cup of tea and a slice of black bread each for himself, his wife and his six children. For dinner each gets potato

soup made with an onion, a potato and half a pint of milk plus a small portion of mashed potatoes and an infinitesimal helping of cauliflower. Supper consists of two small boiled potatoes each and another thin slice of bread. In June, families of most of the men and women doing manual labor got meat—usually beef—an average of once a week. This month there hasn't been any meat ration at all for many sections.

And laborers get the most generous of the five grades of ration tickets, except for those issued to the few city officials and highly skilled professional men—doctors, lawyers, engineers.

Yet there is no real starvation in this city of three million people—now. What will happen when winter comes, no one in the Russian, American or British Military Government teams will predict.

Neither will Dr. Arthur Werner, engineer, educator and now *oberburgermeister* (lord mayor) of Berlin.

Dr. Werner placed the Lucky Strike on his desk. "If you will forgive me," he said, "I will have such a luxury as this on Sunday. Such a gift is for a time of relaxation and quiet."

The lord mayor and his council of magistrates and the *burgermeisters* of 20 districts of Berlin were all chosen by Red Army officers, who inaugurated the military government of Berlin about two months ago. The Russians have done what Col. Frank Howley of Philadelphia, military governor of the American sector of the city, calls "a crackerjack job."

SURPRISINGLY, few of the city officials are Communists. Dr. Werner, for example, is what he calls a "non-political man." He was never a member of any party, but for years headed one of the best-known private technical schools in Germany, preparing scientists for Doctor of Philosophy degrees. Three times he was arrested by the Gestapo, but each time he was released. In 1942 his school was seized because he was known as "an enemy of the state." A year ago last July, shortly after the attempt on Hitler's life, he was held on suspicion but released.

"I was known as an anti-fascist," Dr. Werner explained, "and it was my former students—those who have not died in concentration camps—who persuaded me to become head of the city government. It was a duty I could not refuse."

Most of the officials working under Dr. Werner are Social Democrats, members of the Christian Democrat Union and Communists. Some, like Dr. Werner, are not members of any party, but were chosen simply because they had clear anti-fascist records.

There are still some Nazis in the municipal government. Dr. Werner admits it, but he says that "they will be dismissed within a few days, I think, a few weeks at the most."

Known Nazis who cannot be replaced at the moment, no matter how important their jobs, receive only 72 pfennigs an hour—the same as street cleaners.

From May 1 to July 1, according to Dr. Werner, 11,766 Nazis were fired from municipal government jobs. The new 10,000-man police force, which wears the uniform of the pre-Hitler Berlin police, was partly recruited from eligible men who had suffered most under the Nazis.

"Such men are less likely to be tyrannical in manner," said Dr. Werner.

STEPHAN PASHEKE, who directs traffic in the Wedding, a badly damaged working-class district of the city, is a former housepainter who is married to a Jewess. Almost every month from 1933 on, he had to report to the Gestapo for investigation. He was unable to get many jobs—none managed by Nazi Party members. In 1941 he was drafted into the army, then released because of his wife and placed in the *Todt* labor group. He worked in the *Todt*, helping build autobahns at 72 pfennigs an hour, for two years.

"It was not enough for food," he says.

His wife's work card was taken away and she received no welfare from the state because of her religion.

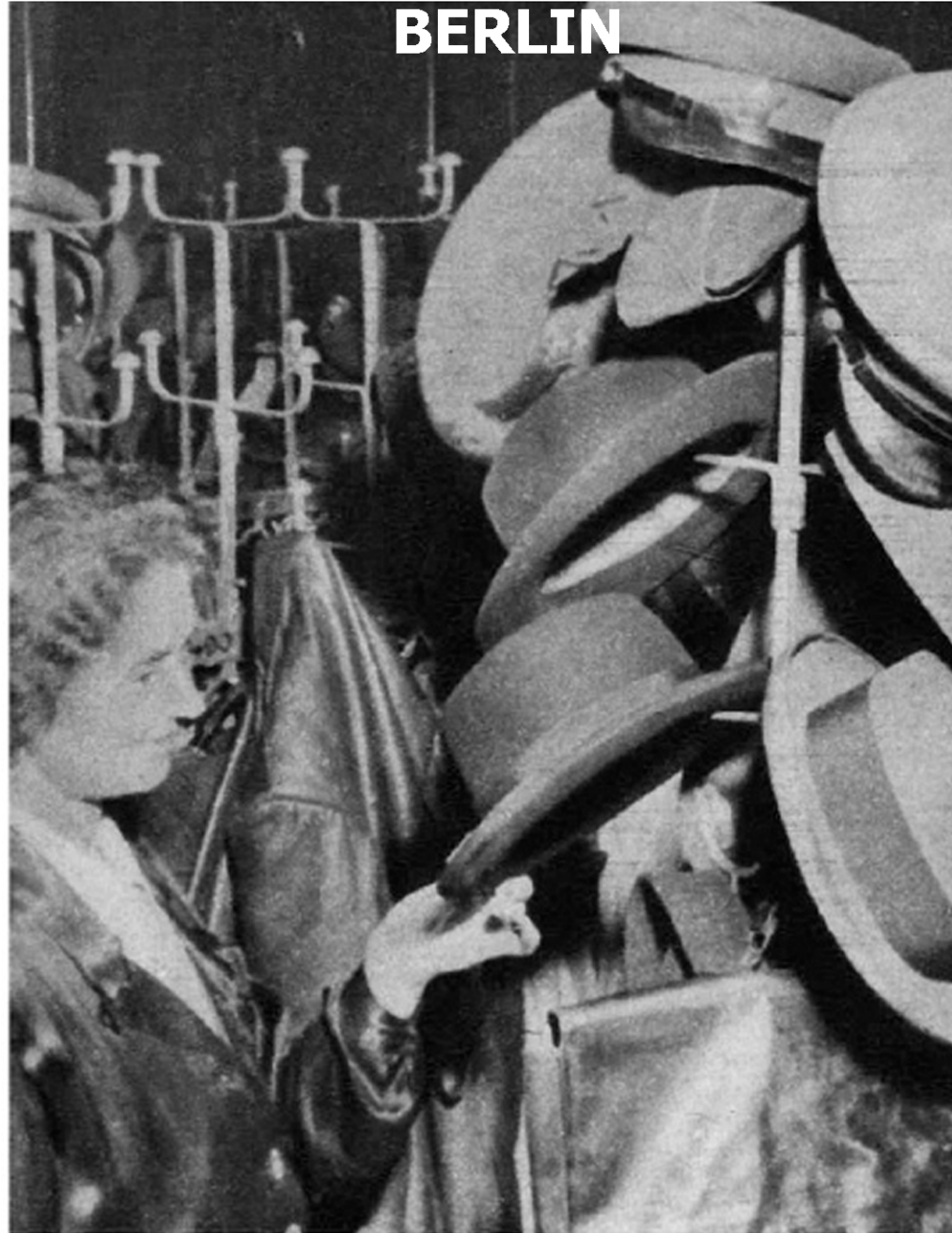
"We nearly starved so many times and she could not leave the house because always there were incidents on the streets against the Jews and she was afraid," Pasheke says. "Those were black times."

But things turned out for the best. He had always wanted to be a policeman anyway and, besides, almost all the men drafted from his district when he was are dead or disabled.

"It was my good fortune to be married to a Jewess," he says now.

German policemen are authorized to make arrests and most of Berlin's courts have been reopened. In general, the American military governor believes, the courts are denazified.

Many schools are now operating, on a somewhat informal basis. School days usually last only two hours. According to Dr. Werner, those who taught under the Nazis "have been arrested,



Typical international hatrack in famous Femina cabaret.

have fled or have simply been discharged." Old textbooks are gone too, and since there has been no time to print new ones, many classes consist simply of discussions of the news in the three papers now being published here—the *Berliner Zeitung*, put out by the city government, the *Taegliche Rundschau*, published by the Red Army for German civilians, and the *Volkszeitung*, Communist Party daily.

There is not enough newsprint to produce enough copies to meet the demand. In the afternoon, hours before the papers are placed on sale, queues two and three blocks long lead to the newsstands. Copies of the papers are also tacked on bulletin boards at busy intersections.

The papers, usually four pages of tabloid size, contain summaries of world news, with a slight emphasis on the activities of the Soviet Union, official announcements, and, recently, long articles on atrocities at Buchenwald and Dachau.

Some of Berlin's subways are operating, but it usually takes 45 minutes to go five miles. There are some buses, almost all of them with their windows boarded up, and a few connecting street cars. But all public transportation ceases abruptly every few blocks because of still unrepaired holes or rubble in the streets.

There are not many telephones except in the public buildings and in hospitals, most of which are operating, though usually with inadequate staffs and few drugs. Radio Berlin is back on the air, under close supervision by the Russians, broadcasting music, sports events and news—again with a slight emphasis on the USSR.

The water system is working now and in most districts there are adequate electric lights.

It has been a cold and unpleasant summer in Berlin but Red Army doctors say that has been fortunate. No one knows how many thousands of dead are buried under the miles of destroyed buildings and if the rain and cold had not killed many of the flies, there might be widespread disease. As it is, there is a good deal of dysentery but, according to city officials, there was only one death from typhus during June.

It is almost impossible to avoid the fetid odors of death—even in what remains of Hermann Goering's air ministry and the ruins of the Chancellery.

"It is an odor familiar to the Red Army," said Maj. Feodorovich Platonov, commandant of the Chancellery area, who was a combat commander in the battle for Berlin. Maj. Platonov, who has a shrapnel scar on his neck and a slight limp from a leg wound, is one of the many in Berlin who are certain Adolf Hitler is still alive.

In Hitler's now-flooded air-raid shelter on the Chancellery grounds, the major pointed out the spot where the poisoned bodies of Goebbels' wife and four children were found and, just outside the shelter, the spot where Red Army soldiers found the body of the propaganda minister himself with a neat bullet hole in his head.

Outside one of Hitler's once-swank Chancellery offices, the major indicated the place where a body purported to be that of the Fuehrer was discovered when Platonov and his troops fought their way into the grounds.

"It has been examined by Russian experts," he declared, "and it was not Adolf Hitler. Indeed it was a poor imitation of that little man." No body even faintly resembling that of Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress, has been found, Maj. Platonov said.

"It is possible that the man wishes to return in the manner of Napoleon. Or to surround

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himself with the legend of Jesus Christ," said the major. "He will not, I think, succeed."

Maj. Platonov, like most of the Russian soldiers now stationed in Berlin, said that "I would, of course, prefer returning to my home. I am a man who likes simple things. But meantime as far as military duty goes, the occupation army is, as I believe is said in America, a not uncomfortable life."

In the evening, Russians as well as the civil population can go to the concert halls still intact—the Berlin Philharmonic is giving concerts four times a week, minus only a few of its members who were too ardent Nazis—or attend movies and theaters which are still standing. Movies are mainly Russian, with a few non-political German films; the plays are usually German classics.

There are also spots like the famous Femina Cabaret just off the Wittenberg Platz, the Great White Way of Berlin. Femina is open every afternoon from 4 until 6 and in the evening from 7 until 10. If you are willing to pay prices similar to those of Paris, wine and cocktails (which are nothing more than water faintly colored with wine) and tea are available. Black-market food includes steaks, potatoes, occasional vegetables and black bread.

Those who knew Berlin before the war say Femina is quite unchanged in appearance, though buildings on all sides of it are bombed away. Inside the cabaret looks as smart as Cafe Society Uptown or any swank New York night club. Except for the absence of telephones, which used to be available on every table so a male customer could ring one of the young women at a nearby table and ask her over for a drink, the atmosphere is the same as before, minus the Nazis. Young women, still smartly dressed, are present. However, only a nod or a half-smile is enough to summon them now.

The cabaret's management has also changed, since one of the Hoffman brothers who operated it under the Nazis has been arrested by the Russians and the other has fled. The new owners are Gert Pagel and Pierre Naida, both Jewish, one of whom escaped from a concentration camp after months on a mine-detonating detail. The other was one of those thousands of Jews who throughout the Nazi regime lived hidden in attics and cellars, using illegal food cards to sustain themselves.

"We had had experience with night clubs," Pagel explained, "and it is the policy of the Russians to aid those who have suffered under Hitler. So they say to us, 'Open this cabaret. It is our wish that the people of Berlin sing and dance whenever they can; they are so filled with troubles.'"

The Femina, like the equally famous Kabaret der Komiker and half a dozen other night spots, is crowded with Russian officers and the few non-coms who can afford its prices, and now with some American and British officers and men. No one seems to know where the girls at the tables and bars get their smart clothes or how they manage to look so well fed or where they live in the rubble of Berlin.

"There are such people everywhere," explained Herr Pagel, pointing to a blonde beauty who was jitterbugging with a dark-skinned, long-haired and thin-waisted young man. "They live on love and air, I believe. There is nothing more than that for them in Berlin."

One of the few famous cafes still in business is the one formerly operated by Adolf's half brother, Alois Hitler. The new proprietor is Herr Walter Herzog, a half-Jew, whose own cafe was taken by the Nazis. Although the restaurant was used by the *Volkssturm* as a CP during the battle of Berlin, it is now restored with the same blue linen, same large mirrors and the same chromium plating as the old timers remember from before the war.

The difference is that it is now a restaurant without a name and there is not much to buy except ersatz coffee, tea, imitation orangeade and occasional sandwiches.

LIKE all those whose property was confiscated by the Nazis, when Herr Herzog returned to Berlin he was given food, clothing, money, a flat and a job by the municipal government. The job happened to be running the restaurant, because "when those Nazis took my own place I say to myself 'I will some day have the restaurant of Alois Hitler,'" Herr Herzog declared. "I thought it was surely an impossible dream, but when I tell it to the municipal government and the Russians, they say 'That is as it should be' and here I am. It is perhaps right that this should be a time for those opposed to the men of Hitler."

As in the rest of Germany, there is of course not a single citizen in all of Berlin who supported the Nazi gang. Every pious German who begs for a cigarette or bar of chocolate will tell you he was an ardent anti-Nazi. A typical example is Frau Johanna Mueller, an attractive woman of about 50 who was clearing rubble in what undoubtedly had once been a smart black silk

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dress but was now torn and grey with dust.

Frau Mueller wished to inform all Americans that she was delighted to see them; she spoke English very well and had a brother in New York City and she was hoping that any day now Americans would help her drive the "barbaric" Russians from Berlin.

"They are cruel," Frau Mueller declared, pointing to a blond young Russian with a tommy gun slung over his shoulder. "They have ruined our city."

Somebody pointed out that much of the bomb damage of Berlin was made by the RAF and the U.S. Air Forces. "Ja," said Frau Mueller, "but we were at war, foolish war caused by that madman and his crazy followers."

Was Frau Mueller a Nazi? "I hated them all. I could spit on them." But was Frau Mueller a Nazi? "It is true that my husband, now dead, joined the Party, but only because he was forced to do so to work, and he said many things against the Nazis—always many things."

And whose fault did Frau Mueller think it was that Berlin was in ruins like Rotterdam and Warsaw and London?

"That madman did it, did it all." Did Frau Mueller ever attend party rallies? "Ja, it was required and I said many things, quietly of course, because it was so dangerous, but many things I said quietly."

And how did Frau Mueller view the future of Berlin? "There is no doubt of it now. The Americans and Germans must join to fight the barbaric Russian hordes from the east. They are savage people who rape and plunder."

Did Frau Mueller know nothing of rape and plunder by the German Army? Had she not read in the *Berliner Zeitung* of Buchenwald?

"These things are not known to me," she said. "And if such things were, they were the fault of the high Nazis. I was only a little person without influence or power and so alone. You understand, and you must know also how many things I said against those Nazis, always quietly because there was so much danger."

GENUINE anti-Nazis are not so easy to find. Frau Erna Stock, a greying woman of 59, was fired from her job as official librarian in one of the Berlin courts because she was a Social Democrat and refused to join the Nazi Party. That was in March 1933 and she has not worked since, although the savings of her late husband, a famous German scientist who died in 1927, are exhausted.

During the last 12 years she has seldom left her now partly destroyed house, "because I knew if I were to see one of those scum I would strike him, small as I am, old as I am." And, also because there was almost always at least one Jew hidden in her home. In 12 years, Frau Stock estimates (and her statements are backed by her neighbors, many of whom still believe her of "questionable loyalty" to the Nazis) she hid and helped more than 50 Jews escape.

Several times she was held by the Gestapo for questioning "but always they released me because they were stupid men and scum and I was too clever for them. Besides, they thought me too old and too small to be dangerous to them."

Then there is Willi Gorden, now 35 and blond and not a Jew. A bricklayer, Gorden was arrested in May 1933 because he was then, and still is, a member of the Communist Party. After three months at Columbia House, Gestapo prison in a suburb of Berlin, he was taken to Oranienburg concentration camp, where on the average of once a week he was beaten with a rubber hose or made to stand 24 hours at a stretch with his head against the wall.

"They wanted me to reveal the names of other Communists," said Gorden, "but unfortunately I could never remember such names."

After he was released on Hitler's birthday in 1935, the Gestapo searched his home once every month, refused to let him work and frequently held him several days for questioning. "There was never any evidence I was a Communist but that did not mean anything." Now, already greying and with a limp, he is unable to work at his trade because of his health. He still speaks in a whisper when discussing politics.

"One can never be sure who is listening," he says. "We have learned to be quiet if we wished to live."

Frau Stock agrees with Gorden when he says: "If there is to be a future for Germany it can be made only by those who have been against the Nazis always, those whose records are unblemished, and they are but a few." At present, the Communists favor complete cooperation with the Social Democrats, the Christian Democratic Union and the armies of occupation.

Leaders in all parties agree with Herr Hermann Stoesser, who worked for the American Embassy from 1926 until December 1941, and then until April of this year for the Swiss Embassy here. "The German people must know all that they have been responsible for by their support of the Nazis," Herr Stoesser declared.



These refugees from the German provinces wait for non-existent transportation to return to their native farms.



A destroyed German AA gun is left untouched in the heart of Potsdamer Platz, once one of the show places of the city.

"They must be told the entire story of the suffering and death they have made throughout the world. They must have their noses rubbed in the stink of Dachau and in the stink of the German nation under the Nazis. And perhaps it would be well to preserve some of the ruin of Berlin so that they will never forget it."

Herr Stoesser's plan for retaining some of the destruction of Berlin is likely to be followed, principally because neither the present city officials nor the military government officers have any plans for rebuilding any substantial parts of the city. Dr. Werner believes it would take about 150 years for men and women, working in labor brigades, to clear up all the rubble—and nobody has figured out what is to be done with the rubble once it is cleared. Only whole bricks are being saved.

There are many differences between the Russian and the British and American military governments. For example, the Russians allow and encourage theaters and entertainment in their sectors of occupation. The Americans and British forbid any congregation of Germans. The Russians permit anti-fascist political parties to function; the Americans and British forbid any German political activity.

As a result, it might be possible for a man to be a Social Democrat and go to the movies every night if he lived on the Russian-occupied side of the street. But his neighbor across the street in the U.S. sector could not legitimately be a Social Democrat and could never attend a movie.

The waterworks of Berlin are in the American sector; the Russians have the central electric power in the city; the British sector is the terminal point for much of the public transportation. Will water mains and electric power be cut off at borders between sectors? Will transportation be stopped at the American zone?

The newspapers are all published in the Russian sector. Can a *Berliner Zeitung* be sold or read by Berliners living in other zones?

These are questions still unsolved. There is also the problem of food. To date, Berliners have been fed by the Russians, mainly from *Wehrmacht* supplies stored in the city and with food brought from the countryside around Berlin, all of which is occupied by the Russians. But that

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food supply is running low and the countryside is being stripped for immediate needs. It is generally agreed that food must be imported from somewhere or Berlin will be starving late this fall and winter.

There is almost no coal supply in the city and none available in the immediate area. On this question also, no inter-Allied decision has been reached yet.

The necessary coal may be available only in the rich British-occupied Ruhr Valley. Can coal from the Ruhr be brought to heat the Russian- and American-occupied sectors of Berlin in exchange for food from the Russian zone?

ALL over the city are huge signs pointing out that "We are not trying to destroy the German people but only the Nazis and German militarists," or "The experiences of history show that Hitlers come and go but that the German people and the German state remain." Most of these posters are signed by Stalin. The American and British policy, to date at least, has been to emphasize that the war just ended was a war against the German people. But Russian signs still remain in the American and British sectors.

As far as American and British GIs stationed here are concerned, the most important problem is non-fraternization. The Red Army has no such policy. There are German girls riding in Russian-driven jeeps and staff cars and on the numerous horse-drawn wagons with Russian soldiers. *Frauleins* walk arm in arm down the street with Russians, dance with them in night clubs and wait for them outside their billets. Already there have been marriages of Russian enlisted men and the girls of Berlin. Can soldiers of one Allied army fraternize while—officially at least—soldiers of two other armies next door cannot even speak to *frauleins*?

Right now no one seems to know.

At the moment Berlin is just a pretty good soldier town for the GIs of military government teams and the Second Armored Division (soon to be replaced by the First Allied Airborne Army) stationed here.

A single cigarette brings 15 to 20 marks on the black market—from \$1.50 to \$2.00—and there is a miniature black market on every street corner. One pack of cigarettes and a bar of chocolate can be exchanged for a practically new Leica camera. Two candy bars can be traded for a radio in fairly good condition.

Almost all of the few remaining Russian girls acting as traffic cops are young and attractive and Russian soldiers are friendly and helpful.

So far there have been only a few incidents of inter-Allied friction involving GIs. Occasionally American soldiers out after curfew are fired at if they do not stop at the command of the Russian guards. Apparently the Russians fire in the air because so far nobody has been hit. And almost every night a few Russian soldiers on the streets after 10:30 are picked up by American MPs.

The Russian soldiers still seem to have a supply of vodka while American GIs are quite dry. A single glass of vodka drunk Russian-style and the whole world has a magnificent old rose hue and language difficulties present no barriers at all to friendship.



A tank of the Second Armored Division is inspected by the curious citizens of Berlin as a symbol of their defeat.

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A hungry hausfrau picks up oats dropped from a passing Russian vehicle. She will grind them into a rough flour.



The veteran troops of the Red Army's occupational Berlin Guard parade in front of the Adolf Hitler SS barracks.

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