

is the no less fascinating tale of how the officers' corps sold its honor and its soul to Adolf Hitler. Here are plots and intrigues on the highest levels of army and government, the maneuverings of ruthless men who stopped at nothing to gain their personal or political ends. Throughout this tense and silent struggle, the generals, limited by their narrow-minded and archaic traditionalism, were constantly outwitted and outmaneuvered by the far cleverer political infighting of the Nazis. This is scarcely surprising; what does surprise, however, was the manner in which they rationalized each fateful crisis as another step toward their own ends. Thus, from plot to purge to massacre, they fell under Hitler's fateful sway until it was far too late for *Generaloberst* Ludwig Beck, the most visionary of the generals and leader of the 1944 plot on Hitler's life, to write in 1938: "History will indict the highest leaders of the *Wehrmacht* with blood-guilt if they do not act in accordance with expert and statesmanlike knowledge and conscience. Their duty of soldierly obedience finds its limits when their knowledge, conscience, and responsibility forbids the execution of an order."

It was too late. The record of the years, as compiled here by General Taylor, shows that the Army never was the last outpost of decency, the final court of hope and reason which many thought it was in Hitler's Germany. It never could have been; the German military mind simply does not work in a manner to justify such an illusion.

Much of General Taylor's material is published for the first time. It and other records show how the officers' corps, those stiff-necked exponents of Prussian honor, allowed themselves to be seduced down a dark and bloody road whose bottommost depth—in this reader's opinion—was reached in Poland in 1939, when General Halder



—Scott Long in *The Minneapolis Tribune*.
"The Eagle and the Vulture."

noted the Gestapo's plans for "housecleaning" in that unhappy land. Halder, then Chief of Staff, knew what the euphemism implied, as his memo shows. His "opposition" to it was the stipulation that "housecleaning" be deferred until the Army has withdrawn and the country turned over to civilian administration." In other words, he didn't want to watch it.

General Taylor's chronicle ends here. It is, as he believes, a logical point to end it—the aim outlined by Seeckt and pursued by the generals and Hitler, the destruction of Poland, has been achieved. The record is written; the author leaves it for the reader to be the judge. In summing up, he asks the question: "Are military men absolutely bound to follow the orders of *whatever* political regime holds sway, even though it be patently a bloody tyranny, bent on conquest? Are they mere janitors of the military machine, with no responsibility for the use to which it is put? Are they, in short, political eunuchs, deprived of the capacity of moral judgment on their own behalf?"

The trials at Nuremberg were undertaken to answer that question. It is a grim fact of our international dilemma now that, in the German mind, they failed to do so. Overshadowing the question left by General Taylor, who has throughout his narrative submerged his personal passions for the more forceful presentation of a factual case, looms the issue which makes this book so enormously important for our times: in dire emergency, the Allied Powers barely a decade ago made common cause with Beelzebub to bring the devil to his knees. The choice was terrible; its consequences have been fearful. Is it the course of wisdom now to call the devil back to life to combat Beelzebub?

Metropolis of War

THE BERLIN STORY. By Curt Riess.
New York: Dial Press. 368 pp. \$3.75.

By ALLAN JACKSON

AND as to the Berlin story—when will it end? . . . It goes on and on and on."

Curt Riess has undertaken no small task in attempting to tell "the Berlin Story" for it is not one, but many stories, some of them among the most important of our time. There is the story of a ruined city and a beaten people who will not completely admit that they brought about their own destruction; it is a "tale of two cities"—East Berlin, held down by the burden of Communist oppression; West Berlin, propped up by the hope, determination (and dollars) of democracy. There's the hunger-inspired immorality, the awe-inspiring airlift that did as much as any other one thing to lift up the hearts and bolster the courage of all West Europeans. There is, above all, the unique political experiment of Berlin—the Western "oasis" 120 miles inside the desert of the Iron Curtain.

Some will want more facts and fewer apocryphal tales to convey the "atmosphere" of the story. There is the great contrast in the postwar recovery of East and West Berlin that might be more fully detailed. And the historic airlift, it would seem, is deserving of far more description than is available in "The Berlin Story"—without the airlift the West could not have remained in Berlin; to have pulled out of Berlin under pressure of the Russian blockade would have meant, in short order, giving up all of West Europe as well. (There is a deadly parallel in the significance of our stand in Berlin and our stand in Korea.)

But, then, this is Curt Riess's book and he has done, all in all, a good job of reporting a difficult subject, seven significant postwar years that have seen Germans turned from enemies to comrades-in-arms in the over-all struggle between East and West. (Current plans call for twelve German divisions, fully equipped and trained, to be in the field as part of the West's Joint Defense Force in little more than a year.)

Riess knows well the Berliners about whom he writes; he used to be

Allan Jackson, who covered Berlin during the airlift period for the Columbia Broadcasting System, is now a news commentator for that network.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 975)

COFFIN:
NEW POETRY OF NEW ENGLAND

(Series of lectures given at
Johns Hopkins University)

Grief may have thought it was
grief;
Care may have thought it was
care;
They were welcome to their belief,
The over-important pair!
But neither was the thief
Of his raven color of hair.

This is a great poem for an older
man to write.

one. He spent his youth there, went to school there. Berlin was his home—until Hitler came to power—and, in a way, much of his book is a homecoming, a return to a city he once loved but which had changed drastically in the intervening years. Now an American citizen, Riess is an experienced reporter, a professional journalist who has observed, recorded, and reported the uneasy tides of history in many countries. He writes easily, with a reporter's knack for putting things down in chronological order. It may have been this orderly neatness that led him to devote an undue amount of space to the Berlin of the immediate postwar years at some expense to the Berlin we must reckon with today. However, he was setting a scene—and he set it well.

The characters of the play are all there—Clay and Howley, Kotikov and Sokolovsky, Reuter and Frau Schroeder, Pieck and Grotewohl, and the rest. There's the dismal story of Gerhart Eisler, the Communist bail-jumper who fled these shores to become a Party functionary in East Germany and whose Party stature and power have dwindled steadily ever since.

Primarily, "The Berlin Story" is the political drama of today. East and West meet on the same grounds and in open (verbal) conflict. Its importance cannot be overemphasized for, to paraphrase one of our political adages, it is safe to say that "as Berlin goes—so goes Vienna, Trieste, Western Europe—and the Cold War."

Curt Riess does not predict the outcome of "The Berlin Story." Who can? Berlin's future will be decided by the outcome of the Cold War itself, for, in miniature, Berlin is the Cold War and "The Berlin Story" an interesting account of the many problems involved.

"Bubble, Bubble, Toil & Trouble"

THE DEVIL'S CHEMISTS. By Josiah E. DuBois, Jr. Boston: The Beacon Press. 374 pp. \$3.75.

By DELBERT CLARK

THE WAR crimes trial of the top executives of that huge politico-industrial complex, I. G. Farbenindustrie, turned out to be an experiment in adult education. Were Americans, and particularly American judges, capable of discerning any important connection between politics and economics?

The administration of U. S. Military Government in Germany had appeared to see no connection, although in the light of later developments it might be said that they understood all too well. But here, at Nuremberg, were four judges, brought over for the purpose of trying the Farben case, who had had no business or administrative association with Germany. Would they comprehend what seemed obvious to the point of exhibitionism—that cartelized German industry dominated Government policy, that an industrialist could be as guilty of war crimes as the politician through whose lips he spoke, or the general who did the messy work?

There was determined opposition to the trial from the moment it was first proposed. Senator Taft inveighed against what he termed trying the losers because they had lost; Congressman Dondero found an easy explanation in the suggestion that the Nuremberg staff was composed of Communists, fellow-travelers, or damned fools; Military Government, while outwardly cooperative, was vig-

orously hostile at an influential level just below General Clay.

It was a strange paradox that of all the powers united against Hitler only one—the United States—appeared to care enough about implementing international law by judicial precedent to go through with any of the "international" trials after the first, although several did try war criminals in their own zones. It was an even stranger paradox that despite this ostensible interest on the part of the United States, the little group of history-makers on General Telford Taylor's staff at Nuremberg occupied a tiny, storm-swept island in the midst of a vast and angry business-as-usual sea.

Perhaps it was reflective of this purposeful hostility in some quarters, of ignorant incomprehension in others, that after the trial of Goering and his unlovely colleagues the level of intellect and experience of the judges as a whole fell almost to zero. Few of them had any genuine understanding of the historic role they were playing, or sufficient professional background to enable them to play the role with intelligence and dignity. So the series of trials which were to put teeth in international law just petered out; the little world at Nuremberg ended "not with a bang but a whimper."

In the Farben trial the presiding judge was Curtis Grover Shake of Vincennes, Ind., who had served one elective term on the State Supreme Court. His associates were Paul M. Hebert of Baton Rouge, La., dean of the Law School of Louisiana State University; James Morris of Bismarck, N. D., veteran of two elective terms on the Supreme Court of that state; and Clarence F. Merrell, a practicing attorney of Indianapolis, alternate.

It was Judge Morris who was unable to see the difference between Farben on the one hand and DuPont or General Motors on the other; who persistently characterized a criminal trial as "this lawsuit," and who chided the prosecution for bringing in evidence as of 1937, "before there were any acts of aggression." It was Judge Shake who ruled out all the damaging pre-trial depositions of George von Schnitzler, chairman of the Com-

(Continued on page 38)



Germans watching the air-lift—"unique political experiment."

—Acme.

Delbert Clark, former German correspondent for The New York Times, is the author of "Again the Goose Step."