LETTER FROM WEST BERLIN

THE last time I left West Berlin, a few days after the East German revolt of June 17, 1953, I took the United States Army night train to Frankfurt. A West Berlin acquaintance of mine named Becker came to the station to see me off, and I still remember the expression on his face—at once wistful and envious—as he stared at the long line of blue sleeping cars. Herr Becker clearly resented the fact that while I, a foreigner, was free to come and go as I pleased, he, a native Berliner, would have to go through the humiliating rigmarole of applying to the Russians for an inter-zonal pass if he wanted to leave the city, and very likely would be turned down for some unfathomable Communist reason or other.

I thought of that evening the other day when Herr Becker and an American friend of mine here, each of whom, as it happened, had just spent a couple of weeks in Paris, began comparing notes on their journeys. Before the American could leave West Berlin, he had had to get travel orders from the United States Army, just as I had had to do back in 1953. He had taken the same blue train, for Americans, military or not, are still not permitted to leave Berlin on civilian trains, and he had been served the same forty-cent Army supper, nutritious but unmistakably G.I., and had occupied the same sort of tiny compartment, obviously designed by a man who had never given a thought to the problem of claustrophobia. And his window shades had been drawn, as mine had been, and they had had to stay drawn all the way through the Soviet Zone; raising them would have been a violation of an old four-power agreement. He had been awakened at dawn—a cold, damp dawn—to change trains at Frankfurt, and he had finally arrived in Paris frazzled and miserable. Herr Becker, on the other hand, had needed only his identity card to leave the city, the Russians having recently abolished the inter-zonal pass, and he had taken one of the excellent through trains that have recently been put into service from East Berlin to Paris. He had dined well and inexpensively and had slept in a comfortable compartment, where he could raise the shade anytime he felt like it. The trip had cost him a good deal less money than it had cost the American, for international train fares are figured in dollars and the East German railroad people cling stubbornly to the fanciful exchange rate of two East marks to the dollar (nineteen to the dollar would be more realistic), and it had taken him a good deal less time.

What struck me most about this conversation was not that Herr Becker seems to be remarkably more contented than he was a couple of years ago but that he seems to take the change for granted. Apparently he and his fellow-Berliners have been through so many dramatic upheavals in recent years that their memories are out of kilter; an event as recent as the Allied airlift of 1948, say, is almost as dim to them as if it had occurred during their childhood. Although everyone agrees that things here have taken a marked turn for the better—not only have the Russians been behaving a bit more reasonably but the West Berlin economy is booming—no one can say for sure when it all began. Everything happened so gradually, West Berliners explain, that the change has been almost imperceptible. I gather, though, that it was late in 1953 that the city began catching up with the economic upsurge in West Germany that had been going on since 1948. Business activity here increased, extensive construction and reconstruction got under way, there were more jobs, and there was more money in circulation. Prosperous West Berliners who had deserted the city for the greener pastures of Hamburg or the Ruhr came back and launched new enterprises, and the unemployment figures, which are watched here as the temperature of a patient is watched in a sickroom, and which had reached an all-time high of three hundred thousand in September, 1950, began to drop. The number of unemployed is now down to a hundred and seventy thousand, and though this is still a little over fifteen per cent of the available labor force, there is bound to be considerable unemployment in West Berlin as long as ten thousand refugees continue to pour in every month from the East. A successful West Berlin industrialist who

"And I swear, Dr. Hewitt, my memory has got so bad that half the time I don't even remember the Alamo."

is widely known for his pessimism declared last spring that the number of unemployed here would never decline below a hundred and fifty thousand; early this winter he lowered his estimate to a hundred thousand. The local production index, based on 1936—the last prewar year that is considered to have been normal—rose from fifty-one per cent in 1952 to ninety-three per cent by last December.

All this has its paradoxical aspect, because there hasn't, of course, been any change in West Berlin's precarious geopolitical situation since 1950, when most people here felt that they and their city were economically doomed. West Berlin is still an island surrounded by Soviet Germany and the Red Army, and any time the Red Army wants to, it can shut off all overland traffic to and from the city. But the fact is that West Berliners have made up their minds that, whatever happens in the Kremlin, the Russians are not going to start trouble in the foreseeable future. (As for the unforeseeable future, no one here talks about it; there almost seems to be an agreement not to.) Berliners consider themselves *helle* (bright)—they have always claimed that it takes them less time to get a thing done than it takes anybody else to figure out how to do it—and any *helle* person, they say, can see that nothing has happened locally for a long time to discourage this optimism of theirs about the Russians. Now and then there have been slowdowns in the dispatch of trucks toward the West, but these, they maintain, were caused by traffic, not political, bottlenecks. Occasionally, the Russians like to remind West Berlin that they are still around, but lately their reminders have been pinpricks, rather than blows. And in case the Russians should revert to jabs and uppercuts, the West Berliners think they could roll with the punch. The city has been storing up food and building materials, and on vacant lots one sees mountains of coal and stacks of briquettes—enough, people say, for a whole year.

It is not American money alone that has brought about West Berlin's prosperity—the Berliners' capacity for hard work and organization has had just as much to do with it—but American money has helped a great deal. Our government is still providing about half the capital being invested in the city's new business enterprises. On the whole, the American program is achieving what it set out to achieve. In some parts of the world, our foreign-aid dollars tend to wind up in already bulging pockets,

but in West Berlin they seem to trickle down to the people who need them most. Our program here operates through a joint committee of American officials and German businessmen, which lends money, on generous terms (some borrowers pay no interest), for ventures ranging from the production of television serials to the building of nylon plants and paper mills. So far, good profits have been rung up by committee-backed manufacturers of rugs, cardboard, artificial fibres, and small boats, and it looks as if the committee will soon provide the funds to set up a New York-style garment center, with showrooms near the Bahnhof Zoo, in the heart of West Berlin.

Unknown to the world at large, a daily airlift is still being operated here, in reverse. In accordance with an antiquated four-power agreement that everybody except the Russians would now be glad to forget, seventeen categories of goods cannot be transported overland from here to West Germany without a permit from the Russians. Since this type of permit is rarely granted, the restricted goods have to be shipped by plane. Not only are such potential military items as electronic products and nonferrous metals included in the ban but unwarlike items like chairs and tables. Trade is now so brisk that there are ten flights a day. The airlift is conducted by British planes, chartered by the Berlin government; the shippers pay only regular railroad-freight rates and the government makes up the difference. This amounts to some eighteen million marks, or more than four million dollars, a year, but it is considered money wisely spent, since it provides an outlet for, among other things, Berlin's electrical products, whose manufacture by the world-famous firms of Siemens, AEG, Telefunken, Lorenz, and Osram constitutes the city's largest industry.

Perhaps the biggest single customer for these and other West Berlin products is the United States Army, which last year bought twenty million dollars' worth of such nonstrategic goods as vacuum cleaners, lamps, and refrigerators. When the expected armament boom in West Germany gets under way, and many West German factories switch over to the manufacture of guns and shells, business here is bound to get even better. For obvious strategic reasons, West Berlin will not turn out any guns or shells, and, since it is not technically part of the Federal Republic (it governs itself, under the occupying powers, and has only observers at

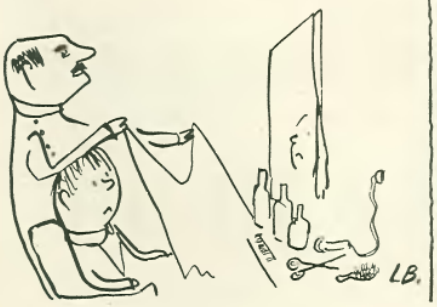
Bonn), its young men will not be subject to draft for the new Wehrmacht. While some draft dodgers will doubtless move here from West Germany, some Berliners will doubtless go West to volunteer. The theory here is that, numerically, the two groups will cancel each other out.

One thing that prevents West Berliners from letting their new-found prosperity go to their heads is the influx of refugees from the East Zone, many of whom are ragged, jobless, and broke. Special committees interview all refugees as soon as they arrive, to determine whether they came here because of their political beliefs or for more frivolous reasons. Those in the former category are classified as "recognized" refugees, those in the latter as "unrecognized" refugees. The other day, I sat in briefly with one of the committees. The first refugee, a prostitute, said that life in the East Zone was too boring for her taste. She was not recognized. The next refugee, who had been a factory foreman, proved to the committee's satisfaction that he had lost his job because he refused to join the S.E.D., East Germany's Communist Party. He was recognized. Both types of refugee are granted asylum, but unrecognized refugees cannot legally hold jobs and are not permitted to push on to the West; officially, they remain public charges of West Berlin, which gives them free shelter, food, and medical care. There are estimated to be forty thousand of them in the city. A few thousand work surreptitiously—or, as Berliners put it, work "black"—as domestic help or in shops and factories for employers who don't list them on the official payroll and consequently don't have to pay social-security taxes for them. The only refugees who are turned back to the East German authorities are common criminals, for, Iron Curtain or no Iron Curtain, the regular police forces of East and West coöperate closely, and murderers have little chance of saving their necks by skipping from one zone to the other.

INEVITABLY, West Berlin's economic revival has had an effect on its people's political thinking. For one thing, their opposition to the Communists, which was so greatly admired during the airlift, is no longer uppermost in their minds. This is not to say that West Berliners have fallen for Russia's peaceful-coexistence campaign, but merely that the pressure has been off for a while, and it is only human for them to relax a bit. "We're fed up with

being heroes," one businessman told me. "What we want is to work, and make money, and have fun, like everybody else in the free world." The pursuit of fun fortunately doesn't make for extremist politics, and although the lunatic fringes, the Communists and the Right Wing Deutsche Partei, made a lot of noise during last December's election campaign, with the latter going in heavily for such reminiscent manifestations as black shirts, black, white, and red banners, and Nazi salutes, neither won a single seat in the city government. Nonetheless, West Berlin's anti-Communism is rather less fierce and uncompromising than it used to be, and the people who are most worried about this are, significantly, the East Germans, for it is the continued resistance of West Berlin that gives them their chief hope of ultimate liberation. Every day, more than a hundred people visit the grave of West Berlin's late mayor, Ernst Reuter, in Zehlendorf Cemetery, and most of these people come from East Berlin. They approach the grave quietly, lay a few flowers on it, stand beside it for a while, and go away again. Reuter, they feel, was their champion. If ever a man was indispensable, he would seem to have been that man.

Whatever the cause, the Russians in Berlin have grown a lot more casual over the last year or so. Nowadays they make no trouble about letting people pass into or out of their sector, and an estimated three hundred thousand Berliners make the crossing every day. Thirty-odd thousand West Berliners are still working in the Eastern sector, but most of them would quit in a minute if they could get jobs in their own sector. "My older boy isn't doing so well," a West Berliner told me. "He's the manager of a supermarket in the East sector. My other boy is a lot better off. He's on relief here in West Berlin." One West mark will buy four and a half East marks, yet in terms of marks, wages in East Berlin are no higher than those in West Berlin. Even so, many East Berliners shop for things like shoes, linens, bicycles, and typewriters in the



Western sector, because the quality is far superior to what they are offered at home. Besides, the customer is not pampered in East Berlin the way he is in the West. The Communist Party newspaper *Neues Deutschland* recently published a letter from an irate reader who had tried to buy two bicycles in one of East Berlin's government-operated stores. "First I was asked where I got the money, then I was asked whether I was the father of twins, and, finally, I was accused of being a black marketeer," he wrote. "As a matter of fact, I wanted to buy the second bicycle so that I could dismantle it and use the parts when the first one breaks down. Can't a man buy two bicycles without being interrogated to death?" At about the same time, another reader complained about the service on the dining car of a train running between Berlin and Dresden. Bottles of beer were served without glasses, he wrote, and *Bockwurst* was served without knives. When the coffee came, the waiter went from table to table, dropping into each cup a little sugar from a small paper bag, and then stirring the coffee with what seemed to be the only spoon in the car.

A year and a half ago, undoubtedly as a result of the June uprising, a new "moderate" policy was proclaimed in East Germany, and many former owners of shops, factories, and other enterprises there who had decamped to West Berlin were invited to come back and let bygones be bygones. They were assured that their houses and businesses would be returned to them, that there would be no attempt to collect back taxes, that they would get plenty of raw materials, and that, in general, they could write their own tickets. Several hundred businessmen took the Communists up on these promises and went back. The honeymoon was short, and some of them have decamped for the second, and presumably the last, time. They report that maybe the moderate policy exists on paper, but that it is being sabotaged by the lower members of the bureaucracy, who are hounding everyone who successfully got away the first time. Businessmen, they say, are once again being arrested for "economic crimes."

TO one group of West Berliners, the peaceful-coexistence idea, at least as applied to the two Germanies, has great appeal. This group is composed of those intellectuals who have been willing to participate in a program that the East Germans call "All-German Coöperation in Cultural Affairs" and that unsympathetic West Berliners,

some of whom are quite worried about it, call the *Kulturoffensive*. In the past year, more than a hundred West German scientists, teachers, physicians, philosophers, and writers have accepted invitations to attend conferences and deliver lectures in East Germany. While a few of these are Communist sympathizers, most go over because they feel that by doing so they are contributing to the unification of Germany and because they don't want to see East Germany fall too far below the scientific and intellectual level of the West. Ordinary citizens are targets for the *Kulturoffensive*, too, and posters for plays, concerts, and night clubs in East Berlin now often carry this reassuring notice: "West Berliners will encounter no difficulties in visiting East Berlin." The West Berlin newspapers have been urging their readers to resist such blandishments, but this hasn't deterred a good number of West Berliners from crossing over for an evening of theatre-going and night-clubbing. Their motives aren't as complex as those of the intellectuals, however. Some go because it's cheap, and others because it's a novelty. Not long ago, I saw the first half of "Das Kleine Teehaus," the German version of "The Teahouse of the August Moon," at West Berlin's Renaissance Theatre, and then I drove over to East Berlin and saw the second half of Bertolt Brecht's "Der Kaukasische Kreidekreis" ("The Caucasian Chalk Circle"), at the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm. The streets of East Berlin seemed dark and deserted after the bright lights of West Berlin, and compared to the Renaissance, with women in beautiful dresses, easy talk, cheerful laughter, and the smell of coffee and cigars in the foyer during the intermission, the East Berlin theatre seemed a silent, uncomfortable, seedy place. The novelty, I found, wears off fast.

Some of the people who go to East Berlin say that life is a good deal freer there than it was a short time ago. What they mean is that a little more self-criticism is permitted. The comedians in the East Berlin cabaret Die Distel poke fun at East Germany's production troubles, West Germany's Bundestag, the G.I.s in the West, and the politically inspired theatre in the East—exactly the things that the comedians in West Berlin's cabarets poke fun at. The heat has been turned down in various other ways, too. East Berlin's most powerful radio station, the Deutschlandsender, now devotes itself so sedulously to broadcasting good music and other nonpolitical programs that listeners often can't tell

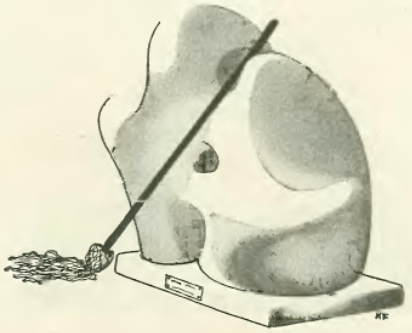
whether they are tuned in to an Eastern station or a Western one.

No such doubt exists about the programs of RIAS, the American station in West Berlin, which broadcasts twenty-four hours a day. Most working people in East Berlin get up at six in the morning, and RIAS is ready for them with a program of East German news—items about arrests, shortages, and factory mismanagement, for instance, complete with such details as names, addresses, and dates. Lately, RIAS has been making a special attempt to interest the East German young people in hobbies and sports, like stamp collecting, photography, and soccer, as a means of distracting them from the mass calisthenics and petty spying fostered by the Free German Youth, East Germany's version of the Young Communist League. Strangely, there's no rule in East Berlin, or anywhere in Soviet Germany, prohibiting people from tuning in RIAS privately, but one man who tuned a portable radio to RIAS on a crowded street is reported to have been sent to jail for seven years.

The writers, musicians, and painters of East Berlin who stand highest with the regime live in Pankow, an elegant suburb to the northeast of the city. Among the inhabitants of this ideological ghetto is Johannes R. Becher, a former eccentric avant-garde writer who during the past few years has invented "utility poetry" (a blend of patriotism, Communism, and wooden metre), written the words for East Germany's national anthem, and been awarded the Stalin Peace Prize; he is now Minister for Culture in the East German government. His deputy, Alexander Abusch, who is a pamphleteer and the author of a book entitled "Stalin and the Destiny of the German Nation," also lives in Pankow, and so do Anna Seghers, author of "The Seventh Cross" and other novels; Gerhart Eisler's brother Hanns, who wrote the music for the East German anthem; and Arnold Zweig, who perhaps still remembers writing "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," for he created something of a furor not long ago by declaring himself in favor of the individual's "right to leisure." "A man must be free to go for a walk in order to concentrate," Zweig said, in a speech in Dresden, and the notion apparently struck the authorities the wrong way, for the speech was quickly suppressed; one luckless editor who made the mistake of publishing it lost his job. The only good books any of these authors produce nowadays deal with the past; they do

not seem to be quite at home writing books about contemporary life, in which the heroes must be stereotyped workers and peasants of great zeal and little depth. They were certainly more spirited back in the good old revolutionary days, when they stood for dissent and nonconformity.

Musicians are somewhat better off, provided they steer clear of the works of Hindemith, Stravinsky, the twelve-toners, and other exponents of *Kulturbarbarismus*. At the moment, jazz is permitted, and even encouraged, provided it is what the official critics call "moderate jazz." In the classical field, the great event of 1955 in East Germany will be the reopening of the State Opera House, on Unter den Linden, which was bombed and burned out and is now being rebuilt. (The State Opera Company is currently performing in a former movie theatre, the Admiralspalast, on Friedrichstrasse.) This reopening will take place in September, preceding by a couple of months the year's major musical event in Western Europe—the reopening of the bombed and rebuilt Vienna State Opera, in November. Both houses will start off with Beethoven's "Fidelio," and both will go on to perform "Don Giovanni," "Die Meistersinger," "Der Rosenkavalier," "Wozzeck," "Aïda," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. In grand opera, at least, peaceful coexistence, or competition, seems to be an accepted fact. The East Berlin opera will also offer Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide," Moussorgsky's "Khovanshchina," and a ballet, "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai," by the Soviet composer Boris Assafiev. The manager of the company will be Max Burghardt, and the principal conductors will be Erich Kleiber, Otto Klemperer, and Hermann Abendroth. Some people suspect that the building won't be ready in time for the announced opening date, for it is still obscured by scaffolding, which is plastered with posters reading "ONE PATRIOT CAN DO MUCH—MILLIONS OF PATRIOTS CAN CREATE UNCONQUERABLE STRENGTH" and "PEACE ON EARTH *IF* WE ALL FIGHT



FOR IT." I went in and had a look at the lobby and auditorium recently, and I can inform the skeptics that these are nearly completed, but when I asked a Valkyrie in the uniform of the People's Police whether the stage machinery had been installed, she told me sharply that this was classified information.

No definite plans have been made to rebuild Berlin's second great opera house, which also was bombed and burned out—the Städtische Oper, or Municipal Opera, on Bismarckstrasse, in the Western sector. It would take six million dollars to do the job, and the West Berlin authorities don't feel they can spare that much money right now, so for the time being the company has an inadequate home in the Theater des Westens, where operettas were once produced. This season, the Städtische Oper created considerable excitement by reviving Verdi's hundred-and-thirteen-year-old opera "Nabucco," which tells the story of Jewish oppression under the Babylonians. After one stirring chorus by the Jews, the audience clapped and shouted, and even wept, until it was repeated—a rare demonstration indeed in the sober operatic climate of Berlin. "Nabucco" was produced by Carl Ebert, who returned here from the United States in 1953 to resume his old job as manager of the Städtische Oper. Ebert was born here sixty-eight years ago, went to school here, and served as an apprentice in a local bank; then he studied under Max Reinhardt and became a well-known dramatic actor. Later, he got interested in opera, and in 1931, after a transitional job as manager of a combined opera and theatre company in Darmstadt, he became manager of the Städtische Oper, where, in collaboration with Fritz Busch and Fritz Stiedry, he put on memorable performances of Verdi's "Macbeth" and "Un Ballo in Maschera." He quit the post when the Nazis came into power, and soon afterward fled the country. Thereafter, he ran the private opera house of a wealthy Englishman named John Christie, in Glyndebourne, Sussex; organized a national theatre in Ankara, Turkey, at the invitation of Kemal Atatürk; helped organize the Edinburgh Festival; and in 1948 became a professor at the University of Southern California, in Los Angeles, where he directed the Guild Opera Company. Ebert grew so attached to this group that before accepting his new contract in Berlin, he stipulated that he be given a few weeks' leave of absence

each year to return to Los Angeles and direct some operas there.

AMONG the exiles from the Nazis who have returned here in recent years, the most spectacularly successful is undoubtedly Rudolf Ullstein, a seventy-nine-year-old publisher of newspapers, magazines, and books, whose family for years ran the largest journalistic empire in Germany. Today, West Berlin, with a population of two and a quarter million, has ten daily and four Sunday newspapers (rivalry among them has lowered the once fairly high standards of local journalism, and any paper that doesn't specialize in popular psychology, flying saucers, and memoirs by nostalgic or repentant lieutenants of Hitler is apt to find the going rough), and the two most popular ones, the *Morgenpost* and the *B.Z.*, are both published by Ullstein. The Ullstein firm was founded in 1877, when Leopold Ullstein, a wholesale paper merchant and Berlin city councillor, launched a modest *Verlag*, or printing company. Fifty years later, the name Ullstein had become a household word all over Germany. The company put out a raft of publications, including the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung* (circulation, two million), the *Grüne Post* (one million), the *Berliner Morgenpost* (six hundred thousand), the *Blatt der Hausfrau* (five hundred thousand), the *B.Z.* (two hundred thousand), *Uhu* (two hundred thousand), *Tempo* (one hundred thousand), and about a dozen other newspapers, magazines, Sunday supplements, literary reviews, trade and technical journals, and fashion monthlies. (For the sake of prestige, it had acquired Berlin's most venerable newspaper, the *Vossische Zeitung*, which had thirty-five foreign correspondents and a hundred and eighty-six correspondents in Germany, although its circulation never went above seventy thousand.) Its editorial headquarters covered a large city block on Kochstrasse, Berlin's Fleet Street, and its printing plant took up an entire skyscraper in Tempelhof. On top of everything else, the firm operated its own news agency and picture service, published large numbers of hard-cover and paper-bound books, and ran a real-estate business and a travel bureau. All told, it had ten thousand employees. When Leopold Ullstein died, in 1899, the firm was inherited by his five sons—Louis, Hans, Franz, Rudolf, and Hermann—of whom it was said that not one would spend ten marks with-

out the consent of the other four.

In 1934, the Nazis chased out the Ullsteins, because they were Jewish, took over the firm, rechristened it Deutscher Verlag, and began putting out *Das Reich*, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the *Zwölf-Uhr Blatt*, and *Die Sirene*. In 1949, Rudolf Ullstein, the only one of the brothers still alive, returned to Berlin from England, where he had worked in a munitions factory during the war, although he was in his late sixties. He was joined by a nephew, Karl Ullstein, who had moved to the United States and had become an American citizen. The two men applied to the occupying powers for the return of the Ullstein *Verlag* and a license to put out a paper. Most West Berlin publishers grumbled about this, ostensibly because Berlin already had enough newspapers but actually—or so it is generally believed—because they were afraid the Ullsteins would soon build up their prewar monopoly again, and negotiations went on for almost three years before the principle of free enterprise prevailed and the Ullsteins were permitted to take over what remained of the family's empire. The editorial buildings on Kochstrasse not only had been bombed to a shambles but most of the firm's rotary presses had been taken away by the Red Army. Still, the printing plant in Tempelhof had survived, and this became the new Ullstein headquarters. The uncle and nephew dusted off what was left of the machinery, hired a staff (many of them former employees), and went to work. In 1952, they brought out their new *Morgenpost*, and almost immediately it was far ahead of all its competitors, with a circulation of two hundred and fifty thousand. Late in 1953, Ullstein entered the afternoon field with the tabloid *B.Z.*, and it already has a hundred and forty thousand readers. The Ullsteins also publish two magazines—*Radio Revue* and *Brigitte* (for women)—as well as books, and they now have three thousand employees. Things are turning out much as the West Berlin publishers feared.

THE general competition between West Berlin and East Berlin is probably strongest in the field of municipal cleaning up and construction, and here the Westerners seem to have a decided edge. In their sector, it is said, digging starts for a new construction project of one sort or another every ten minutes, and in the last year alone eighteen thousand residential buildings, in-

cluding some that are sixteen stories tall, have gone up. As for the East Berliners, they have been building rows of nine-story apartment houses along Stalinallee, their great propaganda avenue leading into the city from the east, and these look as impressive as anything on the other side of the boundary, but the rest of the sector, which is about four hundred square kilometres in area, seems to be running to seed. Most of the bombed-out districts look much as they did the day the war ended, and some of the damaged big buildings, like the Anhalter railroad station, have been slowly disintegrating.

If things go according to plan, the face of West Berlin will have been lifted so thoroughly within the next few years that it will be hard to recognize. The chief face-lifter is Dr. Karl Mahler, who is in charge of building and housing for the Berlin government. He and his staff have pretty much completed the cleaning-up and repairing phase of their operation, and now they are concentrating on the eradication of slums. Greater Berlin is not the result of orderly growth outward from the center; instead, it was created by the absorption of suburbs, towns, and townships on and beyond the periphery of the original city. Two of these once independent communities are the slums of Wedding and Kreuzberg, both now in the Western sector. Before the war, several generations of city planners vainly tried to remove them; then the Allied bombs did part of the job for them, although, as Mahler says, "they didn't always fall in the right places." These two slums date from the latter part of the nineteenth century, when real-estate operators, eager to crowd as many people as possible onto their property and as yet unacquainted with the technique of building skyscrapers, designed the awful *Hinterhöfe*, or rear-yard buildings. These are cold-water tenements (sometimes as many as seven) built one behind an-

other and separated only by tiny, dark yards, generally teeming with refuse and ragged children; the last hive in one of these rows is called, not without irony, the "garden house," because it usually has a patch of grass behind it. In Wedding, at least, Mahler has made considerable headway, and in one spot that used to harbor a wretched collection of *Hinterhöfe* there now stands the Ernst Reuter Siedlung—a group of white five- and nine-story buildings that contain four hundred sunny, well-ventilated apartments, each with a bathroom and a balcony. (Mahler has no objection to fairly tall buildings as long as the space between them equals their height.) Apartments are allocated by the city's housing office, and needy people with many children receive top priority.

One of Mahler's difficulties has been that he is expected to approach the task of rebuilding the city—with limited funds—from the point of view of providing the maximum number of jobs rather than working with the maximum efficiency. His first fifteen million dollars came from the United States government, which required him to furnish fifty thousand people with immediate work. That meant that he couldn't employ many trained construction workers, whose wages ranged up to fifty marks a day, and had to make do instead with a lot of unskilled laborers, at twelve marks a day; he put most of them to work reclaiming parks and playgrounds. Now that the emergency program has developed into a program of full-scale reconstruction, Mahler has a little more freedom to spend his appropriations as he sees fit, but his overall plans still include some projects on which he can use cheap labor, such as new roads and extensions of the subway.

The embassy quarter, near the Tiergarten, was almost completely destroyed in the war (the only embassy that escaped destruction, appropriately, was that of neutral Switzerland), but it is going to be rebuilt in all its former splendor; Italy, Turkey, and Argentina have already announced their plans for new embassies, and other countries are expected to announce theirs soon. The Tiergarten itself, once the hunting ground of the Brandenburg Electors and later a magnificent park, fell on hard times during the terrible winter of 1946-47, when two hundred Berliners were dying every day of cold and hunger, and freezing people chopped down many of its trees for firewood. Now, after years of hard labor, the Tiergarten has been reclaimed. Fast-

growing poplars have been planted, with more leisurely oaks and lindens between them. After a decade or so, the poplars will be taken out, and the park will look almost like its former self.

Mahler and his assistants are doing their best to ignore the present split of the city as they go about their planning, and so are their opposite numbers in East Berlin. For both sides, the permanent geographical center of the city is still the badly damaged Leipzigerstrasse, in the Eastern sector. Mahler's staff will lay out no new street that comes to a dead end at the sector boundary, and the people in East Berlin apparently won't either. Officially there is no coöperation between East and West, but on the working level there is considerable consultation, and each group of architects and planners knows pretty well what the other is up to. Some day, both groups agree, the new streets of East and West Berlin will meet.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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A suspect is an individual or firm that you suspect of being a potential buyer of your goods or services. That is, you have some reason to believe he is a potential buyer, but as yet you have too little information to be able to regard him as a prospect with any degree of certainty.

For example many life insurance salesmen consider everybody who is ten to 65 years old as a suspect. But they don't view anybody as a genuine prospect until they know more about him than his age.

Now when it comes to a prospect, you have fairly definite (but perhaps still incomplete) information and somewhat of a valid reason for considering him a possible buyer. He may have survived some preliminary test or qualification, based, for instance, upon ability to buy, authority to buy, or ability to use the product.

Let's say that the name, Mr. Harold Brownell, appears on a list of recent purchasers of yachts. You suspect him of being a potential buyer of your oil paintings. Upon hearing that he was killed last week in an automobile accident, you no longer consider him either a suspect or a prospect. —*From "Successful Telephone Selling," by Merrill DeVoe.*

Nevertheless, we're going to miss the old salt.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From "History of the United States of America During the First Administration of Thomas Jefferson," by Henry Adams*]

Born in 1764, Eaton had led a checkered career. At nineteen he was a sergeant in the Revolutionary army. After the peace he persisted, against harassing difficulties, in obtaining what was then thought a classical education; in his twenty-seventh year he took a degree at Dartmouth.