

Washington Digest

Try Nazis in Ruins Of Their Handiwork

Scene of Historic Trial 91 Per Cent Destroyed By Bombs; Case Sets Precedent For Outlawing War.

By BAUKHAGE
News Analyst and Commentator.



Back in Germany, Baukhage reports the war crimes trial of 21 top Nazis with the same vividness with which he narrated their rise to power in the pre-war years when he was stationed in the reich. Below is the first of a series of articles written from Nuernberg:

WNU Service, 1616 Eye Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

NUERNBERG, GERMANY. — I have just left the courtroom where, as I write, the trial of Germany's war criminals is still in progress. The courtroom is just above me in this great stone courthouse which was almost untouched by the bombing which reduced this most beautiful and famous city to the point that it was declared "91 per cent dead" by the experts who followed the occupation by American troops on April 20, 1945.

I am writing in the press room with reporters from more than a dozen nations about me. Most of us are in uniform, the majority being the uniform of the United States army, which all war correspondents in our theater wore. Up until recently correspondents had a simulated rank of captain. Now we are simply uniformed civilians operating under military orders.

As I look back over the beginnings of this trial — the earliest discussions before the tribunal itself was formed — I have the feeling that we are now looking at something very real — actual and factual, rather than theoretical and vague. At the first gathering, the appalling condition of this city produced the feeling that all about it and in it must be chaos too. Nuernberg dates back to the 11th century and it grew into such favor and beauty that it bore the name of Germany's "treasure chest." It was a chest of treasures of art, song and culture as well as of the gold that poured into the coffers of the merchants. Now it is a shell, and one of Europe's best examples of the atmosphere and charm of the middle ages is gone.

How the nearly 300,000 people who are said to be living in these ruins exist it is hard to say. The streets are cleared, some street cars are running, some shops are opening, a city government is operating. But few houses are livable. In some cases parts of great office buildings have been restored. Such cellars as can be cleared of rubble and roofed are crowded. A huge air raid shelter 280 steps below the ground contains a small village in itself.

Milestone in Man's Progress

It may be that what is accomplished will be washed out by subsequent stupidities; but I believe, whether we go forward immediately from this point or not, it will remain a milestone in man's effort to accomplish the outlawry of war, that it will be a landmark from which others may set their course anew. Grotius, father of international law, held to the principle that aggressive wars were illegal. As Justice Jackson pointed out, it was because of the greed for land which characterized the 18th and 19th centuries that this concept was thrust aside and the world came to accept the tenet that war in itself was not illegal. And it seems to me that all attempts to stop war must be futile so long as such a concept exists in international thinking. No one who saw the spontaneous reaction to Justice Jackson's opening address to the court could feel that the tremendous effort which has gone into the creation and operation of this court can be completely lost.

For those who have witnessed these proceedings there is a striking symbolism in the rise and fall of a nation which built a vicious culture in less than a decade with one final objective (aggressive war), which very ideology destroyed it as no nation has been wrecked before.

Here we see before us in the flesh (in some cases considerably less flesh than they were adorned with in their hey-day), the men who conceived and carried out this plan, which is the distillation of the philosophy that might is right, and which negates the whole basis of the moral law which has been established by civilization.

Step by step, with the epitome of tons of written evidence, with moving pictures, with plans and charts,

the growth of the Nazi plan is being set forth factually, coldly and logically. A new chapter is being written in every session of the court.

We watched Nazidom unfold before us step by step — first, in the removal of the physical ability of the German people to resist; then in the gradual substitution of Nazi concepts for the normal human concepts produced by the Christian philosophy.

One of the American attorneys quoted a comment of Dr. Schacht on the effect of the destruction of the freedom of the press. Schacht was quoted as having said, at a time before he knuckled under to Hitler, that thousands of Germans had been killed or imprisoned and not one word was allowed to be printed about it. Of what use is martyrdom, he asked, when it is so concealed that it has no value as an example to others? Therein lies one of the answers to the moral failure of German resistance.

By the time the Nazis were ready to fill their concentration camps with their foreign victims, they had learned well the art of handling the resistance of their own people and smothering it behind a wall of utter silence. As the court pointed out, the first purpose of the concentration camps, the persecution, suppression and propaganda, was "the conquest of the German masses."

Each successive step was traced by the prosecution with the same meticulous detail, detail that kept even the prisoners with their ears glued to the headphones and their eyes following the speaker or the exhibits.

Accused Make Brave Show

However, for us in the courtroom, more impressive than the things that were done were the men in the prisoners' dock who actually did them. Goering was no longer a name, he was a person, now leaning back and grinning, now with his arms on the edge of the rail of the dock, his chin resting on them. There was Rosenberg, whose task was to twist the minds of the people with his absurd story of a super-race, of anti-semitism. There he sat, looking down, his fingers nervously toying with the telephone cords.

There was Keitel, stiff, cold, proud, arrogant, all Prussian in his uniform, stripped though it was of every badge, ribbon and insignia. He maintains himself with dignity, but not for a moment does he forget his pose. At this writing the psychiatric analysis of the prisoners has not been completed and Keitel has not been reported upon, but I dare say his I. Q. will be high, though perhaps not equal to that of Goering, who, surprisingly enough, stands right at the top. Goering is tacitly acknowledged as leader by the others. To the observers he appeared still the silly poseur, although he seemed more reasonable appearing than the fat and grinning mannikin I saw as he presided over the Reichstag in his comic opera uniform.

Admiral Doenitz, who looks like a pale shadow, is also at the top of the I. Q. list. He remains almost motionless, only occasionally consulting his attorney, who appears in a German naval uniform as he is on duty with a part of the fleet used in mine sweeping and was released especially for the trial.

Down at the bottom of the list so far as intelligence goes is Julius Streicher. Although of far lesser stature than the rest, this miserable character is a symbol of the fall of Nazidom because he is meeting his fate in the city in which he rose to power—a fate at which he himself hinted.

Streicher conducted the last class in Nazi indoctrination for lawyers held in this very courtroom where he had been tried by the pre-Nazi authorities for various misdemeanors and perhaps other crimes. As he concluded his last lecture, he pointed to the prisoners' dock and said: "We used to sit over there. Now we are standing up here. But there may be a day when we are sitting down there again."

He is sitting down there today. In a brand new dock, to be sure, but with the same great iron eagle over the high marble frame of the doorway looking down on his cringing head.



WITHOUT HANDCUFFS . . . Irma Wright, Canada's premier typist, handcuffed herself with everything but manacles in a demonstration at Toronto. She wrote 126 errorless words per minute blindfolded, with gloves on and typing through a silk handkerchief over the keyboard. Without such impedimenta she hit 136 words per minute.

To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace.

Harry Truman

THE WHITE HOUSE

TESTIMONIAL FOR G.I.S . . . All honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines will be presented with President Truman's testimonial. The testimonial, shown above, will be given with discharge papers in the future. Those who are already out of service, but who served during World War II, will receive their copies in the mail. Very few will be mailed out until the holiday post office rush is over.



JAPS SIGN PETITION TO MAC ARTHUR . . . Tetsuro Araki is shown addressing a crowd of Japs on Tokyo's Ginza, pleading with them to sign a petition to General MacArthur to save Lt. Gen. Yamashita from the hangman's noose. The sign across Araki's chest reads: "I am responsible for the movement to save General Yamashita."



TEAMS FLY TO GAMES . . . For the first time in the history of a basketball league, teams are flying to each others' cities by chartered airplane. Investigators of the project are the nine teams of the American basketball league. The San Diego team is shown aboard plane en route to Salt Lake City. In one week they played in Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, and Bartlesville, Okla., returning in time to finish the week with a home game at San Diego.



WASHED ABOARD . . . One of the luckiest of men to arrive in New York City recently was Fred McCarthy, Boston. Homeward bound he was washed overboard. Another wave tossed him back on the deck of the SS George Washington.



RADIO GENIUS . . . Morris Isom, 17, Miami, Fla., former merchant marine ship radio man, youngest radio station technician in the world, shown as he left New York City for Tangiers, where he will set up a radio station.



WIDOW RETURNS . . . Mrs. George S. Patton meets her son, West Point Cadet George S. Patton III, as she returns from Luxembourg, following the funeral of General Patton. The general was buried with full military honors.



SETTEN' PRETTY . . . This Irish setter, of high degree, has no use for weather of low degree. So when the temperature hit eight below, he did something about his comfort. His master's hunting cap and muffler came in mighty handy.



NO-HIT ACE . . . Johnny Vander Meer, former Cincinnati pitcher of no-hit fame, photographed as he was discharged from the navy. The southpaw is now 31 years old.



TRUMAN DUCKS QUESTION OF SECOND TERM

WASHINGTON. — Pres. Harry Truman isn't sticking his neck out on the 1948 political race—yet.

Democratic Rep. Edward Herbert Maestri of Louisiana and Mayor Robert Maestri of New Orleans discovered this when they called at the White House the other day.

Maestri reminded Truman that the Louisiana delegation was among the first to support him for vice president at the 1944 Democratic convention in Chicago. Then he added:

"We hope to cast our votes for you for President at the next convention."

Truman chuckled good-naturedly but that was all.

"All I can say to that," he replied, "is that I'm just doing a job here from day to day and letting the future take care of itself."

CLOTHING FOR VETERANS

Chief dilemma faced by the returning war veteran when it comes to new clothes is that either he will get clothes or his wife and sweetheart will get them. There aren't hearts to be enough for both.

In this choice between man and wife there is no question as to where the U. S. government stands, at least in theory—on the side of the man. He has been away fighting, his old clothes are moth-eaten and he deserves something to wear. Getting them for him, however, may be another matter.

Bottleneck of the entire problem boils down to linings. Wool clothing for men must have linings. This means rayon and cotton. At present the wool and worsted situation is improving and there probably will be almost enough for 1946.

But rayons and cottons are different. In the first place most of their production was allocated to war uses and it takes some time to get mills reconverted. Second, and here is where the sex problem comes in, most of the rayon and cotton now available for civilian use has been going to women.

In other words, women are getting the rayon blouses, the slips, the undies and other things they like to wear. Meanwhile the much more prosaic but absolutely necessary lining for men's suits is left out in the cold. In addition, the hosiery manufacturers are even asking for, and getting, a lot of rayon poundage for stockings, despite the fact that nylon is coming back.

WHY WOMEN GET BREAK

Chief reasons for this channelling of clothes to women, despite the needs of veterans, are:

1. Higher prices and more profits in women's apparel. Men's clothing manufacturers blame this on OPA.
2. The War Production board last fall issued priorities on cotton and rayon in order to spur production of medium-priced clothing, but for some strange reason entirely omitted the bottleneck of men's suits—linings.

Since then the WPB has been abolished, but its successor, the civilian production administration, if anything, perhaps, has done a little worse. Well-meaning Herbert Rose, head of the CPA textile division, who has sublime faith in the efficacy of priorities under any and all circumstances, has proceeded to grant priorities to "hardship" cases for coat linings. By the end of November, 160 "hardship" cases had received lining priorities from Washington alone with scores of other priorities issued by CPA branch offices, making the whole situation more snarled than ever.

Meanwhile, Frank Chester Bowles, who has done more to protect the American consumer than any one else in Washington, readily admits that he has made a mistake in clothing. His problem, however, is whether to get an army of women's clothing dealers on his neck by decreasing the ceilings on women's clothes, or whether to boost the price of clothes for men by allowing higher price ceilings on their clothes.

One or the other probably will be necessary even in addition to the plan for voluntary rationing of men's clothing and the issuing of clothing certificates to men at separation centers.

Now we in this country have a great form of government and a great basic concept of getting along with our neighbors. And it's time we went out as Christ did and tried to sell our American religion.

CAPITAL CHAFF

"I've been reading the platforms of the two major political parties for the past 40 years," remarked Con. Carter Manasco of Alabama, who did so much to sabotage the full employment bill. "Well, if everything called for in those platforms had been carried out, the country would have been ruined now." . . . "Most significant thing about the Republican's Chicago convention to me," remarked "Cap" Harding, secretary of the Democratic congressional committee, "is the excellent planning."

Classified Department

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500 LOVELY print percale quilt pieces in postpaid 1.00, \$1.50, 100, 200, REMNANTS, Dept. W., Bedford, Penn.

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Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you can have your money back.

CAN'T YOU SLEEP?



WHEN the stress of modern living gets "on your nerves" a good sedative can do a lot to lessen nervous tension, to make you more comfortable, to permit restful sleep.

Next time a day's work and worry or a night's wakefulness, makes you Irritable, Restless or Jumpy—gives you Nervous Headache or Nervous Indigestion, try

Dr. Miles Nerve

(Liquid or Effervescent Tablets)
Dr. Miles Nerve is a tested sedative that has been bringing relief from Functional Nervous Disturbances for sixty years yet is as up-to-date as this morning's newspaper. Liquid 39¢ and \$1.00. Effervescent tablets 39¢ and 75¢. CAUTION—Take only as directed.

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LAXATIVE
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PAZO IN TUBESI
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SUPPOSITORIES TOO!
Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, as PAZO comes in handy suppositories also. The same soothing relief that PAZO always gives.
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You girls and women who suffer from simple anemia that you're pale, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to lack of blood-iron. So try Little E. Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the best home ways to build up red blood to get more strength—in such cases, Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy!

Watch Your Kidneys!
Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, clog poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging headache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, gritting under the eyes, feeling of weakness, anxiety and loss of pep and energy.
Other signs of kidney or bladder trouble are excessive thirst, burning, stinging or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is vital, then, to the kidneys. Dr. Doan's Pills, Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, are the best new remedy for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills. They are the best kidney pills ever. Ask your neighbor!
DOAN'S PILLS

BARBS . . . by Baukhage

In the various provinces of France, grape harvesting is ritualized. In Burgundy the grapes are collected in wicker baskets known as "vendangeots." In Champagne they are piled in little wooden barrels, or "caques." Wooden baskets are used in the Bordeaux region, buckets in Provence, wicker beds in Medoc, and panniers in the Cote d'Or.

Since the inauguration on December 1, 1945, of radio-telephone communication between the Netherlands West Indies islands of St. Maarten and Saba, the latter, which is little more than an extinct volcanic cone, with its lone community, known as "the bottom," in the crater, is believed to be the world's smallest island possessing such communication facilities.