

thing like starvation in my heart and mind; every now and then, I realize that what I am missing is you. When I meet a person like Chris, the feeling of starvation abates, because she serves as temporary 'ersatz'; but, then, she reminds me of you so much that I consciously begin to miss you.

When my thoughts are wandering they reach you more often via the children than directly. Something reminds me of Christian or John - a child's shout in the street - and I become exceedingly pleased - with you. I pity the great majority of husbands who haven't got a wife that makes their children really delightful. Frankly, I am then also moderately pleased with myself, because I feel that we have taken this job seriously, distributed functions intelligently, and that we strengthen each other in the effort to do justice to the new generation.

My plans as I wrote in my last letter (and as you anticipated in yours), are now a bit uncertain. The schedule says that I shall be leaving Bad Nauheim on August 19th with the last party. I am still trying to work in two trips - one to Hamburg and one to the Walchensee - if necessary and if at all possible, after August 19th. I expect to be back around the 23rd. Then I shall want to reconnoitre the marvellously transformed scene of ancient Britain, to see what it may mean for me in the immediate future.

See you in just over a fortnight. I shall then make sure that you will not disappoint the boys and me (and perhaps yourself?) again.

Love, F.

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## *An Englishman in Germany*

Should our great bid for power fail, let us at least leave behind, for those who succeed us, an inheritance which will destroy them too. The catastrophe must be of such monstrous proportions that the despair of the masses, their cries of agony and distress, will be directed, not against us, no matter how patently guilty, but against those who feel themselves called upon to build up a new Germany out of this chaos. And that is my final judgment.

This quotation from Goebbels's diary was another reminder to Fritz that the evil legacy of the Nazis was more than physical or economic destruction. His return to Germany in July 1945 showed him more clearly than ever that his task was to help in the rebuilding of a civilized society there. It was on the proper accomplishment of this task that future peace and prosperity now depended. Exactly how he was to contribute to this immense work was as yet uncertain. First there had to be another period of unsettled waiting before he knew whether he would be able to work for one of the Control Commissions. Fritz tried to follow the path experience had taught him: to carry on as if he was not waiting for a change. He knew that the unfulfilled expectation of change was more debilitating than the certain knowledge that his hopes had been dashed.

He and Muschi had already decided to move to London and they bought a house in Aylestone Avenue in Brondesbury (Kilburn), where Fritz wrote articles to earn a small income.

His great hope was that Herbert Morrison would keep his word and hurry along Fritz's naturalization so that he would be eligible to work for the British Control Commission that had been established in Germany. Fritz had debated the question of becoming a British citizen before the war. It had been suggested to him during the war, when he was called upon to discuss economic matters in Whitehall, that an application to be naturalized would help him in his work and make him more accessible and useful. But Fritz had not thought it appropriate at that time. He did not know in what capacity he would return to Germany. In 1945 he decided that he could contribute most usefully with the British and was therefore anxious to change his nationality to make this possible.

It took ten months before Fritz's future was settled and the waiting had its effect. He was dogged by ill health constantly. It was an emotionally upsetting time. News only began filtering back from Germany slowly. It seemed ages before messages via visitors to Germany were replaced by letters. Fritz knew that he would soon be able to pick up the threads again himself and he had, after all, been to Germany to see some of his family. For Muschi the piecemeal news made the agony of separation all the greater. Everything was upside down for her. She was trying to settle down in a house of their own at last while at the same time Fritz was talking about returning to Germany. She did not want to put down roots in London when Fritz would soon be leaving her for Germany, separating them indefinitely. She longed to return to Reinbek and yet was terrified of what she would find and the effect it would have on the children. She devoted herself to them more than ever and to preparing the home for a new baby due in May 1946.

Christian and John were now of school age and Fritz took an active part in deciding on their schooling. His own stifling education and the unruly nature of his sons, especially Christian, made him look for an unconventional school and the boys were sent to an avant garde establishment in Hampstead called Burgess Hill School. The children were encouraged to express themselves freely and to evaluate their own progress. Christian's self-assessment revealed the exuberance of the boy, but little of his actual achievement: in his report he assessed himself in each subject as 'Supa'.

On April 3rd, 1946 the letter for which Fritz had been waiting came at last. He was a subject of His Majesty George VI and could now work for the British Control Commission in Germany. Without waiting for Muschi's imminent confinement, he prepared himself for his departure, and on May 8th, aged thirty-four, dressed in a battle dress far too big for him, he left for Berlin to take up the post of Economic Adviser to the Economic Sub-Commission of the British Control Commission.

This time Fritz knew what he was coming to in Germany and yet he was not prepared for the destruction he encountered in Berlin. Initially he avoided visiting the most badly bombed areas. His first port of call was to the Arno-Holtz Strasse in Steglitz to see his old family house. He was relieved to find it still there. And lucky. In the Steglitz borough of Berlin almost fifty per cent of the housing stock had been destroyed or rendered uninhabitable. Many of the remaining houses had been partially damaged - in terms of rooms left available, about one quarter were useless. But the rest of his old haunts took him longer to look up. It was a month before he could face the horrors of the place where he and Muschi had got engaged. He wrote to her in June:

Ten years ago - good lord, how things have changed. Two days ago I went to the Tiergarten - Pariser Platz - Wilhelmstrasse - Reichskanzlei. You *cannot* believe it. No person can imagine such a thing. It is impossible to believe it even when you see it. I couldn't sleep afterwards and had a headache all the next day. Dante couldn't describe what you see there. A desert. Walking along Budapesterstrasse - complete stillness - ruins, ruins, ruins, and not a living soul. Lützow Ufer - incredible. And then the Reichskanzlei!

Nothing was left.

Fritz, with his economist's view over the whole of Germany, was driven into unceasing activity by the knowledge that the real devastation was even greater than the visible effects of the war. He had already seen, flying over the country in the summer of 1945, that much of Germany appeared untouched by bombing and destruction. Then Fritz had estimated that about

eighty per cent of the housing stock was still intact and seventy-five per cent of the industrial plant. Hard work could make good those losses, given time.

But the devastation of Germany was more than bricks and mortar. The entire economy had ceased to function and it was hard to know where to begin the reconstruction. There was no transport, no postal service, no economic activity of any kind. More serious was the fact that the entire top strata of society had to be replaced. One of the foremost tasks of the Allies was de-Nazification. It is in the nature of a tyrannical régime that all those with high positions, all those who prosper, all those who are well placed are able to be so because they are in favour with, and in some way connected to or compromised by, their association with the régime. Thus the Allies, in their task of rebuilding Germany, had first to dismantle it more by removing all those tainted by Nazism. It would take time for new men and women to be found who were both able and could be proved to be 'clean'.

Further, there was the question of reparations after the war. While the right hand of the Allies was concerned with the rebuilding of Germany, the left was briefed to dismantle what remained of the industrial sector. Factories, machines and equipment were taken to bits and shipped to Allied countries. The Americans produced a scheme to 'pastoralize' Germany. They believed that the only way to prevent Germany from again becoming a powerful force in Europe and a danger to peace was to return to the rural state of previous centuries. The use of the word 'pastoralize' alone indicates the kind of Germany the Americans had in mind: all Tirolean hats and *Lederhosen*. The dismantling process was also designed to act as reparations for the Allies: at least one lesson had been learnt from the First World War and Germany was not expected to pay in cash. The Russians lost no time in taking everything they could lay their hands on, both in their sector and the twenty-five per cent of the Western sector allocated to them. They were so thorough that they even dug six-foot-deep trenches to remove power cables: the savage invasion of the Soviet Union by the German army in 1941 called for retribution. The other Allies were less systematic; some things were removed, others simply blown up, but there was a feeling

that perhaps the whole policy should be thought out more carefully.

For the German masses, who had got through the war without too much deprivation, the problem of staving off hunger, cold and the elements was becoming acute. The winter of 1946-7 was to be one of the coldest for many a year and the provision of the barest essentials for the population was becoming increasingly difficult. The housing shortage was exacerbated by the vast army of Allied personnel which commandeered all suitable housing and, more serious, by twelve to thirteen million refugees expelled from Eastern Europe. Food and other essentials in short supply were difficult to get hold of because of the collapse of the market economy. Money no longer acted as the means of exchange: by and large cigarettes had taken its place. It was not tramps who scoured the gutters for cigarette ends looking for a smoke, it was the ordinary person scraping together what he could to provide for the essential needs for his family. It was not unknown for quite senior German officials visiting British personnel in C.C.G.B. Headquarters to apologetically empty the contents of the ash-trays into their pockets.

Apart from this 'currency' the economy rested on barter. All over the country people would trudge carrying possessions on their backs with which they were prepared to part in exchange for the necessities of life. Workers in small factories were paid in kind by the goods they were producing and at the end of the week would be seen leaving the factory like a band of tinkers.

Such financial chaos did not only affect the day-to-day living of the people. It affected the whole of the Allies' reconstruction programme. How could they, forbidden to participate in the cigarette economy, get men to work who refused to be paid in cash? There were occasions when the powers of the military governments had to be enforced to draft labour into work which the men were willing to do but only if they were paid with something other than money.

Within days of arrival in Berlin Fritz was submerged by the enormous problems. Their solution was further complicated by the administrative machine which the Allies had imposed on occupied Germany. This had not been able to develop organically but had been a hurriedly constructed cobweb of

officials and bureaucrats with the odd 'expert' among them. Although the Potsdam agreement, reached between Churchill, Stalin and Truman on August 2nd, 1945, had declared that Germany should be administered as one economic unit, in fact the division of Germany into four military zones had effectively divided the country, including the economy in all respects. The problems of the future were visible from the beginning. The four Allies had different aims and interests in Germany, which were reflected in their policies. It was not possible for Britain, France, the United States and Russia to reach a common view on anything. The administration of Germany was fraught with conflicts at all levels, and delays were inevitable. Every decision had to pass through committees galore before reaching the 'big shots', at the quadripartite talks.

Berlin was a microcosm of the whole of Germany. Surrounded by the Russian Zone and itself cut into four, it immediately mirrored the tensions of the rest of the country. Yet the Berliners themselves remained cheerful and energetic. Fritz was moved by their courage and took them to his heart, referring to them as 'his' Berliners. He felt that their fate was his personal responsibility, even more strongly than his commitment to the rest of Germany.

Fritz's position in Berlin was not at first clear-cut. He was supposed to have the rank of a colonel and therefore be eligible for certain privileges but he felt the suffering of the German people so acutely that he thought it unworthy of his position to spend valuable time on his own comforts. He was content to live in a miserable little room where the only luxury was hot water once a week, and in this way he felt he was sharing the hardships of the people he had come to serve. But his task was to work hard and he was therefore very concerned about the inadequate tools available for his trade. He wrote to Muschi:

It is nearly a week now that I left, nearly a week since I started work here, but I haven't settled down at all. What a collection of fifth-rate people with no idea how to tackle a job such as this. Here we are, trying to plan the entire economy for twenty-three million people, and do not possess even the beginnings of a properly organized library ...

Oh! What difficulties! I have no typewriter, no car, no decent room to work in. I shall get all I want - in time; but every day lost brings irreparable damage to Europe.

The belief that 'every day lost brings irreparable damage to Europe' gave Fritz an incredible sense of urgency and energy. He had the feeling that he was involved in a period where history was being made, but that the people who were supposed to be making it were quite unequal to the task they found before them. A few weeks later, he vented his frustrations on Muschi:

The man who poses as my boss has the brain of a sparrow, the character of a mouse and the imagination of a stone. Luckily he thinks the world of me and doesn't know what I think of him ...

I am not afraid of anyone here and it often amuses me to watch myself in conversation with the big shots. I am completely free with them - you would like it if you saw it. I feel just a little bit like a desperado ...

What a strange thing it is to be 'making history'. When one sees it from the inside one is not surprised that the outcome is lamentable. History, it seems to me, is always made in a terrific hurry, in the 'last minute' - with no time for quiet and detailed consideration. Territories may be shifted backwards and forwards, and no one has time even to ascertain how many people are involved. The 'great' men who finally take the decisions (which may or may not cause future wars) normally have no time to think and never seem to be able to do more than apply a little bit of common sense to all the bogus arguments that are floating about; a *little* bit of common sense, but not enough to kill the bogus arguments.

It took a few months for Fritz's position to be clarified in the Berlin headquarters. The British forces were led by General Sir Brian Robertson and under his leadership came the various sections that made up the Control Commission which controlled every aspect of German life from reparations to radio

programmes. The following report in the *Daily Herald* of May 25th, 1945 may serve to illustrate the extent of control:

Allied plans for controlling the newspapers, radio, books, films, theatres and music of Germany were disclosed here today . . . it may be necessary to ban some of Wagner's music because it is so closely linked with Nazi Mythology. Mendelssohn, long banned because he was a Jew, may now be played again.

(The link with Nazi mythology destroyed any appreciation Fritz had had for Wagner before the Nazis came to power. He never voluntarily listened to any of Wagner's music again.)

The Economic Sub-Commission to which Fritz was attached was headed at first by Sir Percy Mills, an autocrat, feared by many though liked and respected by Fritz, but followed soon after Fritz's arrival by Sir Cecil Weir. Sir Cecil Weir at once recognized Fritz's ability and by the end of June a reorganization had taken place so that Fritz was in a more independent position in the administrative structure. But as economic adviser his role was one entirely without power. He could not implement his own ideas and much of his time had to be spent lobbying and selling the advice for which he had been asked – or felt moved to give. He wrote of the dangers of his position to Muschi:

As 'Economic Adviser' I claim that I am entitled to give economic advice on any subject I choose. But it is always somewhat risky to give advice without being asked for it. The people actually doing the job resent it. They don't know how little they know of the bigger connections and interdependencies. On the other hand, I know my limitations and I know also that I can see *Zusammenhänge* better than the 'practical man'. So I just have to *assert* myself.

He tried to get his own way by subtle methods and by his tenacious will. His lack of power taught him that there had to be other ways than force and bullying. His method was to use convincing argument and to hold on until others were weary. He wrote to Muschi in October:

I am quite confident there is no one here who is quite as single-minded about this work as I am, and therefore I shall win. There is no one here who has lived almost all his adult life in opposition or as an almost completely powerless minority, as I have done since 1929. I therefore know the technique of getting my way without power. Another six months, and Sanity will have won or I am out of here.

These outbursts are for nobody's ears but yours. I am not conceited, but I am in the mood of a desperado. For me, this is 'total mobilization' – and to hell with all the careful, timid, twopenny-halfpenny nincompoops!

Another asset he had was the ability to work hard, and enjoy it. In the same month he wrote:

It's no use denying that I like being really 'in demand'. I have now gained a fair idea of what all the 'big shots' around here are really worth, and my self-confidence stands pretty high. I can say it to you – though to no one else – that I know I have just done a good deal more thinking in my life than most of the others and have a clearer and more precise mind than anyone I've met out here . . .

I've always wanted to measure myself against the great men, so-called, of this world. The result is quite satisfactory, as far as it goes. But, my God, against the problems of this world we are all as a bunch of children!

His appearance also helped to boost his ego. At thirty-five he looked twenty-five years old and yet he believed he had the experience of a 45-year-old. Those who first disregarded him because of his apparent youth were always startled by his knowledge and good sense and then took him all the more seriously. And Fritz was convinced that the purity of his intentions also helped him in his task. To his parents he wrote:

As I don't want anything for myself, that which I might have wanted is given to me. As I, without much thought for my future, give all I can wherever it is needed, the future looks after itself . . . I have lost the fear of the future through the shocks of the past few years. The strain of this period has

not taken away my strength but has made me tough. After long acquaintance with the hopeless situation of a small minority, I can no longer be disappointed by anything. I always expect the worst and am prepared for the best. Then generally the worst does not happen and that is a happy surprise.

It was not always easy to keep up such an optimistic outlook. His advice was sometimes resented, and other departments (particularly the financial department) often felt he was overstepping his brief. When people seemed receptive Fritz was elated, at other times he felt that the odds against sense and sanity were tremendous. Again he wrote to his parents, 'My highest hopes depend on a reorientation of the way people think so that sense can slowly begin to grow.'

And with Muschi he shared his sense of responsibility and his growing awareness of man's weakness and ineffectuality:

I often think of a verse by Goethe - I think from *Wilhelm Meister*:

*'Ihr treibt ins Unglück sie hinein,<sup>1</sup>  
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden.  
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein;  
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.'*

Have a look at it if you feel like it. These lines are terribly true. They apply not only to the Germans, but also to us here. One day posterity will point its finger at us and say: These men have been blind, stupid, incredibly short-sighted, lacking in vision, lacking in generosity, purpose, and sympathy. It may even add, if we experience another world disaster: They are only getting what is coming to them; they ought to have known better. And yet we are not really bad, not wicked, nor exceptionally stupid. '*Männer machen die Geschichte, aber sie machen sie nicht aus freien Stücken.*' Und '*dann überlasst ihr sie der Pein, denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.*' ['Men make history, but not out of independent pieces.' And 'then you leave them the agony, for all guilt is revenged upon the earth.']

I believe the main trouble is lack of willpower. Many

people start out with the best intentions; then they get a bit frustrated and tired; then they allow themselves to be eaten up by the day to day routine work; finally events take charge of them, instead of them determining the events. - Against this, I am determined to fight to the last. I shall never surrender. I am prepared to upset everybody; I am prepared to lose my job tomorrow, - to go home in disgrace ...

The first task he set himself was certainly controversial. Four years earlier he had written to Werner von Simson: 'The task will be to make a completely new start. The risks are grave and the opportunities tremendous. I, for one, shall not be a passive spectator.'

He had been referring to building a socialist Germany and almost as though those words were still echoing in his mind, the very first question with which he occupied himself was that of the ownership of German industry. With everything in possession of the Allies and many former industrialists gone or removed by de-Nazification, it was possible to make a completely fresh start in the ownership and organization of industry. Fritz had long believed that the structure of German industry had not a little to do with the aggressive and militaristic past of the German people.

In this first piece of work as economic adviser he made his position and approach to Germany's problems perfectly clear. He did not disguise his recommendations in economic jargon, and he took care to bring out all the non-economic issues involved:

At certain moments in history change becomes desirable for its own sake. Germany has arrived at such a moment. So terrible have been the happenings of the last thirteen years that a continuation of the old social relations - as if nothing had happened - becomes almost offensive. It throws the masses into apathetic depression and teaches them to feel that 'THEY' will always do well for themselves while the little man has to suffer for 'THEIR' mistakes. The energies that are needed for a reconstruction of the British Zone will not be forthcoming unless the masses can feel that the defeat of Nazi Germany means also the defeat of those social forces

that have been militaristic and aggressive long before Hitler was ever heard of.<sup>2</sup>

The thought behind this paper appears to be the ground work to some of his later thinking on industry and ownership. He was thinking about industry in terms of size, appropriate ownership and organizational structure. Germany's own structure had traditionally been on many levels: national, regional, local, each level having a large degree of autonomy. Fritz suggested that only a few vital industries need be nationalized, such as coal, steel and transport, although even here the regional centres of production should be given a certain degree of autonomy. All other industry should be dealt with according to what would be *appropriate*. The needs and functions of the business, as well as its size, would determine where, on the spectrum of state ownership to local group co-operatives, changes should be made. Fritz suggested that all businesses upwards of about twenty-five people *could* be suitable for socialization but that all businesses with more than two hundred employees *should* be socialized in some form, which should be decided according to the appropriate needs and functions of the business. The important thing was that the private ownership of any concern likely to affect many people should be abolished.

The reception of his paper encouraged Fritz. His next task was to lobby in the appropriate quarters, a far longer-term job. Six months later he was still at it, writing to Muschi in January 1947 from Düsseldorf where he had just been engaged in strenuous discussions:

The purpose of my visit here is to sound [out] German political leaders on 'socialization' and to induce them to bring in a resolution in the Landtag of North Rhine Westphalia asking Military Government to socialize Coal and Iron and Steel. It is a *very secret* mission. So far, it has gone well. The SPD is automatically in favour. But the CDU has the majority here, and they may be sticky. We (Allan Flanders and myself) obtained very definite promises and assurances from three prominent CDU leaders, - but yesterday, when we went to see Adenauer in Cologne, progress was

more difficult. I had a two hour intellectual struggle with Adenauer, and I think he became slightly doubtful in some of his most dogmatic opinions; in any case he realized that he was up against a pretty tough customer, with whom his normal 'personality methods' (with which he rules - even tyrannizes his party) would be of no avail. It was a magnificent duel, fought with great skill and excellent manners from his side and, I think, from my side too. We parted most amicably. I hope the results will be as desired.

I met many other leading Germans - but none of the skill and power of Adenauer. Tomorrow, I hope to meet Heine-mann, reputed to be the other main figure in the opposition.

Fritz's paper caused a few ripples but did not effect the fundamental changes in German industry that he had hoped for. Germany is now one of the most capitalistic of Western economies and it is generally assumed that the 'economic miracle' that took place in the 1950s was due to a policy of free enterprise and private ownership. Certainly the economy of Germany, stupendous as its achievements have been, did not delight Fritz in later years. He was disgusted, if that is not too strong a word to use for the feelings of a man who became loved for mildness and gentleness, by the 'fat cats' of German industry.

After stating his position in the 'Socialisation of German Industry', Fritz carried on working late each night studying every aspect of the economy and making countless recommendations. His memoranda, which he wrote with care and pleasure, covered many fields - prices and wages, employment, industrial organization, currency and specific industries. He dealt with some subjects with detachment but others took him over completely. While he was wrestling with a problem, he could not sleep properly at night and worked himself into a state of tension until his ideas had formulated themselves sufficiently to be transferred to paper. His tension was increased by his bachelor existence. Letters from Muschi were like manna from heaven but Muschi was not as conscientious a letter-writer as he was, feeling that her own domestic news was of no interest to a man making history. Her long periods of silence pushed him into a state of disequilibrium and despair.

He feared she might be being unfaithful to him. In fact, she was feeling inadequate and doubting her value to him. The sense of urgency and exhilaration, of total commitment to his work in his letters, seemed sometimes to leave no room in his life for a wife and three children, the last of whom he hardly knew, and inhibited her from writing about her daily life which she assumed must bore him in the excitement of his own life.

Fritz's letters were full of dramatic effect. After his 'Socialisation of German Industry' paper he turned his attention to a specific industry: coal. 'I am completely submerged in COAL,' he wrote to Muschi. 'We must get a coal policy. Or else we shall be murdered and rightly so. I shall start shouting at the top of my voice.'

Studying the structure of the economy as a whole for the first time he realized that coal was the lynchpin upon which the recovery of Germany depended. Without this source of energy nothing could be achieved. His interest in coal was in all respects a foretaste of what was to come. He had made a crucial discovery which affected all his future work. *Energy was the foundation stone of industrial recovery.* Germany's source of energy was coal. Without coal nothing could happen. The main coal-producing area lay in the Ruhr, part of the British Zone. All the Allies wanted coal and all shouted for more. Those at the centre of the disputes were the men actually in charge of coal production: Brigadier Marley, Harry Collins, Peter Spencer, Frank Wilkinson. Their instructions were: no coal for Germans. All coal must be distributed to the Allies. It was a totally unrealistic policy. The proper functioning of the mines depended on the reactivation of local industries to provide urgently needed supplies from bricks, pit props, and lift shafts to helmets. The reactivation of local industries depended on coal but as *German* managers were in charge they were not eligible for coal. So it was a vicious circle.

The British team at the Ruhr were sensible and independent men. They wanted to get on with the job of getting out the coal and to do so had to disregard the rules for coal distribution. Harry Collins was in charge of production and he worked closely with the German managers to make sure that their needs were adequately supplied. There was no secret about it and soon a furore hit the coal production team. The Americans

sent down a dozen men to complain. It was at this point that Fritz stepped in and began to push for a proper coal allocation policy. Naturally it raised the whole question of reparations. Fritz's view was that European and German interests were one and that to hound and harass the Germans was an act of European suicide. The fate of the German economy was the fate of the European economy.

It was not a view shared by all the Allied personnel, some of whom appeared to regard the Germans as some sort of sub-race. These, although in the minority, nevertheless succeeded in souring the atmosphere. Fritz felt extremely hurt when his ideas were criticized for being 'typically Germanic'. He tried to rise above nation and race so that he could work for the alleviation of suffering, for the rebuilding of a better and more stable society. He was not 'sticking up for the Germans', he was working for Europe. A terrible tragedy had befallen Germany and it was the task of men of good will and ability to do their utmost to restore order and sanity.

Fritz's interest in coal was more fundamental than merely achieving a proper coal allocation policy. His task was to get decision-makers at the highest level to understand that without coal nothing could be achieved in the task of reconstruction, and that miners must consequently be treated as a priority. It was clear the importance of coal had not been understood by the decision-makers, and when food shortages began to hit the population it was not long before miners' rations were also to be cut. The announcement was followed by an immediate twenty-five per cent fall of output. The miners made Fritz's point for him. Heavy work makes hungry men. Without coal the wheels of industry stop. The miners' rations were restored at once.

Fritz was often distressed by the pettiness and small-mindedness that he experienced and made his friends amongst the generous and compassionate. Harry Collins was such a man. When the Americans complained that the German population did not appear grateful enough for the grain and bread provided by the United States, it was suggested at the highest level that each loaf of bread should bear a sticker saying 'this loaf comes to you by courtesy of the U.S.A.'. Harry Collins happened to be present at the meeting at which this was discussed



and suggested that instead of a sticker, the German Bishops should be summoned and instructed to alter the Lord's Prayer to say 'Give us this day our American Bread'. After this, no more was heard of the American stickers - and this story no doubt cemented a life-long friendship between Fritz and Harry Collins.

Lighter moments between the serious demands of his situation were welcome, for sometimes Fritz felt that he was getting too serious. On the few weekends he would allow himself off from the stresses of the week he would seek distraction in the occasional film, concert or play, he would walk in the Grunewald or even sail.

There were plenty of clubs with pleasant facilities for the Allied personnel. There were also dances to which he would escort a member of the female staff, taking care this time to reassure Muschi that there was no danger and that she was always uppermost in his thoughts.

Not all time taken off work was given entirely to relaxation. He had many other demands on his time. His strong sense of duty towards his family added to his burdens, although he never seemed to shoulder his filial responsibilities with resentment or unwillingness. He had exemplary compassion, concern and love for his parents and for his sisters and brother and was unhappy that they, in their turn, did not appear to understand the pressures that were upon him. All the time he sensed that they felt that he neglected them. In June he wrote to Muschi, 'My parents and Edith have no conception of the life I am leading here . . . They think I am neglecting them. But many things just can't be done. I can't travel about freely - over such distances when every day counts. We are here dealing with the life and death of millions.'

Nevertheless, he took off what time he could to try and reduce the hardships his family were enduring. He was very concerned for his brother Hermann, who was unwell in a prisoner-of-war camp, and tried to pull what strings he could to get him released. Sonny Wax, then on the legal side of the Control Commission, was largely responsible for hurrying along Hermann's release. Fritz then took time off to drive him home to their parents. He returned disillusioned. His brother seemed to be in better physical shape than himself and he felt

that his family were not showing the courage and determination to work for a better future that he expected. Even Edith, so often a soulmate, wrote to him that God had ordained all the present misery and that the masses must suffer it so that they should find their way back to God, 'meanwhile', she added, 'all efforts to help are quite useless and superfluous'. Professor Schumacher's comments, though well meant, were equally damning. He thought it was time Fritz settled down and achieved something of greater permanence in his life. While he was glad to see his son among those who served humanity, he still felt it was time Fritz looked after his own interests. 'Encouraging, isn't it?' Fritz unburdened himself to Muschi. 'Both letters are extremely well meaning but they show a complete lack of understanding for the desperate struggle we are fighting here. Instead of advising the selfish people and the defeatists to "go to it", they are advising *me* to be selfish and defeatist. "*Herr, vergib ihnen, denn sie wissen nicht was sie tun!*"' [Lord, forgive them for they know not what they do.]

Even Uncle Fritz, who had always been an ally, appeared not to understand the full horror of what had happened to Germany and the true meaning of Fritz's work of reconstruction. His death in 1947 saddened Fritz but his Will confirmed the fact that the divisions brought about by the war were too deep for even time and good will to heal. Fritz, as second son, was to have inherited his uncle's signet ring. Now he heard that it had been left to the Bremen Museum. Uncle Fritz had broken with tradition because he felt Fritz had broken his links with Germany. He did not want the ring to leave Germany. Another thread with the past had been severed and another indication given to Fritz that nothing could ever be the same again, even if Germany was thoroughly cleansed of all the influences of Nazism. The two concepts of being a German patriot were as divisive after the war as they had been before. Genuine opposition to Hitler and love for Germany were not as strong as the suspicions that the shadow of the war put between those who left Germany and those who stayed. Fritz's mother, sensing the disappointment that Fritz felt at Uncle Fritz's gesture over his ring, had a copy made and Fritz wore it together with his wedding ring for the rest of his life. It was

a distinctive ring, a dark blue crest engraved in a pale blue stone, which drew attention to his gentle and well manicured hands. It also symbolized the deep attachment Fritz had for his country and his family. He was proud to be a Schumacher but he was a new Schumacher, making a new beginning as he gradually realized that the past could never be restored.

It is difficult to assess the real impact that these divisions within his family had on Fritz. He refused to discuss unpleasant emotions and the indications are that he did not even allow himself to think about them. He saw his duty to his family to build bridges over the gulf that separated them. Nevertheless, the tensions, however unacknowledged, remained. It was more difficult later to reconcile other differences of opinion when a lack of understanding existed on an issue which was of such importance to both sides.

These small but significant signs of the irrevocable divisions that the war had caused were even more noticeable in his daily work, and Fritz could find little evidence of good will to heal the breach. Later, in 1950, he wrote to Muschi of how he had continually been subjected to 'the most monstrous opinions - whether British opinions about "the Germans" or German opinions about "*der Engländer*"'. People came to tell him 'that all the Allies want is to ruin Germany or all the Germans want is to start another war ...' He was in the lonely position of seeming to belong to neither side but being identified with both. It made him long all the more for Muschi and the children to comfort and encourage him.

It was a problem from which neither Fritz nor Muschi could escape. For Fritz it was a personal and a professional reality. His origins and his nationality caused a constant conflict. There were Germans for whom he was a traitor who had left the sinking ship and had now come back to lord it over them, and there were the English who regarded him as a German whose interests were bound up with Germany and who could not trust him as an Englishman. Fortunately not all felt like this and there were many who, although admitting to a realization at the back of their minds that Fritz was originally German, did not regard it as a factor against him. But it all added to the stresses and strains which eventually wore him down.

For Muschi, surprisingly, the decision to return to Germany, to join Fritz, was very difficult. She was tired of their wandering life and wanted to put her roots down. The boys were both thoroughly English and she felt that it might be better not to disrupt them once again. More than that, she wondered whether their presence in Berlin might not be a distraction to Fritz in his important work. Much as she longed to return to her beloved Germany, she was also afraid of what might await her there. Despite her new nationality she was still a German at heart. How could she take being on the side of the victors and yet identifying with the vanquished? She feared that there would be no place for her.

From this time on she was torn in two. As soon as she returned to Berlin she felt happier than ever before. She had come home. Soon she was able to visit her parents, see her brothers and sister in Reinbek. The family had been extraordinarily fortunate during the war and had escaped unscathed. No life had been lost, no damage done to their property. Not even the fact that Rudolf Petersen had had a Jewish mother had affected them. He had kept a sufficiently low profile throughout the war to survive and be elected as Lord Mayor of Hamburg when it was all over. Muschi's mother had found it less easy to adapt herself to the régime. There were certain issues on which she refused to compromise even if they were only symbolic. She refused to allow the Nazi flag to be raised on her house on the many occasions that the population were forced to show their loyalty. No amount of persuasion, nor the threat that they might be doubly endangered by disobeying the rules because of the Jewish blood in the family, would move her. She would not stand by and see that detested flag raised. Eventually a solution was found. On all flag days Mrs Petersen would be seen striding out of her house not to return till nightfall. If the flag was there, she was not.

Rudolf Petersen's position was not so clear-cut. He had had no sympathy with Fritz's position when Fritz and Muschi had left Germany in 1937 and events did not entirely remove his anger and disapproval. When the war was over he let it be known that he had forgiven Fritz and acknowledged that Fritz had some right on his side although his own position had also

*E. F. Schumacher*

been a correct one. In his position as Lord Mayor of Hamburg after the war he very much hoped that Fritz would be able to come to Hamburg to help him in his difficult task. It is probably fortunate that Fritz was needed elsewhere.

For Muschi these tensions beneath the surface meant that her loyalties were torn in two. Soon she wished she could also tear her body in two. Shortly after her arrival in Berlin it became clear that her sister Olga, married to a businessman, Werner Traber, and with three small children, was suffering from cancer. Her husband was in a sanatorium in Switzerland with T.B., the children were with Muschi's mother in Reinbek and Olga was dying in hospital. Whenever she could Muschi travelled to Reinbek to support her mother and in November 1947 Olga died. Their sharing of this loss brought Muschi and her mother even closer together. Muschi was now torn between her own children and husband and a strong feeling of duty towards her mother and the children of her sister. She could only hope that her return to Germany could be a permanent one and that she would be able to fulfil these two duties properly.

If she ever really believed that this hope would be realized, then her own children soon showed her that the pull between England and Germany, the effects of the hatred generated by the war, which they had tried to avoid in their own family life, had affected the next generation. She was unhappy at the lack of ability that the boys showed in German and soon after their arrival proposed to Christian that they spoke only German during the holidays. Christian, a burly lad of ten, to all appearances tough, strong-willed and forceful, burst into tears and begged her not to make him do such a thing. Muschi wrote about the incident to her mother-in-law with great sadness. 'He does not want to be reminded that we are German. Often I find that hard, because of course, I feel more at home in everything German.'



1, 2 and 3 Above: left, *Professor Hermann Schumacher and his wife Edith*; top right, *Olga Petersen, Muschi's mother*; below right, *Rudolf Petersen, Muschi's father*  
4 and 5 Below: left, *Fritz's childhood home in Berlin*; right, *the Petersens' house in Reinbek, near Hamburg*

