

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

THERE ARE TIMES when a man can't believe his eyes. But even through the perspiration there I was seeing Christmas in July.

The temperature in the second floor showroom of A. C. McClurg, Chicago, at 322½ E. Market St., I estimated to be close to 175 degrees. The sight of toy Christmas trees, snow scenes and a sight mask of Santa Claus didn't help to bring the heat down one degree.

"It's only about 95 up here today," argued Charles F. Johnson, sales representative for the firm and head man of the display.

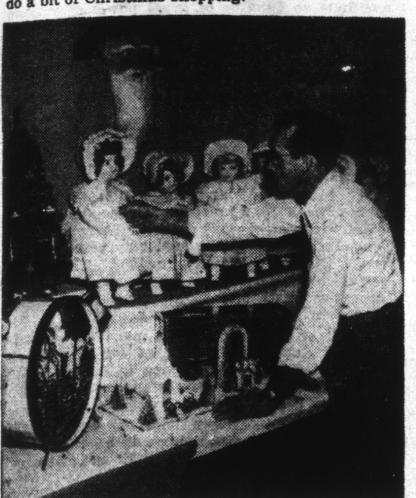
"How come you don't have any buyers?" I asked Santa's little helper. "Don't people buy wholesale anymore?"

Mr. Johnson had to wipe off his face before he answered. I was ready to bet the temperature was closer to 175 than to 95.

"Most of the department store buyers come in the mornings," said Mr. Johnson. "I had a hardware store man just before you came. He didn't say too much about the heat."

It Will Be Musical Christmas

THE 6000 sq. ft. of display space was packed with merchandise. There were no crowds. The aisles were wide and passable. What a place to do a bit of Christmas shopping.



WHOLESALE CHRISTMAS—You might not have given the Yuletide season much thought but the wholesale boys have. Santa Claus is riding high already as far as Charles Johnson is concerned.

Melting Men

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, July 20—It occurred to me last week in Philadelphia, as the sweat rolled in hollow breakers down my legs, that the American male is approximately as silly as the dove.

And like that brightened bird, he, too, will become extinct—done in by the glass of fashion and the mold of form.

He will melt and merge with the asphalt, to be mourned by a band of women dressed simply in gossamer sunback dresses, and a pair of abbreviated pants.

In the mountains, on the beach and in the country, the American man cavorts in a brief bellyband, exposing more meat, if possible, than his own consort.

But loose this silly citizen on a city street, and he will assay the following articles of pure-smoothing clothing: Shirt, Tight collar, Constricting necktie, Pants, Socks, Garters, Suspenders, Drawers, Undershirt, Coat.

Why in the tropics you dress for the tropics, and in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Dayton, Cincinnati and the rest aren't tropic cities in July and August, then it is cool 365 days a year on the Persian Gulf.

The better eating houses, hotels, bars and other public conveniences have always conspired to sell the suspicion that a necktieless man—even in a 98-degree heat wave—is a seedy bum. They have you believe he is unfit to be fed or watered in the presence of ladies and gentlemen.

The will hand the rush to a fellow who is attired comfortably in an open-necked sports shirt—even if he is an oasis of coolness and as hand-some as Tyrone Power.

They'll Feed Party Nude Woman

BUT THEY will feed a fat man in a wited collar, his chins cascading perspiration onto his twisted tie, which has become jammed in the knot and is busy leaking smudgy rainbows all over his shirt front.

Nothing is more horrid to the eye than a sweating character in a coat and tie, his breakfast beer oozing through his undershirt, shirt and suit-coat, his face a shiny purple, and his hair sweat-plastered to his skull.

Yet he can get in where the comfortably tie-less taxpayer can't—and so can a dame who is used to like hot pastrami sandwiches. Until last night, that is.

Casually I strolled up to the meat counter and told the man to give me one pound of spiced beef, sliced. He sliced it and he wrapped it and with a leer, he said: "That will be \$2, please."

Being a mere man, without the spunk of the female sex, I gave him the \$2 for one pound of sandwich meat. Felt like a fool. So today I've been investigating the high cost of living and, fellow citizens, the results are confusing.

We might start with a pie. I did a week or so ago about the millions of bushels of surplus potatoes the government is buying and burying.

From all over I have been getting mail from embittered ladies asking how come I can write such things when they have to pay 65 cents for 10 pounds of potatoes, and not very good potatoes, at that.

Blame the Republicans and also the Democrats. Congress passed the law and President Truman signed it. Until the end of next year the poor old agriculture department has got to buy all the potatoes for \$1.65 per 100-pound bag that farmers can't sell for more somewhere else.

Living Cost Can't Come Down

AND we'll get to my sandwiches (somehow they didn't taste right) in a minute.

The trouble is that the government has promised to pay a whopping big price for all sorts of eatables. The cost of living can't come down. This isn't just Othman talking, either. I've been conferring with experts.

Take corn, from which come pork chops eventually and sirloin steaks. The biggest corn crop in history of America is about to be harvested.

Demand for corn in Europe has fallen off, because the folks over there are beginning to grow their own. So you'd think the price of same would fall.

Well, sir, it has, down almost to \$1.60 per

How did Greenland get its name? According to a Scandinavian saga, in 985 A.D. Eric the Red named it Greenland in order to induce colonists from Iceland to settle in the new country.

How many amendments to the Constitution have been repealed? Only one, the 18th, prohibition.

The Quiz Master

??? Test Your Skill ???

Which opera is based upon a book by Edna St. Vincent Millay?

"The King's Henchman," by Deems Taylor produced in 1927.

What is necessary to join the DAR?

One must submit proof of a direct ancestor who rendered patriotic service during the American Revolution.

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SECOND SECTION

Is Hitler Alive or Dead?

Fuehrer Held His Hypnotic Power As He Realized War Was Lost

Here's What Happened in Bunker As the Allies Stormed Berlin

Is Hitler alive or dead? To get a conclusive answer to this question, Navy Captain and Judge Michael A. Musmanno, a member of the International War Crimes Trials, made an extensive investigation during his three years in Germany. He tells exactly what happened to Hitler in a series of articles. This is the second.

By CAPT. MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO, USNR,
Judge, International War Crimes Trials, Nuremberg.
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Adolf Hitler's power over his followers verged on the hypnotic. Their abject loyalty to Der Fuehrer and their willingness to sacrifice their lives for him persisted even after all was lost.

Allied armies were storming Berlin. The end of World War II was in sight. Deep down in the Berlin bunker, Hitler finally realized that the war was lost. But his generals grasped for straws.

Maj. Baron Freytag von Loringhoven, adjutant to Gen. Krebs, Army chief of staff, told me about the final, desperate plans.

COL. GEN. JODL, Field Marshal Keitel and Gen. Krebs decided to order Gen. Wenck with his 12th Army on the banks of the Elbe to disentangle himself from the clutch of the Americans and drive through to Berlin to raise the siege of the city.

Gen. Heinrich with his Vista Group in the north, Gen. Busse with his 9th Army to the southwest, and Gen. Schoerner with his Army Group A in Czechoslovakia were all to march for the relief of Berlin.

The population of the underground honeycomb also included Ambassador Walter Hewel, representing Ribbentrop; Admiral Voss, representing Doenitz; Lt. Col. Weiss and Major Johannmeier, assisting Burgdorf; Colonel Below, Luftwaffe adjutant; Major Freytag von Loringhoven and Captain Gerhard Boldt, adjutant and aide de camp to Krebs; Gen. Eckhardt Christian, Luftwaffe chief of Operations; Heinrich Lorenz of the Propaganda Ministry; Wilhelm Zander, Bormann's assistant; Fraulein Goebbels, Himmelführer's physician.

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The Russians were already in the suburbs of Berlin; the American and Soviet ground forces met on the Mulde.

As if by the blade of a sword, Germany was now split in two.

On April 26, Wenck, by dint of brute determination, and recklessness of heavy losses, drove to within eight miles of Potsdam.

Here he was hurled back to the Elbe where he disintegrated before the Americans.

THIS FLURRY OF ACTIVITY ON THE PART OF HITLER'S BATTERED LEGIONS KICKED A SPARK OF HOPE AMONG THE ASHES OF HIS UNIVERSAL DEFEAT. BUT THE SPARK FAILED QUICKLY IN THE NEWS OF WENCK'S DISASTER.

I asked von Loringhoven what he had expected to gain even if Wenck had reached Berlin and the Reich Chancellery. The war was lost anyway, wasn't it?

He replied: "Yes, certainly it was."

But he explained, Hitler's generals in the bunker were so absorbed under his influence that they "tormented their brains" as to how they could help him "in this moment."

"BUT HOW about the second moment?" They didn't allow themselves to think about the second moment.

"Was Hitler's influence so terrible that it stopped the normal mental processes of cultured and well-educated men?"

"It was terrific. The influence of Hitler was enormous. With the

UPON first learning of Goering's "treason," Hitler determined to humiliate him by appointing Col. Gen. Ritter von Greim his successor.

Risking his life and sustaining a serious wound, when because of the absence of German-controlled airports in Berlin he was compelled to land on one of the city streets, von Greim arrived at the bunker to receive the empty phial.

At first she opposed her husband in the suicide program which included the murder of their offspring.

But the "influence" of which Major Loringhoven spoke, finally enveloped her in his bewitchment, and amid a paroxysm of tears, she agreed to the fateful proposal.

AND THEN, of course, there was the fabulous Eva Braun. She had come up from Munich where Hitler privately maintained her in

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HE WAS arrested, dragged back to the bunker and charged with desertion.

Capt. Boldt related to me how Hitler tore off Fegelein's insignia and decorations. Fegelein pleaded with Eva Braun to intervene with the Fuehrer, but she refused.

Hitler convened a court martial among the officers in the



HANNA REITSCH—She flew the last plane out of Berlin.

ultra-modern luxury. Laden with bunker, informed the judges what a wardrobe of fashionable dresses, well-supplied with cosmetics and other accessories of beautification, she descended into the bunker to take up residence in Hitler's apartment, there to continue the relationship Hitler had concealed from the German people for 13 years.

Carefully coiffed and as well poised as a sultan's favorite she announced her determination to die with the Fuehrer, her Bavarian lover.

OTHER familiar faces in the bunker were Erich Kempka, Hitler's driver; Oberfuehrer Hans Baeuer and Standartenfuehrer Beetz, his two pilots; and Lieutenant Arthur Axmann, Hitler Youth leader, at that time commanding an anti-tank brigade at the western extremity of Berlin on the Havel River.

Through the city, fires raged, which, because of the absence of water, destroyed whole blocks, stopping only when reaching empty space or color rubble.

On April 28, fighting its way through this Dantean smoke and flame, came a moth of a plane carrying two persons, a man and a woman.

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Risking his life and sustaining a serious wound, when because of the absence of German-controlled airports in Berlin he was compelled to land on one of the city streets, von Greim arrived at the bunker to receive the empty phial.

He unscrewed the lid of one cylinder and exhibited the phial within. This little bottle was to be taken into the mouth and bitten like a piece of candy. The liquid would flow from the broken glass. The liquid was cyanide potassium, a deadly poison.

IT WAS not intended that the suicides were to take place at one time.

In fact, Hitler ordered that von

Greim, who also received one of the "lipsticks," delay his final exit from this world until he could mount a Luftwaffe attack on the Russian forces in the city.

Von Greim protested that there was no Luftwaffe left for any offensive.

And in any event, von Greim preferred to remain and die with his chief, but Hitler insisted.

He had still another reason, and unquestionably, this was the motivation behind the wild order.

"A traitor must never succeed me as Fuehrer!" he told von Greim. "Himmler must be taken at all costs."

A PLANE, an Arado-96, a small two-seater training craft, flown in two days before, was the only remaining aircraft.

In the glare of the surrounding conflagration, the margins of the street serving as a take-off field, Hanna Reitsch, with her high-ranking passenger, rose above the ruins of Berlin and escaped.

In her home in Oberursel she told me about the flight.

Hitler had great faith in poison.

His military stenographer, Ludwig Krieger, stationed at Camp Dachau, told me how Hitler liked to compare himself with Frederick the Great, who always carried poison with him.

IN THE early part of April Goebbels was reading to Hitler that phase of Frederick's life which had to do with Frederick's sudden change of fortune from bad to good because of the death of the Russian czarina.

Hitler's fortunes were at ebb tide on April 12 when suddenly came the news of Roosevelt's death.

This meant to Hitler that the miracle of the czarina's death had been repeated in Roosevelt's death.

Gen. Erhard Engel, who was with Hitler when Roosevelt's death was announced, related the scene to me. He said that Hitler went into an orgy of ecstasy.

Red spots appeared on his face, his cheek muscles moved up and down "like the mouth of a fish."

He proclaimed to Engel:

"YOU MEN without faith! Here is another indication by Providence: Roosevelt, I am sure, did not want to die before me, but he died. Now his death means that the isolationists will have the upper hand in the United States."

Although Roosevelt's death did not improve Hitler's fortunes, Hitler still believed in Frederick's favorite method of extinction—poison.

Thus he desired to know whether the stock of cyanide potassium he possessed was effective or not. He spoke to Dr. Stumpfegger about this. Hitler could not take any chances on his plans going awry. Death had to be positive and conclusive.

HE REACHED into a desk drawer and brought forth a handful of small brass cylinders which were shaped like lipsticks.

He distributed them among his more intimate followers and instructed them on their use.

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Greim, who was Hitler's brother-in-law, chafed in the underground prison.