

Chicago Tribune **Sunday**

# Magazine

JUNE 6, 1965

Section 7

**BIG IDEAS IN HIGH FOOD**  
*By Robert Cross*

**OLD GRAVES, NEW INSIGHT**  
*By Chesly Manly*

**GERMANY: 20 YEARS LATER**  
▼ *By Franklin McMahon*





On Berlin's Kurfurstendamm, the Garboesque look of a girl waiting for a bus.

Bundeskanzler Doctor Professor Ludwig Erhard: Perhaps no other person symbolizes quite so well the outward mood of the new Germany as does Chancellor Erhard—jovial, contented, and powerful.



● Franklin McMahon, a B-17 navigator, was shot down on his 16th mission over the German reich Jan. 13, 1945, and became a prisoner of war in the camps of Nuernberg and Moosburg. Since his release and return to the United States, he has several times been back and forth over the continent of Europe. But, increasingly, his interest has centered on Germany:

"It is late at night in Berlin. You are awakened by the sound of singing in the street below. Two drunks are rolling along, probably headed for home after a night on the town. The first thing you notice from your hotel room: they are walking in step.

"You are on a train between Aachen and Dusseldorf. The man comes in to punch your ticket. He pops his heels.

"These are small things, taken lightly, but they stick in the back of the mind, a kind of guttural sound in the inner ear. We all rejoice over the resurgence of a people who have contributed so much to the West and to the world generally. Everything is all right, we are sure. But, we wonder. We wonder."

McMahon has traveled twice into Berlin, several times thru the Ruhr industrial area, and recently made a sweep from the south to the north and back again.



GERMANY  
TWENTY  
YEARS  
LATER

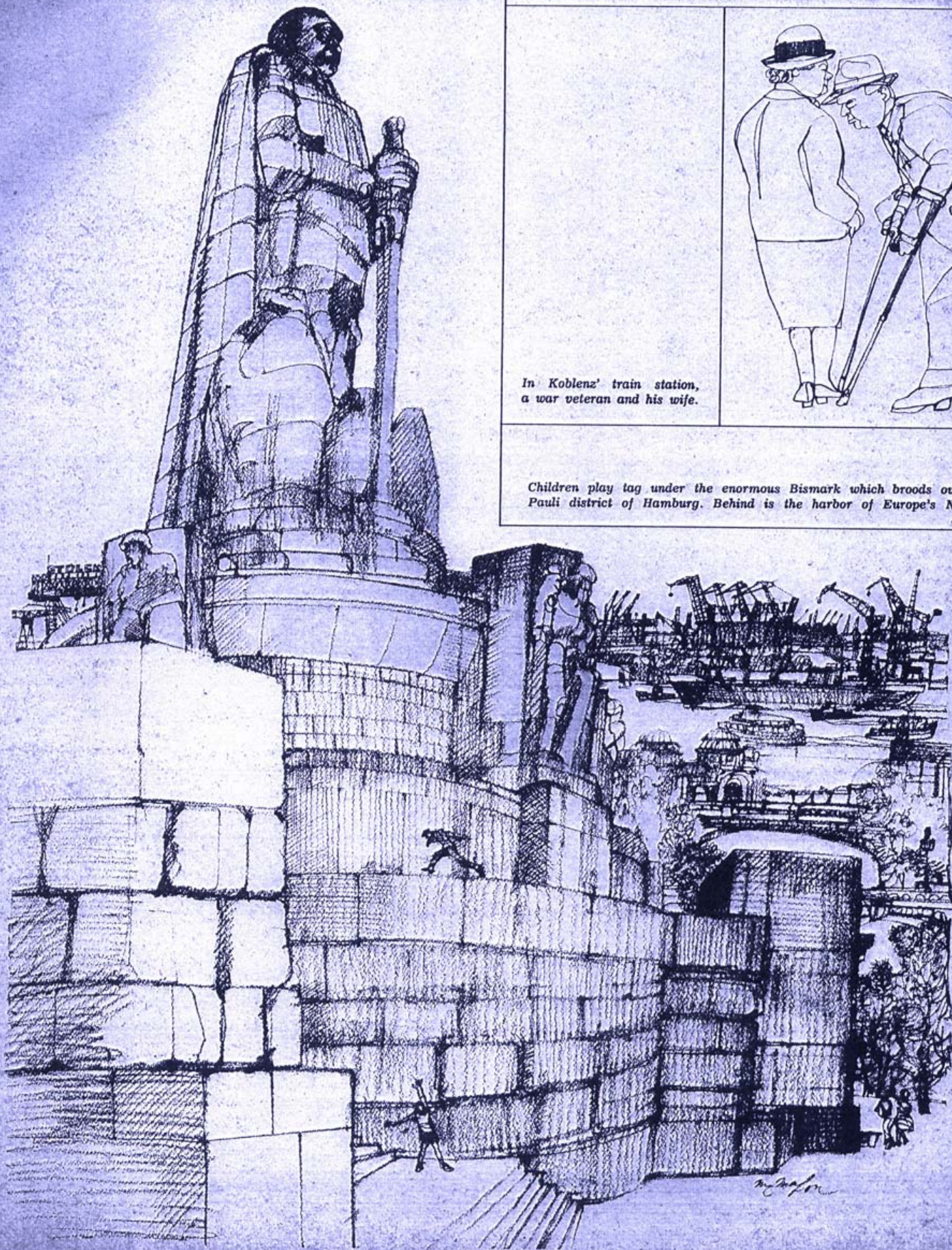
TEXT AND DRAWINGS BY FRANKLIN McMAHON

# NATIONAL UNITY AND ...

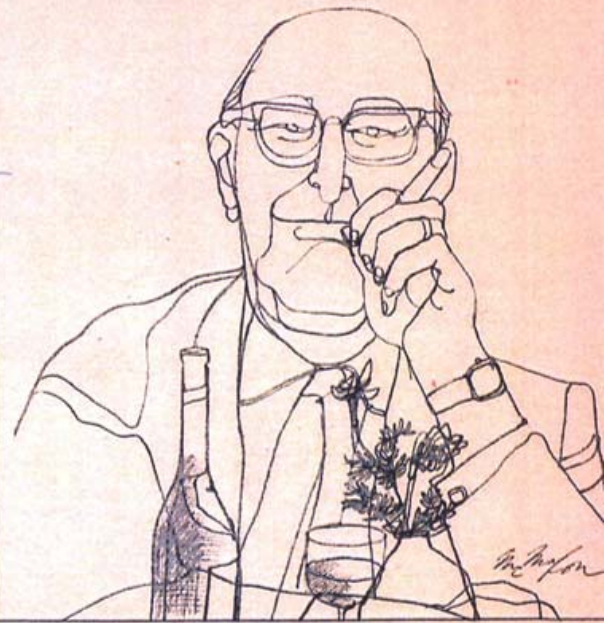


*In Koblenz' train station,  
a war veteran and his wife.*

*Children play tag under the enormous Bismark which broods over the St.  
Pauli district of Hamburg. Behind is the harbor of Europe's No. 2 port.*

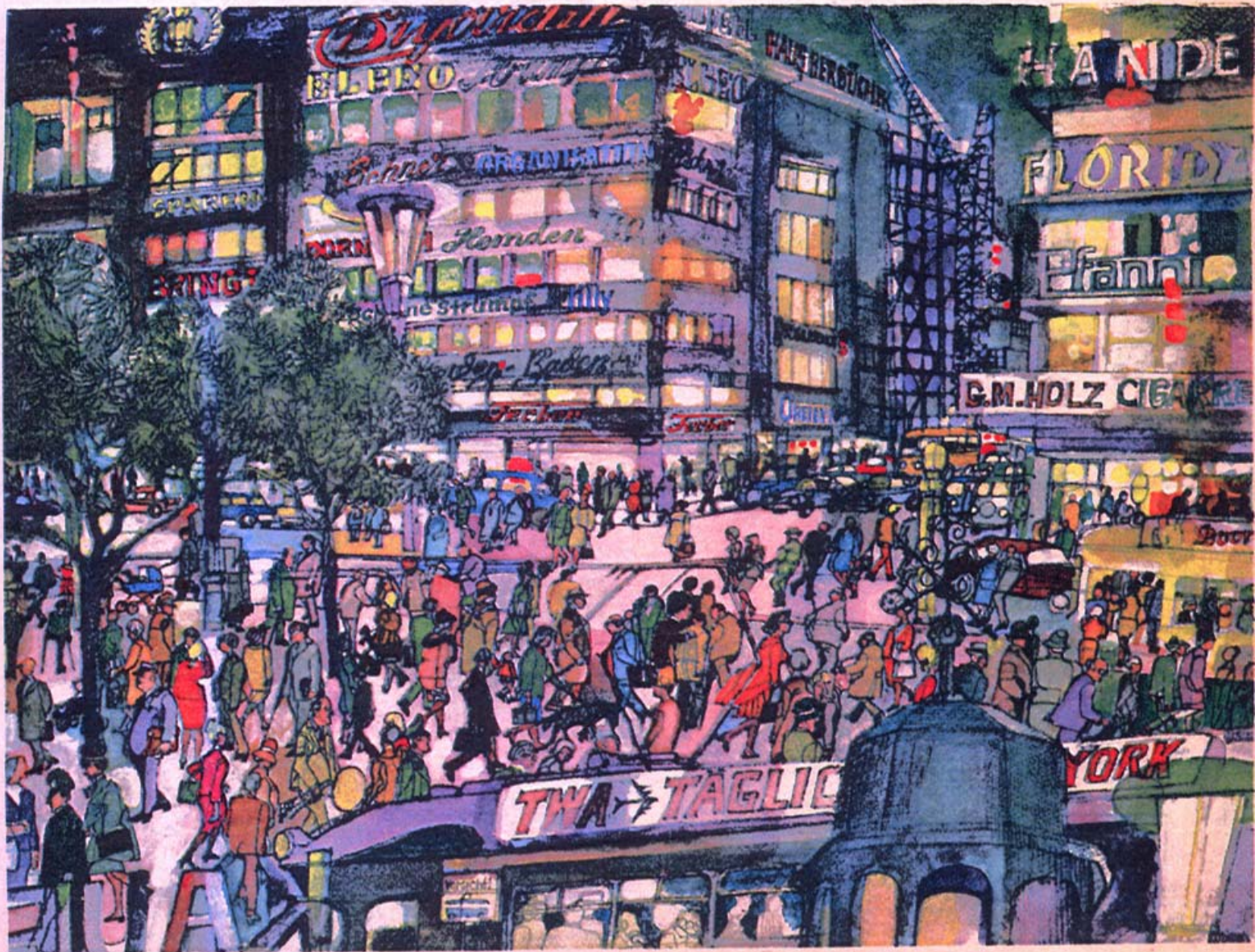


**Chicago artist-reporter McMahon, a prisoner-of-war during World War II, returns to scenes of nazi triumph, war-time tragedy, post-war economic boom.**



*Sketched aboard a Rhine steamer, one of Germany's managerial class with his cigar, his wine, and some flowers.*

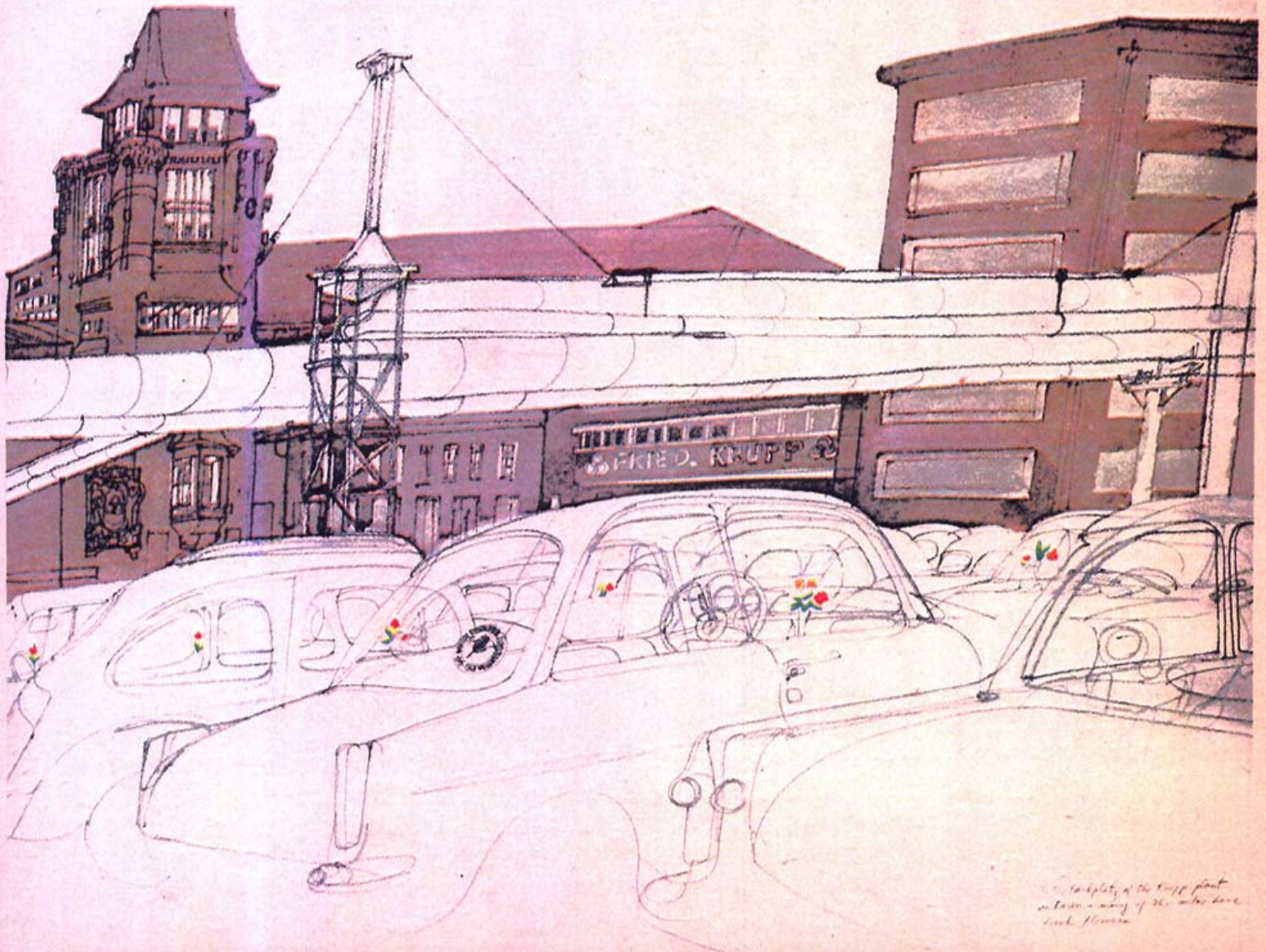
*Poodles and shepherd dogs, blondes and briefcases; the energetic neon-lit brilliance of Frankfurt's Hauptwache square; the Gemutlich life, product of the Wirtschaftswunder, the economic miracle.*



## THE SENSE OF BEAUTY . . .

German cities are beautiful: broad new boulevards, swooping overpasses, magnificent parks. But there are brutal reminders—pockmarked buildings, rubble churches. Here, in Dusseldorf, the steel and glass Thyssenhaus skyscraper rises over still-occupied war-time ruins.

In the parkplatz of the Krupp plant in Essen, autos often incongruously sport fresh flowers.



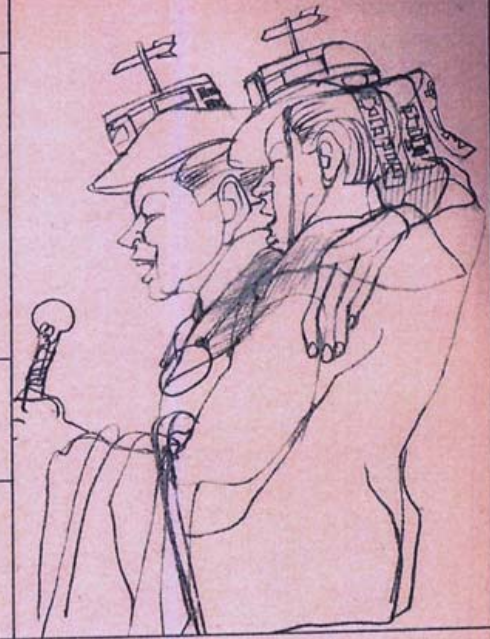
*In the parkplatz of the Krupp plant in Essen many of the autos have fresh flowers.*

## THE SEARCH FOR JOY

At Eve, a nightclub of Dusseldorf, Germany's answer to an American Bunny waits for the customers to begin arriving.

In Cologne, two young men in funny hats, bawling drunk, celebrate their release from compulsory military service.

During Fasching and Octoberfest, the Lowenbraukeller and other Munich beer halls rock to the sound of oomph-pah bands, bawdy ballads, and the friendly clink of steins. It was in just such a beer hall that Hitler got started.

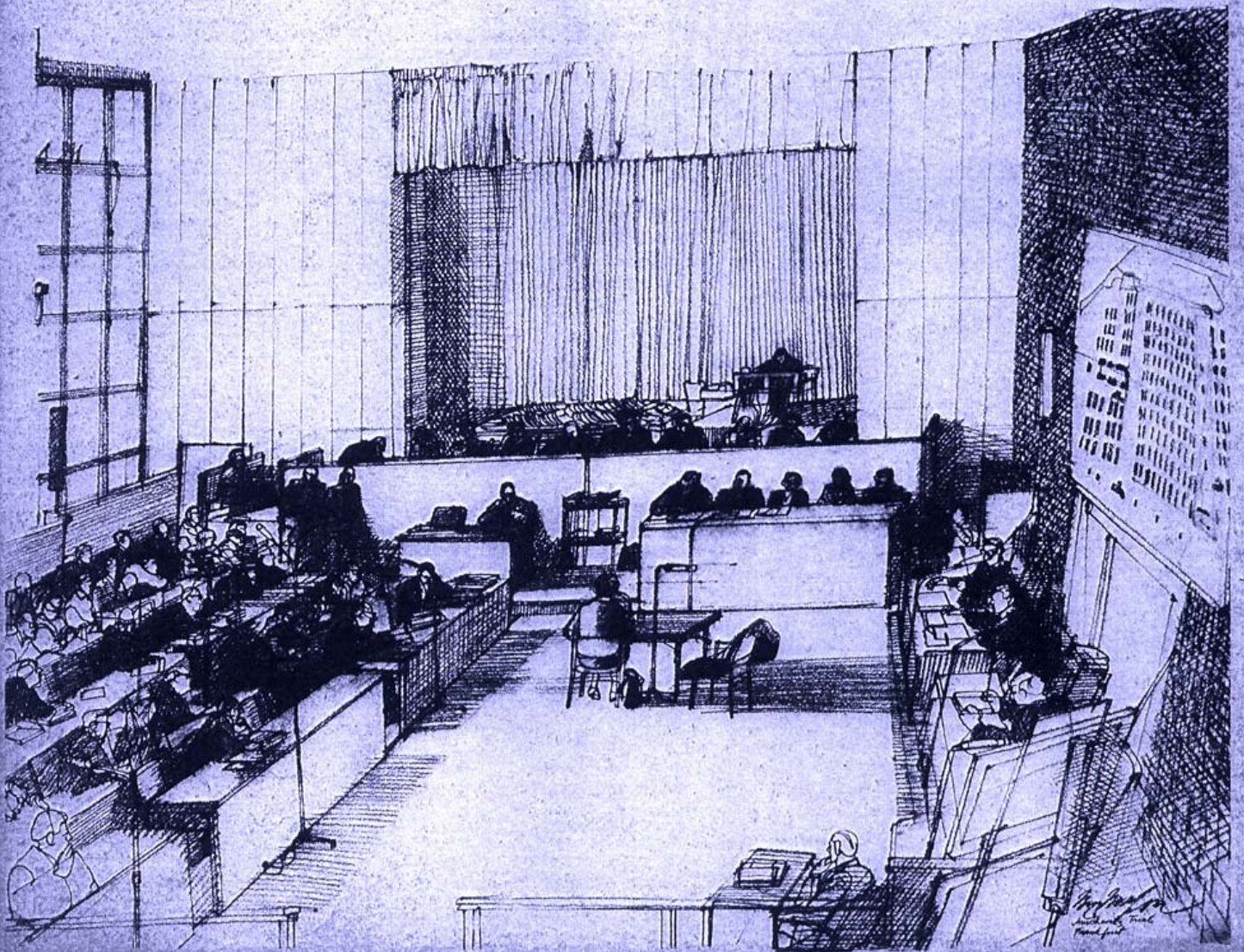


## THE QUESTION OF GUILT . . .



The Auschwitz trial in Frankfurt. In the balcony overhead a group of spectators, including a number of young soldiers, listen as Mrs. Regina Steinberg, who has come back from Israel, testifies.

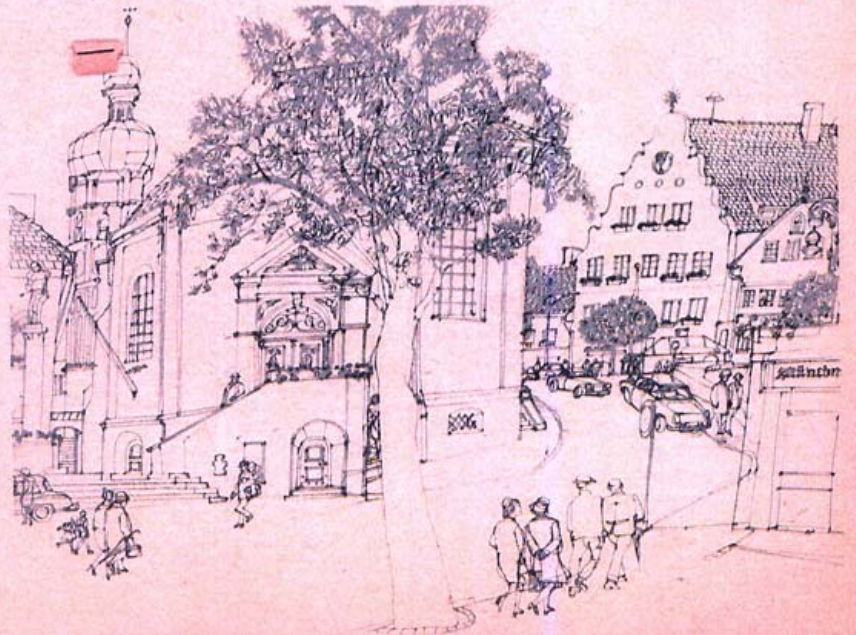
She tells how the defendant, Broad [who sits with 19 others at left in the drawing below], returned to the political office of Auschwitz, his tunic soaked with blood. Mrs. Steinberg, as a former inmate secretary, had to fill out the death card of her husband, who was killed in the crematorium.



## THE LONG SHADOW OF REMEMBRANCE



A man talks with his son in the pulpit of the Hitler stadium in Nuernberg. This is the place of the giant nazi rallies, now a ruin, overgrown with weeds, the seats covered with moss. While I was making this drawing in the early evening, a half-dozen people drove up at different times, alighted from their cars, climbed up to the pulpit. One man gave the Hitler salute—it was a spoof, some kind of a joke between him and his wife. But it was hard for me to tell whether these folks were sightseers or pilgrims.



In Germany, as elsewhere, there are small towns, quiet, out-of-the-mainstream places where the people live out their lives, doing their jobs at work, going to church on Sunday, strolling before dinner, seemingly unconcerned with the problems of city and world. Such a place is the small Munich suburb—Dachau.