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GERMANY.

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MOST SECRET.

SECTION 1.

[C 4842/103/18]

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*Sir S. Hoare to Mr. Eden.—(Received 13th April.)*

(No. 236. Most Secret.)

*Madrid, 4th April, 1944.*

Sir,

THE document which I enclose is an account of conditions in Germany to-day written in circumstances which, in my view, give it particular importance.

2. The author is the well-known Spanish journalist, Sr. Pombo Angulo, now assistant editor of *Ya* and who was during the last two years correspondent of that paper in Berlin. He knows the country well and speaks the language perfectly. His messages to his paper were comparatively objective and sometimes, particularly last summer, extremely revealing between the lines, though his sympathy with the German people was always discernible.

3. This paper, however, is in a category apart. Sr. Pombo Angulo was persuaded to write it for the private information of the Minister for War and his staff by certain monarchist elements here who are particularly anxious to shake the complacency of General Asensio and his blind conviction that Germany cannot be defeated and may even come out on top in the end.

4. Sr. Pombo Angulo is not aware that we are in possession of this document, nor is anyone, save Sr. Castillo, who commissioned it and left a copy with my press attaché. It must therefore be treated as most secret.

I have, &c.

SAMUEL HOARE.

Enclosure.

(Most Secret.)

Your Excellency,

MY knowledge of Germany is not that of a military technician, but that of a professional man who has passed the last two years of the war in that country. Because I have carried on at the same time journalism as a newspaper correspondent I found opportunities for getting inside the psychology and for reckoning up the possibilities of the German people. I have lived in touch with doctors and students; I have been just one more student in the university, and, as for the official information which was given to me every day, I have tried not to be prejudiced about it more than I could help. At the end of things my daily German round amounted to this: to work, to be present at meetings and to have my doubts about what the Wilhelmstrasse told me.

This does not mean that I know Germany through and through. Many parts are a mystery for me, and many sectors of life, as, for example, the workers. I have seen them often in their busy quarters such as Kopenick, on the banks of the Spree River, with their old and squashed caps giving them an impression of darkness in spite of their being fair. When I spoke with them in the "Aereo," where everybody is jammed up together, as a rule they did not answer, and when they did they generally showed a sort of resentment towards a foreigner. It is a class whose worst characteristic is not really racial pride, but racial selfishness, which makes their concept of Germany that of a country in need, from which every foreigner is busy stealing butter rations. As a body the German working class is unapproachable, and it is especially difficult to know what it is thinking, because like all men in the world who get pay, upon losing a socialist feeling of community, this class manages always to have good words for whomsoever will find it any sort of day's salary.

I mention this in order to obtain a better appreciation of the value of what I have to say. As far as knowing the German goes, I only know the intellectual class, doctors, writers and students above all. It is from them that I draw my opinions upon what Germany is thinking, and upon what will be Germany's

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