

## In the Soup

As I drove up the lane to Number 50, Schloss Wolfsbrunnen Weg in Heidelberg, it was with a sense of eager curiosity.<sup>1</sup> [*•• when did I first see Speer? Check diary*]. The gate looked like it had never been shut. The nameplate said “A. Speer.” The house was a roomy mansion on a hillside above the Heidelberg Castle for which the lane was named.

I was one of the first writers whom Albert Speer, Hitler’s architect, friend, and munitions minister, had agreed to see since his release from Spandau prison in October 1966. He explained rather circuitously that this was because I had taken the trouble to contact his family in recent years, but I take this to have been a small example of what we English call gamesmanship.

He may have agreed because I was asking not just about Hitler but more specifically about his own part in squelching Germany’s embryonic atomic research programme in June 1942. I had sent him some of the documents from his ministry files about that, and subsequently I had sent him a lot more archival materials, because he was working on his own memoirs.

I had already interviewed his chief wartime assistant, Karl-Otto

Saur (his son now runs a technical publishing firm).

Saur was a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi, and known during the war years for his loud voice and his browbeating manner.

Hearing him shouting in a neighbouring office one day, Himmler was informed that Saur was just speaking with Munich. "Why doesn't he use a phone?" he asked.

He was never prosecuted. Saur was a delight to interview, as he had a photographic memory for dates and facts and names. He had also kept a diary, but I never managed to persuade him to let me use it. No matter, on tape he recalled for me reams of events and episodes and he put precise dates to each. He was a living compendium of armaments statistics, and he had an excellent recall for his conversations with Hitler. He and Speer had never hit it off together.

Tall, academic, distinguished, not unlike Hollywood's Henry Fonda in looks and manner, Speer was very different. He led me into his lounge, and we settled into upright oak and upholstery chairs by a window overlooking the lawn and valley beyond. His family – his wife Margarete ("Margret") and sons and his daughter Hilde – had lived here comfortably throughout his twenty-two year absence in prison. Margret brought a pot of tea and then left us alone to talk.

I studied Speer carefully. The twenty-two years had left their mark on his health, and it was showing. I had half-expected to see somebody similar to the young man last seen in the dock at Nuremberg in November 1946. But now he was sixty-three, his skin was paper-thin, his face was mottled and blotchy, and several times he had to interrupt the flow of our conversation, as the damage to his kidneys had been permanent.

How had he mentally survived the ordeal?, I asked.

"I imagined myself walking round the world," he told me. "Each day I calculated how far I had walked in the exercise yard, marked it off on a map, and then learned as much as I could from the prison library about wherever it was I had stopped that day."

Around the world in twenty years. It was a charming story, and later I realized that he had had a long time to practise how it would

sound. He was an intelligent, but also a calculating man.

"I suppose you will be doing some major television interviews?" I ventured.

"Television?" replied Speer with a faint smile. "I don't really know what it is. I have deliberately not watched any television since my release." The smile was fading. "I want to come across completely natural, unschooled, unprepared, when I do my first interviews."\*

For a while we circled each other in the privacy of that Heidelberg afternoon. Speer left me with an uneasy impression: here was a man who was more interested in his own future than in accurately and honestly recording the past.

He knew who I was, as it later turned out; and I knew most everything about his war years, because I had spent two years interviewing Field Marshal Erhard Milch, his best wartime friend, and Karl-Otto Saur, the loud-mouthed chief lieutenant in the ministry. I had read all the available records of the Speer ministry; and all the post-war Allied interrogations of him; and I had researched pretty deeply in the files of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, and the private diaries of the chief U.S. prosecuting counsel, Robert H. Jackson (one of the great American jurists in my view).

As our conversation proceeded, I felt sometimes that he was awaiting applause, or at least a positive response, before continuing. He began boasting about how he had sabotaged Hitler's final orders then, observing my non-reaction, switched to a different tune. I felt as Hector Higgs, our old Latin teacher twenty years before, must have felt. If I paused after translating a passage, he would snap, "Carry on Irving, there's no applause."

I wanted to say, "There's no applause," to Speer.

He had been Berlin's chief architect since January 30, 1937 and armaments minister since February 1942. He liked to claim that Hitler had been grooming him as his successor, but I saw no evidence

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\* I found myself remembering that odd snatch of words, watching the first television interview of eighteen year-old Natasha Kampusch after her escape from a Viennese "jail" in September 2006. She too had no idea of what television interviews looked like, or so she said.

of that. Wilhelm Scheidt, who was Hitler's assistant court historian, wrote that Hitler regarded Reinhard Heydrich as a successor. Speer's survival plans relied on his flexibility. From Milch's private diaries I knew that in the last days of the war Speer had dreamed of escaping to Greenland with his aviator friend Werner Baumbach and returning after it was safe to take over the leadership from a grateful enemy and the reconstruction of a defeated Germany. Germany had built an isolated meteorological station in Greenland, and he knew where it was.<sup>2</sup>

Jackson was shocked when Albert Speer drew a twenty-year jail term; but then Jackson did not know what I later knew, that Speer had squirreled away the most incriminating evidence of his role in the tragedy of Berlin's Jews in 1941, documents which would surely have earned him the gallows in the judicial climate that prevailed at Nuremberg. If a relatively harmless Fritz Sauckel was hanged, then the documents, and the statistics they contained, said that Speer was no less worthy of the rope.

Years later, in the 1990s, my friend Professor Klaus Herrmann of Montreal's Concordia University put human faces on the statistics, when he showed me the files on his Berlin family, which he had reviewed in the archives of the Berlin finance ministry. All were Jews, like himself; and all had been expropriated and deported to the east in 1942 in the course of Himmler's *Aktion Reinhardt*. They had had to deposit lists of all their assets with the Finanzinspektion; the lists had subsequently been endorsed that all were now *verstorben*, deceased. They had died on the same date a week after their deportation, and like Sam Goudsmit's family they had died in neat alphabetical order. [•• See *Goebbels* page 395 and notes to stiffen this episode up].

I wish I had had that file to show Speer during the interview, and the relevant pages from his 1941 office chronicle. After Margret had bustled in and poured me another tea and added a drop of cream, I added a soupçon of bitters to our interview.

When the Americans interrogated Speer in 1945 and 1946 they left him with the impression that they had great things in store for him. Speer fell for it. In handwritten messages he sent to Bob

Jackson in the months before the Nuremberg trial began, penciled in the prescribed capital letters, Speer surreptitiously volunteered to assist in their prosecution of his colleagues, and hinted again that he could play a great part in restoring Germany.

Hermann Göring had only contempt for him, and the feeling was mutual. For that matter, Speer did not like me, or so he professed to others when it suited his purpose; but for that he had good reason, as we shall shortly see.

I asked him about his meetings with Hitler, particularly the one at which he had reported on the conclave of the German atomic scientists on June 4, 1942 at the Harnack Building in Berlin. He had gone there with Albert Vögler, a powerful industrialist, and a lot of other top brass including Saur, Milch, and admirals and generals. Professor Heisenberg had projected that if they could separate enough of the uranium-235 isotope, an atomic bomb big enough to destroy a city would be about the size of a pineapple.

“I asked them how much they would need for research,” Speer told me. “Heisenberg said, ‘Around fifty thousand marks.’ I lost interest at that point. Now, if he had said fifty *million*...”

On June 23, 1942 Albert Speer discussed it with Adolf Hitler in Berlin, as item sixteen on a long agenda.

Reported briefly to the Führer on the meeting concerning atomic fission, and on the assistance we have rendered.

Speer effectively strangled the German atomic programme at birth. He allocated scarce materials and resources to other, more immediate, projects – tanks, submarines, and above all Wernher von Braun’s dazzling ballistic missiles.

Discussing this decision with me, he agreed that he had failed to recognise the import of what Heisenberg was telling him. The fault was however Heisenberg’s. Captured by the British, and held in a safe house in Cambridgeshire which had been wired for sound, he was heard to say to his colleagues: “We wouldn’t have had the moral courage to recommend to the government in the spring of

1942 that they should employ 120,000 men just to build that thing up.”<sup>3</sup>

“Should’ve backed the V-1, Herr Speer,” I said, still seeing in my mind’s eye the missile droning loudly past our bathroom window twenty-three (••) years earlier, and hearing the organ note of its engine. The V-1, the Luftwaffe’s cheap pilotless bomb, was infinitely more frightening.

He grinned an uneasy acknowledgment. Inter-service rivalries had bedeviled the secret weapons projects. He had built Peenemünde, but the A4 rocket missile was an army project, so its production came under him; the V-1 was built by the Luftwaffe, and it came under Milch.

His relationship with Hitler remained opaque to the end. On April 23, 1945 he flew in to a blazing Berlin for one final visit to the bunker. Eva Braun greeted him with the words, “I knew you’d return – you won’t desert the Führer!” Speer replied with a grin. “I’m leaving Berlin again tonight!” He told me this with a little snigger, as though to say: these women!

I asked *why* he had flown into Berlin, and he replied that he had of course felt duty bound to say farewell to Hitler.

My suspicion is that he had wanted to find what great powers Hitler would now bestow on him. It must have come as a shock to learn from Hitler’s testament, months later, that he had been sacked and replaced as munitions minister by Saur, the colourless technocrat.

We moved to another room, and he carried in a sheaf of papers. Written on every shape, size, thickness and colour, these pages were the memoirs he had written in Spandau. He had sold publishing rights to the Ullstein group, enabling him to live the latter years of his captivity literally in caviar and champagne style, according to his accomplice Rudolf Wolters, who was outside the prison walls. Wolters, his wartime bureau chief, had bribed the guards to smuggle luxury goods in and manuscript out.

Now, seizing the chance, Speer spent some time reading selected chapters to me. They were good, but toward the end fashionably

critical of Hitler.

“If he was so bad, Herr Speer, and if you saw it at the time,” I asked, “why did you continue to serve him to the end? Why did you fly back into Berlin? Your readers are not stupid. They will ask.”

It was a reproach rather than a question; even a piece of literary criticism. His memoirs would be a chance to set the distorted record straight. I do not remember his reply.

After Speer was released in 1966, Ullstein started editing the memoirs, and strange things began to happen, as I learned over the next year or two from Annette Etienne, later Frau Engel, his editor at Ullstein; she was my editor there too, and she mentioned that most of the chapters now being published had been written for Speer by a triumvirate consisting of herself, the writer Joachim Fest, and our editor-in-chief at Ullstein, the company’s *Geschäftsführer*, Wolf Jobst Siedler, and all three were Germans adequately versed in modern political correctness.

Knowing what I did from the archives and from the chief actors like Saur and Milch, I found the published product very unsatisfying. There were many passages which flatly conflicted with real history, and both Speer and I knew it – for example, his role in the “evacuation” of the Berlin Jews, and the history of the revolutionary Messerschmitt 262 jet airplane and its intended use as a high-speed bomber instead of as a fighter plane.

Before I left and drove back down into the ancient university town, I asked him the same question I had put to all of Hitler’s People. What had he heard at the Führer’s headquarters of the Final Solution? (The word Holocaust, as I have remarked, did not come into vogue until some years after this interview.)

“It never came up,” he answered briefly, and then mechanically added, again ignoring the seeming lack of logic, “but I am sure he knew all about it.”

After my visit I supplied Speer with a complete set of his conferences with Hitler and his own interrogation reports as reference points for his work on the memoirs. The conferences are often illuminating. At one point they record Hitler expressing surprise “that

the Russian civilians are still being treated like prisoners of war behind barbed wire.” Speer noted: “I explain that this results from an order he issued. The Führer is aware of *no* such order.”<sup>4</sup>

By way of thanks, Speer mailed to me a complete set of his 1941–1945 office diary, the Speer Chronicle, about which I had been inquiring.

From the Cabinet Office Historical Section I already had obtained for *The Mare’s Nest* a copy of the original 1943 Chronicle.<sup>5</sup> It was such a useful volume that I tried to find the others. In the Bundesarchiv, the German government archives, was a 1945 Speer Ministry inventory, revealing that he had made five copies of the Chronicle, and had given a complete set of them together with duplicates of plans and some models to Rudolf Wolters, his bureau chief, for safekeeping.

I wrote to Speer asking where Wolters was now. He replied regretting that he did not know; that was a lie, but only later did I find that out – and why he had lied.

I did not realize it at first, but the complete set of Chronicles which Speer had given me was as genuine a gift as the Horse which Odysseus and the Greeks donated to the Trojans. I did however spot one thing right away – the set had been retyped on a modern post-war typewriter, it was not the original. Why had somebody retyped several thousand pages?

Mildly curious, I compared his 1943 volume’s pages, from the set he had given me, with the genuine chronicle I had obtained from the Cabinet Office. In the former, there were omissions.

I wrote again to Speer – it was now late 1969 – and explained that I had compared his new 1943 volume with the original, of whose existence he was unaware. Entire paragraphs had been omitted, seemingly without method, I said, still expressing only disappointment rather than suspicion.

My letter threw him into a panic. The fat was in the fire, he thought. On the first day of 1970, we now know, Speer wrote to Wolters, who had carried out the sanitizing operation on the diaries during Speer’s final Spandau years:

Dear Rudi, now we are in the soup. . . They found a copy of one year of the *Chronik* in London and as the eager-beaver writer David Irving tells me they are now diligently searching for the rest. I got Irving to send me a photocopy in order to compare. . . Luckily, I note that the deviations, from the historian's point of view, are pretty inoffensive.

Inoffensive they were not, and Wolters knew it. He responded in a curiously comprehensive letter which almost had a blackmailer's undertone to it: some of the deletions he had made, he replied to Speer, "historically are, unfortunately, not entirely unimportant. For instance: *"In the time from October 18 to November 2, 1941, about 4,500 Jews were evacuated from Berlin"* – a programme which had enabled Speer to seize their homes for bombed-out families and keep the best ones for his cronies.

"This kind of thing, which occurred repeatedly," admonished Wolters with an almost audible tetch-tetch, "then culminated in a closing report by your associate Cl.\*, which concluded that 75,000 'persons' were 'moved' with the result that 23,765 Jewish habitations were seized. That was of course an achievement!"

All of these unfortunates, we now know, had within a very few months vanished – *verstorben*, erased without trace.

What was unfortunate, in Wolters' eyes was, as he added, that "in the original the crossed-out paragraphs are clearly visible even when the pencil marks are erased."<sup>6</sup>

By now Ullstein had published Speer's memoirs, *Inside the Third Reich*, to a chorus of international acclaim.<sup>†</sup>

For weeks, Speer and Wolters agonized in their letters over what to do about my ugly discovery, of which I had also informed Wolfgang Mommsen, director of the Bundesarchiv. As part of his self-rehabilitation programme Speer had donated sets of the

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\* Dietrich Clahes, chief of Speer's *Umsiedlung* Department at GBI, the Office of the Chief Engineer of Berlin: *Umsiedlung*, resettlement, was a euphemism used by those in the know.

† Albert Speer, *Inside the Third Reich* (Weidenfeld: London, 1970; Macmillan, New York, 1970).

doctored version of his diaries to others including the Bundesarchiv, and the archives had not realized the deception.

Wolters, their author, wanted the original Chronicles concealed until happier times. Speer, who had more at stake, was more ruthless. He felt “they should cease to exist forever.”

Together, they decided to tell the Bundesarchiv that the originals had disappeared. That is what Speer told me too. On February 13, 1970 Speer wrote a bland letter to the archives, enclosing a letter from Wolters in which the chronicler lamented that the original volumes of the Chronicles had “disappeared without trace.” This insulated him from the actual lie by one remove.

Speer’s luck was in. I did not drop the ball; I just did not pick it up. I was a writer and biographer, and not a public prosecutor.

He did not however get off entirely free. His wriggling was exposed ten years later by a young Berlin writer, Matthias Schmidt, whose book *Albert Speer, Das Ende eines Mythos* neatly, and often wittily, disposed of the fibs in the famous memoirs. Wolters, angry at Speer by now, provided Schmidt with copies of the texts excised from the Chronicles, and of his correspondence with Speer including the damaging passages I quote above.

After Speer died in 1981, Wolters acted: it was not just that he was disturbed by Speer’s shabby behavior toward him as a friend – his conscience was pricking. In 1982 and 1983 Wolters deeded all the incriminating original volumes to the German government archives – together with their highly damaging correspondence.

Others now travelled the same route as Schmidt and I. Gitta Sereny’s 1995 book on Speer draws quite heavily on Schmidt’s work. In 2005 Speer’s co-author Joachim Fest published an unworthy posthumous memoir on Speer, revealing only now how he and others had confected the Speer “memoirs.” Thus they finally admitted that what was published was not what Speer had read out to me that afternoon in Heidelberg.

The revelation that Speer had tampered with his own diaries should not have surprised me. I turned up many diaries which had been falsified and fudged to embellish a career or expunge costly blun-

ders. Rommel retyped in 1942 a page from November 1941 to cover a mistake he made in the Crusader battle in the Western Desert; the 1943 OKW diary was cooked up by its diarist Helmut Greiner after the war at American dictate; the crucial page of a British Second Army diary covering Himmler's actual mode of death was retyped a few days later on the same typewriter by a different hand; Henry L. Stimson had every page of his diary between July 1941 and Pearl Harbor retyped to delete references to the Far East and MAGIC, the American codebreaking results, because he wanted "to keep out anything that might hurt the Pres[ident]," as he disarmingly explained to Henry R. Morgenthau; and so on.<sup>7</sup>

Spotting the fakery became half the fun of using wartime diaries.

The Speer book was an international best seller, but there are two more curiosities that I should still note.

The American publishers Macmillan deemed the English edition unsatisfactory and published a substantially different version.

Eight years later, in 1989, after Leni Riefenstahl gave me that private showing of *Triumph of the Will*, she took me to a filing shelf and said: "I will show you something that you don't even suspect exists." It was a Xerox copy of the publishing contract that Speer had signed with Ullstein: under this he had assigned one-quarter of his royalties to the State of Israel. Would it be naïve not to believe that this contributed to the book's great commercial success?

Later, Albert Speer published another book, called *Spandau: The Secret Diaries*. I again noticed serious discrepancies between this and the real diary pages which he had copied for me when I was writing the Milch biography.

As his own personal diaries revealed, Milch took it hard that Speer initially refused to testify in his defence at his own Nuremberg trial, and then did so in a most self-serving fashion. Milch's counsel told him afterwards, "I thought you said Speer was your friend!"<sup>8</sup> Convicted on counts three and four of the indictment, "war crimes" and "crimes against humanity," Speer was at that time still at Nuremberg awaiting transport to Spandau, and it would

have cost him very little to testify. His attitude appeared to be the same as that of Grand Admiral Erich Raeder, who also refused, saying, "If I am to go down, I see no reason why others should not go down too."

I saw proof of this estrangement between the two former friends, Speer and Milch, when my Milch biography was published. Ullstein had laid on a splendid luncheon for us at the Hotel Breidenbacher Hof in Düsseldorf. Among those present were Speer and his wife; Joachim Fest; Field Marshal Milch – as the birthday-child, so to speak; Colonel von Below (Hitler's airforce adjutant), and my wife Pilar and myself.

After the jovial luncheon had finished and the party was breaking up, my wife enquired whether she might take a photograph of Speer with myself and the others, and also some movie film with the Pailard-Bolex. Speer willingly agreed, but then murmured quietly that he preferred that Field Marshal Milch should not be included in the picture with him. He still had ambitions for the future.

I met Speer several times after that, including at the Frankfurt Book Fair of 1979, where he was an honoured guest. On the latter occasion I wrote a detailed note.<sup>8</sup> He was in a friendly mood, this says, and looked healthier than at the same book fair one year before. We talked about the financial problems resulting from the substantial sales of his memoirs. "He chided me for having suggested on several occasions that he was not the real author of the Speer memoirs." He insisted that he was "the origin of" all the information in the book, whatever that meant. I obstinately asked: "When will we see the real Speer Memoirs, the pages you wrote in Spandau and Nuremberg?" He explained, "What I wrote at that time was not suitable for publication today. It had stupid chapter titles" – and he named a few instances.

Interestingly, he described the difficulty he found in writing with brevity: his finished manuscripts were regularly two or three times too long; he solved this problem by retyping them, putting old material which he was now omitting on pink pages, filed facing the white retyped pages. Later he re-read the pink pages and satisfied himself that they could painlessly go. He did finally agree that

the prison manuscript which he had read to me in Heidelberg was different from the one published.

Inevitably the conversation at Frankfurt turned to my Hitler biography, just published, and the controversy about the Jewish Problem. I suggested that the standpoint he had adopted in a recent interview with the London *Daily Mail* lacked logic: he had, he said, never himself discussed the *Judenfrage* with Hitler; in fact it was never discussed at Hitler's headquarters at all; and he himself had known nothing about the extermination of the Jews until the war was over – and yet he also claimed that Hitler knew all about it. The logical inconsistency seemed obvious.

I asked him when he had first heard about it, and he cautiously replied: "I believe it was after the war – or was it perhaps already during the interim Dönitz government in Flensburg?"

I tried to provoke Speer into a defensive stance: "You know of course that my main criticism of you is the way you pushed the V2 rocket, the A4?"

Speer answered quite simply: "Yes, and you are quite right. But the real culprit was Wernher von Braun. He knew how to whip up enthusiasm. He won Hitler and myself over with it."

Toward the end of the dinner, I asked Speer if he himself had ever visited Auschwitz. He admitted that he had visited the I. G. Farben synthetic fuel and rubber plant there, and more than once. "That was a huge plant," he reminisced, "and one of the most efficient in the world."

In August 1995 I wrote to *The Times* commenting on an article about Sereny's book on Speer:

On November 27, 1941 Speer reported to Goebbels that his third *Aktion* was just beginning. That day a thousand more Jews, already the seventh trainload, departed from Berlin, bound this time for Riga, capital of Latvia. All would die three mornings later, machine-gunned into two pits outside the city.

There is no doubt that Speer was very lucky indeed to escape the noose at Nuremberg.

He went to very great lengths to establish an alibi for October 1943, when some historians place him in the audience at a Heinrich Himmler speech in which even the most inattentive listener could not have overlooked the Reichsführer's frank admission that he was killing off the Jewish women and children as well as the men. At one point in his speech – which was taped – Himmler had carped about those well-meaning functionaries who all had “top-hole” Jews whom they wanted to spare.

“I am not referring to you, Herr Reichsminister,” he said, in an aside that many have taken to refer to Albert Speer.

I have an open mind on this particular controversy.

We have not yet done with Speer; we shall meet him two or three more times in this narrative. He was an accomplished architect and city planner, and despite his youth and inexperience he rose well to the tasks that Hitler set before him. As armaments minister he was a worthy and imaginative successor to Fritz Todt, who was perhaps the real genius behind the wartime rearmament programme. Under Speer, arms production soared to unimagined heights.

One sentence from his post-war interrogation by the Americans – his questioner was probably J. K. Galbraith – sticks in my memory. Asked for an explanation of the unexpected surge in arms output from 1943, despite the saturation bombardment of Berlin and other industrial centres, Speer attributed it to the physical elimination of all the bureaucracy, red tape, and paperwork.

I remembered that paradox years later, when my entire archives and correspondence were seized. For thirty years I had carefully filed away correspondence by subject and by year in parallel series; I had built up a card index of perhaps forty thousand index cards; relieved now of that burden, my literary output soared. In 2001 I published a new thousand-page updated edition of *Hitler's War*. In 2002 I issued an even weightier second volume of *Churchill's War*, entitled *Triumph in Adversity*.

My opponents complained in their secret letters to each other that I was “now more active than ever before, publishing books, writing books, travelling to the United States and lecturing in city

after city.” (\*\* check exact quote).

Speer’s flaw was that he tried to please too many people at once. He was too clever by half. He was one of those ruthless men who advanced across the bodies of their fellows – *vorwärts über Leichen*, as the German say. He knew that Germany’s defeat was inevitable. He knew the truth about the much vaunted “wonder weapons.” He began looking over his shoulder and establishing alibis long before his fellow Nazis and accomplices thought of doing so.

In private the rest of Hitler’s staff spoke poorly of Speer after his book came out (Christa Schroeder was an exception; perhaps he was helping her financially). He served twenty-two years in prison, an ordeal that would have broken many a lesser man, and I am not disposed to overlook this, despite pointing to his human frailties, as I have done above.

(Endnotes)

- 1 The second date was December 1968? [*How many times did I visit Speer in Heidelberg: once, Or twice?*]
- 2 Milch diary, May 22, 1948. In Dec 1968 Speer told me that when the Admiral Dönitz interim government was formed and not the Himmler one which he had feared, he dropped the idea.
- 3 Leslie R. Groves, *Now It Can be Told* (Harper: New York, 1962), page 335. Speer’s note on his talk with Hitler on Jun 23, 1942 is in file FD.3353/45.
- 4 Speer–Führer conference, March 22, 1942.
- 5 Cabinet Office, now Imperial War Museum, file FD.3037/49. Rudolf Wolters actually compiled the daily *Chronik der Dienststelle des Reichsministers für Bewaffnung und Munition*.
- 6 Speer to Wolters, Jan 1, 1970, and reply, Jan 10, 1970; see Gitta Sereny, Speer, pages 225 et seq.; and especially Matthias Schmidt, *Albert Speer: The End of a Myth* (St Martin’s Press: New York, 1984). Schmidt has my recommendation to St Martin’s Press to thank for this US edition, and my endorsement on the book’s jacket too.
- 7 A pencilled entry in Morgenthau diary, Nov 4, 1944: FDR Library, Henry R Morgenthau papers, page 1458. The Stimson diaries are in Yale University Library. See my *Churchill’s War*, vol. ii: *Triumph in Adversity* (Focal Point: London, 2002?), Page 163 for a fuller exposition of this falsification.
- 8 When Speer was called to testify for Milch, he wrote in his (real) diary, Feb 3, 1947: “Thought a lot about this.” The examining judge Musmanno shook hands with him. “Did you see that!” he exclaimed to Milch’s counsel. “He

shook hands with me!” He confessed in his real diary Feb 4, 1947: “No press or newsreel men present. Very pleased, as this allows a clearer testimony. . . Hope I did my duty toward Milch – by helping take some of the load off his shoulders.” Cf. Milch Case transcript, Feb 4, 1947, pages 1,444 *et seq.*, and my 1968 interviews of Milch’s counsel Dr Friederich Bergold and his secretary Käthe Herbst.

9. Note for the Record dictated on the morning of Oct 11, 1979: “I sat yesterday evening next to the former Reichsminister Albert Speer at the dinner party given by the publishers Langen-Müller Verlag, at Frankfurt. . .” See the full note: <http://www.fpp.co.uk/History/General/Speer101079.html>.