Samuel Pepys, with a gift for describing not only who was present but why. "Minutes" without a setting were dull to him; he liked to comment on the weather, and what the directors thought of him and of each other.

¶ Looking back, it was hard for him to keep the description general. The Farben directors had lived in a "special atmosphere that grew worse by 1943. From the objective minutes and records," he went on, "one might believe that everything was in order. Actually, this was more and more just a sham, and everyone felt an inner tension, an unrest, and a concealed fear at the dissolution ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ that was coming because of the murderous air-raids. If one reads the minutes of the Vorstand, the Technical Committee and the Commercial Committee carefully now, one can see the collapse which begins in 1943. One must have experienced this to understand. I wouldn't ask my worst enemy, having met in inadequate air-raid shelters, and his wife and children going through air raids where 2000 and more bombs are dropped, to think of things dating from 1933."

Unfortunately for Herr Haefliger, he didn't have to remember many things. He had kept a diary and had acted as emmanuensis for various committees even when an offical recorder was present. He spoke six languages effortlessly, was the expert interpreter among men who themselves were linguists. ¶ But he alone among them was not a German, and his scribbling may have been a need as well as a gift. Going to Frankfurt in 1909, he had taken a job as "international language correspondent" in the metals firm of CHEMISCHE FABRIK GRIESHEIM ELEKTRON - which had stood where the document center now was. GRIESHEIM ELEKTRON joined the Farben merger in 1927. The investigators, encountering Haefliger at the Swiss consulate in Frankfurt, had checked his papers and found that he was indeed Swiss. But why had he never gone back to Bern to live? ¶ Well, Americans above all should understand. His services were indispensible. Frankfurt, like Bern, was a city of trade, with many people who spoke many languages. He wasn't doing much at the Consulate; with weary