

der. The motives are obvious: the extermination of races which Hitlerian "philosophy" classified as inferior and the enfeeblement of Germany's neighboring peoples. It is the final, hideous consummation of the herrenvolk myth, a myth which the German people accepted gladly.

THOSE of us who have seen these camps and their ghastly dead and dying would not have believed that men—and women—in this age could commit such cold-blooded horrors. Before our invasion of Germany we had all heard stories of atrocities in German concentration camps and most of us had depreciated them as touched up by propaganda. But what we have seen with our own eyes confirms every dreadful story and adds frightful details we had not heard—the human vivisection laboratory at Buchenwald, for instance, and the lamp shades the commandant's wife had made from human skin and sent as gifts to her friends. But our troops broke through the German lines so fast that the Germans had not always time to remove their prisoners or destroy the evidence. Thousands of our soldiers have seen these things and have gone on to further battles with a cold hatred they had not had before. Delegations of responsible people have come or are coming to see the evidence themselves.

Writers have tried to describe these things, but words cannot describe them and, even if they could, there are details too filthy to be printed anywhere. Photographers have sent pictures so horrible that no newspaper normally would use them, but they were less horrible than the reality, for they could not portray the stench of filth and death which clings to one's nostrils for days after one has visited a concentration camp.

It is well that the stories be told and retold, however unpleasant they are, and that the photographs be seen by all the world. The world must know and it must not forget. It must know and remember the character of the enemy we are overthrowing and make sure that that enemy never again can gain the strength to perpetrate more horrors. It must keep these things in mind as it attacks the problem of what we are going to do with this mentally and morally sick people we are conquering.

LET us not forget Buchenwald and Nordhausen and scores of other camps our men have liberated out of hundreds large and small which the Germans maintained throughout the areas they ruled.

Just before our troops reached Buchenwald early in April it had a prison population of 82,000 and five or six thousand men a month had been dying either of starvation or murder. They were packed in flimsy wooden barracks, which must have been piteously cold in winter, on the sides of a great paved square like a parade ground where prisoners sometimes were assembled by force to witness the group hangings with which the Germans wished to impress them. Each barrack was 35 meters long and 9 wide and one of them I visited had at one time housed 1,043 prisoners.

The prisoners slept on four tiers of deep shelves which ranged along the side walls. These were divided into cubicles about 6 feet wide and 30 inches high. In each of these ten to twelve men slept packed like sardines and required to be naked. Half of them lay with their heads to the central corridor and (Continued on Page 42)



Under guard by an American soldier, Germans of Nordhausen dig graves for a mass burial of murdered prisoners.

'The World Must Not Forget'

What was done in the German prison camps emphasizes the problem of what to do with a people who are morally sick.

WITH AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY (By Wireless).

By HAROLD DENNY

WE have been traveling in these latter days through some of the most beautiful country in the world. The war has passed over it so swiftly that most of its placid villages clustered about their quaint baroque churches are quite unmarked. Lilacs and magnolias are blooming. Apple and cherry trees which line the rolling fields are in full blossom and touch a smiling landscape with spring glory.

In tidy towns burghers plump and bovine saunter apathetically or smugly, looking less raddled by the hardships and worries of war than any other peoples we have seen in Europe. Truly a country where only man is vile.

For day by day as we traverse this pleasing prospect we are walking into nightmares of human savagery and depravity and the agony they have caused. We are seeing now something new in

history—at least on the colossal scale we are finding here in Germany. In the concentration camps which our swiftly moving armies are overrunning we are finding evidence in the living, the dying and the dead of wholesale cruelty such as the world has never known before.

CRUELTY is deeply embedded in the human character and has stained every race and every age. Tamerlane built his mountain of skulls and the righteous have slaughtered dissenters. Every people has its sadistic individuals. But the world has moved—or we thought it had—since the ages when it was the accepted practice of the conqueror to butcher or enslave a population.

One of humanity's few gains through the centuries has been the cultivation of mercy and the repression of our native cruelty. It has become an essential part

of being civilized. But under Hitler Germany has committed the worst horrors history records and invented new ones and on a scale which dwarfs all previous crimes. I say Germany has committed these horrors, because the German people as a whole share Hitler's guilt though already they are hastening to disclaim it. If it was in only one or two camps that prisoners were starved and worked to death and humiliated, tortured and wantonly murdered, or in only one or two villages that housefuls of people were burned to death we might lay such atrocities to perverted individual commanders and extenuate them as exceptional. But in camp after camp we find the identical picture down to the last grisly detail and the burnings have been too many to be explained away.

What we have here is a gigantic application with characteristic Teutonic thoroughness of a deliberate national policy—calculated cruelty, mechanized mass mur-

'The World Must Not Forget'

(Continued from Page 8)

the other half with their heads to the wall, their bodies dove-tailing. Many prisoners were still there when I entered it the week after our troops had liberated the camp and they were still dying. As I stepped inside, one of the abler-bodied prisoners opened a closet just inside the door. There a score of nearly naked, horribly emaciated bodies were piled.

"Last night's crop," said the prisoner. "Tomorrow it will be the same."

THEN I walked along the corridor in a scene like a nightmare or like the canvas of a decadent painter. There were men too ill and weak to work any more and they had been put here to die. Many were in the last stages of starvation. All, even those able to walk about, were unbelievably emaciated, their arms and legs between the joints so withered I almost could have encircled them with the fingers of one hand. Often their parched skin was pitted with great sores.

Prisoners lying or crouching on their shelves seemed hardly human and some had lost their minds. Some stared at me with piercing eyes from shrunken faces. Some looked idiotically ahead, their eyes seeing nothing, their mouths gaping. Some noticed me and moved what little clothing they wore to show their grotesque malformations and a few smiled sardonically.

Three of those barracks was all I could endure looking into, though some of their inmates had lived there six years.

This was a camp for political prisoners and this was what happened to people who had opposed Hitler or said indiscreet things or were Jews or had been caught in the resistance movements of their native lands. For there were people of many nationalities in that camp—French, Belgian, Dutch, British, Norwegian, Czech, Russian, Polish, as well as German. Their normal fate was to work twelve hours a day on a starvation diet in war factories attached to camps. Many survived it, but many died. And there were the others who were murdered outright.

Buchenwald was a horrible

sight, but Thekla was worse. Thekla is an industrial suburb of Leipzig, which used to pride itself on being the cultural capital of Germany.

Camp authorities removed most of the camps' inmates before American troops captured Leipzig. But while they were listening to the gunfire of our advancing soldiers whom they expected soon to free them, some 300 political prisoners were herded into two barracks and told to go to bed, though it was early afternoon. The barrack windows previously had been boarded up. SS guards hung blankets over these. They locked the doors. Then they poured inflammable "dope" for airplane wings over the roof and down onto the inmates and tossed in incendiary grenades. Quite appropriately these prisoners died on Hitler's birthday.

The question suggests itself of how much the German public knew of such atrocities and how much blame can be placed on the average citizen. One thing is certain already. We shall find very few Germans who will admit any such knowledge and fewer still who will admit any responsibility whatever or show any penitence.

WHILE another correspondent and I were studying that scene of torture at Thekla a group of German civilians, men and women, gathered outside the barbed wire enclosure and gazed too. To give them credit, some of them looked shaken.

"This is a fine thing your party and government have done," my companion, who speaks German perfectly, blazed at them.

An elderly man replied, "We were for Hitler a hundred per cent and he did things like this! We did not do this!"

"But you paraded and gave the Nazi salute and shouted 'heil Hitler,'" my companion flared back.

"But we had to," a young woman replied defensively. "If we had not the Gestapo would have arrested us and put us in concentration camps."

It may be true, although I am not sure that the bulk of the Ger-

(Continued on Page 43)



Where 60,000 lived and died—The prison camp at Belsen.

'The World Must Not Forget'

(Continued from Page 42)

man people did not know in detail the outrages committed in the concentration camps. But it is incredible that they are as ignorant as they pretend to be.

At Buchenwald two Belgian soldiers conducted a Hitler maiden through the death house. They showed her the murder cellar, they seated her on a stool facing the open furnace doors in which half-burned skulls grinned at her, and they made her look at the pile of dead in the courtyard. She was almost hysterical and moaned in horror and perhaps in fear.

"How terrible," she cried. "What awful things they have done to these people."

That was the point. It was "they" who had done these things. That girl showed no sense of personal responsibility, though she had been a sworn supporter of the regime.

MILLIONS of men, women and children were victims of Nazi cruelties and it is impossible, even in a country without real newspapers and with secret police listening at every keyhole, that some parts of the truth were not whispered about until they became general knowledge. And these camps surrounded only by barbed-wire fences and standing beside public highways were perfectly visible. Long caravans of wretched prisoners were moved from camp to camp too and must have been seen at such times.

Then there were the thousands upon thousands of SS officers and guards trained in brutality who administered these camps and applied the tortures. They and their deeds must have been known in some degree to their associates outside.

The hardest person to find in Germany now is a man or woman who was a Nazi by conviction. When a Nazi cannot successfully deny his party membership he almost invariably insists he joined the party only because it was necessary in order to keep

his job. He will vie with you in condemning the party's policies. Yet we who knew Germany before this war saw with what satisfaction and ardor the average German cheered Hitler's bullying threats to the rest of the world.

THERE are decent, kindly Germans, I know, for occasionally Germans have been kind to me even since we have been at war. But there are too few such Germans to weigh against the evil and cruel. The Germans' most conspicuous trait, aside perhaps from his plodding industry, is his sheeplike docility, his craving to obey somebody. The Germans themselves will tell you that the German will obey any order. And it is by reason of this docility that Germany's evil masters have been able to brutalize so much of the population.

Perhaps in time this new barbarism can be bred out of them. But if so it will be a difficult process, lasting for generations. Those of us who have seen Buchenwald and Thekla know that until that doubtful process is completed no slightest chance must be given to the Germans to arm once more for another assault on civilization.



Crowded bunks in the prison camp at Buchenwald.