

Diary of Nazi Believer Who Found No Glory

By Barbara Wace.

WITH THE A.E.F. IN FRANCE, SEPT. 5 (DE-
LAYED) (AP) — The best morale - booster that the G.I.'s
fighting the long battle for Brest have had is a diary taken
from a Nazi prisoner.

In it is the whole Nazi phi- let, several other things. From

from a Nazi prisoner.

In it is the whole Nazi philosophy of boastfulness, the right to take from everybody, total warfare, imperviousness to human suffering that does not touch the "master race" itself and then comes its destruction by battle.

A few hundred yards behind the front line a tired American soldier showed me a translation of entries in the diary of a paratrooper.

Here was proof, straight from the enemy himself, of what the gruelling fighting could do to the "herrenvolk."

The paratroopers are the cream of Adolf Hitler's army. They are the young boys who grew up in Nazi Germany. The paratrooper is Hitler's pampered child, taught that he is a superman, that he is member of a master race, **THAT THE AMERICANS AND BRITISH CANNOT FIGHT**, that he cannot lose the war. He has believed his Fuehrer with a faith that has a religious fervor.

Here is his diary after D-Day:

6 June—Today at 0200 hours enemy landed on French soil supported by a huge number planes and ships. Let them come. **THE MORE THE BETTER.** We shall ~~show~~ ~~them~~ ~~back~~ into the sea. We are prepared for them!

7 June—No one knows as yet when we might be used on invasion front. When that hour comes, we will show the Tommy what we can do. I pity the man who gets in the way of our rifles. We shall have no mercy. I too feel in me an almost "HOLY HATE" for our enemies.

17 June—We had to walk 45 km to Pledran. There we took as many vehicles from population as we could find. All day and all night we being hunted down by American fighters and bombers.

19 June—We had to march 40 km. again. A woman invited another fellow and myself to have eggs. We had told her that we had to leave at 9 o'clock. She must have set back her clock so that we would be too late. Anyhow our unit left without us and it took us two days to find them again.

again.
21 June—I feel like a beach-comber. WALK AROUND IN A TORN UNIFORM AND STEAL FOOD. One can feel that French people dislike us. We haven't received any rations for four days. If it were not for green apples on trees and chicken or rabbit we would probably not be alive any more.

24 June—Thanks to our officer who once again made mistake we had to hike additional 10 km. in all.

25 June—We couldn't march very far tonight because American planes bombed and strafed us continuously.

5 July—Today came order attack in morning. I happy because now I can finally do something contribute to GLORIOUS VICTORY which we will achieve under guidance our Fuehrer and for everlasting greatness of Germany.

6 July—Americans have broken through. I writing this under heavy barrage. Never have I imagined that war can be so horrible. Next to me our lieutenant been hit and his head practically severed.

7 July—Mortar fire covers our position. Two Russian volunteers killed right next me and I take their pistol ammunition. They not need it anymore anyhow.

9 July—Nice Sunday. I wounded today but still lucky. Some grenade splinters from own grenade hit me in lip and right index finger. On other hand I killed my first American today. Three at one time. **ONE HAD HIS HANDS UP. I SHOT HIM FIRST.** I think he had pistol in his hand. Then I shot other two. They really gangsters, these Americans.

12 July—American tank surprises us. Two men hit right away and their machine gun put out of action. Most of us able to get away in time. At noon we attack with two assault guns. We advance past dead German and American soldiers. **WE TAKE CANDIES, SUGAR, CANS OF ALL SORTS FOOD.** Tastes good for change. At night I find dead American lieutenant take compass, playing cards, pipe, wal-

let, several other things. From now on all belongs to me.

Around 2200 enemy breaks through our lines on right and left flank. Everybody flees. Only one other man and I remain to try halt the advance of enemy.

But now he in rear of us and only reason I still alive is that I played dead all night until they passed. ~~But they did get the~~ soldier who stayed with me. Finally I sneaked through their lines.

14 July—Transferred to another regiment.

15 July—Something must be wrong. Replacements we received today are either young kids who scared of what ahead or they old men too old to fight.

18 July—For days and days, I cannot remember how many, we were forced to retreat. Men in my company begin grumble. They always have but never as openly as now.

21 July—Today I saw the first German plane since I been at front. Where is our Luftwaffe when the enemy sends over all these planes? AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ALL SECRET WEAPONS? They surely will put end to advance of our enemy.

24 July—Last night I thought that my last hour had come. ~~West artillery barrage~~ I have ever to live through. I don't know how many casualties there were but there must been quite a few. When is this senseless killing going to end?

Sometimes I find myself thinking that it not too important whether we win or lose just as long as I don't have to live through another night like this.

How can we be expected fight artillery and bombs with no more than rifle and bayonet?

27 July—I really homesick for change. How I would like be home again sleep and sleep and sleep. Hope this war over before Christmas, win or lose. I too young spend all my life away from my family.