DON'T LET THEM HAPPEN HERE

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PINX. HOFFMEISTER & PEEL, 1942

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Indictment of Axis Brutality

THE Secretary of State recently forwarded to me a communication signed by the Ambassador of the Netherlands and the Ministers of Jugoslavia and Luxembourg on behalf of the Governments of Belgium, Greece, Luxembourg, Norway, Netherlands, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and the French National Committee in London, calling attention to the barbaric crimes committed in occupied countries, particularly on the continent of Europe.

The communication which I have just received from the chiefs of mission of the Netherlands, Jugoslavia and Luxembourg states that these acts of oppression and terror have taken proportions and forms giving rise to the fear that as the defeat of the enemy countries approaches, the barbaric and unrelenting character of the occupational regime will become more marked and may even lead to the extermination of certain populations.

As I stated on October 25, 1941:

"The practice of executing scores of innocent hostages in reprisal for isolated attacks on Germans in countries temporarily under the Nazi heel revolts a world already inured to suffering and brutality.

"Civilized peoples long ago adopted the basic principle that no man should be punished for the deed of another. Unable to apprehend the persons involved in these attacks, the Nazis characteristically slaughter 50 or 100 innocent persons. Those who would 'collaborate' with Hitler or try to appease him cannot ignore this ghastly warning.

"The Nazis might have learned from the last war the impossibility of breaking men's spirit by terrorism. Instead, they develop their 'lebensraum' and 'new order' by depths of frightfulness which even they have never approached before.

"These are the acts of desperate men who know in their hearts that they cannot win. Frightfulness can never bring peace to Europe. It only sows the seed of hatred which will one day bring fearful retribution."

The Government of the United States has been aware for some time of these crimes. Our Government is constantly receiving additional information from dependable sources and it welcomes reports from any trustworthy source which would assist in keeping our growing fund of information and evidence up to date and reliable.

The United Nations are going to win this war. When victory has been achieved it is the purpose of each of the United Nations to make appropriate use of the information and evidence in respect to these barbaric crimes of the invaders, in Europe and in Asia.

It seems only fair that they should have this warning that the time will come when they shall have to stand in courts of law in the very countries which they are now oppressing and answer for their acts.

Washington, Aug. 21, 1942

-FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

FOREWORD

THE evidence of Axis brutality presented on these pages by The Philadelphia Inquirer as a public duty is not intended to horrify or frighten you, but only to steel your soul to the task before us, so that mad-dog leaders of nations will never again be allowed to commit such atrocities.

Peoples will be free again, if we do our part, and gangster nations will be *forced* to abide by the code of humanity.

We Americans who are devoting our entire labor, substance, and even life to the cause of freeing the world from savage aggressors should know the brand of destroyer we are up against.

Let us face the facts so that we may fight harder, work more tirelessly, buy bonds more resolutely, suffer deprivations more gladly, in order to protect our own family and our own nation from falling victim to the suffering of Axis-conquered countries.

> DON'T LET AXIS CRIMES HAPPEN HERE!

What Ambassador Grew Says About Japanese Crimes

"We which have lived in the Far East do not easily forget the rape of Nanking, the details of which are too revolting to mention here: we do not easily forget the Panay, nor the bombing of two or three hundred of our missions throughout China. Nor can we forget many of those old personal friends who appeared on the evacuation ships—shadows of their former selves after the long months of solitary confinement and the tortures they had suffered."

-Joseph C. Grew Former Ambassador to Japan

WILLIAM ROSE BENET, whose poem "Day of Deliverance" is published for the first time in this supplement, is perhaps America's best-known contemporary poet. Born February 2, 1886, his life has been devoted to scholarship, editing literary publications and writing many books. His narrative poem, "The Dust Which Is God," won the 1941 Pulitzer Prize for the best volume of verse. Mr. Benét's latest poem runs as a continuing text through these pages and ends on a stirring note of triumphant democracy.

This is the signpost typifying German occupation of a European city. It is intended as a warning to the population.

DAY OF DELIVERANCE

By William Rose Benét

Written today, that it need never be Written in blood again for you and me.

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TAKE the bus home. Inside the pavement's edge

There's that same gap in your next neighbor's hedge

The boys break through. The pungent smoke of Fall

Far down the street, behind the Jones's wall,

Blows from their burning leaves. The gutter's drift

Is rustling brown, where flutterings sift and shift.

Here's your own path, a scooter tossed beside.

Mount the scarred steps and push the front door wide.

The dusk hall smells of home. Go on, right through,

Into the kitchen. Drop the one or two Parcels upon the table. From your arm The evening paper slides, just as a warm Known voice calls, "That you, Dear?" from up the stair.

Headlines look black . . . We'll have to spare the wear

On those rear tires . . . How bad is Jimmy's cold?

Conserve our clothes . . . Furnace, thank God, is old.

There's coal enough . . . Such are the thoughts you think, (Continued on Next Page)

The heart of civilization weeps with this Russian mother who returned home to find the body of her son among villagers murdered by retreating Germans.

AXIS CRIMES SECTION OF THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

Would war, 1939 -

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Your LIFE has NO VALUE to Our Enemies



Using live Chinese for "dummies," Jap veterans give less skilled comrades pointers on how to handle the bayonet. The photograph was allowed out of Nanking by the Japanese in 1937, but world reaction was so unfavorable that such pictures are now withheld.



Prisoners of war are a responsibility repugnant to Japan's code. A common practice is to tie Chinese prisoners' hands and solve the problem with bayonets. Here's the result.



First the Japanese officer, privileged individual, develops his Samurai's skill by plunging his sword into the body of the Chinese.



Then the common soldier gets bayonet practice. The Japanese allowed a news photographer to snap these pictures at Tientsin.



Bodies of women, children and old men strewn in a Chinese village typify the advance of Japan's "Co-prosperity sphere."



One recorded instance of Jap savagery occurred in Nanking when Chinese were soaked with gasoline, ignited and sent running through the streets until death finally ended their suffering.

DAY OF DELIVERANCE

While newsprint, from the drainboard next the sink, Through printer's ink, as from that jar of myth, Puffs up the genie-cloud of War, wherewith Of a sudden all your humdrum life is filled. The nauseous dream a schizophrenic willed Has come to pass--planned early and planned late From the beginning—revenge, with studied hate Praising the "vital Lie." Your vague good-will Gropes in that unreal cloud which seems to fill The air with poison gas . . . You're not like that. You have an average mind beneath your hat, Average tolerance and average good Within your heart. You never understood That when the world, leaders and led forget Just how profound is every nation's debt To all humanity, they open wide The door for those like these, who snarled outside.

A FTER the dinner dishes have been done, You have Mein Kampf to meditate upon. In calm safe comfort of familiar ease, You lift the schizoid's volume from your knees. With boast and sneer, here the assault was planned Contemptuously. On these pages stand In all their sinuousness, for all to read, The Liar's Coda and the Murderer's Creed; The "hardness" of the mucker and the lout, The Double-Crosser, knifing when in doubt, The Orator, like his Duce-dupe when he Reviled the "corpse of putrid Liberty." How ably they have loosed the thug and brute When it comes to bloodlust, records of this war show that there is little choice between Jap and German. Each nation has produced instances of brutality that seem to be motivated entirely by a streak of sadism in officers or individual soldiers. Japs have made sport of bayoneting Chinese prisoners, German fliers have machine-gunned harmless women at work in the fields. Both armies have staged orgies of mass execution of civilians.



German machine-guns in a Polish village cut this girl down when, with cherished possessions in hand, she attempted to flee.



How could three women, armed with hoes, digging potatoes near Warsaw, be opponents worthy of Hitler's Luftwaffe? Yet a German flier roared past, spraying them with bullets. These Polish women lost their lives; but the victory will be theirs.

By William Rose Benét

(Continued)

In Total War, to maim and rape and shoot, And taught the brown men of the "Rising Sun" How easily the monstrous thing is done! There is no mayhem that they have not tried, No kindness, goodness, and no decent pride, No code of right taught to the growing child That they have not disfigured and defiled, Saying, as overture to ghastly crimes, That "moral force belongs to bygone times" While Academe this glorious aim unfurled: "To will the anarchy of the moral world"...

They have coerced with violence, and bound Fine minds in stupor, and destroyed the ground For any confidence in word or deed . . . Such are the *Herrenvolk*, and such their creed.

- I heard a shuddering sound from the beaten and the bound
- With the blood of the innocent crying from the ground.
- I saw a shadowy beast, like a monster at his feast, Shambling through the mounds of slain, where sounds of life had ceased.
- I heard the whips fall, heard the volley against the wall,
- And hate's grating laugh to hate, snarling over all.
- Yet I saw a faint light, far and distant through the night,
- A small but a steady glow, growing on my sight ...

(Continued on Page 6)



Unfortunate victims of war are the women of Poland, who have seen their homes destroyed, their families slain or dispersed and themselves ground down by one or another type of slavery, which in many cases only ends in front of a German Army or Gestapo firing squad.



A familiar sight in every European town occupied by German troops: Five patriots being hung in Velizh, Russia.



The German soldier values other people's life lightly. Vitya Cherevichny, 15, refused to give his pet pigeon to passing German soldiers in Rostov, so they shot him.

From a pole in Vitebsk this Russian woman hangs, grimly indicting German lust for domination.



Tragic is the fate of 100,000 Serbian children who were torn from their homes and forced to walk to Germany. Herded like cattle on the long trip, they were fed grass roots and dirty water from swamps. Those who survived were placed in labor camps and taught that they belonged to a lower race which must serve Germany.

ONLY time can tell what will be the full effect of Axis terrorism on the child generation. Thousands will not be alive to know, for they have either been shot or have died of starvation, sickness or exposure. Of those still alive, countless have been separated from parents, probably forever. Many were sent to Germany to be indoctrinated with Nazi ideas and forced to labor. Trainloads of young girls have been deported to brothels for German soldiers.



During a lull in the German air raids, this little Polish boy crept back to the ruins of a once-happy home—the only place he knew to go. What chance has he of ever again living in a normal home, and learning the correct values of right and wrong?



As the Germans withdrew from Kerch in the Crimea, the story of their monstrous cruelty was left behind in the streets of the city. In all, 7,000 children and their mothers were slaughtered by the Nazis before Kerch was retaken by the Russians.

DAY OF DELIVERANCE By William Rose Benét (Conf'd. from Pg. 5)

The brazen burning Juggernaut of pain Towers its way across a writhing plain Of broken bodies in the conquered lands. Another plan the Devil understands Likewise takes form: to shift the populations, Disperse all families, and dismember nations; But first, it is the day of mass-arrest, Mass-murder, of the bullet in the breast Of thousands: a reprisal-rule fulfilled In fifty persons for every Nazi killed, The rule-not the exception-mounting higher, With fury raging like a forest fire. One half a million Europeans shot, A quarter-million killed upon the spot, Mass-massacred. Under the shadow of dread Thousands living. Innocent thousands dead. And yet-"resistance jokes" that travel round, Hundreds of papers printed underground, Sabotage that harasses and disturbs, Chetnik guerilla fighters, fiery Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Greeks raiding from mountainheights . . . While on his mountain, in his brooding nights, The Leader earlier hailed the phantom forms

The Leader earlier hailed the phantom forms Of Famine and Disease, that trail their swarms Of microscopic death. These rose from Hell At his command. They too have served him well.

I heard the gibing sneer, thud of blows, and the jeer; Desecration of all altars and of all we once held dear; Dim and fitful came the light through that utter pall of night,

The far gleam, the phantom glow, that wept before my sight.

And I knew the slaves to turn, with eyes that redly burn

In faces pale as phosphorus I barely could discern, Though I heard them cursed and flayed in the graves where they were laid,

That wound in the world's side, the Grave the World is made.

(Continued on Page 14)

Axis Terror Warps Lives of Children



No one knows how many helpless children have suffered hunger, cold and torture. Thrown out of their homes without means of sustenance were the members of this little group of hungry Polish children.



Words could not describe the many cruelties inflicted upon Chinese children more eloquently than the picture of this little blood-stained baby, forsaken among the ruins of Shanghai after the Jap invasion.



Gathered in front of the charred ruins of their home, a mother wipes away a tear, and her babies stare unsmilingly as the war brings its grim imprint to their tiny minds. They're the family of a European peasant.



Haunted by fear of her Nazi persecutors in the ghetto of Warsaw, this little Jewish girl typifies fright incarnate. She was one of thousands herded into the ghetto where hunger, sickness and death are systematically exterminating young people.



Seven women were in a field on the outskirts of Warsaw, picking up potatoes, when German machine-gun bullets whizzed out of the air and killed three of them. Agonized with grief, a young girl kneels beside the body of her sister, one of the victims.

STARVATION: Cruelest Axis Weapon



Gradual extermination of the Polish nation by malnutrition is Hitler's essential plan, according to the Polish Minister of Information. Here are two men of Warsaw hacking at the carcass of a horse to get food for their starving families. In Poland and in other countries rats have been butchered and sold for food.



"People may starve in Europe this winter, but they will not be Germans," well-fed Reichsmarshal Herman Goering broadcast to the world two weeks ago, meaning that occupied nations will get even less than before. The chart shows what the official ration card allows the slave nations—not what they actually get. Many find the distribution centres empty when they present their ration cards.



"Be a good slave, or starve," say Nazi masters as they dole out soup to Polish women.

THE theory that a people can be starved into agreement with the plans of a conqueror is getting a thorough trial in occupied countries. In every defeated nation the amount of food permitted to an individual is measured by his co-operation, real or simulated, with the Axis overlords. The malnutrition which is sapping the strength and vitality of downtrodden nations is bound to wreak its ill effects on several generations.



Even God's own free water has become hard to get in some Polish communities. Here a woman and her daughter draw a bucket of water for which they were forced to pay.





One thousand persons a day starved to death in Greece last winter. Nazis, who had seized food reserves, kicked the bodies into gutters.



Living dead walk the streets of Greece,

without enough strength to pounce on a starved mouse if it crossed their path.



When you want to reduce a conquered nation to the lowest form of degradation you dole out its food at soup kitchens. This food line was photographed in Paris. The alternative is to subsist by patronizing the black markets run by German racketeers. Small infractions of the conqueror's rules are punished by taking away ration cards.

It could happen here; but it won't, unless we fail in our duties to our own Nation and humanity. A grain of rice is so cherished in Jap-occupied China that women sweep it up with a broom when it falls from a passing truck.



Japs have developed scientific refinements on starvation. They plan diets so that prisoners will live for three, four or five months, if they don't exert themselves too much. Above are two Chinese in the last stages of exhaustion due to malnutrition.

LIDICE LIVES ON

By Maxwell Shane

HAVE come a long way To tell you a story. Not across oceans, or mountains, or deserts.

Much, much further than that . . . I have come from beyond the grave.

My story is true, all of it.

You are free people. If what I have to tell you gives you courage to remain free

No matter what the odds No matter what the sacrifices. Then my long journey has not been in vain. * * * *

There was a village, my village, Lidice, in Czechoslovakia, small, unimportant.

But to us Lidice was everything, For Lidice was our home.

In our village, one heard the same sounds One hears wherever free people live . . . The cry of a fresh-born baby, The sweet laughter of children, The cheerful clang of the blacksmith's hammer. And on holidays, singing and dancing, And afterwards . . . the gentle whisperings of lovers.

Those were the important things: Peace and work And loving the woman of one's choice, Forever, forever, until . . . They came!

We were a peaceful people. They were strong. Overnight we were a conquered people. * * * *

But perhaps it was not to be so bad . . . Their Fuehrer was sending a Protector. Does not the word mean a watcher, a guardian?

The Protector arrived . . . and we learned What the word meant. In his own country they whispered Another word for him . . . the Hangman . . .

our Protector. How the sounds in our village were changed Under his protection! Instead of the cries of babies . . . Gunshots against a wall. Instead of the laughter of children . . . The scrunch of gravediggers' picks.

Instead of the cheerful clang of the blacksmith's hammer . . Nails for the blacksmith's coffin.

I was glad for the blacksmith.

We living were slaves . . . It's better to die. * * * *

But we were not alone against the enemy! It was forbidden to listen to the radio . . . But last night the R.A.F. raided Brest . . . The Russians were pushing the enemy back . .

And the United States . . .

No, we were not alone,

And there was hope. We would fight-our weapons, stealth and the night.

They were many, but one by one, They would be fewer,

One by one.

And in the nearby village, their Hangman ... our Protector . .

He who lived by murder . . . Died by murder.

Even in the death of the hated one There was no joy.

In ten days, by the Nazi count, 403 innocent Czechs were shot . . . Was not that good enough for one Hangman?

It was not good enough.

Somehow, they believed the slayers of the Hangman Were hidden in our village . .

And the word of vengeance read:

"For aiding and sheltering the murderers of their Protector,

The Czechoslovakian village of Lidice Will be removed from the map of the world,

All buildings will be burned to the ground,

All women and children will be moved To labor camps in the Reich, All adult males will be put to death."

This, free people of the world, this In Nineteen-forty-two, In the year of our Lord Nineteen-forty-two!

Our homes, built by our fathers And our fathers' fathers. In one hour . . . charred embers!

Our wives, our children, Our sweethearts! In one hour . . . gone to slavery! We men of Lidice!

In one hour . . Piled in bloody, inanimate rows!

* * * * You shot at us, Nazi murderers, But we will not die! You meant to wipe out Lidice from the memory of man. In your stupid arrogance you have made us live! By this very outrage you have only fanned higher The flames of purpose in the lands where men are still free. Night and day, minute after minute, They prepare your destruction . . Planes, and guns, and tanks, and ships, Steel for steel, power for power, They fashion ten for your one! So that one day soon You and the horror you have brought into the world Will be wiped out, So that wherever men live they will walk again in freedom. Then you will be forgotten And Lidice will live again. The babies our women carried away with them, Born and unborn, They will build our village again. And in our children, we, free men of Lidice, Will live again. No, Nazi murderers, this is real,

This is no dream.

You have shot us, but we have not died ... WE REFUSE TO DIE!

-From the script of the Victory Short, "We Refuse to Die." Copyright 1952, Paramount Pictures, Inc.

The destruction of Lidice and its people will be recorded as one of man's most horribly ruthless acts. This symbolic painting is by Antonin T. Peel, Czechoslovakia's ace political cartoonist, who came to America by way of three concentration camps. The original painting and the original of Mr. Peel's and his compatriot Mr. Hoffmeister's cover for this supplement will hang permanently in New York's Freedom House.







To sink to slavery in Hitler's Europe one does not have to be deported. Nazis are ever present to enforce menial tasks upon anyone unfortunate enough to cross their paths. It is in factories, however, that the slave system really flowers. Inhuman working conditions such as have never been paralleled in modern times exist in some Nazi plants.





Before being shipped to forced labor in the Reich, Poles are herded at a Warsaw barracks. In Germany their movements are restricted to daily trips from prison camp to factory.

WITH diabolical cleverness Hitler has introduced slave labor in Europe serve two ends - the to wholly practical one of obtaining workers for his war industries, the more subtle cne of promoting race suicide in the conquered nations by depriving them of young manpower. A corollary is the concentration of technical skill in the Reich and the reduction of other countries to an agricultural serfdom. It is all part of a "master plan" to dominate all phases of European life. To attain it the Nazis use both force and trickery.



In a cruel bargain Hitler offered to exchange one French prisoner of war for three French workers. Here workers wait at a station beside a train carrying returned soldiers.



Nazi soldiers call the roll of conscript workers. They are crowded into under-heated buildings, refused medical attention and forced to work long hours at high speed.



Lured by promises, an unsuspecting French worker bound for Berlin bids his family goodbye.



Under armed guard, workers sweep a city street. Estimates of the number of persons carried into industrial bondage by the Nazis range from 2,500,000 to 4,000,000.

BEFORE & AFTER: Hitler's Mark on Europe





AXIS CRIMES SECTION OF THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

HOSTAGE MURDER: Nazi Substitute for Justice



Nazi soldiers gaze at the body of an innocent Jugoslav civilian, one of many hanged in inhuman retaliation for a single attack upon a German. The offical rule of death is 100 Jugoslavs for one Nazi.

DAY OF DELIVERANCE By William Rose Benét (Cont'd. from Pg. 6)

R esist, and the immediate reply Not that you die, but in what way you die. The ration card is cancelled, you are sent, In a cowed herd, across a continent To labor "at the mill, with slaves," to be One cog the more in the Economy Of the New Order—or perhaps they break Your spirit with torture—for the Future's sake . . .

Day of the Hostage, and superior day Of laboring serfs who have no more to say As to their lives than, in grim tales of old, The shackled blacks that filled the slaver's hold. Thus the stark "Aryan", with his pride of place, Rules once for all each "base inferior" race. Call then the roll!

Belgium!

"They took away Our dole cards, promised us superior pay, Then, with exactions, undercut the dole!"

Norway!

"They could not kill our nation's soul. They raised their dummy Quisling, seized control Of the Trade Unions, summoned martial law And shipped us anywhere—but soon we saw Our promised wage but pence, our domicile Some barnlike hovel, cold and damp and vile."

Czechoslovakia!

"We are those they hate Most richly, since we bowed before our fate But never broke. Our folk they commandeer For work of any kind, and anywhere; Penalty: cells, or fines unlimited. We have labored for them like the living dead. From bombed town to bombed town we travel on. Husbands and wives and children? They are gone."

Denmark!

"Our economic scheme destroyed. Millions of Kronen for hordes of unemployed. Relief schemes—but the Nazi pressure came And many went. The women of their name Wait for the promised money they would send. (Continued on Page 16)



Piling horror upon horror. Nazis force Poles to dig a common grave for other Polish hostages who have been shot. The living laborers then join the dead by being executed upon the spot. The reign of terror in Poland has risen to unbelievable heights.



With death sentences being pronounced daily by the hundreds, firing squads in Poland are kept busy continually. Of the 200,000 executed in that country, 100,000 died after so-called "trials," 70,000 as hostages and 30,000 in concentration camps.

Jap Brutality As Portrayed By the Chinese

THESE graphic cartoons of barbarous acts committed by Jap soldiers upon the Chinese civil population are taken from a Chinese publication.









The number of executions nearly equals the combined population of Reading and Scranton. Totals for each country were released by exiled governments in London, Sept. 21. Since then many more murders have been reported, particularly in Norway. The figures do not include deaths resulting from actual warfare.



A long line of Poles, with arms aloft, moves toward the execution ground. Sometimes whole groups of hostages simply disappear and the news of their fate is withheld.

WITH minds so warped that they W cannot grasp the simplest principles of right and wrong, the Nazis have made a travesty of justice in the occupied countries. Passing far beyond the rule of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, they have executed innocent civilians by the score for a real or fancied crime against the forces of occupation. The toll of this terrible reprisal now nears the tremendous total of nearly a quarter of a million persons who have faced firing squad and hangman in the conquered nations. Daily the Nazis seize guiltless hostages, who are placed in a reserve to be drawn upon for further mass murders.



Relatives seek the bodies of loved ones in a pile in a Belgrade street. In this city as many as 50 hostages have been killed for the mere wounding of a Nazi.



Picked up on the street an innocent Frenchman faces a firing squad, not knowing the crime for which he is to die. More than 5,000 additional hostages were seized recently in Paris to replenish the execution-depleted reserve.



DAY OF DELIVERANCE

By William Rose Benét (Cont'd. from Pg. 14)

But they have passed to slavery without end."

Holland!

"They levelled a defenseless town. . Rotterdam fell, but in that fall went down Their every claim to honor or to right. We fought, we fought, and in our chains we fight!"

Greece!

"Why what shrift should fighting Greece expect? Factories idle. All our commerce wrecked. A puppet rule that binds us to the land To harvest for the vile and grasping hand That stripped our shops, spread famine like a blight. The dying clog our gutters day and night In Athens, in the Piraeus. With execration Proceeds their plan of slow extermination."

Poland!

"How may we answer, with our tongue Torn from our throat? Avenge us, warriors young, Brave youths escaped, a-wing in high free air, Even as Poland's winged warriors were Terrible to the foe! The myriad graves Cry out below. Strike, for the living slaves!"

Jewry! "The Warsaw ghetto. Death could use, In famine and disease, a thousand Jews? Nay, but seven hundred thousand, to expire From thirst, starvation, and machine-gun fire. Also, there is the fortress, Terezin. The Czech Jews and the German Jews within Rot underground in dungeons, die like flies: Some fifty thousand. Turn away your eyes. Their plan is to exterminate the Jews Through all the world, though that is hardly news. In France, their deportation roundups grow."

France!

"Black Laval's colossal deal you know, Shipping us to the Boche in box-car loads, A butcher's cattle, jabbed by Vichy's goads. What is he bid-to sell his fellow Gauls? His rat-squeak chatters as the Boche whip falls On their six million foreign slaves. But we Wait-hate-and-Vive La France! Vive La Patrie!"

Yes, I heard the slaves say, in a whisper dry as clay, "Oh we hearken for the hour now, we listen for the day!

- I heard that rumor run from eve till rise of sun Like a long ripple under earth where all men are as one.
- My breath came harsh and spare, with horror in my hair.
- For hate of the inhuman thing that mauled them in its lair .
- But I heard a Voice say: "This too shall pass away, This nightmare in the darkness-and at last it shall be day!"

Thus forced migrations of "inferior folk"

For the "perfect race," under their iron yoke. By force or fraud, by press-gang and night-raid, By truck and lorry, with threats to make afraid . . They have wrenched away the daughter from the mother.

Father from son, brother apart from brother; (Concluded on Page 19)



Head bowed, a mother leads a group of refugees through a shattered Louvain street. Women and children are natural victims of Hitler's own brand of warfare.

Millions Made Homeless By Germans and Japs





This aged Warsaw resident could save only a spoon from her wrecked home.



Two Polish refugees, with meagre belongings, cross a bridge from Warsaw.

A blinded man taps his way through the wreckage of Namur, Belgium.



Bowed by suffering, an old Polish woman probes in the ruins of her home.



Chinese refugees did not leave the country, but moved from Jap-occupied zones to western China. It was the biggest transplanting of humans in world history.

So MANY millions of civilians have been driven from their homes by the inexorable aggressors that the refugee has almost become a symbol for this era of Axis terrorism. The hordes of homeless wanderers have walked until they dropped, then suffered the terrible hazard of being machine-gunned by airplanes. They've had little or no food for days. Neither lame, nor halt, nor blind have been spared. From each invaded area came the homeless masses—their only solace that they were putting distance between themselves and the clanking juggernaut of the enemy, their only hope that they might regain security—somewhere, sometime.

REFUGEES BY COUNTRIES

France	.6,000,000
Holland, Belgium	.1,500,000
Poland	
Czechoslovakia	
Norway	
China	40,000,000



Numb with horror, an old lady stands in the midst of the ruins of a Polish city.



With his parents' only remaining household goods, this boy waits on the outskirts of Chengtu, China, while Jap planes bomb the city.



Their homes demolished by ruthless bombing, these Warsaw residents set up camp in the open.



Homeless peasants seek shelter in the Warsaw Opera House. The building was later destroyed.



Stumbling, terrified, through the ruins of a blitzed Belgian town go a mother and her three children.

How the Japs Tortured Interned Americans

VIOLATING every prin-ciple of international law, to say nothing of common decency, the Japs subjected interned American missionaries, teachers and other U. S. citizens to barbarous treatment. Numerous instances of torture during the six months they were incarcerated have been revealed since their return to this country. Most infamous was the "water cure," in which the subject was bound with his knees drawn up to his chin and water poured into his nose and mouth until he lost consciousness. Internees were kicked, slapped, beaten, forced to sit for hours on their heels, badly clothed and fed, denied doctors. Typical is the experience of Edwin Koons, 62-year-old Presbyterian missionary

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Telling of his experience with the water cure, Edwin Koons says his torturer "began forcing water down my throat. The maximum usually is four large kettles and I took them all before I fainted." After regaining consciousness he was returned to his cell; less fortunate internees had the "cure" repeated.



Questioning of Koons "centered on a typed letter in which errors had been crossed out with x's. An officer insisted these were code and demanded the key."



"They removed my clothes and beat me with a rubber hose. Other guards occasionally joined my examiners, each giving me cracks on the head and feet. My back was badly bruised and the soles of my feet were almost too sore to walk. After questioning, all you want is to rest until the pain fades."



"Our cell was 11 by 11 feet. I was placed in it with some 30 others. The real inconveniences came at night, when it was impossible to change position once you lay down, and from the lack of food. However, you don't really get starved until you have been progressively hungry for about 20 days."



NOT the least of Axis crimes are those perpetrated against things of the mind and spirit which mankind, reaching for the stars, has built up through the centuries. The Nazis have substituted pagan mythology for Christianity, they have burned churches, they have dragged priceless mementos of a proud past through the dirt, they have condemned books to the flames and art treasures to oblivion. What they did not defile or destroy they looted. In their barbarous wake lies a miasma that beclouds the corner stones of European culture.



They gave warning. After Hitler's advent to power in 1933, these proselytizers of paganism staged a public burning of "non-German" books and scriptures in the Opera Square of Berlin.





Tschaikovsky's bust and music manuscript were hurled into the snow by the Nazis from his conquered home at Klin. Similarly violated were Tolstoy and Chekhov shrines.



Smoke curls from a Berlin synagogue fired by the Nazis. They have re-established ghettos, sent Christian pastors to concentration camps and death, mocked religion.



The Dean of Canterbury inspects the ruins of the Cathedral's library, victim of one of the Nazi "Baedeker raids," aimed deliberately at English cultural centres and famed historic landmarks.



Outstanding example of Nazi savagery was the bombing of Rotterdam after it had surrendered. In this huge area once stood the Great Church, the Library and the ancient Town Hall.

DAY OF DELIVERANCE By William Rose Benét (Continued from Page 16)

They have torn the husband from the weeping wife, They have stamped on every happiness in life, Filling young minds with fantasies of fear Which after years shall hardly disappear . . .

BUT I heard a sound that stuns, through the thunder of their guns; I heard the stride of Liberty marching with her sons. And the Monster raised his head, and his jowls and hands were red. He glared and shook his fetid mane, fearing while he fed.

For across a widening dawn that great sound rolled on. The armies of Deliverance thrusting through the dawn. And flaring here and there, great banners rode the air, And the sun wore golden armor as he climbed a fiery stair.

And I saw the crowds of slaves rising, crying from their graves With fortured hands that trembled toward the light that heals and saves.

And I saw the Monster reel from a wall of charging steel. I heard all chains falling to a shattering trumpet-peal!

O I heard great Freedom sing—her war-eagles high a-wing— I have seen Freedom striding with the sword that she can swing. I have heard the shouting song of a grimly-marshalled throng And the blasting of their batteries at the bastions of the strong,

And those towers crumbling down like a tyrant's plaster crown To the earthquake sound of Freedom rumbling under Terror's town, With the brutal and the base lightning-smitten from their place And the smile of the torturer stricken from his face ...

Then I heard a Voice say: "Let us kneel and let us pray That the horror of this evil be forever passed away!"

And I saw Mankind stand in a new and lighted land Like a giant on the mountains. And the stars were in his hand.

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WILLIAM ROSE BENET Rockport, Mass., Sept. 22, 1942



HITLER'S process of enlarging his "island of pure Germanic influence" at the expense of the other nations of Europe is being carried out steadily, while the interest of the world is focused on more spectacular war headlines. The Nazi theory is that political and racial groups that might at some future time become strong enough to resist German domination should be broken up. One method of arriving at this end is starvation, the other is enforced migration. The chart above presents the available details of how the monstrous reshuffling of peoples is being carried out. Most striking is the plan for moving 3,000,000 Hollanders, one-third of the nation, into White Russia where they would be tenant farmers.