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How the Germans abide by the Geneva convention—these starved, ill-treated Americans were liberated from a camp near Limburg

when the Nazi government moved to Weimar, 80 miles away. But the Americans arrived first, and after one frantic attempt to remove the treasure, the Germans buried it and fled. In two other salt mines nearby they left huge stocks of cognac and champagne and a 10-square-mile underground factory.

That night, American tanks ringed this modern hoard of the Nibelungs.

Surrender by Air

While most Germans fled from battle on foot, some members of the Luftwaffe dropped out of the war last week in their own fashion:

Portuguese officials at the Lisbon airport looked up with amazement at 2 p. m. on April 6. A fighter bomber roared low over the field, its motors sputtering, and landed on the edge just as it ran out of gas. Three German pilots jumped out smiling, lit cigarettes, and asked to be interned. "We are tired of fighting," they explained.

At Königswinter on the Rhine, a 23-year-old Luftwaffe instructor turned up in a training plane with his 20-year-old bride, who was suitably dressed in high-heeled leather boots, slacks, and a short jacket, with her trousseau in a small knapsack. They had met and married in Vienna two months before; when the Russians came uncomfortably close, they saw no point in staying. Now they were ready for a honeymoon behind the Allied lines.

Germany: Royal Rage

Princess Valerie Maria of Arenburg, a great granddaughter of Queen Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and wife of Prince Ingelbert of Arenburg, sat out the war with

her husband in a 300-room, eighteenth-century palace on their 16,000-acre estate at Nordkirchen in Westphalia—until last week. Then, with an aristocratic bang, the war caught up with the redheaded princess as the Second Armored Division of the American Ninth Army rolled up on March 31.

Dirty, tired, and unshaven, American tankers descended upon the palace for billets. The princess, her hair carefully mannequined and her fingernails painted scarlet, met them at the door with loud and vehement protest. Wringing her hands in distress, she followed the commanding officer from room to room.

He ordered her to move to a fourteen-room wing of the palace with her entourage, which included her husband and a refugee cousin, the Duke's Croys.

"I'm astonished," she wailed. "I thought England would protect me . . . I can't stand this. I have had to live in a cellar all winter while you Americans bombed Germany . . . How can these things happen? You Americans are doing the very things you promised not to do."

Remember Stalag 9B

At dawn on April 2, troops of the 108th Infantry Division of the American First Army rolled across the wooded hill country near Orb, Germany. Southeast of that village, they captured prison camp Stalag 9B Wegscheide. What they found there appalled even the toughest GI and seemed to demonstrate that in some cases at least the Germans had treated British and American prisoners of war as badly as any of the pitiful slave laborers.

The 6,500 prisoners—3,200 of them Americans—were crammed into a 400-foot-square barbed-wire compound. Enfeebled by a starvation diet, they could not even run out to greet the rescuers they

rejoiced to see. The Americans lived in eighteen rotting, wooden shacks—160 of them in one 40- by 80-foot bovel. They had no chairs, no beds, no bedding. They took turns sleeping, because the cramped floor wasn't big enough for them all to lie down. The 160 shared one feebly dripping water tap and a single hole in the floor for a toilet. They had no soap or towels, and they were crawling with lice.

The Americans got tiny rations of watery soup, sometimes made of grass, ersatz bread, cheese, and a sickening coffee substitute. Medical officers said the daily diet provided less than 1,400 calories (2,500 are necessary for even a sedentary middle-aged man and 3,800 for an active young man of 18 to 20). One soldier captured in December had lost 60 pounds. About 100 prisoners, including 36 Americans, had died in four months.

American medical officers held in the prison operated and treated disease, including 80 cases of pneumonia, with no drugs but a few sulfa pills, one needle-holder, one pair of forceps, one pair of scissors, and a spool of black cotton thread. A few cigarettes filtered through the German guards; one man paid \$80 for three smokes. Only one shipment of Red Cross parcels arrived in four months, although the Red Cross sends enough to give every man a parcel a week.

Last week the liberated men watched C-47 transports dip down on the German landing strip where they waited. The planes were shutting them to France, and in a few hours the Yanks would be recuperating far from Orb.

"What Justice Is There?" American survivors of Stalag 12, near Limburg, told a similar story of malnutrition and disease. German guards there sold prisoners tiny potatoes for 100 Belgian francs each.

and cigarettes for 250 francs each. At a labor camp at Gerolstein, a Yank sergeant died, five or six Americans died every day, and a Nazi guard clubbed and kicked men who fell from hunger and exhaustion. Seventy Americans and more than 450 British liberated at Grimmenthal described a "march of death" across Germany almost to the Russian front and back, during which more than 1,000 prisoners died.

One of 1,200 Americans liberated among 12,000 Allied prisoners near Kassel voiced the burning bitterness many Yanks feel toward Germans: What justice is there in feeding German prisoners in the United States butter, meat, and potatoes "while we over here got so weak we couldn't get out of our bunks on the liter a day of watery soup we received?"

Queen of the Danube

The Nazis Killed Vienna's Spirit;
Now They Doom Its Beauty to Ruin

The city of the greatest cultural, political, and strategic significance in Hitler's Reich came under violent and destructive siege last week. That city was Vienna, relic of an imperial age and

hostage of the Nazis. The besieger was the Red Army, a force which came into existence only in Vienna's old age.

The Third Ukrainian Army of Marshal Fedor I. Tolbukhin had broken across the thin barrier of the Leitha Mountains southeast of the Austrian capital and débouched into the pleasant valley that leads north to Vienna. Wiener-Neustadt and its great Messerschmitt factory fell. So did Baden, a little resort town with a casino. Russian columns pounded through the southern suburbs of Favoriten and Simmering, where the municipal gas and electric works are located, and captured the East, West, and South Stations and the Osterreich arsenal.

Another Red Army column struck out boldly into the 1,000-foot hills and beech forests of the Wiener Wald—the Vienna Woods, reminiscent of Johann Strauss waltzes and the Sundays before the war when the entire population seemed to flock to this old imperial hunting preserve. In a great curving advance the Russians nearly encircled Vienna when they reached Klosterneuburg, a little town on the Danube with a twelfth-century abbey, just below Klosterneuburg in such villages as Grinzing, Sievering, and Neulaldegg, Austrians once went for the "Heuriger," the new wine sold by

shops decorated with bundles of green twigs. Later, it was drunk with cold sausage at country inns.

Northeast of Vienna, another Russian army, the Second Ukrainian under Marshal Rodion Y. Malinovsky, began to forge a second pincer to complete the encirclement of the city. This army smashed across the Morava River (the Germans call it the March) into the Marchfeld, a plain formed by the angle of the Danube and the Morava and often the scene of decisive battles.

Hunger, Ruins, and Ashes: In the Inner City, beneath the shadow of the 448-foot tower of bomb-damaged St. Stephen's Cathedral, where the bodies of Hapsburg emperors once rested in the underground vaults, there could be heard the wham of Russian guns less than a mile away. The narrow streets of the Inner City, the 150-foot-wide Ringstrasse which surrounds it, and the spacious plazas of the Hofburg were all nearly deserted. The Viennese had fled to the Tyrol or were spending their days in air-raid shelters.

For the Nazis had proclaimed their intention of defending Vienna to the last. The military commander was Col. Gen. Sepp Dietrich, toughest of the



Vienna: The Red Army fights through the greatest center of European culture in Hitler's Reich