

11/1/60

MEMOIRS: PART ONE

How much time fate allows me to live, I do not know. I do know that someone must inform this generation and the next about the happenings of my era. I am writing this story at a time when I am in full possession of my physical and mental freedom, influenced or pressed by no one. May future historians be objective enough not to stray from the path of the true facts recorded here.

I have slowly tired of living as an anonymous wanderer between

first Nurnberg trial, my most trusted subordinate testified against me. So did others. Perhaps these people referred to me in order to whitewash themselves. But when such a thing goes on for years and everyone joins in, thus fixing the blame for past deeds, a legend is created in which exaggeration plays a large part.

In actual fact, I was merely a little cog in the machinery that carried out the directives and orders of the German Reich. I am neither a murderer nor a mass-murderer. I am a man of average good qualities, and many faults. I was not the "czar of the Jews," as a Paris newspaper once called me, nor was I responsible for all the good and evil deeds done against them. Where I was implicated in the physical annihilation of the Jews, I admit my participation freely and without pressure. After all, I was the one who transported the Jews to the camps. If I had not transported them, they would never have been delivered to the butcher.

Yet what is there to "admit?" I carried out my orders. It would be as pointless to blame me for the whole Final Solution of the Jewish Problem as to blame the minister who was in charge of the railroads over which the Jewish transports traveled. Where would we

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do that today in the new German army. But with us an order was an order. If I had sabotaged the order of the one-time Fuhrer of the German Reich, Adolf Hitler, I would have been not only a scoundrel but a despicable dog, like those who broke their military oath to join the ranks of the anti-Hitler criminals in the conspiracy of July 20, 1944.

At the Nurnberg trials the world was given a new interpretation of justice. Not one Russian, no Israeli, no Englishman or North American was punished in even a single instance because he carried out commands given to him while he was in an official position or under military oath. Why should the gallows or the penitentiary be reserved for Germans only?

But I am getting ahead of my story. It is time to outline my rank and duties in the events which I shall discuss, and to introduce myself.

Name: Adolf Otto Eichmann

Nationality: German

Occupation: Lieutenant Colonel SS (retired).

The area of my section's authority was those Jewish matters

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the problems of finding out whether a person was a Gentile or a Jew, If he turned out to be a Jew, we were the administrative authority which deprived him of his German citizenship, confiscated his property and declared him an enemy of the state. After the one-time German Fuhrer gave the order for the physical annihilation of the Jews, our duties shifted. We supervised Gestapo seizures of German Jews and the trains that took them to their final destination. Throughout Europe my advisers from my office saw to it that the various local government turned their Jewish citizens over to the German Reich. For all this, of course, I will answer. I was not asleep during the war years.

LINESPACE

I began my work with the Jewish question in 1935, after I was transferred to Berlin after service with one of the first SS training companies. At the beginning my work was extremely dull, running what ultimately became a huge card-index of Jews, Freemasons, members of various secret societies and other subversive elements in the Reich. Soon, however, I found myself in charge of the Reich government's investigations on the Jewish problem alone.

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apathy of an ox being led to his stall. On the contrary, I was fascinated with it. My first chief, General Reinhard Heydrich, encouraged me to study and acquaint myself even with its theological aspect. In the end I learned to speak Hebrew, although badly.

Some of my early work was with the Nurnberg Laws, in force since 1935. Under the formula adopted at that time for "Final Solution of the Jewish Question," the laws were intended to drive Jews out of all phases of German life. My experience in this field was often of a confidential and rather embarrassing nature--as when I established that the Fuhrer's mistress (Eva Braun), who was officially listed as his diet cook, was 1/32nd Jewish. My chief, General Muller, immediately classified my report as Top Secret.

In 1937, after I had been struggling with Hebrew for two years, I had the chance to take a trip to Palestine. We were most interested in the Palestine emigration, and I wanted to find out at what point the new Jewish state in Palestine might be set up. Unfortunately, Palestine was then in turmoil, and the British turned down my application for an extended stay. I did see enough to be very impressed by the way the Jewish colonists were building up that coun-

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was myself an idealist.

In the years that followed I often said to Jews with whom I had dealings that, had I been a Jew, I would have been a fanatical Zionist. I could not imagine being anything else. In fact, I would have been the most ardent Zionist imaginable.

In those days before the outbreak of the war, the former government of the Reich hoped to solve the Jewish problem by forced emigration. This was easier said than done, since one had to reckon here the difficulty of emigration as a mass project. The Jewish organizations with the widest experience in this had already been closed down as unacceptable to the government. There was also a tendency among many Jews to wait it out on the theory that the Hitler regime would be of short duration. Of the 500,000 practicing Jews who were in Germany in 1933, plus a number who were considered Jews under the Nurnberg Laws, not more than 130,000 managed to leave before 1938.

In the same year, at the reunion of Austria with the German Reich, SS General Heydrich gave me the order, in my capacity as a specialist in Jewish affairs, to go to Vienna to set the Jewish emigration in motion there.

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Jewish organizations had already been closed down by the police and their leaders put under arrest. To speed up the emigration process, I called in the local Jewish leaders and established a central office for Jewish emigration. It was located in the Rothschild Palace on Prinz Eugen Street.

As with the other similar central offices, the Vienna office permitted emigrating Jews to take all their household goods with them. For the custody and administration of Jewish property, so-called administrative and accounting centers were later created, which worked with splendid thoroughness. Reichsfuehrer Himmler, who surprisingly enough often busied himself with the smallest details of the Jewish problem, personally set up the strict administrative standards which were observed in this field. In Vienna alone we were then preparing about 1,000 Jews daily for emigration.

One of the most useful of the Jewish officials in those days was a Dr. Storfer, a senior civil servant who had been a major in the Austrian army in World War I. I had a weakness for this Dr. Storfer. He never took a pfenning from his racial comrades and he had a very nice, proper way of negotiating. Unfortunately, years later Storfer

never liked him and he had him shot at Auschwitz.

In general, we respected Jewish veterans of World War I like Storfer. We even had some Jewish SS men who had taken part in the early struggles of the Nazis--about 50 of them in Germany and Austria. I remember giving my personal attention to a Jewish SS sergeant, a good man, who wanted to leave for Switzerland. I had instructed the border control to let his passport through, but when he reached the Swiss border, he apparently thought something had gone wrong. He tried to cross illegally through the woods and he was shot. He was a 100% Jew, a man of the most honorable outlook.

LINESPACE

Through all this period I saw the Jewish problem as a question to be solved politically. It was not a matter of emotion. My comrades in the SS and I rejected the crude devices of burning temples and stores and maltreating Jews on the streets. We wanted no violence. One of my former officers was expelled from the SS for beating up four or five Jews in the cellar of our offices. Barring such exceptions, each of us, as an individual, had no wish to harm the individual Jew personally.



small incident in which I myself violated this code of correctness.

One day I had a visit from Dr. Richard Loewenherz, whom I made director of the Israelite Community in Vienna. He answered my questions with evasions and, I believe, untruth. Owing to a temporary lack of self-control, I hit him in the face. I mentioned this affair to Dr. Loewenherz later in the presence of some of my subordinates and expressed my regrets to him over the matter.

As late as 1940, after we beat the French, we were devising plans for further mass emigration of the Jews to madagascar. I had my legal experts draft a complete law covering the resettlement of Jews there on territory which was to be declared Jewish. They would live there without restraint, except, of course, that they would be under the protectorate of the German Reich. Unfortunately by the time the obstacles created by bureaucracy for this plan had been overcome, the scales of victory were balanced in such a way that Madagascar was out of our grasp.

The continuance of the war finally changed our attitude on emigration entirely. In 1941 the Fuhrer himself ordered the physical annihilation of the Jewish enemy. What made him go on to this extreme

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along in the blitz fashion he had planned. The ruinous struggle on two fronts had begun. And already Dr. Chaim Weizmann had declared war on the German people in the name of Jewry. It was inevitable that the answer of the Fuhrer would not be long in coming.

Soon after the order General Heydrich called me to his office in the Prinz-Albertstrasse. He told me about Reichsfuhrer Himmler's order that all emigration of Jews was to be prohibited--with no more exceptions. He assured me that the Gestapo and the Security Service would not have anything to do with the physical liquidation. We would act only as policemen; that is, we would round up the Jews for the others.

By this time the formula "Final Solution for the Jewish Question" had taken on a new meaning: liquidation. In this new sense we discussed it at a special conference on Jan. 20, 1942 in the Wannsee section of Berlin. Although Himmler and Heydrich were to preside, I myself drafted Heydrich's speech to the gathering. And it was I who had to bustle over to Heydrich with the portfolio of invitations on which he scribbled his "Heydrich," stroke for stroke. So we sent out the whole thing. Only a few people had declined to

After the conference, as I recall, Heydrich, Muller and your humble servant sat cozily around a fireplace. I noticed for the first time that Heydrich was smoking. Not only that, but he had a cognac. Normally he touched nothing alcoholic. The only other time I had seen him drinking was at an office party years before. We all had drinks then. We sang songs. After a while we got up on the chairs and drank a toast, then on the table and then round and round--on the chair and on the table again. Heydrich taught it to us. It was an old North German custom.

After our Wannsee Conference, however, we sat around peacefully, not just talking shop but to give ourselves a rest after so many taxing hours.

It is not true that Reichsfuhrer Himmler, set down in writing anything ordering the annihilation of the Jews. Do you think he sat down to write, "My dear Eichmann, the Fuhrer has ordered the physical annihilation of all Jews?" The truth is that Himmler never set down a line in writing on this subject. I know that he always gave his instructions orally to TITLE KOMING Pohl, who ran the concentration camps. I never received any order of this sort.

gave a single annihilation order. We were responsible only for deportation. In every European country under our control we would first organize a roundup of the Jews. It was then the job of the Jewish Adviser (the representative of my office) to work through his local superiors until he had attained our goal: final delivery to the transports.

I had Captain Richter sitting in Bucharest. Captain Wisliceny in Pressburg (Bratislava), Dannecker in Paris, Burger in Athens, etc. All these Jewish Advisers enjoyed the greatest respect, for each of them was really the long arm of Himmler himself. Although I myself had a relatively low rank, I was the only department head in the Gestapo or Security Service with my own representatives in foreign countries. If one of my specialists got in trouble with a local commander, he need only come to Berlin to report. I would then have my Bureau chief, General Muller, give the necessary orders. Muller was more feared than Reichsfuhrer Himmler.

I carefully set up my time tables for the transports with the Reichs Ministry of Transportation, and the trains were soon rolling.

But through the years we met many difficulties. In France the French

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project, the Laval government itself became more and more cautious. Italy and Belgium were by and large failures. And in Holland the battle for the Jews was especially hard and bitter. The Dutch, for one thing, did not make the distinction between Dutchmen and Jews with Dutch citizenship. A person was either Dutch, they said, or he wasn't. Denmark posed the greatest difficulties of all. Even the king intervened for the Jews there, and most of them escaped.

Yet we managed after a struggle to get the deportations going. Trainloads of Jews were soon leaving from France and Holland. It was not for nothing that I made so many trips to Paris and the Hague. My interest here was only in the number of transport trains I had to provide. Whether they were bank directors or mental cases, the people who were loaded on these trains meant nothing to me. It was really none of my business.

In general, I found that there were fewer problems with local authorities the farther east you went--with the exception of the assimilated Jews in Hungary. The Romanian operations went off without friction. I had a good man, Captain Richter, in Bucharest. Eager to strike against these parasites, the Romanians, astonishingly enough

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offered its Jews to us like someone throwing away sour beer. Tiso, the Catholic priest who ran the government there, was an anti-Semite.

Tiso's attitude contrasted with mine. I am no anti-Semite. I was just politically opposed to Jews because they were stealing the breath of life from us.

LINESPACE

It was in the latter part of 1941 that I saw some of the first preparations for annihilating the Jews. General Heydrich ordered me to visit Maidanek, a Polish village near Lublin. A German police captain there showed me how they had managed to build airtight chambers disguised as ordinary Polish farmers' huts, seal them hermetically then inject the exhaust gas from a Russian U-boat motor in the next building. I remember it all very exactly because I never thought that anything like that would be possible, technically speaking.

Not long afterward Heydrich had me carry an order to General Globocnik, SS commander of the Lublin district. I cannot remember whether Heydrich gave me the actual message or whether I had to draw it up. It ordered Globocnik to start liquidating a quarter million Polish Jews.

Minsk, then recently come under German occupation. I was sent by my immediate superior, Lieutenant General Muller. Muller never stirred from his desk at Gestapo headquarters on the second floor of the Prinz Albertstrasse building, but he knew everything that went on in Europe. He liked to send me around on his behalf. I was in effect a traveling salesman for the Gestapo, just as I had once been a traveling salesman for an Austrian oil company.

Muller had heard that Jews were being shot near Minsk, and he wanted a report. I went there and showed my orders to the local SS commander. "That's a fine coincidence," he said. "Tomorrow 5,000 of them are getting theirs."

When I rode out the next morning, they had already started, so I could see only the finish. Although I was wearing a leather coat which reached almost to my ankles, it was very cold. I watched the last group of Jews undress, down to their shirts. They walked the last 100 or 200 yards--they were not driven--then they jumped into the pit. It was impressive to see them all jumping into the pit without offering any resistance whatsoever. Then the men of the Commando banged away into the pit with their rifles and submachine guns.

I had children myself. And there were children in that pit. I saw a woman hold a child of a year or 2 into the air, pleading. At that moment all I wanted to say was, "Don't shoot, hand over the child...." Then the child was hit.

I was so close to this scene that later on I found bits of blood and brains splattered on my long leather coat. My driver helped me remove them. Then we returned to Berlin.

The Gestapo chauffeurs did not like to drive me, principally because I rarely spoke more than 20 words during a 12-hour trip, as for instance the long haul from Berlin to Paris. On this trip back from Minsk I spoke not a word at all. I was thinking. Not that I had become contemptuous of National Socialism after watching this previously unimaginable event. I was merely reflecting about the meaning of life in general.

Having seen what I had in Minsk, I said exactly this when I reported back to Muller: "The solution, Gruppenhuhrer, should ideally have been a political one. But now that the Fuhrer has ordered a physical solution, obviously a physical solution it must be. But we cannot go on conducting executions as they were done in Minsk and,



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sadists. We cannot solve the Jewish problem by putting a bullet through the brain of a defenseless woman who is holding her child up to us."

Muller did not answer. He just looked at me in a fatherly, benevolent fashion. I could never figure him out.

That winter Muller sent me to watch Jews being gassed in the Litzmanstadt area. I must stress that the gassing was not done on his orders, but Muller did want to know all about it. He was a very thorough government official.

Arriving at Litzmannstadt, I drove out to the designated place where a thousand Jews were about to board buses. The buses were normal, high-windowed affairs with all their windows closed. During the trip, I was told, the carbon monoxide from the exhaust pipe was conducted into the interior of the buses. It was intended to kill the passengers immediately.

A doctor who was there suggested that I look inside one bus through a peephole in the driver's seat. About 50 or 60 people were locked up there. I refused. I couldn't look. This was the first time that I had seen and heard such a thing and my knees were buckling

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under me. I had been told that the whole process took only three min-

utes, but the buses rode along for about a quarter of an hour.

We reached our destination and hell opened up for me. The bus in which I was riding turned and backed up before a pit about two meters deep. The doors opened. Some Poles who stood there jumped into the buses and threw the corpses into the pit. I was badly shaken by what I then saw. Another Pole with a pair of pliers in his hand jumped into the pit. He went through the corpses, opening their mouths. Whenever he saw a gold tooth, he pulled it out and dumped it into a small bag he was carrying.

When I reported back to Muller in Berlin, he chided me for not having timed the procedure with a stop watch. I said to him, "This sort of thing can't go on. Things shouldn't be done this way." I admitted that I had not been able to look through the peephole. This time, too, Muller behaved like a sphinx. He forgave me, so to speak, for not having looked. Perhaps "Forgive" sounds like an odd expression here.

The executions at Litzmannstadt and Minsk were a deep shock to me. Certainly, I too had been aiming at a solution of the Jewish problem, but not like this. Of course, at that time I had not yet

yet to see the heavy, imploring eyes of the old couple in a Berlin air raid shelter who lay crushed beneath a beam, begging me to shoot them. I couldn't bear to shoot them, but I told my sergeant to do so, if he could. If I had known then the horrors that would later happen to Germans, it would have been easier for me to watch the Jewish executions. At heart I am a very sensitive man. I simply can't look at any suffering without trembling myself.

LINESPACE

I never had anything directly to do with the gas chambers, which later evolved from early measures like those at Minsk and Litzmannstadt. I visited Auschwitz three or four times and never stayed more than a few hours. It had an unpleasant smell.

It was not until after the war that I learned the exact technical processes later involved in the camps. Even a man like Hoess, the commandant at Auschwitz, had described the matter to me in a rather rose-colored way.

I knew Hoess well. He did his duty at Auschwitz, as any other man would have done it. It was Hoess who once told me that Reichsfuhrer Himmler, taking a personal look at the entire liquidation action, had declared that this was a bloody fight which our coming

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cellent comrade and a very proper fellow. He was a good family man, and he held the Iron Cross from the first World War.

Since the war I have read that two and a half million Jews were physically liquidated under Hoess's command. I find this figure incredible. The capacity of the camp argues against it. Many of the Jews confined there were sent on work details and survived. After the war the Auschwitzers sprouted like mushrooms out of the forest floor after a rain. Hundreds of thousands of them are today in the best of health.

Along with the liquidation camps we continued to maintain the ghetto system. I would not say I originated the ghetto system. That would be to claim too great a distinction. The father of the ghetto system was the orthodox Jew who wanted to remain by himself. In 1939 when we marched into Poland, we had found a system of ghettos already in existence, begun and maintained by the Jews. We merely regulated those in existence, sealed them off with walls and barbed wire and included even more Jews than were already dwelling in them. The assimilated Jew was of course very unhappy about being moved to a ghetto. But the Orthodox were pleased with the arrangement, as

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accustoming Jews to community living. Dr. Epstein from Berlin once said to me that Jewry was grateful for the chance I gave it to learn community life at one ghetto I founded, for it made an excellent school for the future in Israel. The assimilated may have found ghetto life degrading, and non-Jews may have seen an unpleasant element of force in it. But basically most Jews feel well and happy in their ghetto life, which cultivates their peculiar unity.

The uprising of the Warsaw ghetto in 1943, however, taught us a bitter lesson about putting excessive numbers of people into these enclosures. Not long after this uprising I received in my office a photo album with an accompanying memo from Reichsfuhrer Himmler. The album showed the phases of that battle, whose severity surprised even the German units fighting in it. I still recall today how we in the SS and other units of the Wehrmacht suffered disproportionately high casualties putting down this revolt. I could not believe, seeing the pictures, that men in a ghetto could fight like that.

Following this great blood-letting in Warsaw, the order went out to the German occupation authorities to comb the country relentlessly. This was done so thoroughly that after a while there was

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Elsewhere, even inside the Reich itself, the Warsaw Ghetto uprising had its effect in stringent measures against Jews working in the armament factories. It was not in vain that Himmler put his entire weight behind this severity. Previously the directors of the big German factories, the directors of the Four Year Plan, even Goring himself, had intervened on behalf of sparing Jews for the labor force. Now we in the Gestapo said simply, "Very well, you take the responsibility that things do not come to an uprising like the Warsaw Ghetto." When we said that, the urge to intervene left them.

The Warsaw Ghetto uprising had an equally strong effect with authorities in the other occupied countries. Every national leadership was anxious to remove factors of unrest. My advisers now had a peffect entre into the countries where they were assigned. We could and did use the Warsaw example like a traveling salesman who sells an article all the more easily by showing a special advertising attraction.

With Hungary we were particularly concerned. The Hungarian Jews had lived through the war relatively untouched by anything but light restrictions. Now Himmler made it clear that he wanted Hungary combed with a tremendous thoroughness and haste before the Jews there

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For this reason, he chose me to lead the march into Hungary, in person.

LINESPACE

On the night of March 18, 1944 I led an SS convoy out of the Mauthausen concentration camp toward Budapest, on these orders from Reichsfuhrer Himmler to clear the Jews out of Hungary. My men were equipped with combat gear in case the Hungarians resisted. We had several air raid warnings along the way. Suddenly my advance guard halted. The column came to a stop. Tipped off probably by one of my assistants, the unit commanders gathered around my personal truck and drank a toast to me with the rum they were issued for the march. It was my 38th birthday, my sixth as an SS officer.

On the following Sunday morning in brilliant sunshine we crossed the border into Hungary. Instead of rifle fire or rebellious shouts we were greeted with cheers by the villagers and treated to white bread and wine. We put away our small arms then, because it was obvious there would be no resistance. That afternoon we rolled into Budapest and I immediately set up a small office in a corner of my bedroom in one of the great hotels. I worked almost all that night putting out decrees calling the Jewish political officials to the

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collect these Jewish officials in advance. Because I planned to work with them, I wanted to insure that they would not be harmed by any right-wing hysteria in case of trouble.

In Hungary my basic orders were to ship all Jews out of the country in as short a time as possible. Now, after years of working behind a desk, I had come out into the raw reality of the field. As Muller put it, they had sent me, the "master" himself, to make sure the Jews did not revolt as they had in the Warsaw Ghetto. I use the word "master" in quotation marks because people used it to describe me. I did not use it first.

Since they had sent the "master," however, I wanted to act like a master. I resolved to show how well a job could be done when the commander stands 100% behind it. By shipping the Jews off in a lightning operation, I wanted to set an example for future campaigns in other countries.

All told, we succeeded in processing about half a million Jews in Hungary. I once knew the exact number that we shipped to Auschwitz, but today I can only estimate that it was around 35,000 in a period of about four months. But, contrary to legend, the majority of the



and mines. That is why there are thousands of Jews happily alive today who are included in the statistical totals of the "liquidated." Besides those we sent to Auschwitz, there were thousands and thousands who fled, some secretly, some with our connivance. It was child's play for a Jew to reach Romania if he could muster the few pengoes to pay for a railroad ticket or an auto ride to the border. There were also 200,000 Jews left in a huge ghetto when the Russians arrived, and thousands more waiting to emigrate illegally to Palestine or simply hiding out from the Hungarian gendarmerie.

It is clear from the statistics, then, that our operation was not a battle fought with knives, pistols, carbines or poison gas. We used spiritual methods to reach our goal. Let us keep this distinction clear, because physical liquidation is a vulgar, coarse action.

Soon after we arrived in Budapest I met a Dr. Laszlo Endre, then a Budapest district official, who was eager to free Hungary of the Jewish "plague," as he put it. One evening he arranged a little supper for me and my assistants, Captain Dieter Wisliceny and Major Richard Krumei. Two or three other Hungarian officials were present and an orderly in livery/<sup>who</sup> stood at Dr. Endre's side. On this evening the fate

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As I got to know Dr. Endre, I noticed his energy and his ardent desire to serve his Hungarian fatherland. He made it clear that in his present position he was unable to do positive work toward solving the Jewish question. So I suggested to General Winkelmann, the ranking SS officer in Hungary, that Dr. Endre be transferred from the district government to the Ministry of the Interior. The transfer took several weeks, which I spent conferring with various Jewish officials and learning about Jewish life in Hungary. Then one day Dr. Endre became second secretary in the ministry of the interior and a certain Laszlo Baky became first secretary.

Over the years I had learned through practice which hooks to use to catch which fish, and I was now able to make the operation easy for myself. It was clear to me that I, as a German, could not demand the Jews from the Hungarians. We had too much trouble with that in Denmark. So I left the entire matter to the Hungarian authorities. Dr. Endre, who became one of the best friends I have had in my life, put out the necessary regulations and Dr. Baky and his Hungarian gendarmerie carried them out. Once these two secretaries gave their orders, the Minister of the Interior had to sign them.

And so it was no miracle that the first transport trains were soon  
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rolling toward Auschwitz.

The Hungarian police caught the Jews, brought them together and loaded them on the trains under the direct command of Lieut. Colonel Laszlo Ferenczy of the gendarmerie, who came from an old, landed family. If I may digress a moment, I remember that he invited me once to his country estate, where we had a little Hungarian snack of slices of ham and onion stuck on sticks and roasted over a fire. We ate them with wine from the lieutenant colonel's vineyards. I since have read that he was hanged after 1945.

I never watched the Jews being loaded on to the trains. It was a minor matter for which I had no time. Since the job was the responsibility of the Gendarmerie, it would have constituted an interference with the internal affairs of Hungary if I had even observed <sup>the</sup> served/loadings. After all, the Hungarian government was still a sovereign power, although it had reached certain agreements with the Reich.

Himmler's instructions were for me to comb the Jews out of East-ern Hungary first. The two secretaries gave the appropriate orders to the Hungarian police. I was also instructed to send almost all

transports to the railroad station at Auschwitz, and I ordered Captain  
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Novak to draw up a time table and arrange for the necessary trains from the Reich's transportation ministry. To each train I assigned a squad of 30 Orpos--uniformed German police--from the several hundred assigned to me.

My men had as one of their basic orders that all avoidable harshness was to be avoided. This fundamental principle was also accepted by the Hungarian officials. In practice they may not have adhered to it 100%. But that did not and could not interest me, because it was not my responsibility.

There were, however, individual cases where my men were shocked by the inhumanity of the Hungarian police. Wisliceny reported to me that the Gendarmes were driving the Jews into the cars like cattle to a slaughterhouse, not everywhere but in some districts. Several times I reminded the Hungarian government in writing--nothing was done orally in my office--that we did not want to punish individual Jews. We wanted to work toward a political solution. Nevertheless, even our own units were guilty of roughness here and there. I once saw a soldier beat a frail old Jew over the head with a rubber club. I spoke to the soldier, reported him to his commander and demanded he be punished and transferred. Himmler would not stand for that.

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kind of thing. That is sadism.

I would like to add here that when millions of Germans were deported by the Allies after the war, the operation was not carried out the way we did it, with Prussian exactness about provisions and transportation. Although we had the greatest difficulty in obtaining trains, the Jews were always shipped in covered cars, not flat-cars, and always by the quickest possible routes.

In Hungary it sometimes happened that there were too few slop buckets on the trains, too little drinking water, or no drinking water at all, or that the provisions were bad or stolen during the loading. The Gendarmes sometimes overloaded the cars to empty the debarkation camp as quickly as possible. You can imagine how it was when the Hungarians ordered "Everybody in, in, in. The border comes in 240 kilometers, and then Germany. Let the Germans finish things up." Matters were different on Reich territory where we had full powers. The lieutenant of the guard, for example, could hold the train up until fresh water was provided and the slop buckets emptied and cleaned out, if only to avoid epidemics. After all, we were supposed to bring the material to the concentration camp ready to start work, not sickly and exhausted.

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In spite of our efforts Commandant Hoess at Auschwitz often complained about the condition of the Jews who arrived from Hungary. This proves that Auschwitz was not primarily a death camp. If Hoess simply tossed the Jews into the oven, it would not have made any difference to him. He would not have complained to Lieut<sup>enant</sup>/ General Pohl, his chief, when a few corpses were lying around in the cars because people had given them too little to eat or drink. And Pohl would certainly not have asked to see me, making the complaints known to me in rather blunt terms. I replied of course that I was not responsible because the Hungarian government arranged the loading.

As the transportation trains rolled into Auschwitz, sometimes bringing as many as 10,000 units a day, the camp staff had to work day and night. I was on close, comradely terms with Hoess and he told me he could not understand why I took absolutely no consideration of him and his staff. But how could I? I was just as limited a specialist in my own sector as he was in his. Yet I liked to visit him. He lived with his wife and children in a five-room house on the camp grounds. It was a homey place, clean and simple and furnished in SS-style natural wood.

I remember clearly the first time he guided me around the camp.  
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He showed me everything, and at the end he took me to a grave where the corpses of the gassed Jews lay piled on a strong iron grill. Hoess's men poured some inflammable liquid over them and set them on fire. The flesh stewed like stew meat. The sight made such an impression on that today, after a dozen years, I can still see that mountain of corpses in front of me.

Hoess may have seen disgust in my face, but I spoke to him sternly: "When I see your corpses, I think of those charred German bodies in the air raid shelters in Berlin."

Once the deportations to Auschwitz were running smoothly, I turned to concentrate on negotiations with the Jewish political and community officials in Budapest. In this I was following the second basic order of Reichsfuhrer Himmler: to arrange if possible for a million Jews to go free in exchange for 10,000 winterized trucks, with trailers, which we needed to use against the Russians on the Eastern Front.

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MEMOIRS: PART TWO

Only Heinrich Himmler could turn off the liquidation machine. It was after the July 20th assassination attempt on Hitler, when Reichsfuhrer Himmler had taken over as commander of the Replacement Army and Minister of the Interior, that he authorized me to propose an exchange: one million Jews for 10,000 trucks and trailers, equipped for winter. The world Jewish organization could choose for itself

what Jews it wanted to save. We asked only that they get us 10,000  
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trucks. Thanks to Himmler's directive, I could assure them, on my word of honor, that these trucks would be used only on the Eastern front. As I said at the time, "When the 10,000 trucks with trailers are here, then the liquidation machine in Auschwitz will be stopped."

In obedience to Himmler's directive I now concentrated on negotiations with the Jewish political officials in Budapest. One man stood out among them, Dr. Rudolph Kastner, the authorized representative of the Zionist movement. This Dr. Kastner was a young man about my age, an ice-cold lawyer and a fanatical Zionist. He agreed to help keep the Jews from resisting deportation--and even keep order in the camps--if I would close my eyes and let a few hundred or a few thousand young Jews emigrate illegally to Palestine. It was a good bargain. For keeping order in the camps, the price of 15,000 to 20,000 Jews--in the end there may have been more--was not too high for me.

Except perhaps for the first few sessions, Kastner never came to me fearful of the Gestapo strong man. We negotiated entirely as equals. People forget that. We were political opponents trying to arrive at a settlement and we trusted each other perfectly. When

he was with me, Kastner smoked cigarets as though he were in a coffee

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house. While we talked he would smoke one aromatic cigaret after another, taking them from a silver case and lighting them with a little silver lighter. With his great polish and reserve he would have made an ideal Gestapo officer himself.

Dr. Kastner's main concern was to make it possible for a select group of Hungarian Jews to emigrate to Israel. But the Arrow Cross, the Hungarian fascist party, had grown strong and stubborn--especially after the overthrow of the Horthy government. Its inspectors permitted no exceptions to the mass deportations. So the Jewish officials turned to the German occupation authorities. They realized that we were specialists who had learned about Jewish affairs through years of practice.

As a matter of fact, there was a very strong similarity between our attitudes in the SS and the viewpoint of this immensely idealistic Zionist leader who was fighting what might be his last battle. As I told Kastner: "We, too, are idealists and we, too, had to sacrifice our own blood before we came to power."

Kastner would sacrifice a thousand or a hundred thousand of his blood to achieve his goals. He was not interested in old Jews who had become assimilated into Hungarian society. But he was in-

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credibly persistent in trying to save biologically valuable Jewish blood, that is, human material that was capable of reproduction and hard work. "You can have the others," he would say, "but let me have this group here." And because Kastner rendered us a great service by helping keep the deportation camps peaceful, I would let his groups escape. After all, I was not concerned with small groups of a thousand or so Jews.

At the same time Kastner was bargaining with another SS official, a Lieut. Col. Becher. Becher was bartering Jews for foreign exchange and material on direct orders from Himmler. A crafty operator, Becher had come to Hungary originally to salvage a stud farm which the SS wanted. He soon wormed his way into dealings with the Jews. In a way Reichsfuhrer Himmler was Becher's captive: Becher showed me once a gold necklace he was taking to our chief, a gift for a little lady by whom Himmler had a child. There were other agencies, German and Hungarian, which tapped Kastner for foreign exchange in return for Jews, but I held aloof from all money affairs and left the material transactions to Becher.

Men under Becher's command guarded a special group of 700 Jews

whom Kastner had requested from a list. They were mostly young people.  
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ple, although the group also included Kastner's entire family. I did not care if Kastner took his relatives along; he could take them wherever he wanted to.

This is how most of the illegal emigrations were arranged: a group of special Jews was taken into custody and brought together in a place designated by Kastner and his men, where they were put under SS guard to keep them from harm. After the Jewish political organizations arranged transportation out of the country, I instructed the border police to let their transports pass unhindered. They traveled generally by night. That was the "gentleman's agreement" I had with Kastner.

After leaving Hungary, the Jews could then travel through neutral foreign countries or stay hidden, usually in Rumania, until the necessary steamships arrived to take them on board. When they reached Israel, the ships waited off shore until a few courageous Jews helped the passengers land against the orders of the British mandate authorities. Since the refugees had no valid papers, the Jewish organization must have spent enormous sums of money to bribe Rumanian officials, who did not do these favors for nothing. All these minor shipments--a matter of 700 here, 2,000 there, and so forth--were made

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with Himmler's permission. I would never have dared dance to my own waltz. If I demanded rigid obedience from my own subordinates, I had to be just as rigid in carrying out my superiors' orders. Otherwise I would have been a bad SS commander, and I pride myself on having been a good one.

By the same token my relationship with Dr. Kastner was strictly correct. He never saw me or my subordinates ever drink a single glass of wine or schnapps, and there were certainly never any drunken orgies with Jews. If anything like that had happened, I would have heard of it and I would have punished the offenders the way I punished my chauffeur, Breustedt, who once unscrewed a toilet lid from my office because he needed a new toilet seat for his rented room. He was expelled from the SS. Once, when the same man fell asleep while driving my car, I made him march on foot all the way from Dresden to Berlin. That is how I would have treated any of my men who got drunk, or even had a drink, with a Jew.

All my own agreements with the Jewish officials were more or less side-transactions to the exchange of the million Jews for ten thousand trucks with trailers. Becher and I were twice ordered to

Himmler in Berlin to discuss it. Whether Himmler settled the actu-

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al terms of the exchange, or whether he left it to me, I do not remember. When I think back, though, it seems to me that Himmler may have authorized the offer "for an appropriate number." I then set the figures at 10,000 to one million, because I was an idealist and wanted to accomplish as much as possible for the Reich.

It was clear that I could never have squeezed a million Jews out of Hungary for lack of numbers. But it was obvious that Jews were piled on Jews in Auschwitz and the various other concentration camps, although Auschwitz was the only one I had seen. So I assumed that we could easily produce a million Jews--all the Jews in Hungary, supplemented with Jews from Germany, from Austria, from wherever they wanted to take them. It would be a tragedy if the international Jewish community was not able or willing to accept them.

I do remember Himmler's specifically saying to me, "Eichmann, motorize the 8th and 22nd SS Cavalry Divisions."

This indicated the personal concern of Himmler, as head of the "replacement army," in receiving those trucks. They were far more important than the lives of individual Jews. What did he care about a million Jews? His concern was his divisions. He apparently did

not want to motorize these two divisions but rather to equip them

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as a sort of fast-moving task force. It was then that he gave instructions to General Pohl, who was in charge of the concentration camp system, to kill no more Jews--to save them up, more or less.

After I received Himmler's order, I told my assistant Krumei to bring me Joel Brand, the man we sent to Palestine to take a proposal to the Jewish leaders. Brand left on his trip some time before summertime when the grain was high--as an old country boy I remember the time well. Krumei brought him to Vienna, had him furnished with the proper papers, and shipped him by plane to Istanbul, because Turkey was still a neutral country. Then, when he ventured into Palestine, he was arrested by the British, interrogated as a possible German spy and imprisoned. The Jewish leaders never accepted our proposal.

I knew at the time that Brand was being held by the British, because Kastner was giving me constant reports. But when I let Brand leave the country, I had made sure his family stayed in Budapest so that I could have a guarantee of his return. Then as the weeks went by I said to Kastner, "Kastner, you know what we agreed. Brand's family stays here because he must return. Why doesn't he come back?"

And so for the first time I did use family pressure, but I never turned  
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pressure into practice because Dr. Kastner's reports still held out some hope. For that matter, I never took any steps to keep Brand's family from emigrating illegally. If they had, I would never have known it.

Meanwhile the deportations had to continue in spite of our pending deal. But the Jews were to a certain extent "put on ice," held in a camp ready to be moved at any time. Suppose Brand had come back and told me, "Colonel, the matter is settled, five or ten thousand trucks are on their way. Give me a half million or a million Jews. You promised me that if I brought you a positive report, you'd send 100,000 Jews to a neutral country as a deposit." Then it would have been easy for us to ship the Jews off.

If there had been any delay, it would have come from the side of the receivers. If the deal had succeeded, I believe I could have arranged to ship the first 20,000 Jews in two days via Rumania to Palestine or even via France to Spain. I know that Himmler would have been ready to send the million Jews abroad at any time, and I am sure he would have approached the entire Jewish question differently afterwards. But the plain fact was that there was no place on earth

that would have been ready to accept a million Jews.

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We had a hearty, comradely relationship with the Hungarian secret police until they learned that we were letting Jews emigrate behind their backs. Then the gentlemen reacted strongly. They refused to visit or consult with us, and it became my job to smooth things over. Fortunately I had formed a warm friendship with Dr. Endre, the second secretary in the ministry of the interior. I had even given him my own machine pistol as a gift (naturally with the approval of my superiors). The two of us managed to restore good relations, although they were never as hearty as before.

As the Russians advanced farther and the first symptoms of the coming chaos were noticeable, the whole affair came to a stop. The transports were halted.

A series of Allied air raids had torn up the Budapest-Vienna railroad track so that no trains could get through. This made Dr. Endre impatient. He wanted to get on with the solution of the Jewish problem. So I resolved to teach our opponents a lesson, to say "Look, it does you no good when you bomb out our railroads, because your allies, the Jews, have to endure the consequences." I proposed

a forced march of the Jews to the Reich's border. Kaltenbrunner, the  
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new chief of the Security Police and the Security Service, gave me orders to that effect.

As it turned out, the march cost more trouble than if I had sent 100, no, 500 trains to Auschwitz. Hungary was the window that showed the Reich to the neutral foreign countries, and we had accordingly to preserve appearances. If people described us as thorough and methodical, then we had to give an example here. "You smashed our transportation routes, but we will carry on in the most elegant manner." That was what the trek was for. The actual number of marchers was so unimportant that I have forgotten it. In any case it was less than 20,000.

The plan was for the Jews to march to the border at Burgenland, about 180 kilometers away. Only "personnel capable of marching" were to make the trip. How the Hungarian gendarmerie interpreted "capable of marching" was not our concern because we could not interfere in Hungarian internal affairs. I remember setting the age limits at 16 and 50, and under some circumstances up to 60. Every day a unit of 2,000 Jews began the march, and in ten or twelve days the first of the marchers must have reached the border. Everything possible was done to make the trip hygienic and safe. I drove the route

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once myself, and on the whole distance I saw only two corpses. They were old people. It is clear, as they say, that where planning goes on, chips will fall. The overall natural decrease on the trek, however, was only one per cent. When the groups arrived on the border, they were put to work helping German women, children and old people at digging tank traps to defend the Reich.

After the march was over, Dr. Endre congratulated me on the splendid fulfillment of the mission, and I must admit we had a drink to celebrate, a kind of schnapps called "Stallion's milk" which I had never drunk before. It was excellent.

My superiors were delighted when I performed assignments like this one so exactly and correctly. I always kept within the jurisdiction of my rank, worked hard and, above all, thought things through.

With the Russian advance westward, conditions in Hungary became more and more chaotic. After the deportations stopped, I was called upon forcibly to deport 10,000 ethnic Germans before the Russians overran their homeland in eastern Hungary. When I returned to Budapest the situation was tense. My old friend and comrade, General Zehender, commander of the 22nd SS Cavalry division which we had hoped to motorize, was defending Budapest as the Russians drew nearer. Then

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his artillery ran out of shells. Zehender's position was near a street-car station on the east side of the city, but his ammunition depot was several kilometers beyond the last streetcar stop to the west. He told me in despair that the Russians were about to attack his division and he had no ammunition for his hundred guns.

I proposed a living chain of Jews to carry shells from the depot and load them on streetcars at the west end station. The streetcars could carry them through the center of Budapest to the eastern end of the line where his own units could move them to the front line. My idea worked. I told Kastner the plan and he furnished the necessary number of Jews. We made a living chain of them, six or eight kilometers long to carry the shells from the depot to the station. Then dozens of streetcars, one after the other, sped across Budapest to meet Zehender's men in the east. The guns blazed away.

As Christmas approached, I had nothing more to do in Hungary but no orders to withdraw. I was having a drink with Zehender one day when he told me that many of his officers had been killed and a whole company had gone over to the Russians.

"Give me a squadron," I told my friend, "and I'll stay here

through New Year's Day." Then, in the presence of my aide, Zehen-

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der telephoned Kaltenbrunner. I put my head close to his ear to hear what my chief said, but Zehender broke the news: "Kaltenbrunner tells me it's impossible. You are too valuable. Himmler would have his head."

And so my hoped-for action at the front was reduced to absurdity. One or two days before Christmas Eve, 1944, all the German police units were ordered to withdraw, except for one Gestapo group which stayed behind as a gesture to the Hungarians. They were all killed. So was my comrade Zehender, shot as he fought off the enemy with his machine pistol. I left Budapest at 3 p.m. on Christmas Eve, the last member of the German police to leave the city. As my Mercedes raced westward, the road was already under Russian artillery fire. A great flood of refugees streaming toward Vienna had choked the highway for days, but now it was suddenly empty. It was as though the road had died.

I made my last report to Himmler less than a month before the final surrender of Germany. The Reichsfuhrer had been for some time negotiating with Count Bernadotte about the Jews. He wanted to make

sure that at least 100 of the most prominent Jews we could lay our  
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hands on would be held in a safe place. Thus he hoped to strengthen our hand, for almost to the end Himmler was optimistic about making separate peace terms. "We'll get a better treaty than the one at Hubertusburg," he said to me, slapping his thighs. "We'll lose a few feathers, but it will be a better one." It was then mid-April 1945.

Himmler went on to say that he had made some mistakes. "I'll tell you one thing, Eichmann," he said, "if I have to do it over again, I will set up the concentration camps the way the British do. I made a big mistake there." I didn't know exactly what he meant by that, but he said it in such a pleasant, soft way that I understood him to mean the concentration camps should have been more elegant, more artful, more polite.

A few days later I called my men into my Berlin office on the Kurfurstenstrasse and formally took leave of them. "If it has to be," I told them, "I will gladly jump into my grave in the knowledge that five million enemies of the Reich have died like animals." ("Enemies of the Reich," I said, not "Jews.") I spoke these words harshly and with emphasis. In fact, it gave me an extraordinary sense of elation to think that I was exiting from the stage in this way.

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General Muller himself had just said to me: "If we had had 50 Eichmanns, then we would have won the war." This made me proud even though, ironically, he spoke on the same day that I learned all was finally lost. By that time my department was one of the few offices which were not burned out from the bombing. I had set my subordinates like bloodhounds on the trail of every falling incendiary bomb. I helped them myself. So the office was in good condition. Later the whole Gestapo head office moved in and squeezed me out.

There were hundreds of civilian letterheads on file in that office, and if a particular one was not available, we could always have it printed. Each one of the high officials of the Gestapo was now able to select the civilian firm for which he could say he had worked during the last few years. He could receive employment certificates, "instructions" or correspondence from the company--in a word, anything that would permit him to hide his real job from post-war investigators.

You could see how closely they crowded around the official in charge, who made detailed notes on how each man wanted his faked papers to read. The press was so thick, Muller and I had a large space

in the back of the room to stand by ourselves. It was the same room  
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where I used to play music with my subordinates. (I had played second violin; my sergeant Glaser played first violin--he was a far better musician than I.) "Well, Eichmann," Muller said, "What's the matter with you?" Since my return from Hungary I had carried a Steyr army pistol. I said to Muller, indicating the gun: "Gruppenfuhrer, I don't need these papers. Look here, this is my certificate. When I see no other way out, it is my last medicine. I have no need for anything else."

This is the truth: of all the Gestapo department heads in Berlin I was the only one who spat on those false certificates. Muller must have known I was a regular guy. I was full of quiet pride at the thought that in me, at least, he had not been mistaken.

My last journey was to Prague, where I visited Karl Frank, the SS commander there. He told me I could not go back. "Nothing is left in Berlin," he said, "the Russians have broken through somewhere."

I was finally able to get through to Kaltenbrunner. Frank put me on the telephone with him at his own desk. When I spoke with Kaltenbrunner, he ordered me, because of the breakthrough, to proceed to the resort town of Alt Aussee in the Austrian Tirol. I arrived there,

accordingly, at about the beginning of May and went directly to the

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Loserhang, the mountain just outside the village. In one of the tidy summer villas on the Loserhang the chief of the S<sup>E</sup>curity Service was quartered.

I was received by his aide, an old and trusted friend of mine, Sturmbannfuhrer Gscheidler. I walked into the next room to report and found Kaltenbrunner himself sitting behind a table, clothed in the uniform blouse of an Obergruppenfuhrer and some wedge-shaped ski pants tucked into some wonderful ski boots. It was an odd costume for the "Last Days of Pompeii" feeling that then oppressed us all-- at least it did me. It was after lunch and he was playing solitaire, with a small cognac on the table. I asked him how things had come out. "It's bad," he said, "the solitaire, I mean."

He had Gscheidler bring me a cognac myself--the usual orderly was not around. The white snow of the Loserhang's slope gleamed through the window. It had snowed heavily in this region, which would not be clear of snow until the end of May. The room was comfortably warm. It was a nice stopping-point, especially when I thought that I had to camp days and nights in the cold. The cognac tasted awfully good despite my gloomy mood.

"What are you going to do now?" Kaltenbrunner said. You must  
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realize that at this time, just as before, I had been ordered to report here in the line of duty. Yet now the die had been cast and all these matters had become of secondary importance. One's brain was in a sense only half present. It would only concentrate on what was happening that very moment or what lay just ahead. This was the beginning of that nervous shock which a few days later hit me like a hammer. For it was now a fact that the Reich, for which we had feared and cared so much, was smashed in pieces.

Answering Kaltenbrunner's question, I told him that I was going into the mountains. "That's good," he said. "Good for Reichsfuhrer Himmler, too. Now he can talk to Eisenhower differently in his negotiations, for he will know that Eichmann is in the mountains and Eichmann will never surrender, because he can't."

So we concluded our official business and I went off to become a partisan chief in the Tirol. I took my leave formally without any personal overtones, as did Kaltenbrunner. He remained sitting at his solitaire, only his expression revealing a certain friendliness to me. Just before I left I heard him say quietly, "It's all a lot of crap. The game is up." These were the last words I ever heard from my good friend Kaltenbrunner.

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I had quartered my people at one of the large resort hotels in Alt Aussee. The hotel proprietor years afterward kept railing against "that dog Eichmann" who requisitioned his hotel and let his gang run it, inflicting all sorts of fancied damages. The complaint was merely something rooted in his wretched shopkeeper's mind. By no means did we wreck everything in his hotel. On the contrary, I finally yielded to the pressure of the doctor in charge of the neighboring field hospital, who had tearfully begged me to take my combat troops out of Alt Aussee so that he might declare it an open city. So we evacuated. Just before my troops left, I personally saw the Red Cross nurses scrubbing and cleaning up, room by room, since the overcrowded hospital had to expand into this pig's hotel. It was set up as a hospital wing. The beneficiary of all this clean-up operation was thus enabled to feather his own nest.

Since Kaltenbrunner had given his orders, I collected all the heavy equipment we had there and set out to organize a resistance movement in the Totengebirge, above the town. The whole thing had now been dumped in my lap. Besides the regularly assigned people

in my department, I had some groups of Waffen SS soldiers and a thinned-

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out bunch from Schellenberg's Intelligence Section of the SS. Schellenberg's crowd had been burned out of the Kremmuenster Monastery. I think they set it on fire themselves, but they managed to get a few truck-loads out with them. In the trucks were scattered piles of uniforms, including winter equipment and ski gear, sleeping bags and emergency rations--chocolate, hard sausage, etc.--of a sort that we hadn't seen for a long time. They also brought a small chest full of dollars, pounds and gold coins.

I decided to head for the Blaualm, a stretch of mountain pasture-land about two or three hours' march from Alt Aussee. Suddenly it began to snow heavily. I had the Burgermeister order out 150 of the Hitler Youth--they were all we had--to shovel the snow out of our path. It was already one or two meters deep in spots. At least we could get through with the vehicles.

There was only one inn on the Blaualm and I requisitioned some rooms from the innkeeper to store the weapons and the uniforms. An old Party man in the town had warned me about the innkeeper. He said I would do well to have the traitorous Catholic done in, and I decided to do so. It was that time when everybody was doing everybody

in. But when I saw him, a little sausage of a man, I said to myself:  
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"No, you don't need to do away with him." And so we didn't.

The SS boys had brought a barrel of wine with them from the Kremmuenster storehouse. I set it up on the street so that all the soldiers coming up to the mountain could stop for a few glasses before going on. I allowed each man only a five minute stop. The barrel was soon empty.

At sun-up on the first day that we reached the mountain, a Hauptsturmfuhrer from the Intelligence Section came up to get some emergency rations "by order of Obergruppenfuhrer Kaltenbrunner." He was a fresh, arrogant fellow, and my Obersturmfuhrer Burger said to me, "Shall I rub him out?" I told the man he could have half a case and no more. "Otherwise," I said, "I'll have you done in." So he took off somewhere with a half case full of chocolate and hard sausage, perhaps to Switzerland.

Another SS man came four or five times with a note saying that we should deliver a quantity of gold bars to him. The signature was always Ernst Kaltenbrunner's. I knew the writing and it seemed genuine to me, although I had no way of testing its authenticity. In any case gold or money meant nothing to us in the mountains, while bread and emergency rations were everything. Although I was harsh

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to this fellow at first, I finally had Hunsche pay out the gold that he requested, thus translating Kaltenbrunner's wish into fact.

The second morning we were there I heard loud noises and confusion outside my window. There was Burger boxing a civilian's ears. Through an orderly I ordered Burger to report to me in my room. He told me the man was a teacher from one of the villages in the valley who was trying to make off with the supply of fat in one of the trucks. Burger was giving him a tangible answer for his conduct. I told Burger that an officer never hits anybody. If the man was looting, he should be hauled before a court martial and shot but never beaten up.

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What a bunch of good-for-nothings you have here, I said to myself. Guys from the Waffen SS, who probably are just out of the hospital and at the disposal of almost any unit, rounded up and turned over to me by the MPs; this absolutely insubordinate gang from the intelligence section, a few women, our own people. And add to this 150 of the Hitler Youth. Then there were some Rumanians on my neck, too. With this I was supposed to fight a war in the Totengebirge.

I had plenty of the most modern weapons, however. I had never  
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before seen assault rifles, and now I had piles of them. I had never seen as much ammunition as I had up here--bazookas lying in heaps. But what good was it without trained personnel? I gave the order to evacuate the Blaualm and go farther away to the Rettenbachalm, which lies even higher in the Totengebirge.

Burger, who was my best skier, I sent on patrol ahead of us to investigate snow conditions and the chances for finding lodging. Meanwhile I had all the weapons which we were not using thrown in a stream. I had decided to release the majority of the men. Discipline had suffered irreparably. I had five thousand reichsmarks paid out to each one against his signature. I was hard and brusque with them. Each man, on hearing he was no longer needed, gladly took off down the mountain without further formalities. I was even hard on a little SS girl, a clerical worker, who had begged and implored me to take her along. Scorning all her feminine wiles, I said: "Pay out five thousand marks. Dismissed."

In the middle of our move an orderly arrived from Kaltenbrunner with a directive from Reichsfuhrer Himmler ordering us not to shoot at Americans or Englishmen. I countersigned it and the boy

rushed off back to the valley. The next day after we were settled,  
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I conveyed this order to the men. It looked like the end. The Americans were now sitting in Bad Ischl, not very far away, and we heard that our girls were already dancing with the Americans in the marketplace. The so-called Austrian Heimatschutzler (home guardists) were crawling around us in the hills. There were other Austrian 'hunters' and assorted trash bearing the red-white-red monarchist armband --all of them punks. They were all probably people who had shouted themselves hoarse yelling Heil Hitler in 1938. Now they prowled about us, with weapons of course. Whether or not they would actually have fired on anyone, I did not know, nor do I know now if they ever did. There was shooting everywhere at that confused time.

My driver Polanski asked me if I would give him a car and a truck or two so that he might go off and set up a peacetime trucking concern on his own. It occurred to me that I no longer needed any cars, so I decided to fulfill his wish. After all, he had served me loyally for many years. "Take a truck for yourself," I told him, "or whatever you need from the Blaualm, and make off with my Fiat Topelino."

I later heard that he drove my Fiat Topelino into a tank trap on the road to Bad Ischl, but he did succeed in taking off with one

truck. I wish him success in his trucking business.

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My trusty Burger sought me out for a private conversation. "Herr Obersturmbannfuhrer," he said, "you are being sought as a war criminal. The rest of us are not. We have thoroughly discussed this matter. We feel that you would be doing your comrades a great service if you would leave us and appoint another commander."

I had already decided the answer myself. "Men," I said, "I will leave you alone on the Rettenbachalm. The war is over. You are not allowed to shoot at the enemy any longer. So take care of yourselves."

Lieutenant Jenisch, my aide for many years, asked if he might accompany me. We drank a last schnapps together.

There was only one thing I regretted. If I had not remained in a state of shock at this time, I would have done more for my wife and children. Unfortunately I did not make provision for them ahead of time, unlike the gentlemen from the Intelligence Section, the so-called kid-glove boys in the SS. I, too, could have had my family securely wrapped in a cocoon of foreign exchange and gold. In fact, I could easily have sent them on to the furthest, the most neutral of foreign countries. Long before the end, Kastner, Brand, Loewenherz or any of the Jews I dealt with would have set up foreign exchange

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for me in any country I had named, if I had promised special privileges for them.

As it was, I was able to give my wife only a briefcase full of grapes and a sack of flour before going up into the mountains from Alt Aussee. I had also given them poison capsules, one for my wife and one for each child, to be swallowed if they fell into the hands of the Russians.

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I gave myself up to the Americans under an assumed name. I knew the Allied investigators were searching for Eichmann, but luckily I was always just a shade more clever than the C.I.C. officer who interrogated me. I started off in one small American prison camp, posing as a Luftwaffe corporal named Bart.

After studying the psychology of the American C.I.C., however, I changed my rank at the first opportunity from corporal to second lieutenant in the SS. Lieutenant Eckmann, Otto Eckmann, became my name. I moved my birthdate ahead one year to March 19, 1905, and the place to Breslau. I did this so I could remember the figures more easily, avoiding the fiasco of a momentary lapse of memory when

I was filling out their forms.  
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After a few more moves I was transferred to the huge POW collection center at Weiden. By coincidence, my former aide, Lieutenant Jenisch, had been sent to the same place. I volunteered to head a work detail and in this capacity moved to Camp Oberlagstetten in Franconia. It was then August, 1945. I remained there until the beginning of January 1946.

All this time we were being interrogated by the C.I.C. office in Ansbach, to which we were periodically taken. It occurred to me that the passage of a few months had been enough to make the C.I.C. suspicious of me, in case any questions had been raised. So I decided to escape. Due to the fear of reprisals, there existed an unwritten code of honor that no officer could escape from a camp without his fellow officers' approval. Since there were about ten officers in the camp, I asked the camp leader, a major, to call an officers' meeting.

Just before the meeting I revealed to the major my real name, rank and official position. "My dear comrade Eichmann," he said, "I have known that for a long time. Your Lieutenant Jenisch told me about it in confidence. As long as you said nothing to me, I kept

the information locked in my heart."  
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At the officers' meeting I explained merely that I was probably wanted by the Americans because I had been politically active. Nobody asked many questions in those days, and the major, as camp leader, gave his approval. It was simply a matter of form. After all, I could hardly imagine that any group of SS officers would have withheld their approval, knowing that one of their leaders found it necessary to get away.

After leaving the prison camp, I managed to procure papers which gave my name as Otto Henninger. I lived in a wooded heath-district of the Kreis Zelle and it was there that my hosts showed me a pile of newspapers with articles about me. They were under headings like "Mass-murderer Eichmann" or "Where is 'Lieutenant Eckmann' hiding out?" The articles noted that I had escaped from the camp.

I started to think about who could have given the name Eckmann to the C.I.C. There seemed to be only two possible informers. One was my Lieutenant Jenisch. The other possibility, which seemed highly unlikely, was that the C.I.C. had interrogated the major who probably reasoned that I was far enough away by then to be safe. I rather think it was Jenisch who told them. He had a type of pigheadedness

peculiar to Lower Saxons.  
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Through the intervening years since then people searched for me in vain. I would like to find peace with my former opponents. And I would be the first to surrender myself to the German authorities if I did not always feel that the political interest in my case would be too great to lead to a clear, objective way out.

If there had been a trial in 1945, I would have had all my subordinates with me. Today I am not so sure. Some of them may be serving with the new police. Others may have had a hard life through these years, each damning the stupidity that led him to become a Nazi in the first place. And prosperity and democratic re-education have borne their fruit in Germany, so I would not know today what witnesses an attorney for the defense might properly call. I believe, in fact, that if I brought on Jews as witnesses for the defense, I would come out almost better with them than with my own men as witnesses, sad though it may sound. Dr. Loewenherz, if he is alive, Dr. Epstein, Dr. Rothenberg, Dr. Baeck, the entire council of Elders in Theresienstadt ghetto--all of them I would summon. After all, there were also relatively harmless actions which took place under the general

heading, "Final Solution of the Jewish Problem."

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But to wind it all up, I must say that I regret nothing. I will not humble myself or repent in any way. I could do it too cheaply in today's climate of opinion. It would be too easy to pretend that I had turned suddenly from a Saul to a Paul. No, I must say truthfully that if we had really killed all the 10.3 million Jews that Kerherr pretends to account for statistically, I would say, "Good, we have destroyed an enemy." But here I do not mean wiping them out entirely. That would not be proper--and we carried on a proper war.

Now, however, when through the malice of fate a large part of these Jews are alive, I must concede that fate wanted it so. I always claimed that we were fighting against a foe who through thousands of years of development and indoctrination had become superior to us.

I no longer remember exactly when, but it was even before Rome itself had been founded that the Jews could already write. It is very depressing for me to think of that people writing laws over 6,000 years of written history. But it tells me that they must be a people of the first magnitude, for law-givers have always been great.

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