

A Parade reporter follows Eichmann's trail and tracks down

# NAZI WAR CRIMINALS IN SOUTH AMERICA

by JAC

Parade

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Richard Lanyon, alleged Lanyon was criminal, now a thriving real estate business for tourists in Brazil.

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# NAZI WAR CRIMINALS IN SOUTH AMERICA

by JACK ANDERSON

Parade Washington correspondent

BUENOS AIRES.

**W**HEN ADOLF EICHMANN was whisked off the streets by Israeli commandos, a shocked world woke up to the fact that a mass murderer had been at large for 15 years. People found themselves asking: How many more Eichmanns are still at liberty? How many other war criminals are posing as simple citizens while remaining monsters at heart?

To find the answers, PARADE sent this reporter on an extensive tour of South America. I found Nazi fugitives in Argentina, Brazil and Chile. Most were small fry, too inconsequential to trouble the world's conscience. But they led me to the fringe of the world's most secret and sinister coterie: the society of mass killers.

While none quite approaches Eichmann in the scale of infamy, all can be classed as artists in atrocity, massacre and genocide. Among them they have accounted for millions of innocent lives. They are in close touch with each other by a grapevine that spans the South American continent and reaches into the remotest parts of the pampas and jungle.

The kidnapping of Eichmann jolted these Nazis and sent them deeper into the underground. Suddenly these ex-hunters became the pursued; the terrorists became the terrorized. Only one—Herbert Cukurs with 32,000 massacred Jews charged against his past—holed up in his home and pleaded for police protection.

What manner of men belong to this macabre social circle? From their intimates I learned new facts about them. Let's begin with flop-eared, drooping-nosed, handy-legged Eichmann, the man who once bragged: "I will leap into my grave laughing because the feeling that I have five million people on my conscience is a source of extraordinary satisfaction."

### The Real Adolf Eichmann

As meek Richard Klement, Eichmann worked in the Buenos Aires office of Mercedes-Benz, the great German auto firm. He pretended to be a lowly, simple man—a role that was neither new nor strange to him. For at the height of his diabolical career as head of the Gestapo's Jewish Section, he tried to conceal his murderous mission from the German people by posing as a minor bureaucrat who never rose above the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

But in the company of his Nazi cohorts, he was a much different man given to hard drinking and boastful talk. Then his eyes would glitter. Of course, they

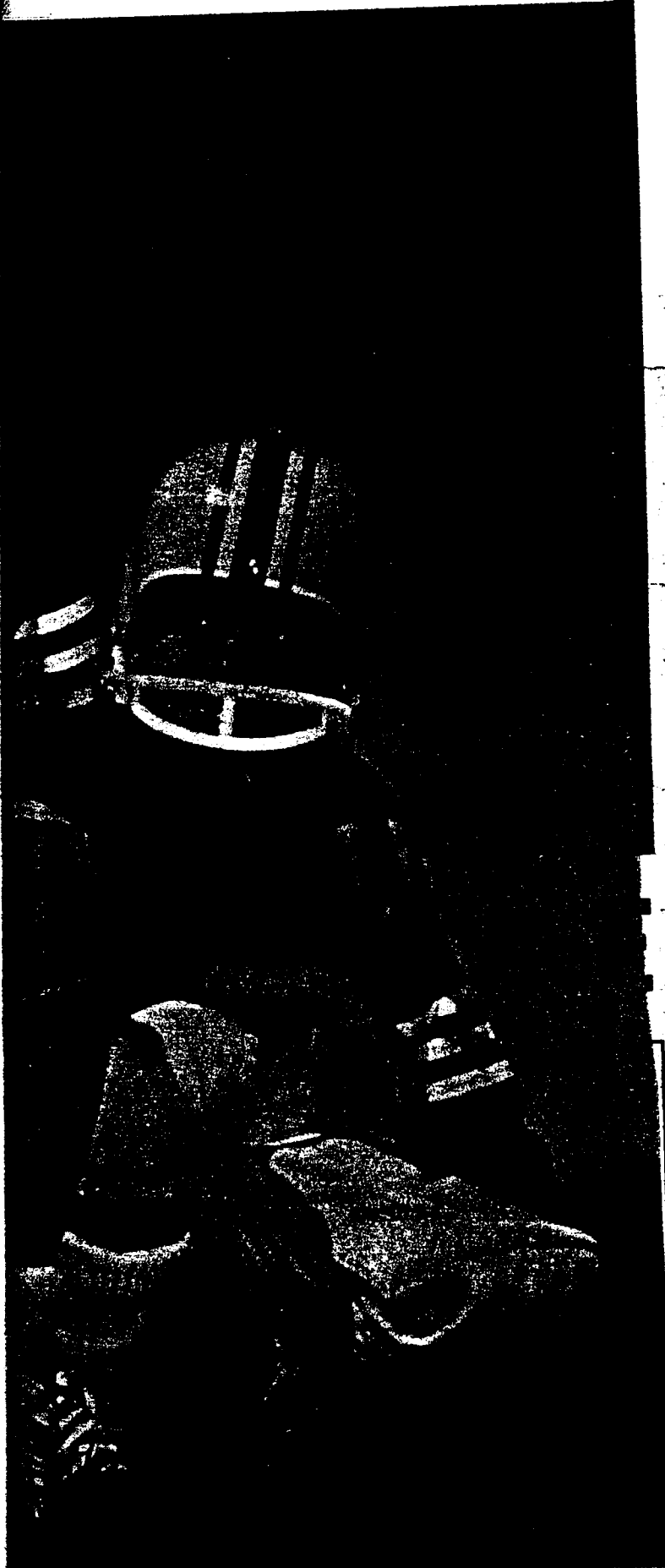


Notorious war criminal, runs a thriving seaplane business for tourists in Brazil.

Part 10 of a 12-part series  
**NAZI WAR CRIMINALS  
IN SOUTH AMERICA**

by JACK ANDERSON

PAGE 6



**FOOTBALL** PAGE 16



Only Reynolds Wrap, be sure to  
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is. There's nothing like it for  
overs fresh. Covers bowls, wraps  
ght decorations, too!



Awaiting trial, ex-SS Colonel Adolf Eichmann was captured by Israelis in Argentina after 15-year world-wide manhunt.



Missing since 1945, Martin Bormann, Hitler's political heir has been reported dead, but he is probably hiding in Brazil.

knew his true identity. Some in the Mercedes plant referred to him openly, respectfully as "Herr Obersturmbannführer"—his old Nazi title. Once he lost his temper with a colleague, dropped his mild manner and snarled: "You dirty Jew!"

Nazi toadying to Eichmann, however, did not extend to financial help. His home on a lonely road outside Buenos Aires is modest in the extreme—"built with his own hands," his friends claim. It has no electricity, no water except for an outside hand pump.

#### Man with a Cane

When he was kidnapped in broad daylight off the Avenue General Paz, his wife and four sons disappeared into hiding. Now the boys have returned to their jobs. They have discussed with friends a desire to attend their father's trial in Tel Aviv. They cite the Soviet example in permitting the family of U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers to attend his trial in Moscow. But at this writing, the Eichmann boys were still too frightened to apply.

Tracking down the members of Murder Unlimited is no easy task. Those who know them and their whereabouts are frozen-tongued. Within 24 hours of the Eichmann kidnapping, for instance, a tall, handsome, graying businessman dropped out of sight. His friends respond with blank stares to inquiries about him.

He is Dr. Josef Mengele, described by the little Jewish girl Anne Frank as "the angel of extermination" at Auschwitz concentration camp. With a wave of his cane, Mengele decided which Jews should go to the gas chambers, which should be used for medical experiments, which should be worked to death.

He was known as a crank on racial-biological research with particular interest in the hereditary basis of twins. Children who resembled each other would be put together and coached to identify themselves as twins. Then Mengele might spare their lives—so long as they suited his experiments.

Thanks to family wealth, he acquired a small chemical plant here, lived comfortably, moved in good society, enjoyed deep discussions on history and philosophy. For security's sake, he did not practice medicine. But he never bothered to change his name—a fact which caused one former SS officer to comment to me on Mengele's "courage."

One of his last discussions with a friend was over the Communists' ability to develop brilliant scientists who would be political morons willing to obey un-

thinkingly. He told how Stalin had sought to create perfect police by crossing Lithuanians with Kirghiz—the first known for strength and fearlessness, the second for cunning, cruelty and indifference to human life. Mengele said that the Nazis, too, had made medical studies along these lines.

Another member of Eichmann's circle was Ante Pavelic, the terrible Nazi puppet boss of Croatia, who died last spring on a visit to Madrid. During his reign over Croatia, a part of Yugoslavia, he set his Ustashi storm troopers, as ruthless as the ancient hordes of Attila the Hun, to exterminate not only Jews but the Serbian minority as well. Their victims had their limbs torn off, eyes gouged out, skulls crushed with hammers. Wounded were sealed in caves with the dead.

The Italian author Curzio Malaparte reports visiting Pavelic in his palace in Zagreb and noticing on his desk a wicker basket filled with what appeared to be shelled oysters. When Malaparte asked whether they were Dalmatian oysters, Pavelic replied grimly "It is a present from my loyal Ustashis. Forty pounds of human eyes."

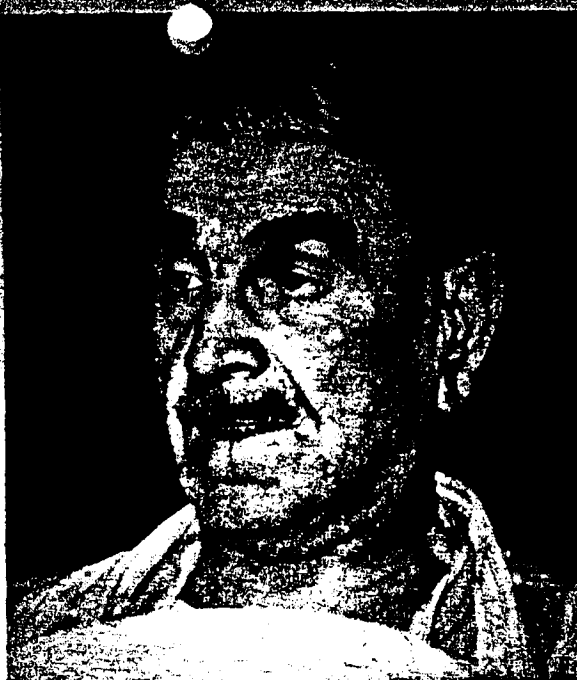
Although Pavelic has gone to answer a High Court judgment, his devoted followers maintain a headquarters here. His picture occupies the place of honor just inside the door, easily seen from the street.

#### Nazis on the Lam

In my search for war criminals, I picked up other trails. Eichmann's former boss, the darkly handsome Gestapo chief Heinrich Mueller, last seen in Hitler's bunker on April 29, 1945, lived secretly for a while in the mountains of Argentina's Cordoba province. He came here for a short stay, then moved south to Patagonia. The Eichmann kidnapping scared him, to even in that remote territory. His trail has now disappeared.

Eichmann's counterpart in the Nazi foreign office Franz Rademacher, is also in South America. His name appears on many documents relating to Jewish executions and deportations. While awaiting sentence as a war criminal he escaped to Argentina, then crossed the La Plata River into Uruguay. He was last seen in Montevideo where, back in 1940, he had served as secretary in the German legation.

Far down the totem pole in such murderous company is former SS Colonel Eugene Dollman, once Gestapo chief in Rome. He has a mere 200 murders credited to him. From reliable contacts, I learned th



Nazi puppet, Dr. Ante Pavelic, was boss of Croatia, allegedly collected human eyes. He died recently on a visit to Spain.

he is now living in this country under another name.

But most fascinating of all are the reports that Martin Bormann, Hitler's private secretary and heir apparent, is still alive in South America. My search for him apparently triggered the excitement that led Argentine police to pick up his double, one-armed Walter Flegel, who turned out to be merely a minor German refugee.

Bormann was with Hitler and his mistress, Eva Braun, during their last hours in the Berlin bunker. After Hitler's death, Bormann sent a telegram saying he was on his way to join Admiral Doenitz, then negotiating surrender. But Bormann never reached Doenitz. According to Hitler's chauffeur, Bormann was killed when a Russian bazooka hit the tank he was following through Berlin's Ziegelstrasse.

#### The Great Bormann Mystery

This testimony was given at the Nuremberg trials and was repeated by Nazis I met in South America. But I found their performance too pat to be convincing. Other sources, which I believe to be reliable, were equally definite in declaring that Hitler's heir had been planning his escape for months. When the end came, they say, he commandeered two submarines for a top-secret voyage to Argentina. One was the U-530, which he boarded with his family.

My pursuit of the Bormann rumors led to Milton Canto, introduced as a completely responsible person, who plans to settle on a cattle ranch in the interior of Brazil. He told me he was positive he had seen Bormann at a settlement called Xavantina in Goias State, Brazil. He claimed Bormann's features were still recognizable, though aged. He was flanked, said Canto, by two bodyguards. When Canto asked about the mystery man, he was told the man's name was Hermann Meng.

Brazil's efficient political police pooh-pooed this story. They described Xavantina as an airstrip on the edge of the jungle and said only Indians lived around there. Whoever Hermann Meng is, he was now vanished as if whisked to the moon.

Another reliable source, who asked not to be identified, has seen papers said to be written by Bormann. These papers were shown to Bormann's son, Martin Jr., who became a Catholic priest in Austria in 1958. He identified the handwriting as that of his father.

The last of the alleged war criminals still in the open is Herbert Cukurs, a stocky, muscular Latvian whom I tracked down outside Sao Paulo. Eye-wit-

*Continued on page 9*



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Max Kaufmann, 63, of New York, wrote book about massacre of 32,000 Latvian Jews. He remembers Cukurs well.



Accused, Cukurs poses with bodyguards at Brazilian home. He asked police protection after Israelis captured Eichmann.

WAR CRIMINALS continued

## The Nazis are in hiding—but their victims

Witnesses charge he took a leading part in the massacre of 32,000 Jews in Riga in 1941. They claim he was the right-hand man to Viktor Ajars, chief of the pro-Nazi Perkonkrust (Thunder Cross) Party. When the Germans moved in, Ajars and Cukurs allegedly were given the job of liquidating all Jews. The Riga ghetto was cordoned off, city buses hauled Jews to a near-by forest for execution.

Witnesses declare that Cukurs, for variety, barricaded and burned some Jews in their own synagogues. Their affidavits charge that they saw him throw children into the flames. At night, they assert, he also barged into the homes of defenseless Jews and abused their daughters. The affidavits give names and dates.

Max Kaufmann, today a balding man of 63 who lives in New York, wrote a book on the extermination of the Jews of Latvia, of whom only 850 of 100,000 are believed to have survived. Kaufmann's first wife was among the 32,000 victims slaughtered during "the 10 bloody days" in 1941. His only son, who like him was saved because he was doing forced labor, was shot by the Nazis two years later, when he was 17.

Kaufmann's picture of Cukurs, whom he remembers seeing the first day of the slaughter, is sharply drawn: "He was big and arrogant—he had on a black leather coat and wore a big pistol at his side. I recognized him clearly—he was a well-known aviator whose picture had been in the newspapers."

### Pistol-packin' Latvian

Interviewed in New York, Kaufmann found it difficult to talk about Cukurs. Somewhat less reticent was another survivor, who told PARADE: "I knew him personally from the old country. He was a cold-blooded one—he had no feelings about killing one person or 1,000." This survivor's dread of Cukurs remains.

"I changed my name when I came here," he went on, "because I'm afraid of Cukurs and his agents. They are everywhere, even here in New York. I know also what they will do if I talk."

Cukurs still likes to wear his leather jacket, and he still has his pistol. It was in a trim Spanish bungalow in a fashionable lakeside resort area that I came face to face with the scourge of Riga. After the Eichmann

kidnapping, this one-time daredevil pilot and alleged Nazi executioner begged the Sao Paulo police for protection. Two armed guards are at his door day and night. As added insurance, he never moves without that pistol. As we talked, its barrel peeped from his hip pocket.

Cukurs escaped from Latvia with the retreating German army, set up his family in a home on the Rhine, then established himself in a flat in Berlin near his work as an aircraft engineer. He recalls with pride that his apartment was hit three times by Allied bombs.

When the end came, he made his way to Marseille then to Rio de Janeiro. Jewish leaders suspect he chose Brazil because no known survivors of the Riga massacre were in that country. But if his purpose was to avoid recognition, he failed. Less than four months after his arrival in November 1945, an alert Jewish representative in Stockholm tipped off Jewish leaders in Brazil that Cukurs was in their country.

It was three years, however, before Cukurs was found. He was operating a pleasure boat concession on a lake in Rio. Jewish youths picketed the place. When Cukurs applied for Brazilian citizenship, the Jewish community successfully blocked him.

Then he dropped out of sight until the Eichmann kidnapping and the appeal for police protection revealed his presence near Sao Paulo. He operates three seaplanes, giving joy rides to vacationers. But a former SS major confided to me that the planes were also "probably" used for whisking nervous Nazis to the interior where Cukurs owns two small ranches. These give him an excuse for flying inland.

A curious feature of Cukurs' character is that he saved a Jewish girl's life and brought her out of Latvia with his family. She is Miriam Keitzner, now married to a Jewish doctor in Rio. Cukurs cites her as evidence that he could not have been guilty of atrocities against the Jews. Yet in light of the scores of affidavits against him, the obvious question is: did Cukurs save Miriam's life in order to protect his own by using her as a shield for mercy?

That he is capable of this kind of cunning is suggested by an equally curious fact. He and his wife, both in their sixties, suddenly produced a Brazilian



Mystery boy, who turned up in Cukurs home recently, nestles against ex-Nazi. The child may be a plea for sympathy.

## ns are still scared

born child after their other children (two sons and a daughter) were grown. The suspicion is that Cukurs may have picked up the boy from among Brazil's homeless waifs and claimed him as his own. The Brazilians are very sentimental and would be less likely to extradite Cukurs if he could claim a son born in the country.

I reached Cukurs' home on the Paulista Riviera after a long jeep ride over dirt roads. The two policemen on guard took my White House press card in to him. I caught a glimpse of him studying me carefully from the back yard. He strolled to the gate.

"So," he said, "you have come to see the great war criminal?" His smile was defensive, pleading, like a silent whine. Then he demanded: "Are you Jewish?"

When I said I was not, he grunted, "All right," and waved me through the gate. In broken English, nervously fingering his black, heavy-rimmed glasses, he launched into a rebuttal of the charges against him. He pulled out tattered yellowing documents, which he claimed proved his innocence.

### The Plea of Innocence

It was the Jews, said Cukurs, not he, who had committed atrocities. When the Russians first overran Latvia, he charged, the Jews helped them to massacre Latvians. Most Latvians had looked upon the Germans as liberators, and he himself had led a band of Latvian partisans to help the Germans, he said. Later, he insisted he was both anti-German and anti-Russian.

Cukurs' manner was amiable enough, though always defensive. He made no attempt to hide his bitterness against the Jews. Finally he declared: "I do not have the blood of Jews on my hands." He also denied that he was a leader of the Latvian Perkonkrust Party. He claimed his only contact with Ajars, its leader, had been to repair some trucks. "I was too busy for politics and Jew-killing," he said.

But the affidavits against him, impressive in their detail, tell a different story. Another thing is clear, and it doesn't need the policemen at his door or the pistol on his hip to emphasize it. Herbert Cukurs is a very frightened man.

So are the other ex-Nazis.



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