

NEW YORK POST, Sunday, Aug. 27, 1954

# Nazis in Egypt—The Expose That Nasser Couldn't Take

The following story by the Cairo correspondent of the Toronto Star resulted in his expulsion from Egypt within 24 hours after it was filed last week.

By WILLIAM STEVENSON  
Star Staff Correspondent

Cairo, Aug. 25—Germans who cannot get Hitler's racial theories out of their heads, Germans with an abiding hatred for Jews, Germans still fighting Rommel's desert battle in the guise of advisers to Nasser, Germans are everywhere and everything in Egypt today.

But Germans are the hardest people to find or to interview.

Their names—German names—float above German conversations but never appear on office hours. The shadow Egyptian general staff is composed of Germans whose Nazi jackboots crunched across Europe. Escaped prisoners from western desert concentration camps whisper of Gestapo brutalities.

## Goebbels Propagandist

The tea hour in Cairo's swank Gezira club signals the arrival of blond, braided men of the Hitler era.

Today for the first time I pinned one of them down. It was a great rebel. I had begun to doubt my senses. Germans who are big and solid Nordic giants should be hard to disguise, but somehow disguise themselves they do.

Today I cornered one of them, a former propagandist for Dr. Goebbels, who later fled to Argentina and sold his services to dictator Peron.

He is Johann von Leers, doctor of philosophy and professor of history from an East German university with a long Nazi record. I know his name. I was sure he existed. For a week I searched Cairo. Then today I stroiled into a government office

where a young man was writing his resignation. His bureau chief, by one of those coincidences that can never be explained, walked out. "I'm resigning before some new regime comes in," said my friend, never lifting eyes from the paper. "I hear you are looking for Prof. Von Leers?"

He went on writing, starting down at the notepad. "There he uses another name. Go to the Fourth Door of Gresham Court and ask to see Mohammed Ali. Then just sit around. Your professor is there."

I followed his instructions. In

a small office, door ajar, sat a small, apple-cheeked man.

I said: "You are Professor Leers. May I speak to you?"

His bright blue eyes widened, he stroked his balding head nervously and asked my identity.

"I am a newspaperman, too," he twittered. "I was a correspondent in economics in Argentina. I have come here in April."

He recovered his composure. His office was next to that of the propaganda chief directing invective against Israel.

"Yes, Israel," said the professor, hurriedly. "Well, I am a translator. They speak many languages in Israel. They speak this and that, and I translate. I am a man of peace. A peaceful man. Yes."

He stood up, sat down and mopped his brow. A messenger brought in a fat file with documents on the Suez Canal. The professor opened and closed the file. Then suddenly he let fly a torrent of words.

Sometimes I encouraged him with questions. But mostly he just talked. His round little face grew redder, he demonstrated with his hands, his giggles were first nervous and then just a little hysterical.

This is what he said: "Twice I escaped from prisons after the war. First from Americans, then Russians. I had my nice little castle in Mecklenburg. Have I got its picture still? I will look. Yes, here is my little castle. The Communist swine have it now—thieves and bandits. It will

return to me when the Communist swine are booted out. I was held 18 months by Americans. Not in internment camps, in concentration camps run by American Jews. Yes, concentration camps. You know these Jews."

"Then I went to the Russian prison where was my wife. Let me give you advice. If ever this should come to Canada, always escape. Never stay. In revolution trust nobody."

"Do not believe in humanity, mercy or kindness. I tell you this. You must escape always."

Prof. Von Leers paused in the flood of words to buckle and unbuckle his briefcase.

"You cannot divide Arabs," he said. "The nation of Arabs. One Leader For Arabs."

You are surprised? But there is only one Arab nation from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf. Many dialects they have, but only one language. The West would be wise to recognize this and not

interfere. It is easier to deal through one leader who has a voice for all.

"Yes, one leader for all Arabs. Gamal Nasser? I am not prophet, but he has possibilities for a

great leader. Hitler would have bursts of rage and he wanted to finish everything in his lifetime. Nasser is a moderate man. He is a Moslem and he understands to let time take its course. He knows the Egyptian horse is a strong horse but a slow one."

The man who once wrote and broadcast for Dr. Goebbels was not finished. He said: "You ask about the possibility of Communists here. No, it is impossible. These are very religious people. The West should realize the Egyptian song is a modest song."

"But little Father Khrushchev, of course he joins in with his Russian balalaika."

Prof. Von Leers laughed as I asked him about dictators he had known.

"Peron of Argentina? Well, let us be frank. Men should admit it. Sometimes wives are more intelligent. When Eva Peron died, her little husband was finished. Today the army rules in the guise of democracy. It is a great tragedy."

"Everybody said we Nazis were behind Peron. We were just German refugees. We did not give Peron ideas about fascist things."

Then Prof. Von Leers turned to his favorite topic, the subject on which he specializes as a freelance propagandist in the pay of Egypt's Nasser. This former spokesman for Hitler's racial theories said this:

"Israel is abnormal. It is not big enough or fertile enough to supply millions of Jews for the homeland. It must go. It causes trouble."

"You ask why Nasser spends time and money rallying Arabs

outside Egypt against Israel when so much has to be done at home. Well, there is Israel. Zionists are responsible for 80 per cent of the world's press attack on Nasser and Egypt."

Prof. Von Leers sank back in his chair, nervously drying his forehead. He had delivered his apology and a good deal more. I asked him about Hitler.

"Yes, I met him, of course," he said in a tired voice. "But that is a big subject we must talk about when there is much more time."

BEST AVAILABLE COPY