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OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
~~COORDINATOR OF INFORMATION~~
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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July 16, 1942

TO: Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director,
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
Department of Justice.

FROM: David Bruce

*Baron Wolfgang
Pentitz*

The attached material has been obtained
from a reliable source and is being sent you in
the belief that it may be of interest.

David Bruce
David Bruce

Mr. Tolson
Mr. E. A. Tamm
Mr. Clegg
Mr. Glavin
Mr. Ladd
Mr. Nichols
Mr. Rosen
Mr. Tracy
Mr. Carson
Mr. Egan
Mr. Gurnea
Mr. Hendon
Mr. Pennington
Mr. Quinn
Mr. Nease
Miss Gandy

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Mr. Clegg

Mr. Glavin

Mr. Ladd

Mr. Nichols

Mr. Rosen

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Mr. Egan

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Attached you will find material on the subject
of ~~Nazi~~ Fifth Columnism, which was prepared for an
article to be published in one of the American
magazines.

This material was gathered by a former coun-
sellor of the German Legation at The Hague, and it
is believed that it will be of interest to your
Office.

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ENCLOSURE

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Although fifth columnism may be defined as the art of national disintegration, definition is made difficult by the fact that this activity is a rope woven of a great number of separate strands. The press, the radio, the movies; trade regulations, labor regulations, social relationships; military intelligence and espionage -- these are only some of the strands.

It would be a profound error to imagine that the fifth column of the Nazis was a great smoothly working machine, built according to a super-blueprint, a thing that "only these efficient Germans could think up." Its characteristic is not organization but diversity; not efficiency but determination. There is no doubt that the Nazi fifth column did come eventually to achieve a certain coordination, but muddle and duplication, though not externally visible, were the traits I distinctly saw in it, first as secretary of the German embassy in London, and later, in 1938 and 1939, when I was counsellor of the German legation at The Hague. One head, one directing

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agency, one central office in the Reich, the Nazi fifth column never had. Fifty is a likelier number.

There is first that special department of the Nazi Party known as the ~~X~~"Foreign Organization." There is Goebbels' propaganda ministry, working with press and film and radio agents in the non-German world. There is Goering's own staff of foreign operatives, travelling ostensibly as representatives of his personal newspaper, the well-known ~~X~~Nationalzeitung of Essen, but to my knowledge frequently engaged in contact and observation on behalf of the aviation arm of the military establishment. There is the famous ~~X~~Bureau Ribbentrop, the private fifth-column agency of Hitler's Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was the agents of this bureau who, in England for example, were chiefly instrumental in the founding of the Anglo-German Fellowship into which they sucked such illustrious appeasers as the late Lord Lothian, Lord Londonderry, Lord Mount Temple, the late Lord Rennell, and other innocents of the highest intelligence, or station, or doubt concerning the democratic processes. There is the ~~X~~Wehrmacht -- the unified High Command embracing the land, sea, and air branches under a single authority in which the espionage and intelligence services are centralized under the direction of Admiral Canaris. And there is the ubiquitous and ever-present ~~X~~Gestapo, permeating every arm and agency of the Nazi regime, -- for amongst the multiple functions of the ~~X~~GEheime-STAats-POLizei (the

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Secret State Police), one of the most important is the relentless frightening of German nationals abroad into the ruthless and unswerving performance of their duties as loyal Nazis. In this way the Gestapo has its hand in everything, including fifth columnism.

Besides these obvious instruments there are the foreign branches of what the Germans call "cultural" agencies. They are of course too numerous to list, but among them is the ~~Bund des Auslandsdeutschen~~ (Association of Germans Abroad), operating out of Stuttgart; the ~~Fichte Union~~ and Dr. Johannsen's bureau, whose headquarters are in Hamburg; the ~~Academic Exchange Service~~, which swaps students and professors with foreign universities; and the schools established in many foreign countries with Nazi teachers and a Nazi curriculum. All such organizations point to one important fact, which is that "totalitarianism" is not merely a grotesque polysyllable, it is a tremendous reality. If, for example, all the professional and social associations in the United States were guided by strict political principle and spied upon by an American Gestapo -- the dentists, the history teachers, the osteopaths; the Rockefeller Foundation, the Carnegie Institution, the Bible societies, the lodges and fraternal groups -- this would be but a beginning of what totalitarianism represents. And every one of these associations that worked in foreign countries would be

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a fifth column agency before it was anything else -- exactly as the German archaeologists digging last spring in Syria were fifth columnists first, and scientists only afterwards.

In the past, such organizations were represented outside Germany by people of good will who, not being in Nazi hands, were certainly harmless and may even have been useful to the world at large. By 1938 most of the decent Germans in these posts had been forced out and replaced by Nazi party members. But even where some secret anti-Nazis remain, they are helpless to do otherwise than serve as Nazi agents so long as they cling to their German nationality; and the reason is that somewhere in the organization, somewhere in the country in which they live and work, there is a man or group of men whose orders they are forced to take, whose power could break them, at whose glance and word they tremble. And that man is by no means necessarily an agent of the Gestapo: that man is -- but who he is, is the substance of my story.

You have never heard of Dr. ~~Butting~~. There is no reason why you should have. He is not a great man, merely a representative one. His like exists in every country where an appreciable number of German nationals reside. Who the Dr. Butting is for America, I do not know; and as I intend to speak only of what I have seen with my own eyes, and know of my own knowledge, I shall not speak of fifth columnism in the United States, for I know nothing about it. But I do know that there

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is a Dr. Butting in every Latin American country where clusters of German nationals, some of them rich and influential, reside, work, and carry on business. I know that the South American Buttings employ exactly the same methods as my Butting employed; and because the story I have to tell is by and large the story of how the Nazi fifth column works today in Latin America, I am telling it in these pages.

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II

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I have already said that in 1938 I was counsellor of the German legation at The Hague. Few countries were more important in the pre-war Nazi strategy than Holland -- and for very good reasons. Holland possesses a frontier on the North Sea from which attack upon England is immeasurably easier than from the German coast. With its independent shipping lines for men and mails as well as goods, Holland was the ideal base for Nazi espionage operations against both England and the Americas, as well as the natural port of entry for the merchandise which the Nazis needed and preferred to buy through Dutch purchasing agents. The Dutch themselves were rich in goods indispensable to the Nazi war economy, both in their domestic industries and in their colonial empire. Their commercial relations with Germany were so intertwined that these countries could scarcely live without each other. And there were over 100,000 men and women of German nationality -- not refugees, but loyal German citizens -- resident and working in Holland. For all these reasons it was imperative that the Nazi party members in the Netherlands be rigorously organized, and their knowledge and influence employed for the destruction of the Dutch morale. This was Dr. Butting's job.

It was not a job at which any man could work openly. The Dutch government was democratic, wherefore it permitted the existence of a Dutch national-socialist party, and that party even had a handful of representatives in the Dutch Parliament. But Germans resident in Holland were forbidden by Dutch law to organize politically. This being so, both their organization and

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their leader had to work under cover. The cover for the Nazi party organization was an outwardly social and cultural body that went by the innocent name of ~~Reichsdeutsche Gemeinschaft~~, the German Citizens' Association. Every member of this association was a member of the Nazi Party of Germany. The president of the association was Dr. Butting, -- and the cover furnished Dr. Butting was an appointment as attache of the German legation at The Hague.

Dr. Butting was by profession a nose and throat specialist in an unimportant south German town. His practice had been small, his income insufficient, and his grudge against the world prodigious. He had first become a Nazi, then an ardent Nazi, and in the course of time an agitator in Austria. Among the unfortunate Austrians he had acquired such skill in the art of national disintegration (which is to say, fifth columnism), that, rising in the Party ranks, he was eventually rewarded with the high and lucrative post of Landesgruppenleiter, or National Group Leader, for Holland. As diplomatic attache, he was my subordinate -- or would have been had he ever taken part in the legation's work. As Party Leader for Holland he was in absolute fact the uncrowned king of every German national resident in that country. He reported solely and directly to Bohle, who was at one and the same time head of the Party's foreign organization and Assistant Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Thus Butting had a double grip on us of the legation. As between Butting and Count ~~Zech~~, our Minister Plenipotentiary, there was no

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question which of the two was, in Bohle's eyes, the more trustworthy and more useful to the Nazi cause. Because Butting was the very model of a Nazi high executive, the pattern of the intellect and efficiency by which the world is to be ruled if the Nazis are not destroyed, I must say something more about him.

Dr. Butting was a true social revolutionary. Not only did he and his good wife sincerely despise titles and everything that smacked of high living; not only did they refrain with almost inhuman self-discipline from good cheer and good things to eat; they hated all the oppressors of the poor, including the bourgeois employer class. Butting honestly considered himself the defender of the humble and a great worker in their cause. The hundred thousand Germans in Holland were regimented by him; he held them in the hollow of his hand and terrified them, -- but only for their own good and in order to preserve them from exploitation by "Jewish plutocracy." For this reason it was with a happy heart that he directed what I may be allowed to call the Tammany aspect of Nazism (carried out in this case by the ladies' and other auxiliaries of the Citizens' Association) -- visits to the sick, coal for the indigent, beer evenings and other get-togethers for the various German communities in the Netherlands.

Meanwhile, a positive genius for inefficiency and disorder inhabited this little man. He never personally put a letter into an envelope but it was the wrong envelope. He never borrowed a file from the legation but it became lost forever. It was through his carelessness that the presence in Holland of a German

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spy called Jonathan was revealed to the Dutch, as their former minister, Van Kleffens, reports in his recent book, Juggernaut over Holland. His letters and dispatches were written in phrases of such wild obscurity and peculiar illiteracy that only another fervent Nazi, attentive to the lingo of the Party, could by Hitlerian inspiration guess their purport. He was the sort of man who, having agreed to something on Monday, would forget that he had agreed, and declare with perfect good faith on Tuesday that you must have misunderstood him, -- how could he have agreed when all his convictions were to the contrary! Time and again his orders were given in a language so muddled that they could not be carried out -- with the result that the very clerks who took his orders were in the end rendered haphazard and inefficient through working for such a chief.

Yet it was a fact that Butting got things done. By power of will, by persistence, rage, trial and error, despite his ignorance and incapacity, and at the expense of immense waste and undisciplined energy, he got things done. In nothing was he more typically Nazi than in this.

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III

In 1938 the German legation owned two houses in The Hague. Both were of course the subject of diplomatic immunity and therefore inviolable as concerned search and seizure by the Dutch police. I shall call the house in which Dr. Butting had his office House No. 2.

What went on in House No. 2? It had been remodelled and was divided like a two-family house -- vertically, not horizontally; but between the two halves there was a communicating door. One side the house was Dr. Butting's. The other half housed the Nazi military intelligence agent for Holland. I shall come back shortly to Dr. Butting. First I must say something about this Second Bureau man.

One day in June 1938 I received an official visit from the German military attache at Brussels. He was accompanied by two army colonels, from Berlin. They had come to inform me that a civilian agent of the military intelligence would henceforward work out of The Hague, and that it would be useful if he could be accorded diplomatic status as an attaché of our legation. (At that time, and until the spring of 1939, there was no representative of the High Command resident at our legation. The London embassy attachés covered Holland as regards air and navy, the Brussels man as regards the army.)

"Do you think the Dutch will stand for it?" I asked.

"Oh," they answered; "we have already spoken to the Dutch, and they have agreed. We told them that this man would

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operate only in England, although making his headquarters here, and promised that he would not work in or against Holland."

I said to myself that either the Dutch were very naive, or the military men were lying to me and had not spoken to the Dutch at all. If they were not lying, would the Dutch let their fellow democrats, the British, know, I wondered.

My visitors asked if I would agree to the appointment they had in mind. We at the legation were already somewhat embarrassed by the presence of Dr. Butting on our list. Not socially -- though Butting in a top hat and his good lady in elbow-length gloves looked more like a pair of fierce Victor Moores than anything else. The embarrassment was professional. What Butting did on his own was no business of ours, but he had a habit of pestering us with a thousand pinpricks -- insisting for instance that we protest to the Dutch foreign office against the publication of a caricature of Hitler, the presence of an anti-Nazi book in a Dutch shopwindow, the showing of an American film; all petty nuisances in which he was invariably supported by our superiors in Berlin on instructions they received from their superiors -- Party headquarters. With this in mind, and also with the professional jealousy of the career diplomatist, I refused my consent. The army men did not insist, and we compromised on my agreeing to the appointment of their man as auxiliary clerk in the legation. Thus it was as a humble scribe, and not as an accredited diplomatist, that an important secret agent of the Nazis was

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certified to the Dutch Government. Typical of Nazi self-assurance was that although the man did not possess diplomatic status, he took it anyway, and his car carried a diplomatic license plate -- with Dutch complaisance.

What this man may have called himself in 1937 I have forgotten, but in my time at The Hague he went by the name of Schulze-Bernett. Like the others practising his trade, he had a code name too. He was that very "Jonathan" mentioned in van Kleffens' book as a spy "whose identity was never revealed."

We at the legation always referred to Schulze-Bernett as S.B. and I must say that S.B. was not a bad fellow. Of medium height, dark haired, with a hooked nose, he had bright blue eyes that looked out fixedly from beneath black eyebrows. He would sit habitually with his head on one side, staring with a steady blank gaze at a corner of the ceiling. I used to find myself imitating him unconsciously: it gave me a queer feeling of being some one else, of being suddenly a primitive, empty-minded, yet determined some one else. S.B. spoke fluent Dutch, which it appears he had learnt as a planter, or a clerk on a plantation, in the Netherlands East Indies. How he came by his Second Bureau job I have no notion. He certainly bore none of the earmarks of a military man. But he was more attractive than Dr. Butting; a little slimy, physically not quite clean, but gentle and modest, and never unbearable.

With S.B. we had a great deal less to do than with Dr. Butting. His trade was espionage, and we were to him not

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much more than a post office. One of the legation safes had been put at his disposal, to which he alone had the keys. Post and packages that came for him were in the custody of the chief clerk until he chose to turn up. When he arrived, he would take away what he wanted, lock up the rest in his own safe, and be off again. His communications to and from Berlin went by diplomatic pouch of course. Beyond this he seemed not to stand in the special need of our services.

This is as good a place as any to explain the role of the German diplomatic officers -- at least prior to September 1939 -- in the Nazi system of espionage and fifth columnism. I should say -- there are exceptions, no doubt, but this has been my experience -- that the last place to look for Nazi underground workers is among the senior career officers of the diplomatic service. Of course there are spies and fifth column workers attached to diplomatic and consular offices. But the real operatives are almost never to be found among the older career men for the good reason that these senior career men have never been trusted either by the Party or by the new Army clique -- those two partners in the ruinous government of the Third Reich. A person listed on the embassy payroll as simple attache, as auxiliary clerk, or furnace man, or messenger might be in reality the boss of the Nazi show in that country. If so, he would rarely be seen in or round the embassy or legation; and certainly his work would never be

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reported to the ambassador or minister, and it would never be reflected in the diplomatic files.

The older career men serve the Nazis as camouflage and decoys, and this is the reason why, up to the war at any rate, they were retained by the Party men who despised them. My own chief at The Hague, for example, was Count Zech, a son-in-law of the one time imperial minister, ~~Bethmann-Hollweg~~. It was as Bethmann-Hollweg's son-in-law, as a reactionary, as an old fossil, that Butting used to revile him. Yet Count Zech was kept at his post for the very reason that, since the dirty work went on outside the legation and not in it, his respectability was useful to the Nazis as camouflage. All the leading Hollanders were his friends, and they tended to say to themselves that "so long as old Zech is here, the threat is not so great." Why did a Zech not resign? Mostly because the Zechs of our service hoped desperately that if they stayed they might prevent the more serious outrages; believed that if they left everything would be worse, and the German people would be judged abroad solely by the Nazi party representatives.

It goes without saying, meanwhile, that the career men were made use of by the special agents in one way or another. They were friendly with some of us, especially if we pretended to be as tough as they were, used dirty words as they did, get a little drunk with them, and proved in this way that we were "men," not "gentlemen," and were aware that the world had changed. In that case they would loosen up and tell us a good many things.

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But we almost never knew the whole story about anything they did. In the London embassy under Ribbentrop there were actually two sets of personnel. We who were career men would refer to the other set as the "staff" men, that is, the Bureau Ribbentrop men. Their important work was not reported to the foreign office in Berlin, and they certainly knew a lot that we never dreamt of. In a sense this was the position at The Hague.

Not all of S.B.'s correspondence was with Germany, and of his Dutch correspondents by far the most interesting were his financiers, the Rotterdam banking firm that styled itself ~~Wodan, Incorporated~~. If you will consult the British (not American) Bankers' Almanac for 1939-40 you will learn that Wodan was established in 1910, that its president is ~~Hynheer~~ S.C.P.J. ~~Honigmann~~, and its managers are H. ~~W. von~~ ~~Goerschen~~ and Dr. N. E. ~~Kronenberg~~. Its London correspondents, you will observe, are ~~Kleinwort Sons' and Company~~.

S. B. was a spy, and I have no doubt a very good one; but the Wodan group were as pretty a collection of fifth column agents as you could wish to assemble. No jigsaw puzzle could fit together more satisfactorily than the S.B.--Wodan pattern.

"Honigmann!" I said to myself when first I saw the connection. "Why Honigmann is a highly respected name in Cologne, not a Dutch name at all. Isn't it to Cologne that S.B. motors so frequently to deliver his reports and take his orders from the Second Bureau man who has a desk in the trading company

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called Hauer and Balmuth? Of course it is! Yet this Honigmann" -- and now I become Sherlock Holmes for a moment -- "this Honigmann must be a Dutchman. He puts four initials in front of his name; and while the East Indians also do that, in Europe it is only the Dutch who are so considerate of the feelings of their godparents. But of course he is more useful to the Nazis as a Dutchman than he would be as a German, -- and very likely he has lived in Holland and been a Hollander for many years.

"He has been a Hollander," I went on, "precisely as his correspondent, ~~old Kleinwort~~, has been as Englishman for years and years." Nobody in the British Government would bother old Kleinwort to-day, for he must be near eighty years old. Therefore I need not scruple to recall that when I approached Kleinwort's son-in-law in London after the war had started, to ask if he couldn't do something towards financing a "Free German" group in Britain, he assured me with sincere regret that it was impossible "Because the old man is so violently pro-Nazi, you know."

~~Of Kronenberg~~ I knew nothing, but the jigsaw piece marked "~~Herr von Goerschen~~" fit exquisitely into the puzzle. Goerschen was one of a number of German army officers who, after the war of 1914-1918, had found jobs in Holland and settled there. I used to see him at the legation on days when he personally would deliver sacks of gold coin or packets of bank

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bills -- one packet contained a quarter of a million guilders, say \$135,000 -- triple-sealed and addressed simply "Jonathan." There was always something strange about Goerschen's evident care to avoid meeting S.B.-Jonathan personally, as if not even we at the legation should suspect that he might keep suspicious company. Yet once, at the end of 1938, when I was returning to my post from a Christmas holiday in Germany, and had run into Goerschen in the train, he forced himself upon me and talked at length about his frequent visits to the High Command in Berlin--specifically, I gathered, to Admiral Canaris' intelligence and espionage headquarters. (The High Command was located in the street called Bendlerstrasse, and was generally referred to by the street name, just as the German foreign office was always referred to as the Wilhelmstrasse.) Goerschen repeated to me with extraordinary indiscretion what he knew of Bendlerstrasse opinion about political matters, and I had the impression that he would like me to let some one in high place know that he, Goerschen, was a good egg, was on "our" side, and so on.

Even more curious was the way in which this impression was confirmed by the chatty German train conductor after Goerschen had left my compartment. Seeing him leave, the conductor, an old acquaintance, had begun to talk about him.

"That gentleman must be on bad terms with the Gestapo," the conductor remarked,

I was rather startled. "What makes you think so?" I asked.

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"Well," said the conductor; "for one thing, he goes back and forth all the time between Holland and Germany, and he never takes the same route twice in succession. He is always crossing the frontier at a different point."

"Trying to avoid some one?" I suggested.

The conductor nodded. "The Gestapo, I'll bet."

He went on. "Another thing I don't understand is this. He's a German, isn't he?"

"Of course," I said.

"Maybe he is and maybe he isn't," said the conductor, enjoying his little triumph. "I mean, he used to carry a German passport, and now for sometime he has been travelling on a Dutch passport."

Such things had happened before to my knowledge, wherefore I was not so astonished as I might have been. Goerschen had certainly been living long enough in Holland to arrange for Dutch citizenship and a Dutch passport. What was slightly peculiar about his situation was that, on recommendation of the High Command, he was at the same time permitted to retain his German nationality. "Legitimate" passport tricks were common in the Nazi espionage and fifth column system. For instance, every now and then we at the legation would receive a letter from the Wilhelmstrasse written "at the request of the High Command", which meant at the request of the Canaris bureau. It would inform us that certain Nazi agents would turn up at the Hague to whom we were instructed to deliver new German

passports bearing indication of a fairly long Dutch residence. Those persons would be coming from Germany in transit across Holland on their way to work for the Canaris bureau in England or the Americas. Thus an innocent Dutch residence was substituted for what, in British or American eyes, might be a suspicious German residence, and an innocent business connection in Holland was substituted for a perhaps suspicious official connection in Germany.

The web centering at Cologne could doubtless be followed thread by thread round the world. There is in Cologne a highly respected banking family called ~~Deichmann~~. This family is closely related to that other Cologne banker, ~~Schroeder~~, at whose house Hitler and Papen held their secret meeting in the course of which the first sold out his social revolutionary comrades to big business and the army, and the second sold out conservative and aristocratic Germany -- including his then chief, ~~Schleicher~~ -- to the Nazi thugs. A young ~~Deichmann~~, whom I used to see at parties in London when I was at our embassy there, turned out to be in the employ of Wodan. Then there was ~~Mallinckrot~~, also a member of a Rhenish banking family, and brother-in-law of Goerschen. This Mallinckrot had been a great figure socially in the German colony in Paris. Suddenly, in August 1939, he turned up as Amsterdam representative of the Woden firm. Of course he and ~~Deichmann~~ might readily have been innocent instruments

of the Nazi banking agents; yet there was something curious about the concentration of Cologne talent in the Rotterdam bank called Wodan -- particularly as Cologne was the center of Nazi espionage operations for western Europe and, it may even be, overseas.

Such, then, were S.B.'s bankers -- a firm with which the legation did no business and where the legation had no account. As for S.B.'s crew, I am reasonably certain that he worked with only a handful of pals in Holland itself. There was a mysterious individual called ~~Paarmann~~ who, I knew, was in Holland on a Canaris mission. Paarmann was certified to the Dutch (under their labor regulations) as a clerk in the German Railway Information Bureau at Amsterdam -- one of the scores of offices formerly maintained in the interest of tourist service all over the world. (This bureau, incidentally, was a favorite form of cover for Nazi underground workers abroad.) But Paarmann was, unlike S.B., a man of distinguished appearance, and his means were presumably greater than the salary of a tourist-agency clerk, since he lived in the most fashionable and expensive suburb of The Hague, a sort of Lake Forest, or Burlingame, or Locust Valley called Wassenaar. We at the legation saw him very rarely, and it is my guess that the railway bureau saw him not at all.

Closer to S.B. was one ~~Jabs~~ (pronounced ~~Yapps~~), who was listed as S.B.'s chauffeur and was in reality his

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wireless expert. There are two things of interest to say about Herr Jabs.

As this is written, in August 1941, the newspapers report that the Argentine Government has ordered the German Ambassador at Buenos Aires to ship back to Berlin a 500-lb. wireless transmitter whose presence in the diplomatic pouch was revealed as the chance result of a postal regulation. It was just such an instrument that Herr Jabs had installed and used to operate in the attic of S.B.'s half of House No. 2, in code communication with the Bendlorstrasse^{raus}. Wireless transmitters are among the very rare articles that do not enjoy diplomatic immunity under international law, yet Herr Jabs' playing on his instrument somehow never disturbed the slumbers of the Dutch counter-espionage people.

The other item is also a press report, concerning the presence in Panama of a Herbert Jabs, said to be "of military bearing," and posing as a commission agent, though in reality the "head of German military intelligence on the Isthmus" (New York Times, August 11, 1941). The "military bearing" of our Herr Jabs was distinctly that of a corporal and not of an officer, but of his army background there could be no doubt. So far as I can judge, he should still be a subordinate in the service of some one else, rather than "head" of intelligence work in any region. Yet it is not improbable that the Panama Jabs (with a transmitter buried somewhere) is our Jabs of The Hague, for he did a good job

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in Holland. His routine work there was of course useful; but the greatest service he rendered (if his own boast was true) was the radio receipt from a secret transmitter in Paris, and the re-coded transmittal to Berlin, on or about September 10, 1939, of the complete French Staff Plan for the disposition of their armies across the whole of their front. How the plan came into the hands of the Canaris agent in Paris, I am unable to say.

In the book to which I have already referred, Mynheer van Kleffens reports that his people picked up in The Hague a German document which "proved that a man who had been attache to the (German) legation for several years was the head of military espionage in Holland" and had under him "another man, whose identity was never revealed, but who worked under the name of Jonathan."

Jonathan, I need not remind the reader, is our friend S.B. The "attache" cannot be other than Dr. Butting; for until the summer of 1939, when we were assigned a naval intelligence officer, there was absolutely nobody else round the legation who worked in any sense directly with S.B. But Butting was not S.B.'s chief. S.B., indeed, had a very important post, with more than Holland for his province. The true situation was this.

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S.B. may have had as many as a dozen subordinates working in Holland, all sub-agents of the Canaris bureau. These were professional spies who knew their trade. But they could not possibly know Holland as intimately as was required by the strategy of the German High Command, as it was revealed following the invasion of May 1940. For this, not a dozen but perhaps several hundred sources of information were necessary. And it is at this point that Butting and S.B. come together. Through his German Citizens' Association, Butting had a pair of Nazi eyes, a pair of Nazi ears, in every town and hamlet of the Netherlands. They were the eyes and ears of his minor party officials. Whenever S.B. needed information concerning a corner of Holland which his people had not yet explored, or was anxious to check information relayed to him by one of his own people, he would go to Butting.

"Have you anybody along such-and-such a canal?" he would ask; "or in such-and-such a town."

Butting always had.

"Let me see the fellow's card," S.B. would say. And having driven out to scrutinize the fellow (most often a ~~party~~ member, but sometimes a Hollander), having interviewed him and been satisfied with him, S.B. would mark him down as a Vertrauensmann, a man to be trusted. Through such a man

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he would learn, among other things, which of the Hollanders in the locality might be considered "reliable." The Vertrauensmann would not, however, become a Canaris sub-agent. If he were a Hollander, he would continue his work for the Dutch National-Socialist Party run by ~~van~~ ~~Assert~~ and ~~Res~~ ~~van~~ ~~Tonningen~~. If, as was more likely, he were a German, he would go on working intermittently for S.B., but would continue his direct and normal Party service as fifth columnist, that is, as a man who, standing well in the Dutch community in which he lived, was able to spread Nazi doctrine and win sympathy for the Nazis of Germany and their way of life.

Incidentally, I ought to say that everything done by the Nazis is double-checked -- and even triple-checked, if we take account of the Gestapo. What S.B. learnt from one of his own people he checked with a Butting man; and what the Butting men reported was unfailingly checked with an S.B. man, or by S.B. himself.

"I know every stone in Holland," S.B. once boasted to me. By "stone" he meant canal, lock, bridge, viaduct, culvert, highway, by-road, airport, emergency landing field, and the name and location of Dutch Nazi sympathizers who would help the invading army when the time came. Had Dr. Butting's Party organization not existed under the innocent cover of his Citizens' Association, S.B.'s knowledge of

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Holland would have been as nothing compared with what it was. Thus the Citizens' Association served a double purpose: it was invaluable for espionage at the same time as it fulfilled its primary function as a fifth column agency. Or, to put it more truly, there is no such thing as fifth columnism divorced from espionage. Fused and intertwined, they come to the same thing; and when you permit fifth columnism, "mere propaganda", you are at the same time intensifying the espionage carried out against your country. All through Latin America this situation is paralleled.

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The dispatch already referred to in which I found the name of Jabs mentions that the Nazi organization in Panama "is reported to number in its party membership virtually every one of German nationality in the Isthmus." The important words in this statement are "German nationality." They remind me -- since I am speaking for Americans -- that, contrary to popular belief, the mass of foreign citizens who happen to be of German birth or descent form a far less reliable instrument of Nazi action than those residents of a foreign country who are still citizens of the Nazi State.

Of course there are many American citizens of German origin who are sympathetic with the Nazi cause. Some are sympathetic because they are simple-minded believers either in the myth of German racial superiority or in the myth of Nazi social achievement, or both. Some are sympathetic because for one reason or another they have had a hard time in America, and their adherence to the Nazi idea is a cheap fashion of taking their "revenge" on the country in which they failed to make good. Many thousands are sympathetic because, being of German origin, it is unavoidable that they should feel in their hearts a warm generous impulse to side with Germans instead of with Englishmen or Russians, so long as America herself is not at war. These

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are people who, never having lived in the inconceivable horror of Nazi corruption and Nazi grand and petty tyranny, really believe that the Germany they knew and loved still exists, and that everything said against the Nazis is just the old calumny of Germany by her enemies.

Who, then, are the dangerous American citizens of German origin who work with the Nazis? First, individual Goerschens and their like in banking and business, who have a material stake in the Nazi success, either because they still have German properties or because they are being paid handsome commissions and fees for handling Nazi business. Secondly, individual fools and hotheads, or criminal types happy to pick up a bit of Nazi "easy money." Obviously these latter are material for the purposes of Nazi agents in the Americas; but not collectively, merely individually; not as intelligent cogs in an organized machine of which they knew themselves to be a part, but as mere tools earning the small pay and the great contempt of their Nazi employers. Could there be a more complete failure than Fritz Kuhn's Bund of German-American citizens? Does not the very thirst for publicity and boasting of its fifth-rate leaders show how futile and amateurish the Bund was, compared with true fifth columnism? The Nazis were far too shrewd to back the Bund whole-heartedly, and the reason was this. American citizens

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of German origin is useless to the Nazis en masse because the Nazis have no direct and unbreakable hold over them. On the other hand, over the German citizen resident abroad, even the German who secretly loathes the Nazi regime, the Nazi agents have a terrible hold, and they exercise over such Germans a severe and inquisitorial discipline. The real strength of the Buttings, in Latin America as in Holland, lies in their power over German nationals. It is easy to show how that power is exercised, and what results it produces.

A little later I shall run hastily over some of the endlessly varied activities carried on in Holland by the Nazi Party under its cloak as a German Citizens' Association, particularly because this may throw light upon the work of the Nazi fifth column in the neighborhood or the country of my readers in the Western Hemisphere. At this point I want to cite a strikingly vicious aspect of the Butting procedure.

There was a scattering of German schools in Holland -- a high school in The Hague and perhaps a dozen primary schools in other cities. German children, but also the children of Hollanders and of some members of the diplomatic corps, attended these schools. The schools were subsidized by the Nazi Government. Their teachers were sent out from Germany and were all Party members. The curriculum was prescribed by Berlin and was exactly that taught in Nazi

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Germany. Such schools, it is well known, flourish throughout Latin America.

Now the great danger of these schools -- apart from the poisoning of young minds with ludicrous notions of race and history, and Nazi doctrine generally -- comes from the fact that, more than any other category of German living abroad, these school teachers are completely under the thumb of the Buttings. They are not merely Germans and Nazis, they are civil servants participating in a hierarchy and a pension system in which they cannot afford to lose their rank and all the benefits accruing from their past service. Therefore, if a Butting instructs them to nourish the seed of anti-American feeling that lies in many a Latin-American breast, they will do so. If they are ordered to undermine the confidence of an employer (the father of one of their pupils) in a given employee, even by lying about him, they are bound to obey the order -- particularly as the fundamental legal and moral maxim of the Nazi State is, "Right (or law) is that which is useful to the German People" (Recht ist was dem deutschen Volk nutzt). Being in the first place men of the highest respectability, and in the second place almost the only literate members of the Party abroad, they can make extremely effective use of the propaganda material furnished them by the agents of Goebbels and Ribbentrop. In Latin America, for

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example, it is they who, with outward innocence, compare full employment in Germany with unemployment in the United States, and labor "peace" in Germany with strikes in the United States, to show the "superiority" of the Nazi system. (Of course they do not add that the Nazis have from the beginning had a war economy, such as the United States has had only since 1940, and that Nazi labor "peace" is the "peace" of prison workers.) They can cite figures to display what great quantities of goods Germany normally buys from a given Latin American country in contrast to the small quantities bought from the same country by the United States. Literate people such as the readers of this magazine can have no notion of the astonishment with which illiterate people are filled when the most commonplace facts are suddenly revealed to them -- with a little twist of the truth that the ignorant do not see. And it is upon the illiterate that the Nazis count as their easy victims in foreign countries (as at home).

In Holland these teachers had still another function. Dr. Butting maintained at House No. 2 an enormous Kartothek, a card file, in which he registered everything that his agents knew about the German population of Holland, as well as about non-Germans. Having no wish to draw attention

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upon himself by the presence of a large clerical staff in House No. 2, he obliged the teachers to do his clerical work for him after hours. Here was an instance of the sort of pressure a Butting could not bring to bear upon anyone not a German national, no matter how much that person loved Germany and inclined to defend the Nazis because there had once existed a Beethoven and a Goethe. And here, also, was information which a Butting would never trust a German-American to know the existence of. In every aspect, this was strict Party work.

One of the most pitiful and skilful aspects of Dr. Butting's domination in Holland was the control he possessed over the German working population, even those who were indifferent to politics or secretly anti-Nazi.

We had in Holland, you will recall, at least 100,000 Germans who had not surrendered, and by and large did not intend to surrender, their German nationality. As workers, whether clerks, craftsmen, common laborers, or even housemaids, they were all required by Nazi law to be members of the Labor Front. The Labor Front, you may have forgotten, is that Nazi government department which has replaced the outlawed labor unions of Germany, and administers the workers' insurance, benefit, and pension system first instituted among

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us by Bismarck in the 1880's. In and out of Germany, every German worker must carry a Labor Front card and must have entered on that card the monthly contributions he makes to the Fund out of which the benefit payments are disbursed.

Consider what a boon this represented to Dr. Butting. Who in Holland shall collect these social contributions? Who but the Party members? From whom collect? From every single German in Holland below the status of an executive or proprietor of his own business. Thus, leaving aside the refugees, who had lost their nationality, every German man and woman in Holland was known to Butting's Party men; every one was identified and his personal history summarized in that vast card file upon which the teachers spent their evenings.

Now to be a German citizen and to be known to the Nazis is to be in the power of the Nazis. So long as you do not surrender your nationality, the Buttings are able to coerce or blackmail or bribe you into doing their bidding. They can break you, or they can induct you into the Party -- exactly as these vest-pocket Robespierres choose. That you happen to reside outside instead of inside Germany makes no difference. You are their man; and this is of course especially true of the poor, for the poor by definition live in uncertainty, have no influential friends, and stand in constant dread of authority -- whether it be the rent collector or the police.

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I remember that in the winter of 1938-39 Butting had received orders to repatriate to Germany, because of the war-economy labor shortage, literally thousands of German housemaids who had been working in Holland. The great card file was consulted, and Butting himself decided which women were to go and which were to be allowed to remain. Those who were most "useful" to the Party stayed; and I know personally that the German maids in the household of the Dutch prime minister, Mynheer Colijn, were allowed to stay as a "special favor" to the minister. Since the papers of these women had to be examined, it was to our legation that they were brought in droves twice a week. We had a large room at the back of the house into which they were herded. I used to call that room the Slave Market, and had you seen it filled with these hundreds of pale, drawn, unhappy faces you would have agreed that there was no other name for it.

Those girls knew what was ahead of them. They did not want to serve the Nazi State by doing rough work on farms, to which they were unused; or heavy work in industry, for which they would be hastily trained. They who had lived in rich, well-fed Holland had no mind to live in the thin ersatz economy that the Nazis had bestowed upon the Germans. They had no wish to surrender the savings they had put away in sound

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Dutch guilders in exchange for Nazi reichsmarks of uncertain purchasing power. But what could they do? They knew nothing of the law of nationality. They were aware that if a Dutch lad married you, you became Dutch and thus escaped this transportation to what was in effect a national prison camp. But it wasn't every day that a Hollander married one of these girls; and aside from this there was no way out for them.

Later, after the invasion of Holland began, I was told that some of these girls, because of their knowledge of certain regions of Holland, had been among the parachute troops who dropped out of the Dutch skies in May 1940. This may or may not be true: I can only say that some of the women I saw in the Slave Market impressed me as volunteers for that kind of service.

It was not far different with the men of German nationality. Somehow, if you didn't toe the line you lost your job. And what then? Holland, like all countries without a war economy, had her share of unemployed. Jobs were scarce, and the foreign unemployed were instantly deported by the Dutch, who had no wish to extend the dele to them. So you found yourself back in Germany. What sort of work could you get in Germany if you were in Butting's black books? Labor camp work, and no other.

But there were other reasons than terrorism why you should submit to Dr. Butting. There were those little

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every day reasons which play so large a part in our lives that we never think of them as decisive, never accord them the importance they possess. For example, you -- and the women too -- enjoyed certain advantages by being a "Good" German, that is, at least outwardly a Nazi sympathizer. The "Social Department" of the Citizens' Association through which your Labor Front dues were collected, also furnished you sports, recreation, and entertainment through its local branches. If you had to send money home to your family in Germany, "the boys" knew where you could get a favorable exchange rate for your guilders. Suppose you were in funds, and went home to Germany for Christmas. You could get out of Holland all right; but the only way to be reasonably sure that you would be allowed back was to impress "the boys" with the idea that you could make yourself useful to them. So you spied on your employer; you answered questions about what went on in your shop; you told "the boys" that the regiment of the Dutch colonel in whose house you worked was being transferred to such-and-such a place next month; you let them know what Mynheer A., the shipping agent, had said about Hitler to Mynheer B., the oil man, at the club where you were a waiter. It didn't occur to you that by this system German morality as a whole was being sapped, that

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the German people were being turned into steel pigeons and beet-lickers -- merely that you stood in a little better with "the boys" and had made a friendly gleam come for a moment into a Party official's eye that ordinarily was cold and suspicious. If, two months later at the club, you chanced to overhear that the shipping man was no longer agent for the German line his family had long represented, it meant nothing to you, -- unless you were a very clever lad, in which case you were on the way to being one of "the boys" yourself.

And as the Butting organization worked upon the humbler German people in Holland, so they were able to work upon the humble Dutch people. What I am about to tell will find no analogy in Latin America, but it is still of contemporary significance because the same trick is being played to-day upon the humbler people of France.

It was in 1938. That German labor shortage of which I have spoken was serious. The Dutch, for their part, were still experiencing an embarrassing degree of unemployment. The Nazis decided to import labor from Holland. In the Dutch labor ministry there was a highly placed civil servant, ~~van~~ ~~Hoeven~~ by name, who was a ferociously enthusiastic admirer of Nazi Germany. Butting and his friends had seen

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to it that van Hoeven and his wife were often invited to Germany at government expense. As the lady was apparently very extravagant, the van Hoevens managed to get themselves pretty heavily into debt to German shops -- and their debts, I was told, were settled by the kindness of their Nazi friends. What else van Hoeven may have been up to, I happened not to learn; but it is a fact that his own Dutch police put him into prison -- as usual, too late -- in the spring of 1940. It was with the aid of this van Hoeven, and with the advice of certain members of the Dutch national-socialist party, that the Dutch unemployment records were carefully combed for men to be put to work in Germany. A selection was made of those young men who were at once the best workers and most disaffected spirits among the Dutch unemployed.

The young men were shipped off to Germany and given work at fair wages. The foreign exchange regulations were relaxed in their favor, and they were permitted to send home to their families, in Dutch guilders, up to two-thirds of their pay. They were decently housed, quite well fed, and generously entertained with free beer, movies, and dances, sometimes three evenings a week, by the officials of the "Strength Through Joy" movement or one of the other Nazi

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agencies for keeping up the spirits of the Nazi slaves at home. With their habitual cunning, the Nazis rotated these Dutch unemployed. They would keep a man in Germany, in these favorable conditions, not above six months, send him back, and replace him by another. The total turnover, I recall was about 80,000 men.

When one of these men returned to Holland, and found himself again out of a job, he was more than ever dissatisfied with the government and employers of his own country, and more than ever an admirer of Nazi ways. Often he became a member of the Dutch national-socialist party; and even if he did not, he became at least a non-resister of the German invasion. The wives of these men, meanwhile, who through their unemployment had suffered not only from want, but also from the dependency and ill-temper of a husband humiliated by the thought that he could not make a living for his family, were perhaps more pro-Nazi than their husbands. Thus, the woman who came twice a week to clean my house at Scheveningen, and whose husband had done a six months' trick in these circumstances, said to my servant: "I shan't care if the Germans invade us. My husband says they are certainly better than the government and the bosses we have. Let them come. At least they'll give us work."

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The result of this manoeuvre was something so extraordinary that it could have been foreseen only in the perverted imagination of its Nazi inventors. I know -- because I saw them with my own eyes -- that in September 1939, after the Nazis had provoked war against England and France, actually hundreds of Dutchmen appeared at our legation in The Hague to offer their services to Nazi Germany in any capacity -- many of them suggesting espionage. Such was the intensity of the delusion implanted in thousands of Hollanders by the months they had spent in Germany. We at the legation had orders simply to take the names and addresses of these volunteers, put them into sealed envelopes, and turn the envelopes over to the intelligence agent, S. B. It was not until Holland was invaded in May 1940, many months later, that I realized what S. B. had been able to do with these fellows. Certainly they were among the Hollanders of every social stratum, high and low, who helped to welcome, shelter, and guide the German parachutist troops in whom they saw the saviors of their country.

I want to draw one immensely important conclusion before I leave this subject. The Dutch army fought magnificently against unbeatable odds. The Dutch people were in an immense majority loyal to their Queen and their way of

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life. The number of those who were deluded by the Nazis, or who sold out to the Nazis, may have been as small as 200,000 or as great as 500,000 out of say 5,000,000 adults in Holland. Even of the smaller number, only some can be called traitors in the moral sense, for many of them must have believed that they were acting in the true interest of the nation. In themselves, these 200,000 or 500,000 men had no power. The Dutch Government was not in their hands. The Dutch army was not theirs. The banking and business community was by no means completely Nazified. The strength of this minority was created directly and absolutely by Nazi fifth columnism, and the real danger of fifth columnism is not that it makes converts but that it makes doubters.

It was Nazi fifth columnism which saw the weaknesses in the Dutch democratic and capitalistic structure and exploited them. Because you are democratic and capitalistic, they preached, you have unemployment. Because of this your rich foreign trade has dwindled. Because of this you have governors who are weak and cowardly and not leaders of men. Thus Nazi fifth columnism influenced the non-Nazi Hollander by making him skeptical of the value of his traditional Dutch institutions. Without being actually disloyal to these institutions, the non-Nazi Hollander was not entirely sure that they were worth defending. He was not absolutely certain that

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they would not, in reality, be swept away by a "wave of the future" as the Nazis were constantly telling him they would be. So he became not a Nazi, of course, but a passive non-resister, a man unsure of himself and of his world. This you may take to be gospel -- it is not the converts but the doubters, the non-resisters, who explain the collapse of their nations. And the truly decisive product of fifth-columnism is not the convert, I repeat, it is the non-resister.

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I have more than once emphasized that German citizens are resident in foreign countries in large number. These are people who hope sooner or later, when the world has quieted down, and when they have made their little fortune abroad, to go home to Germany to live. So long as the Nazis were going great guns, a camouflage organization like the German Citizens' Association had a quite special attraction for these Germans.

Whereas in Germany itself the Nazi Party has been closed since 1934 or 1935, and virtually no new members admitted, it is still possible for a "deserving" German living abroad to attain to the honor and achieve the material advantage of Parteigenosse, or Party member. Out of 80,000,000 inhabitants there are only 3,500,000 Party members in Greater Germany. It goes without saying that, each on his own social level, they constitute the prosperous and the preferred class of present-day Germany -- exactly as the limited number of members of the Communist Party in the USSR constitute the preferred and governing class in that other one-party despotism. Therefore, those Germans who cling to their nationality while they live abroad cannot but yearn to become Party members and enjoy the solid dollars-and-cents advantages of Party membership in the mother country. Any one of them who possesses the least tendency to unscrupulousness can be led round by the nose, if only the promise of Party membership is dangled before him as an eventual reward for his services to the Butting of the

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country in which he resides.

The Party organization in Holland (as in any Latin American country) followed that at home as closely as its smaller numbers would permit. Under Dr. Butting served a corps of district leaders. Each district leader had his cluster of precinct captains, so to say. And each precinct captain was in command of his troops. In solemn imitation of the Party bureaucracy at home, the Party in Holland was administered by a large staff which included an almost comical variety of specialists (some of them high ranking Party dignitaries). Did a German football team arrive to play against a Dutch team? The Sportswart, or sports warden, met them with a band at the railway station, organized a cheering section, and arranged for the fraternization of Dutch and German teams and enthusiasts at a great beer bust after the game. Did a delegation of Nazi schoolteachers come to attend a convention with their Dutch colleagues? A Schulwart, or school warden, himself a clergyman and Party leader, was on hand to aid in demonstrating that one could be a Nazi without ceasing to be a pious Christian and a man of culture. Was there an exhibition of German fine printing in Holland? A Buchwart, or book warden herded the Dutch publishing trade to the show, indicated who among them were important enough to be given complimentary copies of expensive books, and arranged that a German speaker at the ensuing banquet should say flattering things about the Dutch presses.

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Indeed, the means of action at the disposal of Dr. Butting were without end. One was the Nazi Youth Movement. Since Holland lay alongside Germany, it was natural that this movement should have its imitators among the Dutch, and should be used to further enthusiasm in the Netherlands for the Nazi way of life.

There was a vigorous, self-made industrialist in Rotterdam, ~~Jongh~~ by name, who financed Dutch youth camps on the Nazi model. Mynheer Jongh was a man who wished his workers well with all his heart. They were given their lunch and furnished recreation, sport, and entertainment without stint under his sternly charitable eye. They had good wages, and nothing was denied them except independence of spirit and the possession of their own souls. Butting, ordinarily so wrathful against the capitalist employer class, was delighted with Mynheer Jongh. It was hard for a Dutchman to arouse enthusiasm in our little Butting, but of Jongh he would exclaim: "There is a real man, a man of our own kind!"

Jongh had one great delight in life, which was to attend the annual Viertagemarsch, the Four Days' March, in which about a hundred Nazi youths and the same number of Dutch youths tramped and camped round Holland in the happy fraternity of the out-of-doors. This circus always closed with a review of the future cannon fodder, before a smiling Dr. Butting, a hearty and happy Mynheer Jongh, and a tiny general of the Dutch army, still in active service, whose name was something like ~~Wijnders~~. The general, I am sure, was present in the line of duty, and not out of Nazi enthusiasm.

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The March that I went down to witness in August 1939 was a very gay affair. One group after the next -- for they were competing in the matter of form and speed -- the boys strode through villages hung with Dutch and Nazi flags and crowded with onlookers whose faces beamed with delight at the sight of all these healthy attractive lads -- as if here really was true fraternity, true internationalism, a true promise of peace on earth.

Again it was a little thing, a minor species of fifth columnism; yet what could go deeper than the implanting of this cheerful impression of the innocence and decency of the Nazi spirit? I have spoken to many Americans who travelled through Germany in the years between 1933 and 1939. Exactly as they used to extol Mussolini as the great man who caused the Italian trains to run on time, so they would praise Hitler because the youth of Germany, walking in the woods, strumming its zithers and singing its folk-songs, proved that justice and freedom were the outstanding characteristics of the Nazi regime. Of the poisoning of minds against all foreigners including these Americans themselves, of the corruption of souls and of daily life, these travellers saw nothing; and it goes without saying that no one dared tell them anything. Between these youths and their true life as Nazis there was approximately the same relationship as between American summer camps for slum children and the homes these children really live in.

Before I move on to a more important topic I must tell a story of absolutely elephantine Nazi clumsiness in

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propaganda, a vast scheme in which we at the legation found ourselves involved.

The Bureau Ribbentrop had its own foreign press and propaganda service, very much to the chagrin of Goebbels, who deemed this his exclusive province. Over this (and much else) the two great men would wrangle constantly, and it was part of the peasant cunning of Hitler that he would never pronounce a final decision between them. By this refusal to judge between his aides, Hitler was able to keep them all fearful lest they were slipping in his esteem, and therefore more anxious than ever to demonstrate their loyalty to him.

In the summer of 1939 Ribbentrop particularly enraged Goebbels by suddenly setting up his own teletype machines in the foreign embassies and legations, for the transmittal of German news. This served a double purpose. It cut squarely across Goebbels' domain, and it furnished spot news with Nazi coloring to the foreign press long before most of the non-Nazi agencies could pass along matter to the local newspapers. But my story concerns something other than press service.

At the time these machines were installed, the Bureau Ribbentrop had ~~its own~~ brain trust. It conceived the notion of mailing out dull and amateurish propaganda material to hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of non-Germans. The business was almost as complicated as it was comical.

First, all missions abroad were instructed to send

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to the foreign office at Berlin lists of foreign names and addresses. We at The Hague collected the local telephone directories, club and association lists, Who's Who in the Netherlands, and like sources, and shipped them off. Next we began to receive, personally delivered by diplomatic courier, pouches stuffed with thousands upon thousands of envelopes. These envelopes contained the propaganda material -- endless speeches by Hitler, and other things no one but a student or a fanatic would read. The envelopes bore no indication of the sender, and were addressed in German female hands by women who had misspelled every other name of person and street. Since the lot we received for mailing from Holland was addressed only to people in England and France, I take it that the Dutch addressees received their reading matter from the legations in France or England or Switzerland.

Clearly, this mail had to be stamped. Now to buy 100,000 or 200,000 five-cent stamps is for a legation a ticklish business, especially in a small country like Holland. Dr. Batting was summoned to the rescue, and it was his Party people who bought the stamps in all the postal stations of Holland -- \$25 worth here, \$50 worth there, perhaps \$200 or \$500 worth in each of the big city offices.

Suddenly it was discovered that licking the stamps was an even bigger problem than buying them. The teachers had been brought in, the local Party groups commandeered; but still the

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job was too big. And when a second enormous shipment was threatened, Dr. Butting was able to arrange a compromise with Berlin. His people in Holland would buy the Dutch stamps, but Berlin would have to lick them. And off went the stamps to Berlin in the diplomatic pouch.

Of course the matter did not end here, since, carrying Dutch stamps, the envelopes had to be mailed in Holland. So back came the stamps, this time stuck to envelopes transported by the sweating courriers, and the mailing problem was taken in hand. It was solved by instructing each member with a car to distribute his quota through all the post offices and mail boxes over an area of perhaps fifty or a hundred square miles.

Thus, at enormous expense, tons of virtually useless matter were destined for the waste-paper baskets of perhaps millions of non-Germans the world over. I think of this and of like incidents each time that I hear the government of a democratic country attacked for its extravagance. Extravagant the democratic governments may well be; but if you want to see real governmental extravagance, a real pork barrel and really gigantic waste, go to the Nazis. They control the whole of the German national income; and a great book could be written on the whimsies for which they use great chunks of that German national income.

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The Citizens' Association was dominated by perhaps fifteen leading Nazis resident in Holland. Some of their purposes they carried out through the association itself; others were effected through collateral organizations whose directors were more presentable and less obvious Nazis than the vulgar Dr. Betting, though still working closely with him. For instance, there was the Dutch counterpart of the Anglo-German Fellowship, called the German-Netherlands Society (Deutsch-Niederlaendische Gesellschaft). As in England, this was a Ribbentrop creation; and it was a curious thing that whereas the Anglo-German groups was led, on the British side, by titled Englishmen, the Dutch-German society was represented on the Dutch side almost altogether by business men. The Court of the Queen of Holland inclined to be old-fashioned and severely exclusive. The Dutch aristocracy had its Nazi sympathisers -- the very rich Count d'Ansinbonif, for example -- but they were totally without influence at Court, and the entourage of the Queen was absolutely above suspicion.

Thus, the president and other officers of the German-Netherlands Society were all representatives of the Dutch business world. At their elbows stood the important members of the German business community in Holland. The fraternization between the two elements was complete, but on a strictly business foundation. At their banquets, certain conventional phrases

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were pronounced concerning the racial affinity between the two Nordic peoples, but the chief stress was laid upon the commercial interdependence of Holland and Germany, upon Holland as Germany's gateway to the Atlantic, and so on. I recall sitting at one of their dinners beside a Frisian landowner who assured me with emotion that he would not know what to do without the German market for his onions, now that the British were no longer buying them. The Dutch cheese producers used the same language. Exactly so might a Latin-American exporter thank his stars for German buyers when neither the Americans nor the English were in the market for his product. It was all innocent enough on the Dutch side. They would entertain Funk, the Nazi Minister of National Economy, when he came to Holland. They held dinners for German commercial missions, and for the delegations who arrived to discuss the German-Dutch debt-clearing program; but it was all in the line of trade.

The Nazis had been extraordinarily clever about going deeply into debt wherever they could. There is a saying among us that "To owe money is to be weak." The contrary was true of the Nazis. "You have only to buy more from us and clear off your credits," they would say smoothly to the Dutch banks and chambers of commerce. Their aim was always to make the Dutch dependent upon German sources of industrial supply. They would take Dutch orders readily, in order to keep the Dutch out of

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other markets, and then would fill the orders or not, as it might suit their book. For example, they never let the Dutch buy airplanes anywhere but in Germany if they could help it; and I am reasonably sure that all, or nearly all the Dutch war planes were Fokker-Wulfs from Germany, probably delivered in insufficient number. Another example: The Dutch were trying in the late spring of 1939 to place orders for artillery pieces. The French and the British, whom they had approached, could promise only limited delivery. ~~Reiss-von~~ ~~Wappenheim~~, the German military attache at Brussels, got wind of the negotiations, and immediately pressure was put upon the Dutch to break off with the others and contract for heavy guns -- encouraged by promises of delivery that the French and British dared not make. (Precisely the same procedure was used in dealing with Germany's Balkan and Latin American creditors.) Considering the late date of the order, I suspect that none of these guns was ever actually delivered to Holland, and it is even likely that it was never intended they should be delivered. At that late date the true intent can only have been that the Dutch be as little equipped for war as possible. Incidentally, Dr. Butting was a party to these negotiations; and it speaks eloquently of the number and variety of strings in his hands that I never had the least idea how he happened to be involved in that, on the surface, does not seem to be a fifth column job at all.

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There was in Amsterdam a prime fifth column center called The German Chamber of Commerce for the Netherlands. Its officers were exclusively German and Nazi, and its president was a certain Dr. Flesche. Flesche was one of the High Fifteen of the Citizens' Association, a key man who served as a gushing fountain of information for the spy, S. B., even more than for Dr. Butting. It was he, as well as one Sperling, head of the German railway bureau which I have already mentioned, who were the chief consultants and sources of data for the special war-economy attache assigned to our Amsterdam consulate in 1939 to make a complete census of Dutch business properties. The same sort of census was taken by the same sort of specialist in other European countries; and it was thanks to the information they gathered that the High Command was able, after the invasion, to see that German supplies of raw materials and manufactures were promptly supplemented by the stocks present in the invaded countries. The same data, also, told the Nazi profiteers what foreign properties to "buy up" with the paper currencies they issued in the invaded countries and forced upon the stockholders of the properties they coveted.

Another task carried out by Flesche and Sperling had to do with the activities of S.B. Because it was a High Command job, and not a straight fifth column job, it was S.B. and not Butting who was instructed to appoint German business men in

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Holland as agents for a purpose which I shall describe, and it was Flesche and Sperling who nominated these agents out of the German Chamber of Commerce membership. Not as a committee, but individually, each ignorant of the fact that others were also working for the High Command, one German business man was appointed by S.E. agent for the quiet purchase of oil supplies on Nazi behalf; another was employed to engage cargo space in advance for the import of war materials to go to Germany; a third was sent into the market to pick up gold coin; and so on. All this was arranged in May and June 1939 when, having taken Czechoslovakia, the Nazis had made up their minds to risk war that summer and were hastening their final preparations.

Dr. Flesche's position in Dutch as well as German business circles in Holland was absolutely unassailable; and had he been attacked in the Dutch press before September 1939 it is probable that every decent business man in Holland would have cried "For shame! The man is being persecuted!" Yet only one week before the invasion of May 1940 the Dutch police arrested Flesche as a Nazi spy -- and, incidentally, expelled the autocratic Dr. Butting. I mention this not to attack Flesche personally -- for my story deals with bigger things than personalities -- but to let the reader see that no quarter is too respectable, no circle too exalted, to be infested with espionage, with treason (as in the case already cited of van Heeven), and with fifth columnism. There was in the Dutch

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civil service a Jew, even, who toadied to the German colony in Holland, sat always at the guest table when the German-Netherlands Society or the German Chamber of Commerce gave a banquet, professed the greatest admiration for the Nazis, and was in the end awarded a Nazi decoration by Funk himself -- although after something of a battle amongst the Nazis. The man's name was Hirschfeld; his function was the drafting of commercial treaties between his government and foreign governments; and he held the highest rank to which a civil servant can obtain -- permanent Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Yet by reason of some quirk in his nature, the man was doubly a renegade -- to his nation as a Hollander, to his people as a Jew.

A minor aspect of Flesche's function -- if any aspect of fifth columnism can be called minor -- was to flatter Dutch business men, for example by whispering to them that Minister Funk, on his last visit, had asked specially about them. When the Utrecht Fair was held -- the greatest annual event in Dutch business -- it was Flesche who saw to it that the right Hollanders were decorated with the Order of Merit of the German Eagle, the Nazi reward reserved for meritorious foreigners. He was always present at the powwow where it was determined which Dutch business should be accorded the signal honor of an invitation to the annual Congress of the Nazi Party at

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Hurenborg -- though the Dutch national-socialists decided the semi-finals, and Butting's approval was necessary for the final decision about the list.

The simplest fashion in which the Nazi fifth column worked upon the Dutch business world was to eliminate executives unfriendly to the Nazi regime replace them by their own tools. In the beginning the process was more or less haphazard, the Nazis being still uncertain how far they might go. As an actual plan, it matured only in 1933. In that year, for the first time, it was determined to get rid of Jews wherever possible outside Germany. As there was scarcely a large Dutch firm without Jews among its officers or directors, Holland was immediately affected. After the Jew came other undesirables, from the Nazi point of view. And the interesting thing is that it was not the propaganda men but the military intelligence men who first saw the advantage of removing undesirables and replacing them by "safe" people in foreign businesses.

Dr. Butting and his colleagues of the fake Citizens' Association worked upon both Germans and Hollanders. It must be borne in mind that few important firms in Holland were not in some measure dependent upon the German market and a German connection. This was especially true of the numerous Dutch commission houses, import and export businesses, agency and factoring firms, and transport and insurance companies. A large part of Holland's shipping and transit trade was done for

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German account. Wherever a Dutch business man turned he found himself faced with the problem of Germany. And of course this was particularly true of the banks.

The German in Holland who was not amenable to the dictation of Lutting and his friends had no chance whatever to stay in business. He was threatened first of all with the loss of his passport. Here is a threat so serious that Americans, citizens of a really free republic, can hardly grasp its import. It puts a man before these alternatives: either go back to Germany, or declare yourself a refugee and cut yourself off from your country and your family at home. Had this particular German a job with a German firm in Holland? He was fired automatically. With a Dutch firm? A word in the proper ear and the man was out of work. Was he the agent of a German principal? Lutting had only to write to Bohle, in Berlin, that one X, Rotterdam agent of the German firm X, was nicht Zuverlaessig, not trustworthy. A peremptory note from Bohle (Party headquarters) to the German firm in question, and X's agency contract was immediately rescinded. Was the man proprietor of his own business? As he was a German, his business was sure to have a German basis or connection, and he was promptly ruined. His source of supply was blocked, his credit line was withdrawn by the banks, his market was closed to him. In one way or another the German in Holland was faced with this firm choice: Come in with us or blow your brains out! Fifth columnism has

its tragic side even for the Germans; and I cannot but believe that many a decent German business man in Latin America is to-day playing a part he loathes and of which he is ashamed. The reader will forgive me if I add that I say this without partizanship. It is simply in the nature of things that not all the Germans in the world can fail to see the hideousness of the Nazi regime, not all of them can wish to conspire against the whole world and be fools enough to dream of conquering it.

Nor was it much harder to get at the Dutch, -- not of course in their strictly Dutch enterprises, but wherever there was any connection at all with Germany. Assume a Hollander who for years has had a profitable connection as agent for a German firm. If his agency was valuable to him -- as in the case of a machinery distributor, a shipping firm, an oil importer who sold his product in the German market -- that man had absolutely to live in the good graces of Dr. Butting and his friends, or go out of business. Butting might be suspicious of the man, or not like his face. If so, he would whistle up one of his lieutenants.

"Get something on so-and-so for me," he would order; and the lieutenant, having interviewed a German lad working for the agency, would report back that the Hollander had spoken slightly of the inferior ersatz materials going into the

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German product he handled, or that his wife went to a Jewish dentist. (You don't believe that about the Jewish dentist? I myself, who went to a Dutch -- not Jewish -- barbor, had to endure reproaches from Butting because I did not give my trade to an inept German barber in The Hague.) When, soon after, that agent was replaced, his successor was bound to be a Hollander who knew which side his bread was buttered on. A man who would do as he was told.

Nor would Butting hesitate to put in an incompetent Hollander -- if the man was a good Nazi and useful to the Party. The Dutch national-socialist leader, ~~Mussert~~, might drop a word to some one in Berlin. Or it might be ~~lost van~~ Tonningen who spoke, Mussert's partner and rival -- for all Nazis are at one and the same time partners and rivals, standing shoulder to shoulder against the world with their knives drawn, ready to cut each other's throat. The Dutchman would say to the German:

"Look here, I have a wonderful fellow in Rotterdam, a great Party worker. He's down on his luck and needs a job. See what you can do for him. It would help us a lot."

By the grapevine, the appeal would reach Butting's desk. In a couple of months the Dutch Nazi would have been given a small agency. His pals would think him a great fellow -- yesterday unemployed, to-day representative of a German firm, no less! And he would say to his pals: "You see the sort of

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thing the Party could do for everybody if only we got rid of this anti-Nazi government of ours!"

The reader can imagine that this sort of dictation to Dutch business and disruption of Dutch business personnel irritated and disturbed the Hollanders beyond telling. To what lengths the Nazis in Holland went I saw in the case of the great worldwide Dutch shipping agency, William H. Muller & Co. This honorable firm had for many years been agent in Dutch territory for a number of European navigation companies, including the German lines -- Hapag, and North German Lloyd. When the Nazi fifth column got well under way, and was going great guns, it was determined to inform the Muller Company that the personnel of its board of directors was unacceptable to the Nazi Government and would have to be changed. The pretext was that the Nazis could not have "untrustworthy" people, some of them Jews, directing an agency which represented German lines. I imagine that the Mullers rose in their wrath and told the Nazis what they could do, for no change was made. Negotiations went on for months, the Mullers fighting the Nazis toe to toe; and the last I heard about the case was that the Nazis had been forced to give way at least to this extent, that they were begging the Mullers to incorporate a separate company for the German-lines agency and set up a board of directors that would be half Muller and half Nazi. If those negotiations dragged out to May 1940, then of course they came to nothing, and the Mullers were dictated to by the invaders, not argued with.

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I may have hinted, meanwhile, that Dr. Butting was not the sort of man with whom the real leaders of Dutch business would consent to deal. I mean by real leaders, for example, Fentner ~~van~~ ~~Blissingen~~, the predecessor of Mr. Thomas J. Watson as President of the International Chamber of Commerce, and Mynheer Crenay ~~de~~ ~~Longh~~, another Hollander of unquestioned probity and character. Not only were these men too intelligent and experienced in affairs to be impressed by a Butting, their good will was too necessary to the Nazis for a Butting to be allowed to irritate them. Somebody with more breeding and distinction, with more subtlety, someone breathing less fire against the capitalist system had to be used to approach Hollanders of their quality and their circle. This was the work for which the Bureau Ribbentrop was cut out.

They were curious fellows, the Ribbentrop men. Their principal characteristic was a combination of good breeding with some flaw or other that made them not quite suitable for Party membership. Rittmeister (cavalry captain) ~~Wickel~~, for example, the Ribbentrop man for Holland, had Jewish blood and was therefore not a Party member. He wore a glass in his eye, was distinctly a "gentleman" and something of a swell, and the way in which he affected a tolerant contempt for the Nazis was both charming and impressive. "My dear fellow," he would say in substance to the Dutchman of the German-Netherlands Society,

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"you know of course that in Germany I dare not open my mouth. But here in Holland, and to a man like you, I can talk freely. Believe me when, speaking as a good German, I give you my word that the Nazis are swine. Not all of them. Not all of them, mind you. The Fuehrer, after all is really a great man, a genius. But practically all of them. Swine." And he would chat amiably on until the moment came for him to slip into his discourse the falsehood he wanted you to be impressed by and to repeat everywhere. "War?" It would come forth. "War, my dear chap? Impossible. I know for a fact that the Nazis haven't got eight days' oil supply in Germany. How can they make war?" And he would add hastily: "But for heaven's sake, don't tell anybody I said so! It's as much as my life is worth to be talking like this." It is a fact that Captain Wickel actually made this statement about oil in late August 1939, one week before Ribbentrop provoked the second world war. A Fentner or a Crena might know too much to believe it; but most of the members of the German-Netherlands Society were not of their class, and they were impressed.

Those big Dutch business men whose affairs were constantly being threatened with incompetent intruders foisted upon them by the Wickels and the Buttings, had but one means of defense: They were obliged to cultivate the Party leaders in Germany in order to be able to go over the heads of these

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subalterns. So we find a Fontner, a Grena arranging to maintain friendly relations with Ribbentrop, with Schacht and later Funk, with Hoss, with Bohle (Hoss' subordinate and Butting's superior). They had to be able to go to Berlin and argue that the mischief-makers must be called off and the pretext they invariably gave was one that invariably worked. "If this is permitted," Fontner would say, "your Dutch business must inevitably suffer, and your income in Dutch guilders must inevitably dwindle." The one thing that the Nazis were shorter of than anything else was foreign means of payment, sound international currencies like the guilder, the Swiss franc, the pound sterling, and the dollar. Only with such currencies could they pay cash for essential imports in those parts of the world -- the United States for example -- where they had been unable to arrange barter agreements and had no credits. Thus, up to a point at least, the big Dutch business men -- but only the big ones -- had a mode of defense they could set up against the Nazis.

It follows from this that there was something excusable in the appeasement policy of the Fontners and their kind, and in their endeavor to remain on good terms with the Nazi leaders. They wanted no war; they strove sincerely to prevent disturbances to the world at large; they took no pleasure from these strivings or from the contacts they had to maintain with Berlin. We may freely grant that they wanted peace quite as

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much because they were patriotic Hollanders, who knew that trade was the life blood of the Dutch people, as because they had a private material stake in the continuance of the existing order. They took, perhaps without realizing it, almost exactly the line that the German business men themselves had taken from 1932 on. But, as in the case of the German business men, the results seem to indicate that these Hollanders were guilty of poor judgment. They had said to themselves that even if the worst came, even if the Nazis took them over, Dutch workmen would at any rate have employment; they, the leaders of Dutch business, would at any rate be taken into partnership by the Nazis; and the New Order in which they kept their place would at least not be communism, and might not be very different from the existing order. But they were wrong on three counts.

First, the pickings left by the Nazis to their partners -- whether German business men or others -- are small pickings indeed. Secondly, for a first class business man, a decent income, even a large income, is not enough. The memory that he who is now tied to the tail of the Nazi cart was once a free agent, free to exercise his talent, his imagination, and his energy as the true head of his business, is bound to gnaw at the vitals of any big man caught in the Nazi machine, and make his life miserable. To the smaller executive, the man used to carrying out the big man's orders, it makes less

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difference; and we see as a rule that it is the third rate, or the third rank executive who is and remains an enthusiastic Nazi or Fascist sympathiser. But of the really big man this is not true. Why else did Fritz Thysson run away from his country and his enormous family business? Thysson fled because he was withering away with the unhappiness of seeing incompetent Nazis crowded into his management by a corrupt and greedy governmental gang; was bound hand and foot, helpless to rescue that prodigious, that in a way beautiful structure, the United Steel Works of Germany, from the ruin that he saw threatening it at the hands of that war-mongering monstrosity, the Nazi Party, which he had been imprudent enough to finance as a bulwark against communism.

And the third point is this, that the Nazis will surely be overthrown before ever they and their junior partners shall erect a New Order and begin to enjoy the fruits of their illusory victories of 1940-41. It does not matter that the Soviet Russians may be too weak for them. It does not matter that the United States may not jump into war with both feet. Such circumstances would hasten the Nazi overthrow; but that overthrow will come in any case.

Those who assume that the Nazis may found an enduring order forget entirely what the peoples of Europe are. The peoples of Europe are far too advanced in civilization, too

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self-respecting and independent in spirit, too skilful and ingenious to remain for any significant length of time the slaves of a New Order which they know to be bent upon their enslavement. The Europeans are not gentle and unsuspecting South Sea Islanders. They have seen chains before, and they know very well that chains are not mere bracelets and necklaces. They are not primitive Redskins helpless against firearms. They themselves have forged firearms; and as soon as they have got their second wind they will fight this tyrant with all the resourcefulness that the mind of civilized man can command. They will begin by sabotaging, and they will end by destroying their Nazi masters.

Anybody, German or non-German, employer or worker, who has put his money on the Nazi horse is bound to lose it. Not because European man has theories about liberty and democracy, not because he bothers his head to remember the struggles of the past in which his liberty and his dignity were desperately won. Theories of history do not concern me, and I am not discussing them. I am discussing a reality, which is this: Unknown to themselves,--to the peasant, the laborer, the clerk, the mechanic, the intellectual worker,--there lives within them a spirit that is already saying to Hitler, "No! There is some dirt we will not eat!" It is that spirit that will overthrow Hitler as it overthrew Napoleon.

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Despite Nazi censorship, we are already hearing the voice of that spirit from every country of Europe, and we should hear it from Germans in Germany if the Nazi war clamor did not drown it out. Sooner or later, that voice will say what form of government these men shall live under. And it will not be the appeaser who will be consulted about that form of government. Not because the appeaser's "class enemies" will deny him a right to a voice, but because the patriotic members of his own class will brush him aside. Is it to be thought that the Czechs in exile, the Poles in exile, the Free French, the Serbs in exile, the Germans in exile will welcome into any restored government of Europe those of their compatriots who succumbed to the Nazi lure, or sold out their peoples to the Nazi power? When Europe is restored to freedom it will be even clearer than it is now that the man of property has but one lone interest, and it is to fight with his people against the Nazi domination. Only then will his people accord him a share in the world to be restored; and only then, out of respect for him, out of recognition of his patriotism, will his people fight with him against all other forces that seek to impose regimentation and servitude upon mankind. It is not by the Nazis that the man of property will be preserved from communism. If he is wise and loyal, his own workers will preserve him.

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I have still something to add, both by way of summary and conclusion, and concerning myself and my kind.

Nazi fifth columnism is a three-ring circus, built one ring inside the next. The innermost ring is represented by the normal espionage and intelligence service of the military establishment common to all governments. The middle ring is the Nazi party organization with its affiliated agencies operating on foreign soil. And the outermost ring is the socio-economic situation of the workers and business men in the non-German country where the Nazi spies and fifth columnists are at work.

Against the innermost ring the sole remedy is a first class counter-espionage service. This might seem to the reader too obvious to be worth saying, but if we look at the Dutch Government in the years 1938 and 1939, if we read the book of the Dutch foreign minister published in 1941, we are bound to say to ourselves that to men as intelligent as the Dutch, it was not obvious at all. Mynheer van Kleffens admits that his people did not know who "Jonathan" was; yet S.B. drove a car with a Dutch diplomatic license plate, hobnobbed with the leaders of German business in Holland, scrutinized every square foot of the country, crossed the German-Dutch frontier by motor innumerable times. Where was the Dutch counter-espionage bureau? Why did they not know what was going on in House No. 2? Why were they not aware that a radio transmitter was installed in its attic. One wonders if they knew, even, that the Dutch police itself--in particular the Amsterdam police commissioner--would on occasion hand over German refugees to the Gestapo without the formality of extradition papers..

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Against the middle ring the remedy is of two kinds. First, defensive: So long as the Nazis rule Germany, all organizations of German nationals in a non-German country, whether open or camouflaged as chowder and marching clubs, must be outlawed, even the most innocent in appearance. The officers and the purposes of such organizations are in some cases innocent individuals, but they are nevertheless tools employed to fulfill Nazi ends, and the original purposes have been perverted to these ends. Second, offensive: The government must be strong enough, sure enough of itself, well enough aware of its own true interest, to smash every secret Nazi organization of which it gets wind. In the case of Holland I cannot believe that the Dutch did not at least suspect what the German Citizens' Association was, and what Dr. Butting's role was; and I am bound to believe that they shut their eyes voluntarily, out of fear and out of total misjudgment of their own true interest.

As for the outermost ring, a nation whose social and economic house is in order will not need to fear that its own nationals will willingly collaborate with foreign fifth columnists. When orders are flowing on the order books, and workers are opening weekly pay envelopes, neither employers nor employed will take time to listen to subversive talk on the radio or on the street-corner, or to discuss among themselves what ought to be done about "the situation." This is the basic, the fundamental problem. A healthy society is immune to fifth column poison; a sick society will be killed by it.

As for me personally, I am a German refugee. Not a Jewish refugee. Not an involuntary refugee. Had I chosen, I

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might have remained for many years in that diplomatic service in which I represented first the German Republic and then the Third Reich until the war broke out in September 1939. Why I chose otherwise is a story I shall tell another day.

There are two reasons for the publication of what I know about Nazi fifth columnism. The first is that I wanted to show who the fifth columnists are, and to show that by and large there are no bona fide German refugees among them. Certainly there are fake refugees in the Nazi spy system. Certainly there are occasional weaklings who, being refugees, have nevertheless allowed themselves to be bribed or blackmailed into serving the Nazis. But these regrettable circumstances cannot be held and should not be held against the great mass of honorable bona fide refugees living abroad.

Secondly, I seek to dissipate fear of the Nazi fifth column. Not that it is ineffectual. Far from it. My story shows in considerable detail how extraordinarily effective it was in the Netherlands. But what men really fear is the unknown, and what I seek to do is to tear the veil from this particular unknown. It is only when facts are revealed that measures can be taken against them. And when we find ourselves taking measures against the enemy, he ceases to be a bogeyman, and we cease to fear him. We no longer tremble about who may be hidden under the bed: we drag him out and beat him over the head.

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The whole idea of fifth columnism is a great boon to the Nazis. It makes their work easier. It frightens the rest of the world. It gives the impression of a tremendous secret weapon against which there is no defense. And it rejoices Hitler because, by casting suspicion upon every German refugee, it cripples and paralyzes the powers of those refugees whose knowledge and experience of Nazism might be useful to the authorities of the land in which the fifth columnist is at work.

Finally, I seek to expose the error in the notion that the Nazi successes are the product of a stupendously efficient and smooth-running organization against which the best remedy is an equally stupendous mass of bureaus, commissions, services, agencies, and the like. The real strength of the Nazis is not their efficiency (though I will except from this the General Staff in its strictly professional aspect). Their real strength is their fanatical will, their tireless persistence, their concentration upon objectives which are not the objectives of your daily life but are the objectives of their daily life. You have your day's work to do, and the notion of war is to you an auxiliary nuisance. Their day's work is war. But quite apart from the question of war, your strongest remedy against them is to work as hard to make men free as they work to make men slaves, to believe as passionately that democracy is worth defending as they believe it is worth destroying. Only out of this striving and out of this passion can come a nation that will surely be immune to fifth columnism.



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