Bernard Weinstein, December 16, 1988.

I'm Leonard Linton, a veteran of the 82nd Airborne Division which has liberated the Wobbelin concentration camp in Northern Germany at the end of World War II in May of 1945. I was fortunate to speak the four occupation languages of Germany because I happened to have been born of Russian-background parents in Japan and raised quadrilingually, so I speak four languages fluently, although with an accent in each one of them, but that has enabled me to have an extremely good insight into the events in Germany at the end of World War II.

I was raised partly in Europe. I went to school in France and Germany. In Germany, in particular, I went to school in Berlin. So I not only speak German. But as any self-respecting young kid, I speak the Berlin slang and have used it on occasion with the German military to get very rapid obedience when it was necessary, particularly at the end of the war when the division came into the last small town that we took in Northern Germany called Ludwigslust, which is located in North Germany in the province of Mecklenburg.

Later it was ceded to the Red Army. But the 82nd Airborne came in there, met with the Red Army, and, unbeknownst to us when we arrived there, there was a concentration camp on the outskirts of this town next to a small village called Wobbelin. This was not as large a concentration camp as the infamous camps of Dachau, Theresienstadt, and many others that are well-known to have had very efficient mass-murder machines, gas chambers, gas ovens where the people, the bodies of the people who were murdered by gas, or shootings, or starvation were then cremated to obliviate the traces.

In the Wobbelin camp, it was not such an industrialized operation. The survivors were merely left to die of hunger. They weren't fed. They were worked and not fed. And so, naturally, it doesn't take too long before a person passes away, particularly if they're brutalized, if they live without heated buildings.

And when we came there, we heard that there was a concentration camp. On the first or second day of hearing this, I drove into the camp in my Jeep. And as was expected, there were no German guards because the Germans, in general, had a tremendous propaganda against the American paratroopers. And they claimed in their propaganda that we were volunteers from death row in Alcatraz and were serving in the US Airborne units to gain our freedom at the end of the war.

And so they claimed that we were performing atrocities, and they terrorized their population and their military by stories about what we were doing. We used this, of course, to our advantage. Because whenever we would show up, we had our distinctive jump uniform. It usually created incredible panic and pandemonium in their ranks, especially among the civilians. Just seeing an American paratrooper would make them shake and quiver to an extent that was a delight to us in those days, and we quickly utilized this to get them to do whatever we had to have done.

At that time, I served in a unit in the 82nd Airborne called G5. That was a newly-- relatively newly formed unit, which stood for Military Government. At the end of the Battle of the Bulge, those who spoke German were selected, and a few of us were sent to a Military Government school in France because it was well-expected that the next engagement of the 82nd Airborne was no longer going to be the liberation of France, which was already finished by that time. We had just at the end of the Battle of the Bulge liberated Belgium, for all intents and purposes, and the next assault was going to be on Germany itself, the so-called "1,000-year Reich."

And the Military Government school was marvelous. Because in a two-week, very intensive training, those of us who went through this Army school were able, literally, to run an occupied, subdued nation. We were expecting, of course, resistance. Our intelligence reports said that there were going to be Werwolfs, a German resistance group that was trained to work behind our lines. And we were ready for the worst when we got into Germany.

But by a quirk of history, which I think is not particularly relevant right now, the British and Canadian armies stepped on the left bank of the Elbe River and were not crossing for several days in a row. This resulted in General Eisenhower ordering the 82nd Airborne to cross the Elbe and to proceed as far forward towards Berlin as was physically possible.

I believe that General Gavin suggested this to General Eisenhower and said something to the effect that the 82nd can cross the Elbe where the British and Canadians were not crossing it and could, once across, forge on to Berlin. From there, of course, stems the title of one of General Gavin's books, which was called On To Berlin. It included this particular episode.

So in the Military Government function of the 82nd Airborne was primarily concentrated on governing the German area that we took, that the 82nd Airborne took. So G5 was a headquarters group consisting of maybe five or six men, officers and men, two officers and three or four men. And each regiment, each of the three or four regiments that the 82nd Airborne had, had an S5, which was the regimental-level Military Government unit. We all had been trained for that in this French school I mentioned.

So by the time we came to Ludwigslust-- I believe that I was the first trooper of the 82nd Airborne to come into Ludwigslust. In fact, I rushed into the town hall while a meeting of the mayor with all his administrators was in progress. And I barged in sort of rough and ready, threw my carbine on the table during the meeting, and asked them, what was this meeting all about? It took them a few minutes to regain composure from seeing this horrible figure appear.

Were you by yourself?

I was by myself. I was tired, dusty, maybe two days of Jeep-riding forward every-- rushing as far and as quickly as we could. And I was certainly not in a very tender frame of mind near this end of the war. So they told me that the meeting was as to what to do in case the Americans arrive. So I told them the meeting is now ended because it's no longer a question of whether or not we will arrive. We are here, and I'm taking over. And as a representative of the 82nd Airborne Military Government, they are now under my direct command to do as I order them.

The procedure was that we had a Proclamation Number 1, which was a little leaflet, approximately letter size, maybe slightly larger than letter size, of which I had several additions or several copies in my pocket, folded. And we had in my Jeep several rolls on a-- of a much larger identical proclamation which I handed to them to paste on all the bulletin boards around town.

And it said something to the effect that translated into English-- it was in German and English-- "I, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces"-- I still remember the text by heart. And it went on that they are now conquered and are to obey all United States Army Government and occupation regulations, which we started spewing forth in tremendous numbers and volume the moment I came into that room.

I stood there maybe 20 minutes, certainly not even half an hour. I kept going because our orders were "go on to Berlin." And so I kept going in my Jeep. And a few kilometers outside of Ludwigslust towards the-- on the road towards another little town called Grabau, we met the Red Army. And for us, the 82nd Airborne, the war was over. I believe it was probably May 2.

We couldn't go on, of course, beyond the Red Army lines into Berlin. So the border between the Red Army and the US Army was a demarcation line with a 1-kilometer no-man's land cleared of all people. I was doing some of the clearing. The other colleagues of mine in G5 and S5 were clearing out the Germans from this no-man's land. That's when we learned about the existence of the Wobbelin concentration camp.

We saw some survivors in their striped uniforms-- striped. The stripes were supposed to be black and white. But actually, they were dark gray and light gray because the dark, the black half has faded into a sort of a dirty gray. And the white-- of course, they had no soap to wash their clothing-- became a muddied, sort of dirty gray.

And as soon as I saw some of them, I thought at first that the prison gate was opened and some criminals came out because I didn't really expect anything like a concentration camp. We had no information whatsoever about this camp. But quickly, I talked to some of them in various languages, German or Russian. Many of them were Poles. I don't speak Polish, but somebody who speaks Russian can comprehend Polish to some extent.

I learned that there was a concentration camp and that they were survivors. As soon as it was possible, which I believe was the next day, I drove there. And when I arrived, an incredible sight greeted me. You can imagine that a paratrooper in the 82nd Airborne Division who has gone through bits of the Bulge is a fairly hardened individual. I have seen lots of corpses in all kinds of condition, from simply people who had no wounds, civilians as well as military, to people, civilian and military, run over by tank treads. So you can imagine that the corpses by that time were to me so common a site that it didn't matter much at all. Most of us were hardened like that.

However, when I came into this concentration camp, I must say that to this day-- and this was many years ago-- an incredible and really undescribable disgust, a feeling or a mixture of horror, repulsion. It just cannot be described. Or at least, I am not good enough in utilizing any language to describe this adequately.

However, there was this barbed-wire enclosure with an open gate in front. So I left my Jeep in front of the gate, stopped the engine, and walked in. There were several people, maybe 20 or 30 people, milling around outside, obvious survivors of this camp that were in their tattered, striped uniforms. Some of them didn't even have these uniforms. Some of them were in fair shape, but most of them were emaciated and haggard looking, almost ambulatory corpses.

I talked with some of them just before coming-- going in and asked them, what were they doing there? I couldn't understand why they were still milling around in front of this horrible camp where, of course, the German guards had all evaporated at our approach. And they simply said, they didn't know where to go.

That was the only place where they felt more or less at home, if one can call it. It's an aberration, of course, to say that. They were not really at home, but they knew nothing else. They were afraid of the outside world. They were afraid of the Germans. They were afraid of everybody.

They looked at me, and they recognized that I was an American. And there were several of our troopers who were preceded me and were there before. So they realized that they had been liberated. But it had not yet sunk into their heads that they were free men. There were a few women-- free people. Most of them were men, but there were a few women there also.

Could you designate what the ages were, the general age? Were they young, middle-aged, elderly?

The ages ranged-- I would say the youngest were about 10, maybe 12, 13 years old-- children, which they didn't really look like children because children who came out of a concentration camp no longer look like children. They just looked like children to me-- or I knew there were children because of their size. They were shorter, smaller. Their skulls, their heads were smaller. And I knew they were children, although they looked like the others, nearly dead. These were the youngest that I remember seeing.

At the other end of the scale, it's very hard to say what the age of the oldest were. Because in the physical condition in which these people were, you could not give an age. I would guess that perhaps I saw some people, a few, very few, who might have been around 40, maybe 42, 43. But the general percent of people in the majority percentage, maybe, I would say, 40% to 50% I would venture to guess, were between maybe 19 or so to about 30, maybe slightly under 30.

Now, as I talked with some of them-- even before coming into the camp, I was curious who they were. What were they in for? So I remember they said, well, I'm from Lithuania. I'm from Poland. I'm from Czechoslovakia. I'm from East Prussia. I'm from Belgium. I'm from France. I'm from Luxembourg. They were from all over, all over Europe.

In fact, in Wobbelin, unlike some of the other camps, the percentage of Jews to non-Jews was not the same. I would say that Jews were probably a minority there. The majority were non-Jews. And they were in there-- of course, the Jews were there because there were Jews. They were born ethnically Jewish, and so that was in Germany a crime for which the punishment was death in an extermination camp.

But the others that I knew very well at that time, so I was asking the non-Jews, what were they in there for? So one of them said, I was denounced by somebody. I says, denounced for what? He sort of shrugged his shoulders. He doesn't know for what. He was just denounced. And of course, in Germany, if somebody in Eastern Europe occupied by the

Nazi war machine, if somebody denounces somebody, it's enough to wound up in a concentration camp in those days.

And one I met I remember very well. He was a doctor from Prague, a rather well-educated man, with whom I had a little difficulty conversing. So we-- he spoke some broken German. And I asked him, what was he there for? So he said, well, he was denounced because he helped a Jew. He treated a Jewish patient, and that was why he was thrown into this camp.

The others were resistance members. That was more or less understandable that the Germans would capture those who were actively resisting them. But the kind of treatment they were giving them, that was really quite inhumane to put it very, very mildly. So these people were there, basically, very obviously innocent people who were just swept in by the German security and Nazi administration of occupied territories.

There were some Germans in there also for whatever crimes they committed, which must have been some doubting of their victory in the latter part of the war, of almost things that here in the United States one couldn't even consider these having been crimes. But in Germany, they were and enough to be put into a camp like that.

I also remember that among this very first group, before even getting into the camp itself, I asked them, where are they from? What kind of work were they doing? And I noticed that practically all-- there were maybe five or six at that particular moment that looked old to me, in other words, nearly what may have appeared to me at that time to be around 40, and I do remember. But at that time, I myself was around 23. So somebody who looks 40 is a very old person to a young, 23-year-old trooper.

So I asked them, what were-- what kind of work did they do? What was their profession, if anything? So all of them were farmers, practically all of them from the Soviet Union, some from the Ukraine and from different areas. And the younger ones were mostly Europeans, sort of, I would say, urban people, maybe not very long in the concentration camp, whereas these Soviet citizen have already, by and large, been several years in a concentration camp.

And when I was talking to the doctor I mentioned to you before, I asked him, how can it be that these people here, this one and that one-- I pointed to them-- have been in the concentration camp for over a year and are still alive? So he sort of shrugged his shoulders. And he said, yes, you see, these people had a very, very hard life. And they can take it, whereas those who were urban people who were captured from more relatively easier lives, they're not hardened enough. And they can survive only a matter of a few months before dying like flies.

And that created a certain peculiarity of selection that I used to read in college about the survival of the species, thinking, in those days, that it was, you know, birds or gazelles in Africa where the hardier ones survived. And here I saw it was the human species.

Well, I walked into the camp. I had my camera at the time. But in the beginning, I couldn't really think even of taking pictures because what I saw there was horror beyond description. There were several buildings, one-story, barrack-like buildings. Most of them had the windows were without glazing, so it was just a open window, like a window openings. And the doors had no real doors that I can remember. Some of the buildings had doors, but most of them had no doors.

So I walked into the first one. And it was filled with bunks. I believe there were three or four tiers of wooden bunks. They were fairly narrow. The bunks were perhaps a foot and a half, maybe 2-feet wide and the length of a normal, average human being.

And there was straw on the wooden-- there were no mattresses or anything like that. It was just wooden bunks, rough wood with straw. And amazingly enough, there were people still alive in these bunks who were looking at me coming in, without speaking, without uttering a sound.

And then I'd go to the next barrack, and I'd see the same sight. Not that the bunks were filled with them. There may have 10% or so of the bunks were occupied or had people in them. Not all of them were alive. Some were obviously dead, must have died on the short time before my arrival there.

Then I saw in front of another building, against the building, a pile of corpses, not very unlike firewood piled against a building that you might see in some rural farmhouse, in front of a rural farmhouse over before the winter starts. That's more or less how they were stacked, perhaps not as neatly though. They were just sort of piled one on top of the other, faces upside down, and grotesque configurations, mouths open, eyes open, beady of course.

Then, here and there, I would see a corpse laying on the areas between the barracks. The barracks were, of course, being designed by Germans, they were all very neatly aligned. And they had a certain order in this prevailing there. And one barrack set somewhat aside was-- I found out was the infirmary.

As I was walking through there, one young fellow, a surviving inmate, accompanied me, and I was talking with him. I remember he was Lithuanian, grabbed in Lithuania, and arrived through several camps and until he got to this one. And I was talking in German with him. His German was rather poor, but we could certainly understand.

And I would ask him, why are these people piled here? So he said, well, we were just-- we were told to pile, to put up there, and we put them there-- by the Germans. So I'd say, well, what were they doing with them? He said, oh, well, they made us dig a pit. And after a few days, well, they'd throw the corpses into that pit.

And they'd put a little bit of earth on top of them, layer by layer, a layer of corpses, a layer of-- a thin layer of earth until the pit would be full, and then they'd dig another pit and put very more. And these were just died the last day or the last hours, and even they keep dying. We will have to take some of them out of the barracks and put them somewhere so that the diseases wouldn't spread.

Then we walked around, and he sort of walked next to me. It was such a grim sight. I couldn't even think of asking too many questions. But here and there, I would ask. For instance, I remember I saw one corpse laying in the street sort of sprawled out. So I said, how come he's just laying there? He said, yes, he was shot by the doctor.

I said, what? Well, doctor, yes, a German military doctor who was there, and he saw him being shot. So I said, why did he shoot him? He said, well, the doctor didn't like that he looked at him. He just turned around and looked at the doctor, and the doctor pulled out his pistol and shot him for that.

But he didn't think much of it because death was so prevalent. But if you have pebbles on a sandy beach, you don't think, why is this pebble here, and why is that pebble there? They just happen to be that way, and this is the way these corpses were laying around.

Then I went to this infirmary, a small barrack to one side. And at the outside of the infirmary, in typical Teutonic order, in this there was a time schedule of some kind pinned against the wall. Of course, it didn't mean a thing. And I walked in, and there was a large pile of corpses, maybe chest high, roughly, also piled against the wall and another pile just sort of in one area of this building. And so I walked out. I saw that.

I have to also mention another feature that is unforgettable about this camp, which to this day still shocks me and nauseates me. That is the odor. This was in May in Northern Germany. The day was beautiful, clear, a beautiful day. It was a little nippy, not a warm day.

But coming into the camp and in-- especially inside these barracks was a stench the likes of which I had never smelled before or after. It was not the stench of rotting corpses, which I had smelled after combat or after we took some town that was heavily shelled or bombed. The corpses would decay right and left. That has a peculiar smell itself.

And you can sort of smell-- after you're in the Army for a while, you differentiate the smell of human corpses from the smell of animals, say, dead horses, or dead cows, or goats, or dead geese, or whatever gets killed in a war when shrapnel flies all over the place. Well, these kind of corpses have their own peculiar smell, which is nauseating and very unpleasant. I can't say that I ever got used to it.

But the concentration camp smell is so many degrees worse than the worst smell of decaying corpses in rubble, or in the open, and elsewhere that it is-- it fills you with disgust and horror. I tried to speak little because I felt that I didn't want

to open my mouth too much because I could feel almost the particles of that smell getting on my lips and, when I talked, getting into my mouth. And I wanted to avoid that. I didn't take a handkerchief or anything in front of my mouth. I was, I guess, too hardened for that by that time.

But I walked around, and that stench of those particular corpses rotting in there in the undescribable filth that surrounded them, and their fecal matter, and the urine right on the spot in the rotting mattress-- not mattresses, but the straw that was rotting. Their clothing were rotting and no air cleaning this out. It was a smell that was-- it sickens me when I think of it to this day.

I remember after I visited, I finished my visit, and I had to drive back through town to Ludwigslust back to the office. I had a million things to do. I accelerated the Jeep on that road pretty fast. It was an open Jeep, of course, but it had the windshield up. I remember I was holding the wheel in my hand, and leaning as far out as I could from the Jeep, and opening my jacket and my vest to let the wind clean me out if at all possible.

But for several days after that, I felt that my uniform smelled, that I smelled, that my boots smelled, that no matter what-- of course, I changed uniforms immediately. I kept on changing the uniforms. We had, luckily-- the US Army, you can imagine, we had quickly shower facilities. We had cleaning. I went through-- maybe the day after that, I went through five, or six, or maybe 10 showers, and I couldn't get that smell out of me. It was, of course, in my mind, but it was horrible.

Was the reaction of others similar to yours? Did--

Practically identical, practically identical. I came back to my office from this visit, and I saw my colleagues. Two or three are there. Another fellow with whom we were working, his name was Peters, Corporal Peters. He was one of the administrators in our detachment. And I told him, look, Pete, you have to go to that concentration camp. You wouldn't believe it. You've got to see it. I can't describe this.

I located my commanding officer, Major Seward, who was a marvelous, a fine officer. I was very lucky to have been under his command. I told him, Major, I just come from this concentration camp. Go and see it. I can't tell you. I can't describe it. You just have to go and see it.

Others have been there-- who have been there were so disgusted. But our disgust was not just with these physical conditions. It was, of course, repulsive and unpleasant. We were appalled at the Germans for doing this to people.

We knew, of course, that the Germans were calling the East European peoples "Untermenschen," subhumans. Well, when we saw this, we realized that the subhumans were not the East Europeans. They were the Germans. And we despised them all, whether they were men, women, children, people that had nothing to do with this. We despised them to an extent that is-- to this day, there is some of it that has survived.

But a highly sophisticated, large nation of educated people like the Germans, who can be engineers on one side, who produced people like Goethe and their famous musicians, artists, architects, great thinkers, philosophers, and what have you, that a nation like that could sink to such behavior? Of course, they were saying they didn't know anything about it. They had no idea they had concentration camps like that. To this day, I can't buy that.

Now, they were certainly not all Germans just because there were Germans were responsible to string up barbed wires, and build concentration camps, and herding people into it. No. Certainly, I know that. Certainly, I know that the SD, the Sicherheitsdienst, the secret police of different varieties that they had, the SS, of which they had two kinds, were really the instruments to create this havoc. And they were not more than perhaps, I don't know, 10%, 20% of Germany.

But other nations-- look at France. There were revolutions. When excesses were committed, governments were overthrown. People would take risks. In Germany, when they attempted on July 20 to kill Hitler, Count von Stauffenberg, who planted the bomb, carefully walked out of the meeting room before the bomb exploded. They were very careful revolutionaries. And of course, in the meantime, somebody moved the briefcase with the bomb, and it didn't kill Hitler.

It was not a real revolution where the revolutionary fervor takes the people to-- and impels them to take risks and overthrow the tyrants. Since immemorial times when despots existed, before written history, before hieroglyphics were devised, before the cuneiform writings were devised, there were already tyrants. Tyrants are as old as mankind, but people would take risks and overthrow them.

In Germany, they were docile, servile, and were certainly-- I heard them cheer myself. In 1933, when Hitler was making his demented speeches, I was only a young kid. I could already understand that this guy was completely crazy. I may have been very fortunate that my parents, especially my father, tried to guide us, to-- my brother and myself to think a little bit about what Hitler was saying. What meaning did it have?

When we arrived in Italy, I remember we saw once Il Duce, not in person but in the newsreel. And after we came out of this Italian newsreel movie, my father asked my brother and myself-- we were just, I don't know, maybe 15 or not even 15, maybe 12 or something like that-- what did you think about Il Duce's speech, which was preceded by a long speech that Hitler made.

Well, we didn't speak Italian. Of course, the German speech by Hitler, we all understood it. But I remember that my brother, who was two years younger than myself, told my father, I don't understand, Daddy, how a grown man can act like that, blowing up his chest in front of all his people and bloating himself up like a baboon. Yet the Italians didn't seem to mind.

The Germans didn't think much more of Hitler's speeches although it was obvious that this man was demented. And many of us realized that. We were fortunate that perhaps because my father was more enlightened, we didn't stay in German to linger on to see this madness. And nevertheless, we saw that the German nation submitted-- in fact, in my opinion, did more than submit.

They yelled him into power thinking that German will be great again, and they were going to throw off the yoke of the Versailles Treaty, which they, of course, forget that they started World War I just as they started World War II. And they were going to correct the abuses of the Versailles Treaty by bringing this madman into power.

And so when we saw this concentration camp, I-- we didn't have to be told in the 82nd Airborne about the nonfraternization policy which the United States Army had. We didn't want to shake a German hand. We didn't want to smile at the German.

I was wavering back and forth from 1944 to this day, back and forth between this paradox of the principle of collective guilt. There were times when I thought for sure all Germans are guilty by being Germans. And certainly, in 1945 and when I saw this concentration camp, I was totally convinced in the validity of the principle of collective guilt, that anybody who was a German was responsible for that by merely the fact that he did not rebel and risk his life against that. Therefore, he was acquiescing and guilty.

Of course, I stayed on in Military Government for two years after the war ended. And I realized that there were countless Germans who were really powerless to do much. The German secret police was really quite efficient.

I remember when I was a youngster in France studying how Caesar in Rome maintained power. Caesar was a dictator, and he had the Praetorian Guard to maintain himself in power. His bodyguard, his palace was surrounded by them. There were treatises written on the principles of maintaining a dictatorship alive. I remember. I don't remember now exactly who wrote them, but I remember having read about the principles of how a dictatorship functions. It applied. This particular one that I read described Caesar.

But of course, Hitler was using exactly the same techniques. Hitler's Praetorian guards were the SS, the Schutzstaffel, the bodyguards. Then, of course, he organized a much bigger SS where they were drafting young, male Germans into the SS. This was the Waffen-SS, the armed SS. It was like the Wehrmacht. They were draftees, and they were different in behavior.

But at that time, anybody who was a German I considered guilty. I remember even-- I must admit being a little embarrassed if not ashamed-- that in Aachen at the end, near the end of the war even before seeing this concentration camp, we were in a chow line. And in the 82nd Airborne, our general did terrific things for his troopers. In that particular case, one of the things that he did, he put us on double rations. So we got more food than we could eat. You know, a normal US ration is a pretty good ration, and we couldn't eat double the food.

So in this particular chow line, it was in the winter, bloody cold weather. We got two steaks, mashed potatoes, carrots, and some things like that into our mess kit. I nibbled at one of my steaks. I ate a few of the other things that came with it. And finally, I couldn't eat any more. I threw it into a big garbage pail, as did all the other GIs in the line.

But when the little starving German kids came with their cans to try to pick up some of that very fresh and edible garbage, we kicked them away. We didn't want these blonde, blue-eyed little monsters, in our minds, to eat that. We'd rather throw it out. It was horrible to be driven to such a low level of humanity.

In France or Belgium when the same things, where ki-- we would give them the mess kit, empty it into their empty container just so that they could eat. In Germany, we didn't feel like doing that. Later, I realized, this-- I was sinking to a level not so far different from theirs. So I tried to behave in a more civilized fashion.

Sometimes when I would have discussions with some Red Army officers and men who were brutalizing their German captives beyond description-- in one particular case, which was a day or two after we took this town, I had some dealings with the Red Army. And they threw in a German officer. And in front of me, right in the office where I was, three Red Army officers proceeded kicking him with tremen-- not, you know, gentle kicks, but with tremendous force into the ribs, into the face, and all over with their boots.

And they're sort of looking at me and said, huh? This is a treatment this fellow deserves. And I was appalled because we certainly-- I don't say that we were gentle with our prisoners, but there was a limit beyond which we usually didn't go. Sometimes we did, but not usually. And I felt rather appalled at that and uncomfortable because I was a spectator.

So this one Russian major turned to me and said to me, huh? What do you think of this? So I told them, well, we handle our prisoners differently. So he looked at me in astonishment and asked, well, how-- what do you do with them?

I said, well, of course they deserve that treatment. I have nothing of gentleness towards them. But they all have some valuable information. And to me, they are just like a lemon that has to be squeezed dry, and I extract whatever I have of-- I can of value from them. So to me, if he's alive, I can extract something. If he's dead, the juice is lost. That's how I look at it.

We have to pause for a few moments.