

FRANK WALLIS

June 15, 1978

Beginning Tape One, Side A

Question: People read and enjoy history. Many of us live through historical times without ever realizing the effect of the events which we witness and are contemporary to. You **Frank**, have been a part of history. Not only have you witnessed what history may decided has been one of the most decisive periods in the century, but you have participated in that event. Truly, you have made history. Please tell us something about it.

Answer: Well, **Bob**, I will tell you about some of the infamous characters of history I have known. I have said that these men have – are infamous and they have unquestionably achieved a place in history. They have for their infamy, if for no other reason. But they have also achieved a place in history because their actions and decisions have directly affected the lives of all peoples of the world who've lived from 1932 to the present. Moreover, the aftermath of their deeds will continue to affect all people for many future generations. Well, in order that what I tell you may bear some label of authenticity, I should perhaps briefly tell you how and under what circumstances I had the opportunity to observe and converse with these infamous characters of history. In June of 1945, while an officer in the army of the **United States**, I received orders assigning me to the staff of Justice **Robert Jackson**, the **United States** Chief Prosecutor of Axis Criminality. I immediately

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flew to **London**, and during the next six months, my time, day and night, was exclusively devoted to the task of gathering evidence, interrogating witnesses, and examining documents in preparation for the trial of the 23 men who were the leaders of the Nazi party, the Nazi state, the Nazi army, navy and air corps. The trial of these 23 men took place before the International Military Tribunal at **Nuremberg**. This tribunal was created by the **London** Charter of August 1945 and consisted of two American, two Russian, two English and two French judges. I had the privilege of being the American trial council and opened the American case with presentation of the evidence of the Nazi conspiracy, covering the period from **Hitler's Munich Beer Hall Putsch**, to the outbreak of World War II, on August 31, 1939, when **Hitler** issued the order to invade **Poland**. During this period I spent many hours interrogating these men and after the trial began, I spent days observing their reactions in the prisoners' dock, as the story of their infamous deeds was portrayed to the court, in the form of their own documents and records, their own motion pictures and their own testimony, as well as the testimony of many of their subordinates and victims. What manner of men were these Nazi leaders, who attempted to seize and master the world, and who came so frightfully close to success and were stopped only at the cost of millions of lives? Men who literally had the blood of millions of murders upon their hands and conscience. I shall

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attempt to tell you what manner of men they were, as I observed them. First, **Hermann Goering. Goering** was in my opinion, the most outstanding character, with the exception of **Hitler**, of all the Nazi leaders. You're all familiar with his personal appearance from the newsreels. Although physically **Goering** was a huge, fat man who gave every appearance of indulgence and high living, he nevertheless was a strong man, a man of strong character. You could not possibly characterize **Goering** as an immoral man, for he had no morals. He was a super gangster, a super **Al Capone**. In my opinion he was not a sincere believer of Nazi ideology. **Hitler** and the Nazi party were to **Goering** merely an opportunity for power, so he climbed on the bandwagon, just as many climbed on the New Deal bandwagon in this country. There is no question that for a period of 13 years he had power plus. I once asked **Goering** if he had ever read **Hitler's "Mein Kampf,"** which as you know sets forth the Nazi ideology. His reply was yes, I've read most of it. It's a lot of **b.s.**, isn't it? Whatever you may think of **Goering**, one thing he was not, and that is a coward. **Goering's** personal courage was beyond question. During World War I, he was an outstanding fighter pilot. He well knew once he was captured that his ultimate fate was death, yet, so unlike many of the other Nazi leaders, his attitude was, I did these things, so what? He had the courage not only to violently disagree with **Hitler** on occasion, but even to act contrary to **Hitler's** orders. A few

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illustrations might be in order. In 1939 **Hitler** desired to create an incident which would give some justification in the eyes of the world for invading **Poland**. The first scheme was to have the German ambassador to **Poland** murdered and place the b-blame on the Poles. It so happened that the intended murder victim was a personal friend of **Goering's**. When he learned of the scheme he went to **Hitler**, and in a most stormy scene – we had the transcript of the conversation, incidentally – forced **Hitler** to abandon that particular scheme. Again, during the war, when the British and Americans were mass bombing German cities, **Hitler** ordered that no allied airman should be taken prisoner, but should be killed on sight. **Goering** absolutely refused to carry out this order, not because **Goering** had any compunctions about killing people, but because it was contrary to his code as an airman. Disagreements such as these with **Hitler** eventually caused **Hitler** to designate **Hess** as his heir apparent, or successor in place of **Goering**. Now **Goering** was a confirmed morphine addict when he was taken into American custody. In the **Munich Beer Hall Putsch** in 1923, **Goering** was wounded. He escaped to **Sweden**. It was during this period that he started taking morphine, and from then on until November 3rd, 1945, when American doctors completely shut him off, he was a constant user of morphine. In his hunting lodge not far from **Nuremberg**, I found a beautiful set of matched luggage. Upon opening the smallest bag, I found it completely equipped

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with a supply of morphine, syringes and needles. Yet, despite the fact that **Goering** was a confirmed morphine addict for 22 years, he had the most remarkable memory of any man I have ever had contact with. **Goering** held many top jobs in the Nazi party, in the Nazi state and air corps. You can a – readily imagine the tremendous volume of papers that must have crossed his desk, yet I did this sort of thing with **Goering** time and again. I would have a document in my hand, such as his original order setting up the concentration camps in 1933, for **Goering** was the originator of the concentration camp. And I would say **Goering**, I wish you'd te-tell me about the order you issued setting up concentration camps. **Goering**, without seeing the document, would proceed to tell me in the most accurate and minute detail everything the document contained. I've since asked a number of doctors why his morphine habit had not impaired his remarkable memory. The only explanation I have received is that **Goering**, by reason of his strong will, did not do what most drug addicts do, increase his daily dosage, but rather he kept it relatively constant. Without question, **Goering** was the world's number one show-off. He loved to strut in his field marshal's uniform, with his many medals and his diamond studded swagger stick. As an illustration of his desire to be in the limelight and the headlines of the world, I will cite two episodes. A few days before the trail was to commence, **Goering** requested to see me. I had him brought into an interrogation room. He

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proceeded to tell me that he had no illusions as to his ultimate fate, that he had learned via the prison grapevine that I was to open the trial and present the first evidence. Then he said, put me on as your first witness, and I will tell all. But of course you must let me wear my field marshal's uniform and all my medals. Naturally, I did not accede to that request. The second episode, which clearly illustrates **Goering's** desire to steal the headlines, relates to his death. Just a matter of a few minutes before he was scheduled to walk to the gallows, he committed suicide. How did he accomplish this when under constant surveillance? Long prior to his capture **Goering** had caused a capsule of cyanide to be inserted beneath the skin of one of the many folds of his huge stomach. All the time he was in American custody and during the many months of the trial, he had the means of self destruction always with him. He chose the most dramatic moment, the moment he knew that his suicide would steal the headlines and surpass the hangings of the other defendants. Just a few moments before he was to take the final walk to the gallows, while lying on cot in his cell, with a blanket over him, and a **G.I.** shining a light through the window and constantly watching him, by use of his fingernails and pressure, he tore open his skin, obtained the capsule, cheated the gallows and stole the headlines of the world. **Rudolf Hess. Rudolf Hess** was a very important figure both in the Nazi party and the Nazi state. After **Hitler** had fallen out with **Goering**,

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he designated **Hess** as his successor. **Hess** was, in my opinion, one of the few Nazi leaders who sincerely believed the Nazi ideology. **Hess** was the prodi – prodigy of the geopolitician **Haushofer**. While attending university he lived in **Haushofer's** home. When I had contact with **Hess**, he was a tall, gaunt man, with black hair just sprinkled with gray, but the fiery eyes of a zealot. The **Hess** story is a fascinating one, and as background to it, you should hear of **Hess's** dramatic flight to **England**. **Hess**, as you all know, flew himself to **Scotland** in 1941 and landed on the estate of Lord **Hamilton**, where he was immediately taken into British custody. **Hitler** immediately announced to the world that **Hess** had gone to **England** without his knowledge or consent, and strongly intimated that **Hess** was the victim of a nervous breakdown and therefore was not responsible for his actions. That statement of **Hitler's** was absolutely false. The transcript of the daily staff meetings of **Hitler's** disclose that it was a matter of serious debate for a period of about three weeks as to whether **Hess** should or should not go to **England**. Eventually **Hitler** and all the other top Nazis, with the exception of **Himmler**, agreed that **Hess** should go. **Himmler** expressed fear of a plot. These same staff meetings record – records disclose the consternation of **Hitler** when **Himmler's** fear became reality and **Hess** was made a prisoner by the British. It is also interesting to note that **Hitler's** consternation was not about the fate of **Hess**, but rather what would **Mussolini**

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think, and what would **Hitler** tell him, for **Hitler** was not supposed to attempt negotiations with the British, unbeknownst to **Mussolini**. These records disclose that after much discussion, it was agreed to tell **Mussolini** what was in fact told to the world, namely that **Hess** was a victim of a nervous breakdown and had flown to **England** without **Hess's – Hitler's** knowledge or consent. Now how did **Hess** happen to go to **England** and land on Lord **Hamilton's** estate? The true story is this, Lord **Hamilton**, while competing in the Olympic games in **Germany** became acquainted with **Hess**, and prior to the outbreak of the war they carried on a correspondence. After hostilities commenced, **Hess** endeavored to correspond with Lord **Hamilton** through secret channels. British Intelligence interrupted these messages and carefully framed the replies. **Hess**, in his messages to Lord **Hamilton**, was urging him to spearhead a movement in **Britain** whereby **Britain** would join with **Germany** against **Russia**. The replies written by British Intelligence gradually gave more and more encouragement as to the possibilities of such a u-union, until at last, with perfect timing, just a matter of a few weeks before the German invasion of **Russia** was scheduled to commence, which British Intelligence well knew, the message was finally sent to **Hess** that everything was arranged. **Hess** must come to **England** for an audience with **Churchill**, and arrange the terms of the deal. It was a case of British Intelligence completely outwitting the Germans. Now **Hess** did a

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most remarkable thing. Bear in mind that it was wartime, there was a complete blackout all over **Europe** and **England**. The planes of that time did not have the navigational aids of the planes of today, but he took a single motored plane and flew to **Scotland** and bailed out and landed on Lord **Hamilton's** estate within four miles of Lord **Hamilton's** manor house. A most remarkable piece of navigation and flying. He was – and in landing, he broke his leg and he was found the next morning by Lord **Hamilton's** gamekeeper, who put him in a wheelbarrow and wheeled him up to the front door of the manor house and summoned his lordship. And when his lordship appeared, **Hess** very firmly reached into his jacket and presented his card. Well Lord **Hamilton** had him taken to the hospital immediately to repair the broken leg, and he got into his car and started driving for 18 **Downing** Street, **London**, to report to chur – the Prime Minister **Churchill**, that he had the number two Nazi up there in **Scotland**. And Lord **Hamilton** said that he got to **Downing** Street about 10 o'clock that night. It took him an off – almost an hour to persuade the people there to let him get to see **Churchill**. So he got in to see **Churchill** about 11 o'clock that night and **Churchill** was quite stoned. He was sitting [**indecipherable**] drinking brandy, and it took Lord **Hamilton** another hour to make chur – to penetrate and make **Churchill** realize that Lord **Hamilton** had, actually had **Rudolf Hess** a prisoner there in **Scotland**. Well, **Hess**, upon being

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taken prisoner by the British in 1941 faded from the international scene until early October, 1945, when the British turned him over to American custody at **Nuremberg**. The morning after **Hess** arrived at **Nuremberg**, he was brought into an interrogation room, and my associates and I proceeded to interrogate him. We questioned him all morning. His story in substance was that he could not remember anything that occurred more than 10 days before. He would give a most complete account of the happenings of the previous 10 days, but any interrogation with respect to what happened 11 days before, two months before, a year or two before, drew the response of no memory. We adjourned for lunch and of course **Hess** was the subject of our conversation. We were not convinced that **Hess** could not remember more than 10 days back. During lunch we conceived this plan. We knew that **Hess** had been extremely close to **Goering** and **Ribbentrop**. We also knew that **Hess** did not know that **Goering** and **Ribbentrop** were in American custody in **Nuremberg**. Nor did **Goering** and **Ribbentrop** know that we had **Hess**. Our idea was to have **Hess** seated in a room, suddenly open the door and have **Goering** and **Ribbentrop** pop in. We hoped that everyone would be so surprised, particularly **Hess**, that **Hess** would give some sign or indication of recognition of **Goering** and **Ribbentrop**. Thus, if our plan succeeded, it would clearly establish the fact that **Hess's** memory was of more than 10 years duration – 10 days duration, for **Hess**

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had not seen or had any contact with **Goering** or **von Ribbentrop** for all of four years. In any event, we decided that it was worth staging, as it might produce a dramatic scene for history. It most certainly did. We had **Hess** seated in the corner of the room. Suddenly the door opened and in came **Goering** and **Ribbentrop**. Upon seeing **Hess** they literally rocked back on their heels in surprise. Then they rushed over to **Hess**. We concentrated on watching **Hess**, to see if we could observe some change of color, some glint of recognition in his eye, some muscular reaction, anything that would indicate that he recognized them. But in no way did **Hess** display the slightest sign of recognition. **Goering** and **Ribbentrop** greeted **Hess** with great enthusiasm, but **Hess** just stared at them as they – complete strangers. It was all very dramatic, but it hadn't proven a thing. However, having embarked upon this course of procedure, we decided to continue. We had **Haushofer** in custody and **Hess** had been his protégé, so we tried the same thing with **Haushofer**. Upon being brought into the room, he rushed over and embraced **Hess** and kissed him on both cheeks, but there was not a sign of recognition from **Hess**. Then the old man began reminiscing about **Hess's** university days, when he had lived in his home, but he got absolutely no response or recognition from **Hess**. The old man could not understand it, and he was led away with tears streaming down his face. That ended the first day with **Rudolf Hess**. **Hess's** counsel thereafter filed a motion

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with the tribunal seeking to have **Hess** discharged as a defendant on the ground that he lacked mental capacity, as he could not remember more than 10 days previously. Whereupon the tribunal appointed a board of eminent psychiatrists, composed of a Frenchman, an Englishman, an American and a ru – and a Russian, to conduct an examination of **Hess** and report as to his mental capacity and memory. During the next six weeks these psychiatrists submitted **Hess** to thorough and exhaustive tests. During this same period, my associates and I were almost daily subjecting **Hess** to interrogation. We would have a transcript of everything he had said during previous interrogations. I used every trick of interrogation and cross-examination that I knew of in an endeavor to have **Hess** tell me something which he had told us – told me 11 days or two weeks previously. Never once was I successful. Never once did **Hess** depart from the role of only remembering 10 days previously, and u – losing a day of memory as we went along. Eventually the psychiatrists rendered their report to the tribunal. The report was unanimous as to the effect that **Hess** indeed had lost his memory and could not remember anything beyond 10 days. With this report to support him, **Hess's** counsel pressed his motion for dismissal of **Hess** as a defendant. A date for hearing was set. The court assembled. **Hess** was brought into the prisoners' dock and counsel for **Hess** and prosecution counsel also assembled. The court first called on counsel for the prosecution to state why, in the face of the

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psychiatrists re – psychiatrists’ report **Hess** should be held for trial. Whereupon American, British, French and Russian counsel argued earnestly and at length as to why **Hess** should be held for trial. Then it was **Hess’s** counsel’ turn. He had been speaking but a very few moments when suddenly **Hess** stood up in the prisoners’ dock, clicked his heels together, came to rigid attention and held it, until every eye in the courtroom was upon him and every voice stopped. There was complete silence, You literally could have heard a pin drop. Then, with great deliberateness, **Hess** reached into the side pocket of his tweed jacket, pulled out a paper and in perfect English proceeded to read a statement to the court that said in substance that his loss of memory was an act. Now why did **Hess** put on this act? And why, having so successfully maintained the act and fooled the psychiatrists, did he suddenly reveal that it was an act. We found out that shortly after **Hess** was imprisoned by the British, he requested a German novel, the story of a man who had performed the same act of only remembering 10 days previously. It is that book which undoubtedly gave him the idea. As to why, having successfully carried out the act, he chose to reveal it, I have no certain knowledge. It is my opinion that the only explanation lies in the fact that **Hess** was a sincere believer in Nazi ideology and he could not forego the opportunity of defending Nazi ideology by continuing the act. It is [indecipherable] question that his act had an effect on the tribunal, for

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although **Hess** was found guilty, he did not receive the death penalty as he should have, but only life imprisonment. [tape break] – **von Ribbentrop**, the ex-champagne salesman – salesman, who became ambassador extraordinary under **Hitler** was as weak a man as **Goering** was strong. He was as completely a yellow, whining rat as I ever expect to have contact with. When he was first captured, he demanded that he be taken immediately to **Churchill**. When this request was not granted, he prepared a lengthy document which he demanded should be immediately delivered to **Churchill**. The document afforded us considerable amusement. His theme was that all those years he had been working for the interest of **Britain**. Now, at last, he could come out in the open, and when would **Churchill** put him on the payroll? It was interesting to note that none of his fellow prisoners, with the exception of **Streicher**, the Jew-Baiter, would sit at the same table with him in the prisoners' dining room. They all completely ignored him. **Ribbentrop** was the master of the big lie. The bigger the lie, the more readily the stupid British and Americans would accept it. This is best illustrated by a telephone conversation which took place between **Goering** in **Berlin** and **Ribbentrop** in **London** on the Sunday morning following the Austrian an – **anschluss**. These conversations were all recorded on little records, and we captured literally thousands of them. This particular Sunday morning, **Goering** called **Ribbentrop** in **London** to report the

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Nazi invasion of **Austria** was an accomplished fact. Both men were in great glee. After much congratulating of each other, **Goering** said, what will you tell the British? Without a pause **Ribbentrop** replied, it must be a great big lie, for the bigger the lie, more – the more readily they will swallow it. During my lengthy interrogations of **Ribbentrop**, he was almost – always most anxious to tell everything that would implicate any and everyone but himself. [tape break] – Nazi who could be put on a lower level than **Ribbentrop**, and that was **Julius Streicher**, who belonged in the gutter. **Streicher** was the **Gauleiter** of **Nuremberg** and the editor of the newspaper, “**Der Stuermer.**” He was the Jew-Baiter of the Nazi regime and as such headed all the programs for the persecution and extermination of the Jews. [tape break] Ready? He – he was a vile, loathsome, conceited beast. An insight into the character of the man is given, but what I f – by what I found in his home in **Nuremberg**. In his library were 78 leather portfolios containing pictures of **Streicher** and 78 different women por – portraying every perverted sexual act known to man or beast. His library was literally filled with filthy pornographic pictures. To the very end **Streicher** ranted against the Jews, and never indicated the slightest repentance for his vile deeds. He received the death sentence, and it was unfortunate that he could have such a merciful death as hanging. Field Marshal **Keitel**. **Keitel** was chief of staff of the army. His job was comparable to

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our general marshal. **Keitel** was a pro – Prussian professional soldier, but he was a weak man. He had to be a weak man for to obtain and hold the position of chief of staff he had to be a yes man to **Hitler**. When we interrogated **Keitel** it was obvious that he was a broken man, who then was completely ashamed of the fact that he had violated the entire code of a professional soldier, which he readily admitted to me. Frequently he stated to me, if I had had – had only had the courage to stand up to **Hitler** and refused to carry out his mad orders, I would have at least died honorably and not a disgrace to my profession. I had one very interesting episode with **Keitel**. One day I received a letter from the widow of General **Rommel**, at which she accused **Keitel** and Field Marshal **Jodl** of the murder of her husband. In her letter she set forth in detail how her husband met his death and the part **Keitel** and **Jodl** had played. Whereupon I had **Keitel** brought into an interrogation room and said, **Keitel**, I now want you to tell me how **Rommel** met his death. He looked at me for a few minutes and then proceeded to tell me what in fact **Hitler** had previously announced to the world, that General **Rommel** had died of wounds received in **France** when his car was strafed by an allied plane. I replied, if that is true, why did you and **Jodl** go to the general's home in **Bavaria** shortly after the unsuccessful bomb plot on **Hitler's** life? He immediately became quite excited and then made this amazing statement to me, if you will give me your word as an American officer

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it'll never be revealed to the German people, I will tell you the truth about General **Rommel's** death. Thereupon, for the first and only time while interrogating these Nazis, I lost my temper. I grabbed his tunic at the throat and said, you blankety blank **S.O.B.**, you will tell me the truth and tell it to me now. He thereupon told me a story which coincided 100 percent with what Frau **Rommel** had written me. I firmly believe it to be the true story of the general's death. He finished by again pleading that it should not be made known to the German people. The background and substance of the story was this, General **Rommel** had been one of the leaders in the unsuccessful 1943 bomb plot on **Hitler's** life. He was convinced that the war was lost and no reasonable peace could be made with the allies while **Hitler** was alive. His part in the plot on **Hitler's** life was discovered, but because of the great po-popularity of **Rommel** with the German people, the Nazi leaders did not dare to make it public. They feared that if the German people knew of **Rommel's** part in the plot on **Hitler's** life, they would certainly believe that the war was lost. Consequently, the Nazi leaders did not dare to treat **Rommel** as they had the other participants in the plot, which was to try them before a people's court and then summarily shoot them. Nevertheless, they did not intend to permit **Rommel** to continue to live. Field Marshal **Keitel** and Field Marshal **Jodl** were entrusted with the task of liquidating **Rommel**. Now it is true that **Rommel** had been wounded

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while riding in a staff car in **France**, but it was a superficial flesh wound in the thigh. He was convalescing from this wound – wound at his home in **Bavaria**. One day **Keitel** and **Jodl** arrived at his home. They were greeted by Frau **Rommel**. They demanded to see the general, who at the moment was engaged in playing tennis. The general was sent for and he soon walked into his living room dressed in tennis clothes and was confronted by **Keitel** and **Jodl** each pointing a pistol at him. **Keitel** said, the part you played in the attempt on the führer's life is known. You have your choice. To die as a traitor to the fatherland, or as an officer and gentleman.

Whereupon **Keitel** held out his hand, containing deadly pills. The general turned, kissed his wife, took the proffered pills, summoned his chauffeur and entered the rear seat of his car, and drove away. The car returned shortly with the dead body of **Rommel**. I am certain that this is substantially the correct story of **Rommel's** death. The amazing thing to me however is that **Keitel**, even then, with **Germany** defeated, did not want the true facts being made known to the German people.

Keitel was sentenced to death by hanging. **Baldur von Schirach**. **Baldur von Schirach** was the youngest of the top Nazis to be tried. At the time of the trial he was in his early 30's. He, as you may remember, was the head of the **Hitlerjugend**, the youth movement, and as such bore the primary responsibility of completely contaminating the minds of the youth of **Germany** with Nazism. He was a tall,

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handsome man, whose background of nobility was quite different than most of the Nazis. He had come under the influence and spell of Nazism at an early age. He, in my opinion, was the only one of the top Nazis who finally realized what a wrong path he had taken, and who fully repented of his deeds before mounting the gallows. After his conviction, he requested permission to issue a statement to the youth of **Germany**, in which he completely renounced Nazi ideology and urged the youth of **Germany** to do likewise. **Himmler**. My contact with **Himmler** was most brief. Not more than an hour. I saw him die. Shortly after he was captured, I, with some English officers was interrogating him. He was seated at a table across from us. Beside him was the stenographer who was recording the interrogation. The stenographer had placed on the table beside him a row of ordinary pencils, each with a metal cap which held the eraser. During the course of our inte-terrogation, **Himmler** casually picked up one of the pencils, twisted it in his fingers, and then suddenly put the eraser end in his mouth and made a hard bite on the metal cap. In a few moments he was dead. He used the metal cap on the pencil to break a special tooth that was loaded with deadly poison. **Kaltenbrunner**. **Kaltenbrunner** was the head of the state security police which included the Gestapo. Of all the defendants, he was the only one who looked exactly as **Hollywood** would have portrayed him. He was a big, tall, cool looking man, whose cheeks bore many scars from his

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dueling days at the university. I had a particular interest in **Kaltenbrunner**, for I personally gathered and presented the evidence which sent him to the gallows.

Kaltenbrunner succeeded Hangman **Heydrich** as head of the security police and Gestapo in January 1940 fi – four. At the time of his capture, neither British nor American Intelligence files contained any information with respect to **Kaltenbrunner**, other than the fact that he came from **Linz, Austria**. I first interrogated **Kaltenbrunner** in a prison near **London**. It was a most unrewarding interrogation. He professed to be absolutely ignorant of the existence of concentration camps, and of the atrocities committed by the security police and the Gestapo. In mid-July 1945, I made a two weeks trip through **Bavaria** and up to **Linz, Austria**. It was a most rewarding trip, for in just two weeks, I was able to gather the documentary evidence which eventually sent **Kaltenbrunner** to the gallows. Now time does not permit me to deal with each of the 23 top Nazis. An insight into some of their characters can best be shown by describing to you an episode which occurred in the courtroom. To our amazement, the Nazis had caused to be recorded, by means of thousands of feet of motion picture film, most of their infamous deeds. There are not words in the English language which permit me to adequately describe to you what this film portrayed. Justice **Jackson** aptly described it when he said, it robs you of your sleep. The first time I saw it, I became

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actively sick. Can you imagine men being strung up by their testicles? Women hung by their breasts? Babes in arms tossed into the air and shot like clay pigeons? Naked young girls dragged by their hair while **SS** men, with spiked clubs tore their bodies apart. Yes, I can truly say that that film robbed me of my sleep on more than one occasion. This film was shown before the tribunal a-as evidence of the infamous deeds that the defendants were responsible for. Prior to the showing of the film, a row of theatrical footlights had been installed in the prisoners' dock, to enable us to see the reactions of the defendants when this film was shown. When the film was shown to the tribunal, I had no desire to see it again, so I concentrated on watching the reactions of the defendants. **Goering** calmly watched the film all day. He put his head in his ha-hand and rested his elbow on the rail in the prisoners' dock and never batted an eye or gave any indication of any reaction to it. **Keitel** started to watch the film, but as soon as atrocities was sh – were shown, he covered his face with his fingers. And then as if drawn by a magnet, he would turn and peek through his fingers. He shook and sobbed and became hysterical. **Schacht**, the financier and banker of the Nazi state, the moment the film commenced, turned his back to the screen, folded his arms and during the entire day never once looked at the screen. **Hans Frank**, the butcher of **Poland**, the man who literally had the blood of several million people on his hands, went completely berserk. Yes, he could issue the

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orders for the murders and the atrocities, but he could not watch the portrayal of his orders being carried out. He wept, he sobbed, he screamed, and even became actively sick. **Streicher**, the Jew-Baiter, watched intently. And every time he appeared in the film, he leaned forward and beat his ar – hands against his chest af to – as if to say, that’s me, the great **Streicher**. Admiral **Doenitz** and Admiral **Raeder** watched with great interest, growing paler and paler as the atrocities unfolded. Their expressions were of men who were being finally convinced of what heretofore they had refused to believe. **Kaltenbrunner**, who had persistently denied any knowledge of the concentration camps, became very excited when he appeared in the screen, making an inspection of the **Buchenwald** concentration camp, and he cried out, **nein, nein**. When the film ended, and the lights went on in the courtroom, it was a very subdued and visibly shaken group of men who sat in the prisoners’ dock. Any hope of mercy or escape from punishment was forever killed in their minds. Over half the prisoners that evening requested to see the prison chaplain. An amusing incident occurred at **Nuremberg** concerning a Russian character of history, which I am sure will not appear in the history books of the future. This incident concerns **Vyshinsky**, who at the time was the attorney general of the Soviet Republic, and who later became the Russian delegate to the United Nations. Late one afternoon in early December, while the trial was going on, a Russian plane

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bearing **Vyshinsky** and his staff landed at the airfield at **Nuremberg**. At that time it was necessary for a Russian to have proper papers authorizing his entrance into the American zone of **Germany**. The young captain who was the operations officer at the field, demanded the proper patient – papers from **Vyshinsky** and his staff. They had none. And captain officially carried out his duty and had **Vyshinsky** and his staff placed at the jail at the airfield. The jail consisted of a stone building with no glass in the windows and no heat, and that night the temperature went to about 10 above zero. Shortly after nine the next morning, word reached Justice **Jackson** at the courthouse, that a Russian who claimed to be the Soviet attorney general and his staff was being held in the jail at the airfield. Justice **Jackson**, fearing an international incident, immediately sent me to the airfield to release **Vyshinsky**. I was instructed to be most apologetic and to take **Vyshinsky** to a special suite at the Grand Hotel and extend every comfort and courtesy to him. And as a means of further pleasing him, I was to inform him that Justice **Jackson** was giving a dinner in his honor that evening. Accompanied by an interpreter, I went to the airfield and had **Vyshinsky** released. I apologized for the treatment he had received and informed him that I had a nice suite, a hot bath and a good breakfast awaiting him at the Grand Hotel and Justice **Jackson** was giving a dinner in his honor that evening. **Vyshinsky** listened to what I had to say, and then –

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End of Tape One, Side A

Beginning Tape One, Side B

A: – **Vyshinsky** listened to what I had to say, and then demanded to see the captain who had caused him and his staff to be placed in the jail. I endeavored to avoid this, for I was fearful of what such an encounter might produce, but **Vyshinsky** was adamant and would not enter the car until the captain was produced. So I sent for the captain and upon his arrival, **Vyshinsky** to my astonishment shook his hand and complimented him on the efficient way he had performed his duty. That evening Justice **Jackson** had a small dinner in honor of vishin – **Vyshinsky**. Present were all eight judges of the international tribunal. We were scarcely seated when **Vyshinsky** arose, and with a wine glass raised, proposed a toast in Russian, whereupon he drained his wineglass and all present, including the judges, participated in the toast. **Vyshinsky** then sat down and his interpreter arose and translated into English the toast. It was, to the defendants, may their pathway be directly from the courthouse to the grave. Thereupon **Vyshinsky** roared with laughter as he observed the expressions on the faces of the American and English judges, who had unwittingly participated in such a toast while the trial was still in progress. I hope I have enabled you to have a personal glimpse of these characters of history. Perhaps more intimate than what will be revealed by the cold pages of the history books of the

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future. [tape break] **Bob**, you might be interested in some of the experiences I had with the Russians. It gives a little insight into the kind of people they are. In early October, 1945, I was one of three representing the **United States** in the four power conference in **Berlin**. The British were represented by Sir **David Maxwell Fyfe**, and Sir **Hartley Shawcross** at that time and General **Mikitchenko**(ph) was representing the Russians, and it so happened that the American delegation was just the other side of the square table facing the Russians. Well, it – during the course of the discussion, which was for the purpose of determining what the procedure would be, a-at the International Tribunal in trying the top Nazis, the Russians came up with a proposal. Now, you see, we had two schools of thought there, the English and Americans have the common law English system of law that they go by, whereas the Russians go by the old Roman code. And the Russians wanted us therefore, to adopt their methods, rather than the English common law methods. And they proposed that all the evidence that we had collected, all the documents and all, should be turned over to the defendants and their counsel so that they would have the opportunity to prepare their alibis and excuses and so forth. Now I had been given instructions by Justice **Jackson**, and I was not to agree to any such system, that we would abide by the English common law system. And the discussion waxed pretty heavily between General **Mikitchenko**(ph) and myself.

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And finally he got up and he pointed his finger right at me, and in Russian, which came through to me through an interpreter, said, we of the Soviet – no, he said, the eyes of the world are upon us. The eyes of history are upon us. We of the **Soviet Republic** are concerned that full and fair justice be accorded to all these defendants and that they be given a fair trial. While you – pointing a finger at me – said you, you Americans want to brush it all. Well that was a pretty strong statement to be released to the world, that we Americans weren't in favor of giving them a fair trial. And needless to say, I didn't let that charge go unanswered, and things were really getting kind of hot. When the British, with their true sense of diplomacy, got up, Sir **David Maxwell Fyfe**, and suggested that we adjourn, to partake of her – his Majesty's hospitality at tea. And the British, in anticipation of some sort of an impasse, or something of this occurring, had flown over from **London** a complete English tea set up, including the little English maids in their white caps and white aprons and black uniforms. And so he threw back the doors of this conference room, which was in the Supreme Court building in **Berlin** and we're ushered into this English tea. And of course they also were serving whiskey. And Sir **David Maxwell Fyfe** came over and began calming me down, and Sir **Hartley Shawcross** went to work on General **Mikitchenko**(ph) and over the drinks and some tea, we eventually reached a compromise, as all matters of international conflict eventually

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have to be compromised. And it was, instead of turning over all the evidence to the defendants six months in advance of the trial, we agreed to turn it all over three of – one month, or 30 days in advance of the trial. But I'll never forget the Russians using this as a propaganda sounding board, trying to appear to the world that they were the only ones in favor of giving a full and fair trial to these defendants.

Q: They never give up.

A: No. Another episode I had with the Russians that I think you'd find interesting, I was in **Linz, Austria** the day the Russians moved in, this was in July of '45, to take up occupation on one side of the **Danube** river, and the Americans were on the other side of the **Danube** river, which ran right through the city of **Linz**. And I was staying at the **Golden Canyon** Hotel there, and my roommate was Father **Walsh**(ph), who was our Russian expert, he was the – the great Russian professor at **Georgetown** University, and he had lived in **Russia** for some years and he spoke **Russia** fluently and – Russian fluently and he was our Russian expert. And that night, the first night of the Russian occupation on the other side of the **Danube**, we were awakened by a lot of commotion and some shooting, but we thought nothing of it. But the next morning a major came around and asked Father **Walsh**(ph) if he would act as an interpreter on a visit he was going to make to the Russian headquarters on the opposite side of the **Danube**. And he told us the story, mainly

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that a Russian soldier, full of vodka, got across one the bridges into the American zone of **Linz** and had started shooting up the place cowboy fashion when the **MPs** caught up with him. And the commanding general of the rush – of the American zone wanted to make this an example and on the – so he had ordered the major to take, with the **MPs**, to take this Russian soldier over to the commanding Russian general and enter a strong protest that – on this conduct, that they were to keep the hell out of our zone, and we weren't gonna put up with that kind of conduct. And Father **Walsh**(ph) asked if I'd like to go along. Well, I was dying for a close up view of the Russians, and so I readily accepted, and so over we went. Our party consisted of two **MPs**, with the Russian soldier, this major, Father **Walsh**(ph) and myself. And we got to this big bup – public building in **Linz**, and – where the commanding general's headquarters were and we were eventually ushered into his office. And he was seated behind a large desk and on each side of him were two huge, in height, Russian soldiers, standing with – at attention with rifles with bayonets on them and major – the major proceeded to tell the Russian general that this man had been caught in the – our zone, our commanding officer wasn't **[indecipherable]** with that sort of thing, and he wanted to make it very clear that this wasn't the sort of thing that was to continue. And Father **Walsh**(ph) proceeded put this into the Russian, to the commanding general. And the general sat there

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expressionless, not a flicker [**indecipherable**] just no expression. And when Father **Walsh**(ph) had finished, he raised his hands in a gesture, and as much as to say, so what? And the major said, Father, tell it to him again and make it a lot stronger. So Father **Walsh**(ph) proceeded to do that. And you might get the picture, we were in a – all standing in a half circle in front of this general's desk. And for some reason or other, I don't know how it happened, the Russian soldier who we were complaining about was standing right next to me. And when Father **Walsh**(ph) had given it to him a second time, he pointed a finger at – the general pointed a finger at the Russian soldier and he uttered something which was translated, did this man displease the Americans? And the American said, you tell him, Father, that he damn well did. Then what happened a quick – more quickly than I can tell it to you, the Russian general leaned forward, pulled open the second – the center drawer of his desk, came up with a pistol, fired it, and the Russian soldier right beside of me slumped over dead. This was the era when you weren't to displease the Americans. And that's an actual Russian court martial. Well, needless to say, I had the wits scared out of me, I really did. Another experience I had which shows the casualness with which the Russians regard human life, that episode I just told you is one, is another one. I had dined at The Grand hotel in – in **Nuremberg** this evening, was a Saturday night, and right across the street from the Grand Hotel was an – a enlisted

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man's club. And our drivers used to, when we were in the hotel, used to go over to the enlisted man's club and we had a – a direct telephone wire right to the club when we wanted our car. And I just told the man at the desk to call my driver and bring my car around, when the revolving door on the Grand Hotel spun around and right into my arms fell – fell this Russian soldier with blood spurting out of his chest. I recognized him. He was the driver for General **Mikitchenko(ph)**, one of the judges of the International Tribunal. Well, I put him in my car, which – I put him in my car, which had just been brought around and rushed him to the American hospital. This was Saturday night. Monday morning I'm walking down the corridor of the courthouse to my office, when I see mik – General **Mikitchenko(ph)** coming down, accompanied by his interpreter, **Jan(ph) Troyenosky(ph)**, the son of a former ambassador to the **United States**, who incidentally was educated at **Swarthmore** and spoke English fluently. So as they approached I said good morning, General. I was the one who took your driver to the hospital Saturday night when he had been shot. How is he doing? The general never broke stride, he kept right on walking. He uttered something in Russian and **Jan(ph) Troyenosky(ph)** almost had to trot to keep up with him, turned his head and said to me, the general says he's dead, he was a lousy driver anyway. And I still have had sus – have suspicions, which of course they're nothing but suspicions, that because he was a

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lousy driver and did something wrong, the general shot him. **[tape break]** We'd heard a great deal about the Russians and how they drank, and their fury with respect to drinking was that if you, when you were first offered a drink when they were entertaining you, and you refused it, you were just one of those weird persons who didn't take a drink. But if you made the mistake of taking the first drink that was offered you, then they're insulted if you didn't stay with them drink for drink. And they drank only for one purpose and that was to get drunk. And they drank a vodka that was about a 30 proof, I would say. Really a lower proof than ours. They served it in a glass that was halfway in sizes between a liqueur glass and martini glass. Well, October first is a day that they celebrate, they call it Red day or something. But anyway, we were, in my staff, were invited to their quarters on the first of October. Well we had – knew what was ahead of us, and so we arranged with the – one of the air boys to bring us up some olive oil or some **[indecipherable]**. And so before we went to the party, we each took about a good jigger, two ounces full of straight olive oil and held our noses and drank it down and went to the party. Well, when the party – we – when we left, we were walking over our hosts. They were right out on the floor, and we stepped over them and walked out, thanks to the good old olive oil. Somebody told me that's an old **Princeton** trick. But anyway, it worked for us. After that four power conference

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that I mentioned, was over in **Berlin** in October '45, I got back to my billet about eight o'clock and had a couple of quick drinks and sat down to dinner about 8:30. And I had no sooner started my dinner when a lieutenant colonel arrived and tapped me on the shoulder and said that General **Eisenhower** requested my presence. So I left immediately without my dinner and was driven to General **Eisenhower's** billet there in **Berlin**. And when we went up to the door, he personally opened the door, and I'll never forget his appearance. He had no insignia on. He was in his shirtsleeves. He had carpet slippers on and he was smoking a corncob pipe. And he invited me in, and he immediately started apologizing to me, saying Major, I'm so a – sorry to summon you, because I know you had a very hard and intense day today. But I have a favor to ask of you. And this is the commander in chief of all allied forces, speaking to a little American major, I have a favor to ask of you. He says, it seems that Lord **Jollit**(ph), who is the chancellor of – lord chancellor of **England** and keeper of the privy seal is here in **Berlin**, and he has expressed a desire to go down to **Nuremberg** and see the top Nazi prisoners that you have down there. He says, now it so happens that he's traveling in the plane that President **Roosevelt** gave to **Churchill**, you know, the – in the last elections, the government changed. So then his plane is at the British air strip in the British zone here in **Berlin** and if you report over there at 10 o'clock and take his [**indecipherable**] and take him

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down to **Nuremberg** and let him see the prisoners and entertain him on behalf of the – the American army, I will greatly appreciate it. Which of course that was just his very gentle, nice way of giving me an order. And then he – oh he – first he asked me if I cared to – to smoke, a cigarette or a pipe or a cigar. Well, I was like a – nervous at the outset and I refused, said no thank you to all of it. But then he began asking me questions. He was particularly interested to know about my contacts with General **Jodl**, Field Marshall **Jodl**, because Field Marshall **Jodl** held the job for **Germany** comparable to the job **Eisenhower** held for our side. And he wanted to know all about **Goering** and all, and I was telling him all I knew up until that point, and he seemed to be intensely interested, from all the questions he asked. And finally he looked at his watch and he said, oh, I've imposed upon you, I didn't realize I've kept you so late. He said it's been so interesting. And I got up and he ushered me to the door and his last words to me were, now remember Major, now when you're entertaining Lord **Jollit**(ph), you're defa – entertaining him in behalf of the **United States** and you have the full resources of the **United States** Army behind you, he said, good night. Well, I went back to my billet and I immediately got through to **Nuremberg** and alerted them that I'd be in Sunday and so forth, and what I wanted done. And don't think I didn't throw around that statement that General **Eisenhower** had made, which I did. And so the next morning I reported

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over to the British airstrip in the British zone, and I'm met by a redheaded naval commander of the British Royal Navy, who introduced himself to me as Commander **McGrath**(ph). And I was ushered aboard the plane and I met Lord **Jollit**(ph). And as I say, this is the plane that had been given by **Roosevelt** to **Churchill** and it was **VIP'd** up like nobody's business, with these huge, big, overstuffed chairs and all that sort of thing. We were no sooner aloft when the – this British steward began serving us wine, white wine and some cookies. Biscuits, they called them.

Q: Biscuits.

A: And the naval commander, **McGrath**(ph) sat down next to me and he opened the conversation by saying, you know, Major, his lordship is not only lord chancellor and keeper of the privy seal, but he's also keeper of the King's conscience. And I said, well commander, in civilian life I'm a lawyer and I fully understand what that means. I said, that's how he's head of all the equity courts, system of **England**. And that's how our whole law of equity developed. You – what – when the common law could not take care of an unjust situation, you appealed to the King's conscience, and that's how our whole law of equity developed. Well, he seemed a little surprised that I understood that that thoroughly, whereupon he leaned over and he put his hand on my knee and he looked me in the eye and he

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said, you know, his lordship may be keeper of the King's conscience, but I'm keeper of his lordship's conscience. I said, interesting, but just how do you go about commodore – commander, to keep his lordship's conscience? Very easy, Major, very easy. I just take two drinks to his one. Well, needless to say, I had a very delightful air trip down to **Nuremberg** with Commander **McGrath**(ph) to entertain me and keep the refreshments flowing. And after we got to **Nuremberg**, I arranged for a very elaborate luncheon to be set up in honor of his lordship. And I invited some of the prettiest of secretaries to grace the table, as I soon discovered that his lordship had an eye for pretty girls. And before lunch I asked if he would care for any libation and he said yes, he'd like a Sidecar. And the German bartender didn't know how to make a Sidecar under that name, so I got behind the bar and made the Sidecar. And his lordship didn't only like one, to my knowledge he had five. We arrive at the luncheon and I had persuaded of course, the – using **Eisenhower's** magic words, to have the chef open up this **VIP** icebox and so you know, the delicacies out from **[indecipherable]** from caviar to the best of steaks and so forth and we made the customary toast to the president of the **United States** and the king of **England**, and – and in due course I called upon his lordship to say a few words. Now, this was before the trial had even started. So his lordship got up and he mentioned the trial and he said, this approaching trial reminded him of a story

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concerning a vicar of the village in which he grew up. He said the vicar for many years had been a bachelor when suddenly he upped and married his good housekeeper, who had taken care of him for many years. And it came their wedding night, and when they retired to the bridal chamber, the bride got in the bed and the good vicar as is his custom, knelt by the bed and proceeded to pray, and he said, oh lord, please give me strength and direction. Whereupon the bride spoke up and said, **John**, stop bothering the lord. Get in the bed. You supply the strength and I'll take care of the direction. Now, to my amazement, his lordship told that story to this mixed gathering, and he knew a young lady is present and all. But this idea of the British being very ret-reticent and conservative, I didn't s – find to be true. Well, I arranged with him to have a – a little interview with **Goering** and **Ribbentrop** and some of the other prisoners. And then he departed in the plane that he had arrived in, but he took one of our – our prettiest secretaries with him. And I never heard what be – happened to her since. In early July, I convinced Justice **Jackson** that sitting in a desk in **London** wasn't going to gather any elements for the trial and so I persuaded him to issue me some blanket orders permitting me to go to the continent and take an interpreter with me and see what I could do and find, digging up evidence. Well, truthfully I thought I was looking for a needle in a haystack, but I was – had been dying to get to the continent and see what was going on there

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before everything had settled all down. And so I flew over to – first to **Berlin** – no, first to **Frankfurt am Main**, which was the headquarters of our army. But after one day at **Frankfurt** I discovered it was like being at the **Pentagon** in **Washington** and I wasn't getting anywhere on anything. So I wandered back – out to the airport at **Frankfurt**, and not knowing what I was gonna do next, when an air corps colonel came along and says, anybody want a ride to **Munich**? And I said, yes, I'd like a ride to **Munich**. He says, well, come aboard, I'm taking off. Well, we had a **B17** bomber and they had taken the gunning placements out of the sides were, and put in Plexiglas, so you had a magnificent view of the countryside as we flew down to **Munich**. And you could see plenty of evidence where our flyers had dumped bombs far and away from any habitation, just in the fields and all. But anyway, we arrived at **Munich**, and I got a cheap ride from the airport into the city, and I hadn't – and I got out, and I hadn't walked 50 yards when an **MP** comes up to me and he says, sorry sir, but you're under arrest. I said, under arrest? What for? You're out of uniform. I was in General **Patton's** territory [**indecipherable**] and I said, what's the uniform supposed to be? He said oh, you're supposed to be wearing combat boots, a varnished helmet liner, no blouse, combat jacket and carrying a sidearm. And I was dressed in the conventional desk soldier's garb of pinks and gloves and cap. Well, they had set up these summary courts all over the city, and I'm immediately taken

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by the **MP** to this summary court beside the road that's presided over a lieutenant **JAG** officer. And up to this moment I thought this was all rather humorous, unt – [tape break] – until the young lieutenant looked at me and he said, sorry Major, this is going to cost you 50 dollars. I said 50 dollars for what? He said for being out of uniform, by patt – General **Patton's** orders. I thought a moment, and I said, just a moment, lieutenant, I think I've got some orders superior to General **Patton's** orders. Mine are from the Secretary of War. I pulled them out and I said, you look at paragraph 11, because I said, paragraph 11 authorize me to wear civilian clothes whenever necessary to accomplish my mission. I said, well tell him that I'm wearing my civilian clothes today. Not General **Patton** literally. Well, that lieutenant was confused, he didn't know what to do. I said, who is your Judge Advocate General? He told me, and I said, why don't you turn me over to him? Why don't you have this **MP** take me to see him? And he was very glad to get rid of me, so the **MP** took me in his **Jeep** down to **Patton's** headquarters. I eventually got ushered by the **MP** into the Judge Advocate General's setup. And there's a colonel sitting behind the desk and he said – asked what they could do for me, and I told him who I was and what my mission was. And the first thing he said to me was, you know Colonel **Street**(ph)? I said, you mean **Johnny Street**(ph)? He said yes. I said, hell, he has the next desk to me in **London**, I know **Johnny** well. He says,

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well you know, **Johnny** and I were classmates at **West Point**, he said, and then we both went back and were instructors there at the same time. How is good old **Johnny**, and so forth. He said, now what can I really do for you? I said, well the first thing, get rid of the **MP**. I said, the next thing is, I'd like to get a command car and a driver. And I want to go up through – to **Austria**, to **Linz, Austria**. He says, wait til I talk to the old man. And he left his desk and went into the inner office. And he came back and he said, the old man wants you to have lunch with him. I said fine. So he brought me in to introduce me to the colonel who was the Judge Advocate on General **Patton's** staff. And it seemed in civilian life he was a lawyer in – from the Midwest. We talked the same language and we got along fine and he took me to **Patton's** mess for lunch, which I will never forget. They had taken what was the modern art museum in **Munich**, it hadn't been damaged by bombing, and set up an officers' mess. And **Patton** had caused all the ho – fine homes of **Munich** to be ransacked, til he got the finest of linen, the finest of glass and the finest of silver to grace his mess. As you came into the Modern Art Museum **[indecipherable]** there, what had been the long counter where you check your coats, was a bar. All drinks are one half mark, 10 cents. At each table – tables – each table sets – seated six. Beautiful linen, cloth and **[indecipherable]** lovely silver and glass, beautiful flow – bouquet of flowers, a 10 piece band playing there.

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Pitchers of beer and boxes of **Corona Corona** cigars on each table. And it certainly was the mess of the conquering hero. Well, I had a – I had a very interesting lunch and the colonel said, well I can't arrange that command car and driver for you until tomorrow. Said, but I can get you a **Jeep** this afternoon and I suggest you go to a place about 40 miles from here, which used to be a permanent **SS** battalion setup and it's now occupied by our troops. And, he says, I understand they've got some German prisoners up there that you might want to talk to. So I thanked him and fine, and I went off in the **Jeep** up to this place, about 40 miles out of **Munich**. And when I got there I found what was the headquarters building and went in and asked which was the commanding officer's office. I was told he left strict orders not to be disturbed. And I said, I haven't asked you to disturb him, I just want to know where his office is. I, being a civilian at heart paid little attention to army folderol, you know, **Bob**. So they point it out to me and I went down and knocked on the door. I could hear noise inside, somebody [**indecipherable**] you could hear the [**indecipherable**], not make out what it was. And I knocked some more and got no response, and finally I kicked the door and got no response. So finally I opened the door and took a step inside. And in the diagonal corner from me, his back turned to me, I could see the eagles on his shoulder, he was a colonel. There he was grinding away on a field telephone, and in the most profane language was telling all the

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s.o.b.'s to get the hell off the line. And I just stood there until he finally sensed my presence evidently, cause he suddenly whirled around. And he looked at me and I looked at him and we both simultaneously said, for Christ sake. This colonel had sat aside of me at **Harvard** Law School, and I hadn't seen him or laid eyes on him since June of 1928. Well, once he saw me – he had become – he was a colonel in a **Illinois** National Guard outfit that had really seen some fighting. And he was out to impress me, oh no question about it, so I must – oh I must stay overnight, he'd have a dinner party for me. [**indecipherable**] and said – meanwhile, he said, this afternoon, in the building across the street, he says, there's a hell of a lot of papers and stuff in the basement, I have no idea what they are. Said, you might wander around over there and see what you find. Well, I went over and sta – I said I thought I'd be looking for a needle in a haystack for my evidence. Well, I found the whole haystack and it was full of needles. There that afternoon, I found one, a complete set of all the orders that had been issued by Field Marshal **Keitel** and all the – set of all the orders that had been issued by Field Marshal **Jodl**. And moreover, those were the orders that had – they had personally expressed their approval of them. **Keitel** always used a purple pencil with a German script **K**. So any order that was issued in his name and went across his desk, he put his German **K** – script purple **K** on. **Jodl** used a yellow pencil and put the German script o-on his, of his first initial. I found

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Hitler's entire correspondence from the time he came to power, not only everything he had received, but copies of all letters he had sent. And it was interesting, I ran – oh, I ran into file after file after file of communication from the **United States** after the **Max Schmeling** –

Q: Fight.

A: – fight, when I guess every Jew in **New York** sent a message, well what do you think of the master race now? And I – I found the complete file index of every member of the Nazi party throughout the world, I found it there. Well, needless to say it was a gold mine. I arranged for it all to be gathered up and taken up to **Nuremberg** and be sorted out now, but it was really a gold mine. And I had a great dinner that night, there my – the co – colonel, his name was **Lane(ph) Neuty(ph)**. Colonel **Lane(ph) Neuty(ph)** and he'd sit beside of me, as I say, in several classes at **Harvard** Law School.

Q: Did you get your command car the next day?

A: Oh yeah, next day I got my command car and the first part of the trip I think I dozed cause we had consumed an awful lot of champagne the night before, at the colonel's dinner. And we started up through – I left **Munich**, went up to **Salzburg** [tape break] – and he talked plenty. He told me that he was the leader of the group that pulled the false raid on the radio station in **Upper Silesia** on the Polish border,

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which **Hitler** and the **Reichstag** on October – on August 30th s-said, such acts can only be answered by the sword, and next day gave the order to march on **Poland**. He told me how he had gone to the concentration camp, put his finger on those Polish people who were available there, how they were taken to the gas chamber, dressed in Polish uniforms, army uniforms, put in packing cases marked preserves and shipped to this radio station in **Upper Silesia**. And then they were taken out of the boxes and strewn around the radio station and riddled with bullets, as though they had been repulsed in an attack, and this guy had seized the microphone, you know, broadcast something in Polish. And that was a complete phony raid that **Hitler** had staged to give the excuse to march on **Poland**. He was also the guy who headed the party – not the commander, but headed the actual, physical part of the party, that rescued **Mussolini**. He was an amazing guy. There was another chap there –

Q: What happened to him?

A: He was tried by one of the lesser courts, by the military courts, he wasn't – he didn't –

Q: He wasn't a headliner.

A: No, he wasn't a headliner, but he gave me a lot of good leads. Another interesting prisoner over there was a chap who had been the adjutant general of

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Mauthausen concentration camp. Now when I say **Mauthausen** concentration camp, you think all the – maybe one camp. But **mausenbau** – **Mauthausen** was a chain of 165 concentration camps, and he was the adjutant general of **Mauthausen**.

And I was interested to find out how this guy could – his background. How could he get into this sort of thing? To my amazement I found that during the first 40 years of his life – and he was 43, he had been a music teacher in **Salzburg**. And he said after the invasion, German invasion of **Austria** in '39 – no, '34

[**indecipherable**] not '39, but anyway, around '37 or eight, he found that his Austrian friends who seemed to get ahead were those who joined the Nazi party. So he now joined the Nazi party, and he ended up being the adjutant general of the **Mauthausen** chain of concentration camps. Well speaking in answer to your question about concentration camps, I don't appreciate that people realize the number and extent of them that existed in **Germany** prior to and during World War II. I once took a map of **Germany** that was about oh, say four feet long and five feet tall, and I took an ordinary redheaded thumbtack and I placed it on the map wherever there was a concentration camp in **Germany**. And when I was through I had almost solid red. Now, the American public has only heard of the more famous ones, like **Mauthausen**, for example, but they think that's only one camp. As a matter of fact, there were a hundred –

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End of Tape One, Side B

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A: – the number and extent of them that existed in **Germany** prior to and during World War II. I once took a map of **Germany** that was about oh, say four feet long and five feet tall, and I took an ordinary redheaded thumbtack and I placed it on the map wherever there was a concentration camp in **Germany**. And when I was through I had almost solid red. Now, the American public has only heard of the more famous ones, like **Mauthausen**, for example, but they think that's only one camp. As a matter of fact, there were 167 camps in the **Mauthausen** chain, and all of these camps committed the greatest of atrocities, with – with killings and the way they did it was something awful at times. When they really had mass production like at **Buchenwald**, they had – at **Buchenwald** they had a battery of 12 furnaces, and each furnace had four racks in it so they could cremate 48 bodies at one time. And then there were trap doors underneath the furnaces that the bones would drop down through and there was a grinding mill down below that they ground up these bones and sacked them for fertilizer. And **Buchenwald**, what they used to do, they'd bring the people in to a room where there were hooks all around the wall and tell them to undress, that they had to go in to a shower room and bathe. So they all take off their clothes and hang them on the hooks and then they'd go into the shower room. And this room was about 30 by 40 feet, and in the ceiling, it looked a

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– spaced all over the ceiling, it looked like shower heads. But instead of water coming out, a poisonous gas came out and killed the people. They were then – they had a conveyor right outside th-the door on the other side of the room. And they'd load the bodies onto the conveyor and it would take them right out to the furnaces. And at **Buchenwald** alone, it is estimated that, from their own death books – now this is a curious thing, even though they were committing murder, they kept a record of it, and they had these death books where they recorded each person whose death occurred.

Q: By name?

A: By name. They recorded them all. And we captured all those death books. And then, in the yard there at **Buchenwald**, they had, when they weren't going in for the mass killing, or they wanted to s – treat somebody even worse, they had the damnedest instruments of torture there. They had one place where they would – used to hang men by their testicles and have them beat while they were hanging by their testicles. And they'd hang women by their breasts and subject them to all sorts of cruelties beyond description. At one camp, it was in **Mauthausen**, there was a wife of one of – of the commandant there, she was very interested in making lamps. I've seen a good many of the lamps she made, lampshades particularly interesting. Whenever she saw a prisoner with a tattoo on his body, she put the finger on him

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and he was – went to the gas chamber. And that person was killed with the tattoo was taken off, put on her human skin lampshades. She was a bitch of the first water. We're stopped, are we? [tape break]

Q: This is **Bob Edwards**. Few people are privileged to hear in the first person, the details of great events which are so vital a part of the world's history. You have just heard **Frank B. Wallis** tell of his personal observations and participation in the **Nuremberg** trials, held at **Nuremberg, Germany** after the close of World War II. The tapes were made in my home in **Chatham, Mass**, on June 15th, 1978. **Frank** spoke from detailed personal notes, faded newspaper material, as well as from his remarkable memory. **Frank B. Wallis** died on March 22nd, 1982. He will be sorely missed.

End of Tape Two, Side A

Conclusion of Interview

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