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Sarlat. After rounding up all men and boys in the town, the Germans hanged them in groups, forcing the last victims to witness the execution of all who preceded them. This photograph was found on a German prisoner.

III—WAR CRIMES

Tulle, Town of the Hanged

(By Henri Danjou) — This is rue Docteur-Valette in the town of Tulle, not far from the peaceful Department of Corrèze.

"Look at that balcony," said the passer-by, "It was from that balcony that they hanged 17 Tulle men and boys, the first of our hundred hanged."

"A hundred!"

"To be quite exact, 99. The 99th, a child of 16, was walking to the gallows under the very eyes of his mother (a clerk in a neighboring post-office) when a laborer stepped out from a group of several hundred men whom the Germans had forced to witness this torture and snatched him from the hangmen.

"Beat it kid! You're too young to die," he cried. "May I take his place?"

"Sure," said the Germans.

That is how M. Caquot died on June 9th last. He was 38 years old and very few people in Tulle knew him.

Night of Terror — The battle of Tulle began during the night of June 6, 1944, twelve hours after the landing in Normandy. Five thousand soldiers of the Corrèze Maquis swept down on the German reinforcements and surrounded Tulle which was on the German convoy route. By the morning of June 8, Tulle had been completely liberated but that very same evening two Das

Reich SS divisions which had been rushed up from Toulouse recaptured the town. At daybreak, 5 a.m., on June 9, the SS troops began knocking at all doors.

"Come on, all the men get out. Follow us to the factory. There is nothing to be afraid of if you don't belong to the Maquis. We want to check your papers."

The men came out, boys, middle-aged men and old men. The Maquis were inadequately armed and it was only the "outlaws," some of whom were these men's sons, who fought but not they. They were so scrupulously neutral that they often anticipated orders given by patrols.

"We're coming. It won't take long, will it?"

As soon as the men had gone ahead the same SS troops who had routed them out began to rummage through the houses, storerooms and barns. They ordered the women who had remained behind to give them rope, stools and ladders.

"Hurry up, ladies. If you want to see your husbands again you had better find us some good thick rope and some strong stools and long ladders."

"They probably want to load what they've stolen from us," thought the women of Tulle. "Well let them take everything and get out of here."

And they handed over ladders, stools and rope.

Meanwhile, a German Lieutenant, Lieutenant Walther, began to count off the men. He was a tall, blond Rhinelander of about 30, with blue eyes and a disquieting expression, and his dusty overcoat hung from his

stooped shoulders. He had just returned from combat duty; his face was black with gunpowder and he looked as if he hadn't shaved for at least three days and, awaiting this moment, hadn't slept either.

"Don't get upset, people of Tulle, keep calm," shouted the Prefecture loud-speaker. "The Germans have given their word of honor that they will take no hostages."

A German promise! It is quite true that M. Trouillé, a Vichy appointed Prefect who is today an honorary citizen of the town, and his secretary-general who could speak German had been pleading and begging mercy for the people all during the previous night. They offered themselves as hostages, they invoked the gratitude expressed by Germans wounded in battle.

"Very well, you'll be spared. We won't shoot all the men and I won't give orders to raze the town," promised Walther. No one yet knew the terrible ransom he demanded.

The ransom? Under the balconies in the section near the railroad station, under the street lamps in the rue d'Epierrié, in the rue de Vedrenne, Lieutenant Walther's SS aroused amazement and new terror as the people not daring to imagine what would take place watched them arrange the stools and set up the ladders they had borrowed. They were fastening ropes to the railings!

"You," he shouted to the prisoners in an unpleasant tone, "Stand over there. No, not you. This fellow," he pointed to another, walked around and came back. "Not you, yet. You."

He singled out all the youngest men. He made them come over and go back until he saw them tremble like hunted animals.

He quickly lined up two groups in his *toril*: the special prisoners, those at whom he screamed, "Maquis," and those who had not yet been singled out. The sun tortured them. The 3,000 men of Tulle who had not eaten and many of whom had not slept, were shoved from one group to the other as the Rhinelander saw fit. This went on from 9 in the morning to 4:30 in the afternoon on this terrible day of June 9.

The Mayor and the Prefect brought out their staffs. "Bring out the grave-diggers and the undertakers, too. We're going to need them," said Walther with a sneer.

"Is there a barber among you?" asked Walther walking among the prisoners. "Let him step out and come and give me a shave."

Another reprieve, the last.

"They're all innocent, I know," said Walther. "But they'll have to pay for the guilty."

The Execution — Ah! that monstrous tragedy. It was now five o'clock. The number of condemned — condemned to what, they still did not know — was first reduced to 120, then to 100. Then the young men of the Chantiers de la Jeunesse entered the factory, rounded up the 2,900 men in the group that was to be spared and made them march out into the square in single file. This was another of Walther's ideas. Using the help of these youths in torturing the French!

"Do what you're told. Don't say a word. The Germans are furious," whispered the young men.



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French patriot victim of German torture.

"What are they going to do?"

"Look!"

Ten men from among the martyrs were pushed out of the factory. The SS hurried them along with their bayonets and made them march in step to the ladders. When they caught sight of the ropes, these poor unfortunates began to sob.

"They're going to hang them!"

M. Soulié watched his 18-year-old son walk past him and ascend Golgotha. There were also the notary Girard, the engineer Roussaire and the engineer Le Soueff, all of them under 40. One SS released an Alsatian whose father he happened to know but he strung up the 16-year-old son of the butcher Villeford on a butcher's hook only a few yards away from his father's shop. Among the hanged were some young students who had arrived on vacation only the night before. Only one man fought against this outrageous hanging. He was an athlete by the name of Tellier and was well known in the world of football. They wanted to hang him from a lamp post. He broke the rope, leaped into the Corrèze River but was quickly finished off by SS machine gun fire before he could reach the other bank.

Ten at a time, except the last group which had only nine; 99 men from 16 to 65 were pushed, dragged,

shoved until they gave up. Some balconies had four, five, eight hangman's ropes, another 17, and those who were to die passed before the martyrs who were dead. They cried, "*Vive la France!*" like the victims of Chateaubriant.

Combat cars guarded the square. On top of one of these cars watching the executions was the German woman Gessler, secretary to Doctor Brenner, German manager of the Brandt factory. She was playing a phonograph and smoking expensive cigarettes.

When they had finished they threw the bodies into garbage pits forbidding anyone to go near this common grave and making it impossible to identify the victims. Then more than 1,000 of the remaining 2,900 Tulle men were loaded like cattle onto trucks in the vanguard of the Das Reich SS divisions and carried off on the road to battle.

(*COMBAT*, Paris, December 24, 1945)

Victims of the Gestapo

In the Quai d'Orsay gardens, workmen discovered the body of a policeman, Edouard Daguin, 29 years old, member of the Compagnie de l'Ecole, who had been missing since August 19 last, Place Saint Michel. Arrested by the Germans during the uprising of August 19, he was shot before their departure six days later. Fur-



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Body of French patriot being exhumed from common grave.



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Victims of Nazi barbarism who were not even given decent burial.

ther searches are being conducted in the gardens of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, as there may be other victims who have not yet been discovered.

(Ministry of Information, Paris, February 22, 1945)

Another Common Grave Near Brest — A common grave containing 60 corpses has just been discovered at Brest, near the Bouguen prison. The bodies are those of prisoners who died under torture.

(Ministry of Information, Paris, February 20, 1945)

In Memory of Abbé Pasty — The funeral services were held at Beaune (Loiret) for Abbé Pasty, a local priest, who had been arrested by the Gestapo and died in the Fresne prison owing to maltreatment. Four tons of parachuted arms had been found by the Germans in the parish house. The Commissioner of the Republic, the General commanding the Fifth Region, his Excellency Monsignor Courcoux, Bishop of Orléans, and more than 5,000 people attended the services.

(Ministry of Information, Paris, February 23, 1945)

French Warning to the German People

Because of the advance of the Russian Armies in Germany and in order to remind the German people of their responsibilities with respect to French prisoners, workers

and deportees, Henri Frenay, Minister of Prisoners and Deportees, broadcast a warning on February 15. Below is one of the principle passages of this statement:

There are two and one half million Frenchmen in Germany, most of whom are living at their places of employment among German workers and farmers. Any day their lives may be endangered by blood-thirsty brutes who have already committed crimes under similar circumstances. I am therefore issuing a warning to German workers and laborers. We do not regard you as criminals but if tomorrow through your indifference and failure to act, you permit monstrous crimes to be committed against French citizens then, you in turn will become accessories to these crimes, deemed guilty and pitilessly punished. We place French prisoners in each work-shop, factory, shop or farm under the protection of the Germans who are with them. When the time has come, it will be up to you to decide, by disarming or failing to disarm their guardians, whether you wish to remain honest citizens or become criminals. German women, German peasants and workers, your fate is in your own hands.

(Ministry of Information, Paris, February 15, 1945)