

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Dr. Manfred Curry.

Mann, Erika

Jahresangabe ist fraglich.

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HEADQUARTERS

"As an American, I consider it my privilege to be anti-semitic!"
The sentence, thrown by the little M. G. Captain at a cluster of
Frauleins and Fraus, prompted no spoken comment. Very handsome in their
parisian evening gowns, the German ladies nodded ^{IN} smiling ^{AGREEMENT} and the
captain went on.

"These unprintable Jews!", he screamed; "These D.P.-unprintables
~~W~~ They're short of clothes, we're told; why, sure they are - lazy, over-
stuffed crooks, getting so fat, they want new clothes every week."

He was stationed at X., where 6000 Jewish Displaced Persons
were living in barracks built for 2500 Wehrmacht soldiers. The Unrra
official in charge ~~was~~ had recently resigned in protest against
the inhuman and dangerously unsanitary conditions ^{AT THE CAMP} prevailing ~~there~~.

The captain was fairly drunk.

"Well Major", he yelled, "aren't you going to back me up?"

The major, somewhat less expansive than his comrade in arms, gravely
confirmed the latter's charges.

"See, we're all of one mind in this man's army!"

In the adjoining room, our host, an attractive American in full
dress, danced with his wife, talking German to her.

"Etwas laut" ("a bit noisy") , he said, looking worriedly at the
group next door.

Dr. Manfred Curry from Boston, Mass., moved to Nazi Germany in
1935. But the beautiful New England mansion which he'd inherited from
his mother was not the only reason for his staying in the Reich. He
got married there - to the luscious red-head, our hostess, a lady well
known and liked in leading German circles. Owing, perhaps, to the influence
of the former Mrs. Fritz Thyssen, Dr. Curry was never molested - let
alone duly interned - during the entire war. The American physician ~~had~~
enjoyed life under the Nazis, just as he was enjoying it now.

Tonight's dinner - a black market affair of dream-like quality and dimensions - could not but have been a full success. Too bad that at present matters seemed to be getting slightly out of hand. Evidently, that Jewish chap over there - an American medical officer of some influence - didn't like the conversation which so pleased the Germans. And what was that other captain telling that war correspondent whom nobody knew?

Here is what he told me:

"Curry", he said, "knows his stuff. Wants a factory unfrozen he's interested in. Junker's parts and that sort of business. That's why M.G. has been asked here in force. Our doc, too, is here for a reason. Curry wants another hospital to be turned over to him. Boy, what a racket!"

He shrugged disgustedly, while Mrs. Thyssen-Curry approached for a chat.

"As a war correspondent", she said, "you can likely tell me, when war with Russia will break out. Manfred says, maybe in ten days. You agree, yes?"

I did not.

Bravely swallowing her disappointment, Mrs. Curry elucidated that all Germany thought the war to be imminent, because so many Americans said so and also because of Mr. Churchill's speech.

"And Mr. Churchill", she added sweetly, "has been the German national hero for so long that habitually we believe him."

I laughed, though actually ~~I~~ ^{FELT} anything but gay.

~~Temporary~~ Parties like this one were going on ^{NIGHTLY} in scores of mansions, castles and hunting lodges all over the U.S. zone. While ^{thousands of} ~~tens of~~ ~~hundreds of~~ American soldiers declined to partake in pleasures which, they knew, were offered in the spirit of exchange, hundreds kept accepting and eventually paid the inevitable price. Nor were the captain and the major

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Civil Affairs Detachment
828 09A
APB 528
alone among their countrymen in teaching the Germans that racial hatred
was no prerogative of theirs. Our hostess, moreover, was right; according
to some Americans our war against Russia was about to begin. Abusing
the "limies", the "frogs" and the rest of our allies with equal fervor,
these ambassadors of ill will made it appear, as if the struggle to
come would find us at the side of the re-surrected master-race. Hence
the eager gleam in the eyes of Frau Thyssen-Curry. And hence the utter
failure of our German re-education program. Neither de-nazification,
nor war crimes trials; neither courses in democracy, nor the destruction
of Nazi books will further that program in the least. Two things and
two things alone would secure its ultimate success:

(1.) The strength and the clarity of purpose which only allied
unity could provide.

(2) The living example; a performance, certain to command the
respect of all, while arousing in the best the desire to imitate our
ways.

END ARTICLE.

over
Dated 1/1/45
1505

87/33

HEADQUARTERS

Civil Affairs Detachment D5C1

Co. B, 1st ECA Regiment

APO 658

US ARMY

alone among their countrymen in regarding the Germans that racial hatred was no prerogative of the "Jimsies", the "Frogs" and the rest of our allies with equal fervor, to some Americans our way was about to begin. Abusing these ambassadors of ill will made it appear, as if the struggle to come would find us at the side of the re-surrocted master-race. Hence the eager gleam in the eyes of Frau Thyssen-GUTTY. And hence the utter failure of our German re-education program. Neither de-nazification, nor war crimes trials; neither courses in democracy, nor the destruction of Nazi books will further that program in the least. Two things and two things alone would secure its ultimate success:

(1.) The strength, and the clarity of purpose which only allied

unity could provide.

(2) The living example; a performance, certain to command the respect of all, while arousing in the best the desire to imitate our ways.

END ARTICLE

Curry

Darby New,

May 16th.