



hundreds of yards from one end of the compound to the other. I watched them from a small eminence; as far as the eye could see they stood, shoulder to shoulder, in their striped prison uniforms, their heads shaven, their eyes gaunt, their grotesque boniness invested suddenly with immeasurable strength. They stood together and they sang—the *Marseillaise*, the *Internationale*.

My friend watched them, his face flushed red, and I felt as though he were incandescent, as though he would flare into flame any moment.

III

THESE were the men of Dachau. This, I submit, was the overwhelming reality of Dachau. Man had won over the monster. Man, inexhaustible, unconquered. Unconquerable. There they stood, their flesh diseased, their bones disintegrating, many with the spore of typhus in their veins, but their spirits unbroken.

Those who had put them on the rack are in the dock today. Not all, by far. Most of the guilty walk the streets of Germany free men. Many of the guilty walk the streets of America free men. Many are in our halls of Congress. Many plot the same fate for us, for the majority of America.

A scene in Dachau flashed through my mind as I wrote this. While marching to the parade ground, a small, withered youth with dark Jewish eyes stepped from the crowd and whispered, "*Bist a Yid?*" When I said yes, he replied, "My name is Schmuel Feinstein. I come from Warsaw. I have been here six years. I am seventeen years old. They burned my father and my mother here. They shot my older brother. I am alone." And he stepped back into the crowd.

I shall never forget his eyes. "I am alone," he said.

So long as one man bears his injury alone, then we are all of us alone. Then all of us shall meet the fate of Schmuel Feinstein, and the crematoria shall roar even in Detroit and Atlanta, in New York and Denver. And nameless Jew shall lie with nameless Gentile in anonymous heaps as did the dead of Dachau.

But I prefer to believe that enough of us have learned the unanimity of those who marched to the parade grounds in Dachau; and that we shall march together to overwhelm the architects of the crematoria.

These are a few of the things I remember when I read the headlines of the trials at Nuremberg.

IRANIAN TINDERBOX

By R. S. KAARGAR

FOR some understanding of what has been happening in Iran, I shall have to begin by writing about the British in that country. For the past few years the British have maintained an airtight censorship in Iran. There was the incident at Samirom in the British zone where tribesmen surrounded 1,200 Persian soldiers. For two weeks the besieged troops asked for help from the nearby garrison at Ispahan, but their pleas went unheeded and all were killed. In vain the liberal press kept demanding that Shahbakhti, the commanding general of the Ispahan garrison, be brought to justice. Nothing happened.

Clashes also occurred in the Fars Province, Iran's equivalent of the "Solid South" from the point of view of the British, between Iranian government troops and well-armed men of the notorious Nasir Kahn, chief of the Ghashghai underworld. When the government was on the point of subduing the Ghashghais, the British intervened and forced the government to compromise with the rebels, to allow them to keep their arms and to "elect" their chieftain to the Iranian Parliament. A few months later the formation of an "All-Iran Congress of Ilat [Tribes]" was reported. Considering the age-old dog-eat-dog relationship of their chieftains it was hard to believe this unlikely development until one heard that a British officer had been attached to the "Congress" headquarters in the Ghashghai region with the job of training the men of the region in modern methods of warfare and of supplying them with heavy armament.

These are only a few of the incidents which have occurred during the last four years in the British zone.

Throughout the war the leave-it-to-the-experts attitude of the British authorities in Iran barred the way not only to American correspondents, but also, in several instances, to American officials, with the result that Americans have heard next to nothing about the tremendous events in Iran during the last few years.

About a month ago the new Iranian ambassador, who had chosen to spend a forty-day vacation in London on his way to this country, came to the United States. The ambassador, who sports a perfect Oxford accent, had barely set foot on American soil when he began, at a press conference, the present anti-Soviet campaign over Iranian developments. A week later the Associated Press reported that "Iranian troops were rushed tonight [November 19] to the Soviet garrisoned Azerbaijan scene of armed outbreaks." Prominent place was given to the phrase "despite uncertainty whether the Russians would permit them to enter the trouble zone," and the following day [November 20] it was reported that the "Russians stopped them." Most newspapers followed the AP line.

From the point of view of the number of lives involved there was nothing sensational in this news. Seven persons had been reported killed, and this was unconfirmed. But the news was kept at white heat with anti-Soviet material furnished by Iranian authorities here and in London. Then a few days later the diplomatic correspondent of the *Times* of London reported that the events in Iran were "causing disquiet among well-informed quarters in Britain." Dispatches stopped talking about the military operations, but Iranian diplomats continued to ask the American and British governments to step in and do something about it. Soon Bevin, Eden and Byrnes joined voices to ask that the Russians leave Iran, knowing full well that the Soviet government had already stated that it would leave the country by March 2. In the meantime American newspapers added their own coals to the fire. C. L. Sulzberger contributed an article to the *New York Times* (November 25), datelined Stockholm, warning that the day would soon come when Soviet ships would be on the Persian Gulf, and that the United States should act quickly.

The story in the Sunday *New York Times* of November 25 was character-