



SS-Ski Btl. "Norge" recruiting poster.



Legion "Norwegen" collar patch.

It was dark, but I remembered seeing something white along the way, so I volunteered to go back and find the map. As we began our search, we had just had a 7 hour march behind us, carrying machine guns, radio equipment and personal packs on our backs. After we found the map, we had another half-hour march still to make, then we heard Russian soldiers nearby. They were also not on the right course. After that we had the Russians close behind us until we reached Rovaniemi.

We often had to build temporary plank bridges ahead of us to accomodate the vehicles. Since there was only one car per company, and they had to be transported in sections, we all had to go by foot. Despite the difficulties, troop morale was good because we knew we were marching towards Norway. At last we reached the well known bridge over the Kemijoki.

The stay in Rovaniemi was also unforgettable. The whole town was enveloped in flames and we were being shot at by the Finns. In this situation things got somewhat confused. My squad had to go back over the bridge to secure a bridgehead. After an hour we received orders to evacuate our positions and then the bridge would be destroyed. But once back over the bridge we received counter-orders: return back to your positions



Norwegian volunteers of the Waffen-SS with a Norwegian girl in National costume on 10 January 1942.

and hold them until the bridge is destroyed. Then we could cross over the river on our own (using another, minor bridge).

As with our first crossing over the bridge, my number 2 gunner and I first stopped at a field kitchen and filled two small bowls with pudding and sauce. Then we went back over the bridge. This was no simple matter since the bridge was covered with mines, shells and bombs all linked to a network of electrical wires strewn all over, so we had to wait until we had crossed over until we could eat our pudding. At 0300 hours the bridge was blown into the air only about 50 meters away from us.

After spending a few days in a school[house], the march continued. The first night we had scattered losses, although later on we lost hardly any men. We covered the first stretch of 60 km from Rovaniemi in hard rain. I had only felt boots so naturally was very uncomfortable. I got a pair of leather boots as soon after that as I could.

I must mention an episode in northern Finland. We spent 2 or 3 days on the Arctic Sea road and near to us was a field bakery. We had not been getting very much in the way of meals and the

odor coming from the bakery was irresistible. I then gave myself the mission of liberating some bread. I lay in wait behind the storage tent and when the bakery boys came by carrying the bread on a long plank I sprang up and managed to hook my leg in at the right moment. That turned out to be quite a good bread feast!

We were still involved in maintaining the rearward security and continued to do so until we reached the Swedish frontier where the borders of three countries came together. From here we went to Narvik (Norway) in trucks provided by the Todt Organization [military construction service]. The march continued to Mosjoen. In the mountain passes we went through snowdrifts that were taller than us. From Mosjoen we went by ship to Drondheim and then to Mysen (south of Oslo) by rail. I then tried to go to Toelz for officer's training but the end of the war intervened.

As thanks for my 2½ years of front service against the Bolsheviks, I was rewarded with 3½ years at forced labor.

The Norwegian Volunteer, Kaare S.

THE HISTORY OF THE SS-STANDARTE "DER FUEHRER"

Titles: SS-Standarte 3/VT

SS-Regiment 3 "Der Fuehrer"

SS-Panzer Grenadier Regiment 4 "Der Fuehrer"

Abbreviation: SS-"DF"

Stationed: Vienna

A few days after the return of Obersturmbannführer Keppler's I.Btl./SS "Deutschland" to Munich from Austria at the end of March 1938, Keppler was given the assignment of forming the third regiment of the SS-Verfügungstruppe using a large dose of new Austrian volunteers. The new regimental unit garrison were established as follows:

Regimental Staff and I. Btl.: Vienna

II. Btl.: Graz

III. Btl.: Klagenfurt

Austrian recruits were quickly sent to each of the above locations. Over the course of the next year, each city would build new barracks facilities for their assigned portions of SS-"Der Fuehrer." I./"DF" was formed using personnel from II./"Deutschland," and its first commander was that battalion's commander, Sturmbannführer Wilhelm Bittrich. II./"DF" received some personnel from the "LSSAH" and its commander was Stubaf. Fritz von Scholz, who had formerly been in charge of the 8th Machine Gun Co. of II./SS-"D." III./"DF" was formed around a nucleus of veterans from the "Germania" Rgt., and its commander was Stubaf. Waeckerle, who had previously commanded I./SS "G."

Both II. and III./"DF" were largely filled out with Austrian recruits. Regimental formation got underway in earnest in early May 1938, when the now Oberführer Georg Keppler assembled his cadre personnel in Klagenfurt. In a very short time a sense of inseparable comradeship developed between the SS men from the old Reich and the young volunteers from Tyrol, Steiermark, Kaernten, Vienna, Salzburg, Upper Austria and the Burgenland.

There were so many volunteers for the new SS regiment that a very rigid selection process had to be implemented. Only the absolute best of those who presented themselves could be taken

in. All over Austria the SS soldiers were greeted with open arms by the civilians, who (contrary to "Allied" propaganda), were deliriously happy to be part of the Greater German Reich.

After the basics of training, the regimental commander placed great emphasis on military drilling, so the men of SS-"DF" saw no shortages of such activities. For Oberführer Keppler, the great psychological bonding between the German and Austrian soldiers took place at the Nuremberg Party Day celebrations in September 1938. At these festivities, the regiment formally became part of the SS. It received the title "Der Fuehrer" and the regimental and battalion colors were presented. Afterwards, the Austrian SS regiment marched through the streets of Nuremberg to the strains of the "Prinz Eugen" March and the cheers of large throngs of spectators.

After returning to their garrisons, the men of "DF" undertook an accelerated program of strenuous day and night training. Late in September, the Army commander in Vienna, Gen. Kienitz, alerted the "DF" Rgt. to stand by for possible service during the forthcoming Sudetenland occupation. Since the regiment still was not fully operational, a special combat battalion composed of three reinforced companies was formed, drawing its manpower from all of the "DF" units. This battalion was assigned to serve as part of an ad hoc regiment with Gen. Schubert's "Vienna" Div., which was supposed to occupy the Sudeten territory around Znaim.

The "Vienna" Div. began its march into Czechoslovakia on 1 October 1938, and the resulting occupation went off smoothly. The men of SS-Kampfgruppe "DF" found themselves warmly greeted by the local inhabitants. Following this diversion, the battalion returned to the main regiment and its men went back to their old units.

During the winter of 1938/1939, training for the "Der Fuehrer" Rgt. continued at a rapid pace, and the unit was transformed from a horse-drawn formation to a fully motorized one. By early March 1939, "DF" was considered to be operationally fit, except for a lack of experience in the utilization of motor vehicles. At this time, the regiment was placed in the Army's



Collar patch



Sleeve title



Regimental shield

to work. The "GvB" bakery company supplied bread for most of the POW internees around Munich. The 17th SS Div. was one of the largest intact W-SS formations in "Allied" captivity, and it remained intact after capitulation longer than most.

11 June: The designated "1st Rgt."/"GvB" was sent to the Fuerstenfeldbrueck POW camp and the remaining soldiers were dispersed to a wide variety of camps. The impeccable history of the 17th SS PG Div. had come to an end. It had fought entirely on the Western Front and could not be accused of any misdeeds whatsoever despite the fact that numerous atrocities were com-

mitted against the division. A long period of isolated imprisonment, general harassment and "automatic arrest" now awaited the Waffen-SS POWs.

Early 1947: The release of the 17th SS POWs began. For many who had been held in French camps it was too late. They were treated the same as the slaves in the Soviet Gulags with a matching death rate. For them, torture, hunger, forced labor and deprivation had been the order of the day. It was a dark—and still suppressed—chapter in the history of the "western democracies."

> WAFFEN-SS PERSONALITIES <



A Remembrance of Brigadefuehrer Fritz von Scholz

In early 1943, in front of Leningrad, I saw the new general—a small, haggard man in a leather coat and a mountain cap carrying a big stick. His name: General von Scholz. He was a determined looking figure. I remember the following occurrence about him:

We lay about 100 meters from the Russian lines; I was then attached to the Norwegian Legion as a war correspondent. From our trenches a pathway ran directly to the front. It went underneath the barbed wire and into no-man's land. What purpose this served was not clear to me. I was standing watch with a machine gun pointed down the path, when this small man in a leather coat came up to me. He gave me a friendly greeting with a wave of his stick and spoke to me: "Quite cold out isn't it, comrade?"

Without further ceremony he dropped to the ground and crawled on all fours underneath the barbed wire and out to the path that led to no-man's land. I saw him go on a while more, then he disappeared. A little while later a mountain cap emerged into view about 50 meters away. I thought then of the Russian sharpshooters who were covering our sector just waiting for the right moment to cut loose.

In a little while our company CO came around and asked: "Has anyone seen the general?" I came forward: "He is out looking for Ivan, Untersturmfuehrer." The Untersturmfuehrer struck his head with his hand and groaned loudly!

During the same visit another incident occurred that I was not a part of. I heard about it though from some of the comrades. SS-Schuetze (Private) Olsen from the Legion was standing guard; it was late evening and getting dark. All at once a figure approached, walking along the trenches. He was clad in a leather greatcoat, wore a mountain cap and carried a walking stick. He had no badges of rank on. It looked suspicious! Olsen raised his

98 K carbine and asked for the password. There was none forthcoming as the mysterious man did not understand Norwegian and Olsen could speak little German.

Since he could not get a password, Olsen decided to march the man back to the company command post. He stuck his rifle in the man's back and commanded: "Turnabout, march!" The strange individual understood this but couldn't get Olsen to recognize him; it was too dark. Olsen led the man back to his command post and reported: "This is a suspicious person that came into the trenches and did not know the password."

The company commander's eyes opened wide, but he kept his composure and saluted. Private Olsen saw himself going directly to the potato peeling pile! But his fears were groundless. The general winked at him and clasped the downcast private on the shoulder, saying: "You're all right my boy—you have done your duty!"

The Norwegian Volunteer
D.Gj., Oslo



SS-Obersturmbannfuehrer Martin Gross

Martin Gross was born on 15 April 1911 in Frankfurt-am-Main, the son of a railroad secretary. After completing his general and specialized schooling, he enlisted in the "Leibstandarte SS Adolf Hitler" on 10 May 1933 in Berlin. He served for a time in the enlisted ranks before going on to officer's training school, from which he graduated in 1935 with the rank of Untersturmfuehrer

THE PERSONAL TESTIMONY OF HAUKE B. PATTIST

Former SS-Untersturmfuehrer with the 34th SS Div. "Landstorm Nederland"

BORN: 9 October 1920 in Utrecht, Netherlands.

I am Dutch-born of German descent and opted for German nationality when coming of age and also engaged myself as a volunteer in the Waffen-SS when the war against Russian communism started. In the fall of 1944, after the battle for the bridge at Arnheim, I was ordered to the 34th Waffen-SS Division which at that time was in its training period some 60 miles to the north of Arnheim. Our company, of which I was an officer, was lodged in the schools and private houses of a small village in a region full of swamps, creeks, canals, bushes and reeds. It was virtually the first time since the war had started that German soldiers had put their feet there, and [the area] was apparently a favorite hideout for the Dutch armed resistance movement.

The second night after our arrival our sentries were fired upon, and on the fourth day a motorist had his tank perforated by a bullet. Despite posters put up in and outside of the village that warned the inhabitants of the consequences, the shooting continued, and it was only thanks to their bad marksmanship that we had no casualties. So action was taken; some farms and barns were occupied; weapons, ammunition and explosives were found and about 70 to 80 prisoners were taken. During full wartime, the interrogation of illegal, plainclothes, secretive armed enemies is necessarily rough, as you have to race against time and take advantage of the moment of surprise. All the same [the prisoners] never received more than some bruises and blue spots, suffered no permanent injuries, and no one was killed during or after the action.

Half of these prisoners were sent home after a couple of days (they were not implicated or only partially so), the other half were handed over due to superior orders to the corresponding German security services. After order had been re-established, training went on as normal.

After the war I was accused and condemned to life in prison in absentia by a special Dutch Political Court, for "treason," serving in the enemy's army and mistreating civilians. Our division had capitulated in May 1945 to the Canadian "Polar Bear" Division, which handed us over to the new Dutch army and police some months later on. Eighteen months later I managed to escape from a Dutch political prisoners concentration camp, and after some quite adventurous years I eventually arrived in Spain in 1951, where I settled down, married, established a business and [raised] a family that resulted in 5 children.

The Dutch government knew about my being in Spain since 1952, but only decided in 1979, at the request of a communist member-of-parliament, to solicit my extradition from Spain. For reasons unknown, no action was taken by the Spanish government until March 1983, when my name appeared again in an extreme left-wing, sensationalist magazine. I was arrested and taken to the "Instrucional Judge" of the Audiencia Nacional, a Spanish Supreme Court for international cases, which immediately ordered my release to await trial. I forgot to mention that in 1968 I had obtained my Spanish citizenship. I was tried on 5 May 1983, had my best defender in the attorney general, and went quietly home after the trial. Then, in the evening of the 9th of that same month I was arrested again and taken to the Oviedo jail. The next morning I found out through the newspapers that the Court had decided to concede my extradition basing their judgement on the following terms:

(1) [That I had] obtained, possibly by fraudulent means, my Spanish nationality from the former [Franco] government, which had "protected crimes similar to the ones that I was accused of" (this would mean in its further consequences that all the laws and decrees of the Franco Government, even the titles and naming of these same judges, could be illegal).

(2) Genocide and ethnocide, two crimes which were invented by the Madrid Court and not even mentioned or alluded to in the Dutch sentence.

(3) Persecution of racial minorities, particularly Hebrews, neither of which were mentioned by the Dutch court. As a matter of fact, the only Jew who incidentally had fallen into our hands during the foresaid action, had managed to escape.

This sentence raised a storm of indignation in my home province of Asturias and from there in the whole Spanish press, radio and TV. Also many member of the Spanish Supreme Court and other higher juridical bodies showed their surprise, indignation and growing unrest about the absurd and illegal considerations and conclusions of the Audiencia Nacional, which had based its concession of extradition of a Spanish national on points I never had been accused of. In plain, non-judicial terms: it was as if I had been accused of robbing some cigarettes from a tobacco shop but instead sentenced (condemned) for killing my mother-in-law who was still alive.

Though Spain actually has a rather moderate left-wing government, they noticed that they had gone too far, so the same court was forced to reconsider their sentence, which was revoked on 19 May, and I was immediately set free. That was all.

Hauke B. Pattist, Oviedo, June 1983

MY STORY AS A NORWEGIAN VOLUNTEER

I enlisted in the Waffen-SS as a volunteer in August 1942, and I was then 19 years old. I undertook my infantry training in Mitau/Estonia and I became the #1 gunner on a light machine gun. In February 1943, 30 of us were sent to Hilverum/Holland to be trained as Panzerjaeger (anti-tank troops). I was then made the #1 gunner on a 7.5 cm anti-tank cannon.

Afterwards I spent some time in Grafenwoehr and Graz as an assistant trainer and also went into a NCO training course. Then the SS Panzergrenadier Rgt. 23 "Norge" (Norwegian) was established and it was deployed for combat duty in Croatia. In November 1943 we left Croatia for Leningrad. That was a wholly frightful time filled with filth, cold and shelling. But nonetheless, that life had its good and bad sides both when not viewed from too dark a perspective. At the end of January 1944 my enlistment contract expired. I spent 14 days at home, then once

again voluntarily signed up, this time for the duration of the war.

Next I went on a journey to Finland. After a short stopover in Oulu, I arrived in Karelia. After so long a time, it is not so simple to remember all of the names and places. In the spring we were stationed on the island of Pundum. From there we sent out scouting parties in all directions, and had for the most part, only limited losses. We found a number of remnants leftover from the "Winter War" between Finland and Russia, including a lost field kitchen that Russian soldiers had abandoned in the woods after the 4 or 6 horses that had pulled it had frozen to death. During this time our unit (SS-Skijaeger Btl. "Norge" — attached to the 6th SS Mtn. Div. "Nord") had Norwegian company commanders and troop leaders.

I volunteered for a mission to sabotage the railroad lines between Leningrad and Murmansk, although for some reason or

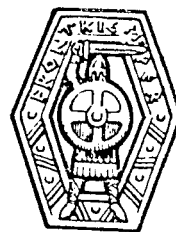


Ostuf. Gust Jonassen, CO SS-Ski Btl. "Norge."

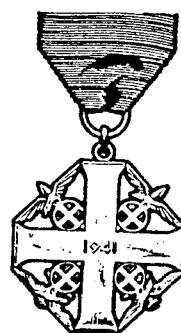
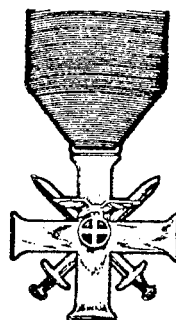
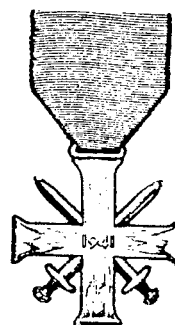
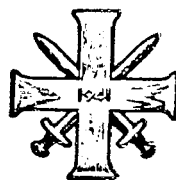
another nothing came of this. During this time I attempted to gain admittance to a (officer's) training course at Bad Toelz, but the [military] situation was so difficult that it was hard to get free for this. The Finns capitulated on 4 September 1944, and we had to promptly retreat from Finland. It was the German procedure not to leave anything behind, not even the rubbish!

I don't know how far the bearest road was, but we marched for many days until we reached it. We went from lake to lake, which we crossed in our boats which we had to carry with us. It took 8-10 men to carry the boat, and 4 men to carry the motor.

Understandably, I remember one episode better than the others. After 2 or 3 days our substitute troop leader lost his map.



Legion "Norwegen" armshield and "Frontfighter's" Badge.



Norwegian Volunteer Medals (never implemented).



Norwegian volunteers.



Norwegian Waffen-SS recruiting poster.