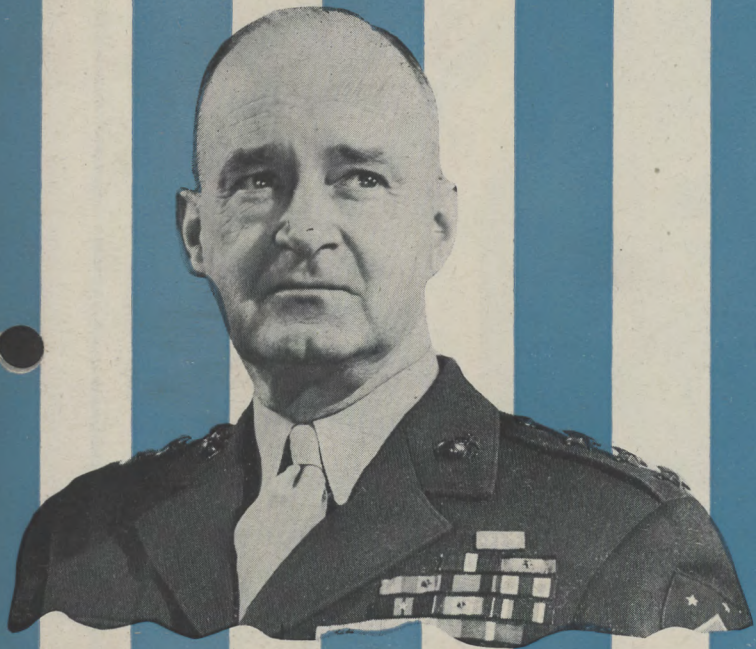
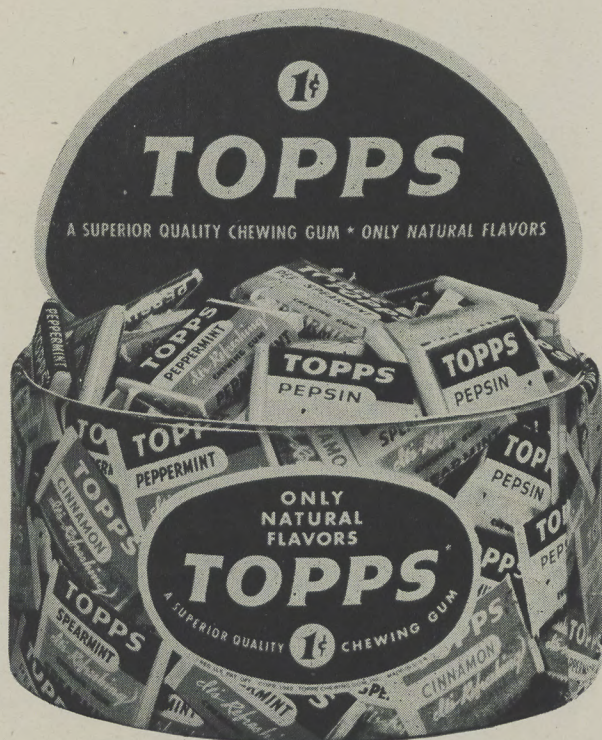


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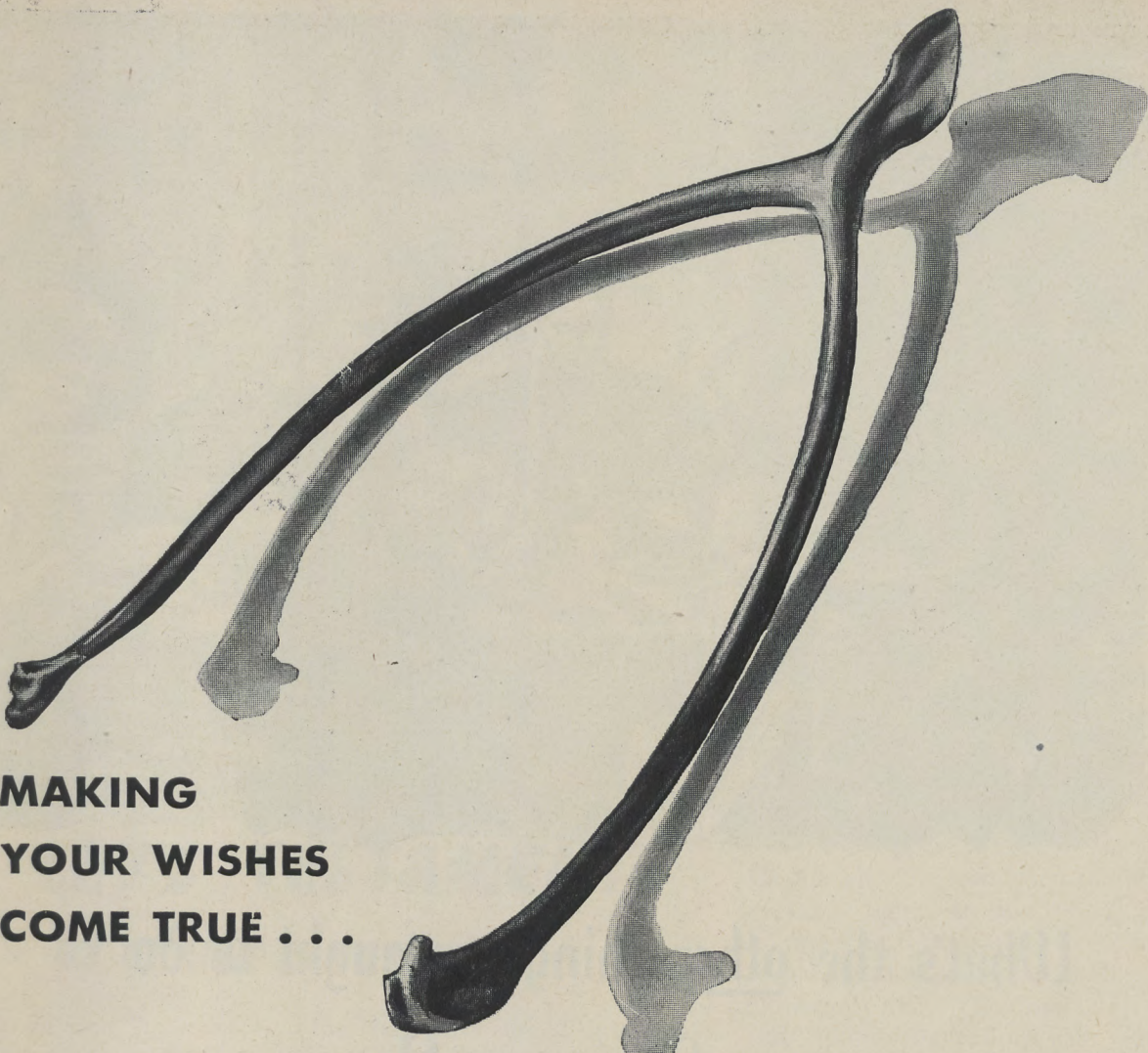
The Jewish Veteran





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**FULFILL YOUR WISH—BUY EXTRA BONDS
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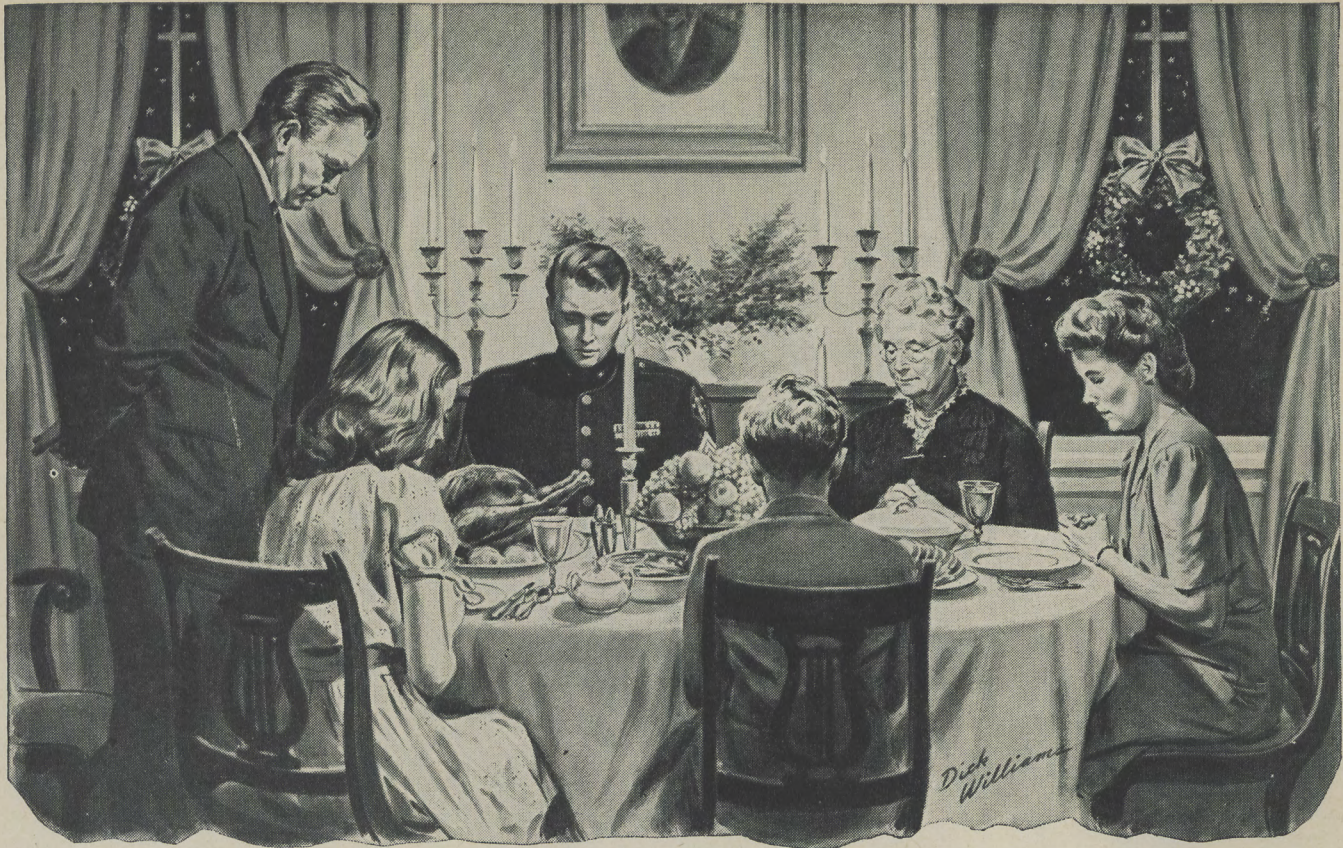
R A M E S E S

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What's the other thing we ought to do
 this Christmas ?

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This year, it won't.

And surely, one thing each of us will want to do this Christmas is to give thanks that peace has finally come to us—both peace and victory.

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In our giving, this year, let's choose—first—the kind of gift that helped to bring us peace and victory and will now help us to enjoy them.

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Victory Bonds take care of the men who fought for us—provide money to heal them, to give them a fresh start in the country they saved.

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"The Patriotic Voice of American Jewry"

J. GEORGE FREDMAN, Editor

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VETERAN AFFAIRS

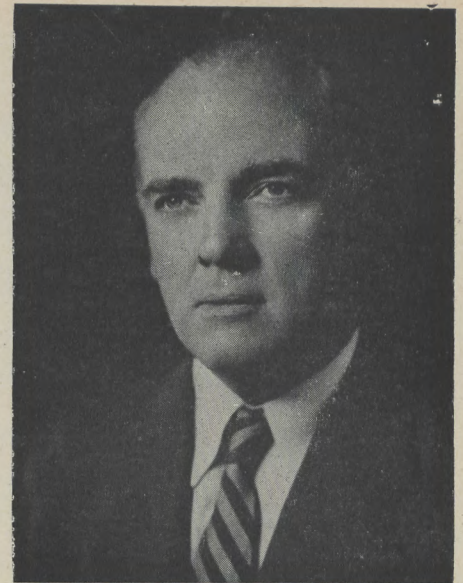
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COVER NOTE: Principal speakers at the 50th Annual Encampment: General Omar N. Bradley, Gen. A. A. Vandergrift, Commodore Harry A. Bařt.

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Frank Kingdon

DR. LEY'S TESTAMENT

BY FRANK KINGDON

I CANNOT refrain from commenting on Dr. Robert Ley's extraordinary statement, given as his last will and testament to Germany and the world as he committed suicide. I realize all the objections against it. Ley was a Nazi of the deepest dye. He was a notorious drunkard. He participated fully in all the anti-Jewish acts of the Party of Hitler. He was a war criminal as stained with guilt as any man in Germany. There is nothing in his personality or record to give any sanction to his words. Yet what he has now written has the more valid sanction of being true.

What went on inside his frightened and tortured soul during the hours when he was alone in his cell facing the certainty of death is a secret between him and his Maker. He was reported as given to fits of weeping and self-accusation. He was evidently completely unnerved, and all the emotional instability which drove him in-

to the Nazi ranks surged up to make him an almost contemptible weakling. Sitting alone, with the memories of his triumphs and his past words and deeds running riot in his mind, he sought for some certainty with which he might go out into the night of death.

Like so many men in similar situations his thoughts turned to religion, and he tried to find in the contemplation of God what he had missed in his pursuit of power. Apparently all his seeking could not convince him that he could find the peace he sought. Into the chaotic tempest of his dissatisfaction no gleam of light pierced. He saw himself finally and utterly forsaken, a being so starkly and tragically alone that even the Infinite rejected him. One catches the utmost terror of this realization in his opening sentence: "We have forsaken God and therefore we are forsaken by God."

In his extremity, he saw himself standing before a tribunal even more awful than the International Court, and he heard the sentence of his desolation spoken by a Voice from which there is no appeal in time or eternity. He was an exile from even the faintest ray of hope. In that solitary cell, he tasted all that men have ever tried to put into the concept of Hell. We cannot pity him. The cloud of his victims filling his prison with gaunt faces and bleeding bodies is too vivid for us to extend him our compassion. But the picture of the man alone, frightened, and forsaken even by the illusion of any mercy for himself, is something which speaks to deep places in us. William Blake might have drawn it. Dante might have described it. Only a Poe or a Dostoevsky could give an account of the inner misery and despair of it. The bitterest of all haters of Nazism could think of no more searing terror to visit upon Ley than that which he knew.

I suppose that he was mad—all the concentrated madness which had visited horror upon others coming to focus upon himself, and his satanic fury for destruction finally destroying himself. Yet, in that madness—in the midst of the nakedness and melancholy of it—when there was nothing left to him but a self to obliterate—

(Continued on page 29)